

# **A Moment of Serendipity**

**by**

**Ittlebitz**

**Klaine || AU || M**

*A brief glimpse at a party, and Blaine Anderson can't get a pair of blue eyes off his mind.*

[ittlebitz.tumblr.com](http://ittlebitz.tumblr.com) || [fanfiction.net/s/7377823/1](http://fanfiction.net/s/7377823/1)

eBook by [klaineficspdfs.tumblr.com](http://klaineficspdfs.tumblr.com) || [klaineficspdfs.tumblr.com](http://klaineficspdfs.tumblr.com)

## **Contents**

<b>Chapter One</b>	- 5 -
<b>Chapter Two</b>	- 10 -
<b>Chapter Three</b>	- 17 -
<b>Chapter Four</b>	- 24 -
<b>Chapter Five</b>	- 31 -
<b>Chapter Six</b>	- 39 -
<b>Chapter Seven</b>	- 46 -
<b>Chapter Eight</b>	- 54 -
<b>Chapter Nine</b>	- 62 -
<b>Chapter Ten</b>	- 71 -
<b>Chapter Eleven</b>	- 80 -
<b>Chapter Twelve</b>	- 89 -
<b>Chapter Thirteen</b>	- 96 -
<b>Chapter Fourteen</b>	- 103 -
<b>Chapter Fifteen</b>	- 111 -
<b>Chapter Sixteen</b>	- 118 -
<b>Chapter Seventeen</b>	- 128 -
<b>Chapter Eighteen</b>	- 136 -
<b>Chapter Nineteen</b>	- 143 -
<b>Chapter Twenty</b>	- 153 -

<b>Chapter Twenty-One</b>	- 162 -
<b>Chapter Twenty-Two</b>	- 172 -
<b>Chapter Twenty-Three</b>	- 188 -
<b>Chapter Twenty-Four</b>	- 196 -
<b>Chapter Twenty-Five</b>	- 208 -
<b>Chapter Twenty-Six</b>	- 216 -
<b>Chapter Twenty-Seven</b>	- 227 -
<b>Chapter Twenty-Eight</b>	- 234 -
<b>Chapter Twenty-Nine</b>	- 244 -
<b>Chapter Thirty</b>	- 251 -
<b>Chapter Thirty-One</b>	- 258 -
<b>Chapter Thirty-Two</b>	- 267 -
<b>Chapter Thirty-Three</b>	- 279 -
<b>Chapter Thirty-Four</b>	- 289 -
<b>Chapter Thirty-Five</b>	- 299 -
<b>Chapter Thirty-Six</b>	- 309 -
<b>Chapter Thirty-Seven</b>	- 317 -
<b>Chapter Thirty-Eight</b>	- 325 -
<b>Chapter Thirty-Nine</b>	- 336 -
<b>Chapter Forty</b>	- 346 -
<b>Chapter Forty-One</b>	- 355 -
<b>Chapter Forty-Two</b>	- 367 -

<b>Chapter Forty-Three</b>	- 377 -
<b>Chapter Forty-Four</b>	- 395 -
<b>Chapter Forty-Five</b>	- 404 -
<b>Chapter Forty-Six</b>	- 412 -
<b>Chapter Forty-Seven</b>	- 424 -
<b>Chapter Forty-Eight</b>	- 434 -
<b>Chapter Forty-Nine</b>	- 443 -
<b>Chapter Fifty</b>	- 452 -

## Chapter One

Blaine Anderson took a deep breath and sighed, looking out the window from the back seat of Wes' SUV. Up front, his two best friends Wes and David bickered back and forth good naturedly over whose iPod got plugged in for the drive over to the party they were all going to. To Blaine's right, plotting their flirting and drinking strategy for the evening, were Jeff and Nick, two more of his friends. The boys were all students at Dalton Academy together, and were all members of The Warblers, the elite a capella singing group that was pride of the school. Wes and David were members of the leadership Council, and Blaine himself was the lead soloist. The five boys were fast friends and it was rare not to see them in each other's company in some way, form, or fashion. Tonight, however, Blaine found himself wishing that he had not let his friends talk him into going to this party. He had the beginnings of a headache which would no doubt not be helped by the loudness of the music and the crowd. He did not really feel like drinking and he definitely was not looking forward to fielding advances from drunken girls that were beyond comprehending that he just wasn't interested.

It could be awkward trying to explain to a girl blitzed out of her mind that he was, in fact, gay. And experience told him that the likelihood of meeting another gay guy at a party in this part of Ohio were not all that great. Blaine sighed again and hoped that he wouldn't end up staying until the wee hours while his friends drank and tried their luck with the female population of the party. He was already regretting not staying at Dalton, or at least driving himself.

"Blaine, if you looked any more cheerful, someone might think you were going to a funeral instead of a party." David glanced back at Blaine. He had won the argument and Pink was blaring from the speakers. He turned around and gave Blaine a long look. "Something on your mind?"

All eyes turned to Blaine as Jeff and Nick looked at him with concern and Wes looked back at him in the rear view mirror. Blaine smiled what he hoped was a convincing smile and said to his friend, "Just wondering how I am supposed to keep tabs on the four of you party animals tonight."

All four boys broke into grins. Jeff and Nick were easy going and flirtatious. They were always popular at parties. David, for all that he was serious at Warbler practice, was a skilled dancer and even Wes was known to cut loose when not in the confines of his school uniform or in possession of his gavel. Oftentimes it fell to Blaine to play the part of wingman. Or babysitter. Or peacemaker. Sometimes it got a little old, but his affection for the boys who accepted and befriended him when he was a scared and lonely transfer to Dalton ran deep. They had supported and encouraged him and given him confidence, and he would always

love them for their unconditional friendship. Still, he just couldn't work up much enthusiasm about this party tonight. With any luck, his friends would opt for a decent return time. Blaine never thought he would feel disfavor towards the looser curfew time Dalton had on weekends. Giving himself a mental shake, he plastered a smile on his face that he hoped didn't look too fake and joined in the lively banter going on between his friends.

---

Kurt Hummel stared at Finn Hudson, wondering if he had heard him correctly. "I'm sorry, you want me to do what?"

Finn grinned at him. "I want you to come to a party with me. Puck and I are going, there's supposed to be chicks and booze..."

At this point Kurt cut him off, looking up at the tall teen incredulously. "And what of any part of this makes you think that I would even remotely be interested? Gay, remember?"

Finn blinked in slight confusion, then looking a bit shamefaced said, "Well, Puck and I thought you could be our designated driver," and then pressing forward before Kurt could indignantly reply questioned "Besides, what does being, you know, gay have to do with anything? Mom and Burt are out of town. There's a good time to be had, and whether or not you like girls you can still come with us. What are you gonna do otherwise, stay home and read Vogue?"

Kurt started to send a scathing retort at his sometimes less than clever step-brother when he stopped himself. What else would he do on a Friday night? Mercedes was at a church retreat for the weekend. Rachel was away with her dads, and Quinn, Santana and Brittany were at a cheerleading clinic. His hesitation did not go unnoticed by Finn. "Dude, just come with. I promise, we won't stay all night. Besides, who knows what sort of blackmail material we will give you?" Kurt had to laugh at that, knowing that Finn was half serious.

Well, why the hell not? Kurt reasoned with himself. As Finn pointed out, it wasn't like he had anything better to do. In truth, it made him feel rather pathetic to admit so. But if being a part of New Directions, the high school glee club put him at the bottom of the school hierarchy, being the only out gay kid (and flamboyantly fabulous at that) in McKinley high placed him just above a massive STD outbreak. And there were more than a few of his fellow students that would take their chances with the STD. His circle of

friends did not expand outside of New Directions. He was picked on daily by the jocks, whether it was being thrown into the dumpster, shoved into the lockers, or having a slushie thrown into his face. Kurt gave an involuntary shiver just thinking of the freezing ice hitting his face. He had taken to keeping spare clothes at school as well as toiletries to repair the damage to his person. And while the jocks and cheerleaders who were in Glee with him no longer were a part of his torment, they didn't exactly do much to stop it.

Kurt heaved a deep sigh. Finn was really trying to do the good brother thing. Their awkwardness towards each other in light of Kurt's massive crush on Finn last year had faded and they were getting along better than ever now that their parents were married. While things were by no means perfect, Kurt gave Finn credit for the effort he was putting into their relationship, trying to include him. And it seemed that with Finn came Puck, the two friends having worked out their issues involving the girls they had both been involved with. Puck used to be one of the main jocks ready to toss Kurt in the dumpster or shove his head in a toilet for a swirly, but time had changed things and now Puck acted as another brother to him, albeit a rather crude, rude and at times obnoxious one.

Kurt was shaken from his reverie by none other than Puck himself when he slapped him on the shoulder, yelling "So how about it, Princess? You in?" Kurt smirked at the boy with the Mohawk hairstyle and heaved a dramatic sigh. "I suppose I really have no choice. I couldn't live with the guilt if you drove drunk and ended up a vegetable or something."

Finn rolled his eyes at him and said, "Whatever, dude, we would never do that." Kurt laughed and said, "I don't wanna be the one who has to explain things to our parents anyway. And don't call me dude." Laughing, the three boys headed for Kurt's Navigator.

---

Blaine winced slightly, stepping back as a drunk couple stumbled past him heading for the stairs. He took a sip of his soda and glanced around the room, looking for his friends. Jeff was chatting animatedly with a pretty red haired girl in one corner of the room while Nick was on a couch flirting with a blonde, wrapping one of her curls around his fingers while he smiled at her. David was dancing to Get Low by Lil Jon, surrounded by at least three girls grinding up on him. Blaine wondered where Wes was until his friend came up to him, swaying slightly on his feet, hair mussed. "Blaine! Blaine, what are you doing holding up this wall? Don't you wanna dance or have a drink or do something?"

Blaine laughed at Wes, noting that he was more than a little bit buzzed. "Wes, don't worry about me, I am fine watching over the four of you, making sure no one gets molested or sets anything on fire or throws anything into the pool. Why don't you give me your keys, you've had too much to drive and I will be the designated driver, okay? Have a good time, don't worry about me."

Wes focused blearily on Blaine, fishing his keys out of his pocket to hand them over. "Are you sure, B? You don't mind? I probably don't need to be behind the wheel." "Positive," Blaine reassured him.

"Well, in that case, thanks, and I am about to go brighten the night for some lucky girls over there," Wes gestured to a group of girls that were dancing together. Blaine laughed and started to push his friend in that direction when suddenly something caught his eye. Through the crowd he glimpsed a tall boy with chestnut colored hair. He was laughing, his porcelain looking skin flushed along the high cheekbones. His lips looked soft and pink and suddenly the crowd parted, giving Blaine a detailed glimpse. The boy was lean, wearing skinny jeans that hugged his body in all the right places and were tucked into knee high boots. The black and silver shirt he wore accentuated his slender waist and looked to be some sort of designer label. But the most striking thing about him was his eyes. They flashed blue, or was it green? Blaine couldn't tell for sure, all he knew was that he was looking at the most beautiful boy he had ever seen. He didn't even notice he was holding his breath until suddenly someone stepped in front of him, blocking his view. He grabbed Wes by the arm and said, "Oh my God, who is that?"

Confused, Wes looked through the crowd, trying to see someone he knew. "What are you talking about? Who is who?"

"That boy!" Blaine said breathlessly, searching through the crowd. Where had he gone?

Wes rolled his eyes at Blaine and said, "You are gonna have to be just a bit more specific, there, my friend. The room is full of guys, in case you hadn't noticed."

Blaine grimaced at his friend and started shoving his way through the crowd. He got to where he had seen the boy but he was nowhere in sight. Feeling a bit frantic, he looked around wildly, trying to get a glimpse of luminescent skin or a black and silver shirt. People were everywhere, but there was no sign of the boy. Striding into the kitchen, he asked a girl with short black hair, "Have you seen a guy go through here? Tall, wearing black and silver, knee high boots?"



She glanced at him flirtatiously and said, "I haven't seen him, handsome, but what say you forget all about him and join me for some dancing?" Blaine looked away in disappointment, saying to her "Sorry, sweetheart, I don't play for your team." He turned away from the disgruntled girl, scanning the room. He saw guys everywhere, dancing with girls, drinking, milling around, but there was no sight of the one who had stolen his breath away. Groaning to himself in dejection, he slid down the wall and sat on the floor. He hoped that his friends would be ready to leave soon.

---

Kurt leaned against his Navigator, breathing deeply of the night air. To his surprise, he had enjoyed himself with Puck and Finn. Puck had been on a roll with his people watching commentary, and on more than one occasion Kurt found himself laughing at his antics and words. Both Puck and Finn had been drinking but fortunately neither was sloppy drunk. Kurt felt relieved since the last thing he wanted was one of them puking in his car. The heat and the noise had gotten to be a bit much for Kurt, and when he left his compadres Finn had been chatting up a giggling brunette while Puck was on the couch making out with a ponytailed blonde. They had agreed to meet at Kurt's vehicle at 1AM, so Kurt had a bit of time to enjoy the coolness of the night breeze in semi solitude. He laid his seat back and opened his sunroof to be able to see the stars in the evening sky. He lost himself in thought, thinking that it had to be the definition of pathetic to feel this alone in a huge crowd of people. Despite his pleasure in the company of his step-brother and his friend, he just felt so alone most of the time.

Kurt thought back to the conversation he had with his father, the one where he had wondered aloud why he couldn't walk down the hall with the person he liked or hold hands with the person he liked. His father had been truthful in his answer, but that didn't make it hurt any less. Kurt wondered if he would ever find someone who would complete him. He was so tired of being alone. He closed his eyes as he waited for Finn and Puck to come meet him. Outside he could hear snatches of conversations as some people were headed for their cars. Idly, he listened, overhearing one group of boys pass near his car. "Geez, what the hell crawled up your ass and died? I was totally about to score with that girl," complained one voice as another cut in, "Save it Nick, we all know the closest you would have been to scoring would have been to invite her to play video games with you, and even then it would be questionable." Laughter faded as the group moved away, and Kurt heaved a melancholy sigh as he put in his earphones to listen to his iPod while he waited for Puck and Finn to join him.

## Chapter Two

Blaine shut the door to the dorm room he shared with David, loosening his tie and throwing his bag on the floor. He had homework to do and a test to study for, but he just couldn't work up the motivation. Warbler practice had run late with Wes pushing them like a slave master, running through several songs being considered for Sectionals. Thankfully they weren't up to choreography yet, otherwise Blaine was sure he would have collapsed on the floor from utter exhaustion. If Wes was bad now, he would no doubt get worse the closer to Sectionals they got. Even David and Thad, the third member of the Council would call Wes driven and motivated, and that was saying something.

Blaine felt himself relaxing and starting to doze off when suddenly the door flew open and he was bombarded by his very excited friends. Nick and Jeff jumped on his bed, bouncing up and down. "Blaine!" yelled Jeff, "Blaine, wake up!"

Blaine sat up and glared at the two boys. "How could I possibly sleep with you two treating my bed as if it were a trampoline?"

Nick grinned at him. "Come on, B, you know your life would be boring without us keeping you entertained."

"Yeah, but just think how peaceful life would be," sighed Blaine, as if he were contemplating such an existence. "No fights over video games, no pranks like switching my hair gel with baby oil gel, which I haven't forgotten, by the way," he narrowed his eyes at Jeff, who nervously smiled back, trying to look innocent. "And definitely no child like busting into my room, without knocking, I might add, to disturb me out of a possible nap and destroy my bedding." Blaine crossed his arms, trying to maintain a façade of annoyance. "What is so important that you had to come barreling into my room like bats out of hell?"

Nick huffed, "Well, with that attitude, B, we might just change our mind. I mean, you obviously aren't glad to see us, and seeing as how your life would be so much better without us..."

Blaine grinned at his friend as he mock punched him in the shoulder. "Okay, okay, I admit, my life would have no meaning without you. Everything would be dull and gray, and I would no doubt flounder about living a life with no enjoyment whatsoever."

Jeff snorted and said, "Sarcasm is so unbecoming, B. Just go ahead and admit that we are the reason you bother getting out of bed in the morning and maybe we will tell you why we are here."

Blaine snickered and gave his friends his best puppy dog eyes. "Come on, guys, don't do me like this. To what do I owe the honor of your company?"

Nick sat up, smiling. "That's better. Wes and David wanted to go to the mall. The latest Halo is out and we figured we could just get away from school for a while. Come with us?"

Blaine briefly thought of his school books sitting neglected on the floor but gave a mental shrug. "Sure, why not? I think the Gap has a sale on socks and I could use some more." Grabbing his wallet and cell phone, he followed his two friends outside. Wes and David waved from Wes' car, gesturing at them to hurry up. Piling inside, the boys were off.

---

Kurt sat across from Rachel in the cafeteria, idly poking at a salad while she excitedly talked about her meeting with the plastic surgeon. One of Mr. Schue's recent brainstormings was to try to improve everyone on their dancing. Finn, already a danger to others and himself when trying to dance, had thrown his arms out trying to execute a turn and smacked Rachel full force in the face, breaking her nose. She had gone to a surgeon to have it reset and he had planted the idea in her head that she would benefit from having a nose job. Kurt knew that Finn felt horribly guilty. Not only had he hurt his ex girlfriend but this doctor had convinced her that what she looked like was not good enough. It was no coincidence that Rachel had chosen Quinn as her model to have her nose reshaped after. It was also no secret that Rachel still loved Finn and the hurt that filled her eyes anytime she saw him together with Quinn was hardly unnoticeable. Kurt mentally shook his head at all the constant drama. Quinn was flattered by Rachel's request to use her nose as her model, but everyone else in Glee felt like Rachel getting a nose job was the worst idea ever. Kurt tended to agree. Rachel may argue that her choice in having a nose job is because the doctor said it would help her singing voice, but no one was buying it.

Mercifully, Rachel was caught up in her own chatter and did not notice that Kurt wasn't really participating in the conversation. As the bell rang she hurriedly gathered her things together and ran off, calling her goodbyes to Kurt as she left. As Kurt stood, his phone buzzed, indicating a text message. ***Meet after Glee. Puck.*** Wondering what this was all about, Kurt opened his locker and grabbed his French book

for his next class. He closed his locker and just as he turned around, a large hand slammed into his chest, sending him crashing into the lockers behind him.

"Outta my way, homo," snarled Karofsky as he stalked past him. Kurt silently slid to the floor, his back aching. A few students gave him idle glances of curiosity, disgust, or pity, but no one said a word to him and most ignored him altogether. Kurt slowly got to his feet and gathered his things when the warning bell rang, rushing to class so as not to be late. His teacher arched a brow at his flustered condition, but said nothing, instead beginning class. Kurt tried to ignore the lump in his throat as he began translating text.

Kurt tiredly made his way towards his Navigator in the school parking lot. He had sent Puck a text to meet him at his car and hoped that whatever the boy had to say wouldn't take too long. He had gotten a slushie thrown at him before Glee and wanted to get home as soon as possible to see if the shirt he had worn could be salvaged somehow.

Puck was leaning against the back bumper, watching Kurt as he trudged towards him. "Princess, you okay?" he said with a frown on his face.

Kurt gave him a weak smile. "Just the same old same old, Puck. What did you need?"

Puck leaned towards Kurt. "Okay, you know that this idea Berry has about changing her nose is a bad one, right? I mean, the Jewish nose is part of our heritage and she should be proud of it!" he declared, hitting a fist into his other hand.

"Okay, and you are telling me this because..." Kurt asked, feeling confused.

"You know of all of us you get through to her the most! I mean, you two are besties, right? In that girly kind of way? No offense," Puck said quickly, seeing Kurt's eyes narrow into the infamous glare that could freeze anyone. "Anyway, Finn and I were thinking that we should do something to talk her out of it. And wouldn't you know, we came up with the perfect idea!"

Kurt arched one eyebrow at Puck. "Did you now?"

"Yeah! We're gonna show her that website that has pictures of all those botched surgeries. If that doesn't scare her off the idea, nothing will." Kurt closed his eyes briefly and then glared at Puck. "That's the best you could come up with? Really? Good lord, it's a wonder either of you manage to function on a daily basis."

Puck looked offended and opened his mouth to reply but Kurt cut him off. "Get together as many people as you can. Have everyone meet at the mall food court in an hour. I think a good flash mob will get the point across. If you don't have Barbra Streisand by Duck Sauce downloaded, go ahead and get it. We'll practice and I will ask Rachel to meet me. Reminding her that her idol never compromised to other ideals may change her mind."

Kurt smirked at Puck as he looked at him in amazement. "I am going to go home and change clothes, you go and do what I said. Have Finn help you." Kurt got into his car and headed home. He had the perfect outfit to wear.

---

Blaine walked into the Gap, looking around for the socks. He had left Wes, David, Nick and Jeff at Game Stop poring over the video games and playing the demo games. As he headed towards the back of the store, a voice behind him said "Hi there, can I help you?" Blaine turned around to see a good looking guy with curly blond hair smiling at him. His name tag said Jeremiah and he was an assistant manager. Blaine felt a little tongue tied as he said, "Yeah, looking for socks." Smooth, Anderson, he thought to himself. Jeremiah smiled and said, "Right this way, follow me." Blaine blinked and followed him.

Half an hour later, Blaine stood at the store entrance exchanging phone numbers with Jeremiah. They had agreed to getting together for coffee that weekend and Blaine felt a little tingle of excitement. Jeremiah was really good looking, and older, which made him seem sophisticated somehow. And he did have nice green eyes, although Blaine thought with a pang about the gorgeous boy at the party with the sparkling blue eyes. He often thought about the missed opportunity and wished that he had been able to find the boy. To meet him, talk to him, see if he was as perfect as he seemed, if his hair and skin were as soft as they looked, if his lips were... Blaine cut the thought off quickly. Pulling out his cell phone, he called David to find out where they were.

"Hello?" said David, picking up on the third ring. "Blaine? Can you hear me?"

Blaine laughed a bit as he answered, "Just barely! What the hell is that in the background?"

David chuckled and said, "There is a flash mob going on at the food court. You should see it, a whole huge crowd dancing around to that Barbra Streisand song. Just when you thought nothing that interesting could happen in a mall in Ohio, you know?"

Blaine couldn't help but giggle as he agreed. "No doubt. A flash mob, really? That is actually pretty cool. Maybe we should talk Wes and Thad into letting the Warblers do a flash mob to help prepare for Sectionals. Can't you just imagine it?"

David snickered and said, "Save your breath, B, I actually already mentioned the idea to Wes, and thought he was gonna have a seizure on the spot. He started spouting off something about disrespecting what the Warblers stood for or some sort of shit like that. Anyway, meet us at the main entrance on the second floor? We are headed there now."

"On my way. And you won't believe this but I kind of sort of have a date this weekend!" Blaine grinned as he imagined his friends face.

"No shit! Details when we get to the Wes-mobile, right?" David said, gesturing to Wes, Nick and Jeff with a grin.

"Sure thing. See you in a few!" Blaine hung up and started off to meet his friends.

Wes, Nick and Jeff all stared at David. "So what was that all about?" Wes demanded, seeing the huge grin on David's face. "Our boy B has himself a date this weekend!" yelled David, giving a smiling Nick a high five. Wes smiled and Jeff gave a loud whoop of delight, catching the attention of some of the dwindling flash mob. Looking over, Jeff noticed a small group of boys and girls laughing together, his attention caught by a good looking guy in a sweater vest and hat. Too bad Blaine wasn't there with them now, thought Jeff, I would bet my weeks allowance that kid is gay. And he's pretty good looking, too. And then the thought left him as the foursome headed to catch up to Blaine and grill him about this guy on the way back to school.

---

Kurt glimpsed over at the group of four boys after one of them let out a loud noise. They just screamed prep school. Turning back to his friends, he laughed as a smiling Rachel threw her arms around his neck. "Kurt, I know you were the mad genius behind all this. And you are right, Barbra would be disappointed in me if I caved in and changed to conform to another's ideal. She never did, and it is only fitting that I do the same. I have another appointment tomorrow to check on the healing process and I plan to tell the doctor to cancel my procedure."

Kurt hugged her back and whispered to her, "Never let anyone convince you that you are less than what you are. You deserve better and there is no reason to change to try to fit someone else's idea." Rachel gave him a wobbly smile as she wiped tears with one hand and squeezed his arm with the other. Kurt put an arm around her as they walked towards the other end of the mall. "So, Rachel Barbra Berry, what will you put on your shirt for Glee?" She laughed at him as they walked to their cars together.

Kurt gave Rachel a final hug before climbing in his car and leaning against the headrest. He was tired and his back was aching from where it had hit the lockers earlier. Sighing to himself, he started his car and cranked up his Broadway play list. He sang at the top of his lungs all the way home, promising himself a hot shower and extra indulgent moisturizing routine tonight. He let himself into the house once he arrived, noticing that his dad and Carol were home. "Hey, Dad, I'm home," he said loudly, heading for his room.

"Hey, kid, we were starting to wonder where you were. Finn has been home already for a while. Is everything okay?" Burt called back, concern in his voice.

"Yeah, Dad, just trying to help a friend. I am gonna take a shower and go to bed, ok?" Kurt answered, not wanting to worry his dad by telling him about Karofsky. Kurt worried about Burt's heart still, and did not want him getting over excited.

"Okay, Kurt, goodnight then. See you in the morning. I love you, kiddo," Burt said, turning from the tv to look at his son.

"Love you too, Dad. Don't stay up too late," warned Kurt half seriously as he headed for his room.

Carol stopped him on the stairs. "Kurt, I think I might have been able to get most of the stain out of that shirt. Once we wash it I don't think it will be noticeable," she said quietly, looking at her step-son with concern in her eyes.

Kurt smiled at her tiredly and said, "Thanks Carol. For everything."

She opened her mouth to say more but Kurt interrupted her quickly, saying, "I was just headed for the shower and bed. I will talk to you tomorrow, okay?"

Carol frowned slightly and said, "Kurt, I just want you to know, you can talk to me anytime about anything. Okay?"

Kurt swallowed the slight lump in his throat and hugged her, whispering "Thanks, Carol, I mean it. Good night, alright?" She returned his hug and went to the living room to sit with Burt. Kurt took a deep breath and walked to his room, noticing the sound of a video game coming from Finn's room and feeling thankful since that meant the tall teen wouldn't be coming to talk.

Kurt took a shower as hot as he could stand, hoping it would ease the ache in his back. He dressed in comfortable pajamas and did his nightly facial routine, resisting temptation to skip part of it due to exhaustion. Climbing into bed he took a deep breath and closed his eyes, letting slumber overtake him. His back didn't hurt quite so badly but somehow it was harder to ignore the ache in his heart.



## Chapter Three

Blaine felt his heart pounding as the lips pressed against his grew more demanding. Throwing his head back to gulp in air, he then gasped as the mouth that had been ravishing his moved slowly and wetly across his jaw to his neck, biting the sweaty skin there before sucking blood to the surface. A warm tongue licked apologetically before moving down his shoulder and chest to lap insistently at his tightening stomach. Blaine tossed his head back and forth at the sensation, letting out a moan as a hand cupped his hardness firmly. He felt his belt being undone and his zipper lowered. Feeling a persistent tug, he lifted his hips to assist the removal of his cumbersome clothing and groaned deeply as he felt his cock being grasped firmly, soft fingers stroking him before moving up and down in a steady rhythm. Sudden warmth engulfed the head of his cock and he looked down to see pink lips surrounding him, blue eyes that were darkened with lust looking back at him...

Blaine jerked upright in bed, breathing heavily. It was dark in their dorm room and he could hear gentle snores coming from David's side. He rubbed his eyes and fumbled for his phone to check the time. It was a little after 2AM. He breathed a quiet sigh of relief that he had not woken David dreaming. He was very aware of his aching hardness and the thought of being caught like that by one of his best friends was a bit humiliating. Blaine palmed his cock and bit back a moan. Doing this here with David sleeping just a few feet away felt a little creepy, and Blaine definitely did not want to wake him. He and David were close, but not that close. He quietly got out of bed and went into the bathroom. Locking the door behind him, he thought back to his vivid dream. Blaine leaned against the door and closed his eyes. How could he be so caught up in someone he didn't even know? More and more he found himself thinking of the boy he saw at the party. He was supposed to be meeting Jeremiah tonight for coffee, and yet here he was in the wee hours of the morning sporting a hard on brought on not by blond curls and green eyes, but brown hair and blue eyes. Blaine decided it could be dealt with later, right now he had more pressing issues to deal with. Squirting a bit of lotion on his hand, he reached for his aching cock, biting his lip to keep from moaning out loud. His strokes got firmer and faster as in his minds eye he again pictured the beautiful blue eyes he had been looking into in his dreams. His release shook him and he slid limply to the floor, breathing heavily.

Blaine quickly cleaned up after himself and changed his soiled clothing, giving a quick thought of thankfulness that he had multiple pairs of Dalton sweats and his observant room mate would not notice a clothing change. He crawled tiredly into bed and closed his eyes, willing sleep to come to him. As he slipped deeper into sleep his mind half hoped for and half dreaded the return of dreams involving a certain boy with porcelain skin and eyes like the sky.

Kurt woke up late Saturday morning. Well, late for him at least. He normally was up around 8:30 at the latest, but today he didn't stir from sleep until almost 11:00. He was a little surprised that his dad hadn't woken him but then again the shop was open today. Many Saturdays Kurt helped his dad in the shop all day, but he had looked so tired recently that Burt told him to take the day off. Kurt had argued initially since he really did worry about his dad still, but Burt assured him that there was plenty of coverage for the day. Kurt agreed to the day off, rather reluctantly and with more than a little guilt, but stretching slowly and feeling the nag in his back, he was glad he had done so. He hated to admit it, but it did feel pretty good to sleep in, especially since he hadn't been sleeping well for a while. He glanced at the time and decided he needed to get moving. He had plans later with Mercedes, Tina and Rachel, and if he wanted to do a proper job moisturizing, he needed to get going.

Freshly showered and beauty regime complete, Kurt opened his closet to select his outfit. He and the girls planned to hit the mall for some bonding time and then head to Mr. Schue's to work on the tshirts they planned to wear for performing Lady Gaga. Apparently Mr. Schue had taken Rachel's near nose job as a teachable moment, and he wanted everyone to make shirts stating something that they were insecure about or had been teased about. Kurt already knew what his would say. Maybe it was obvious, but definitely honest. Likes Boys. And there you have it. Pulling on tight black jeans, a red shirt and Doc Martens, he felt dressed down but he needed something he could remove easily if he found any clothes he wanted. He carefully styled his hair and sent Mercedes a text message that he was on his way. Grabbing his keys, he jumped in his car and headed to meet the girls at Mercedes' house.

Several hours later, Kurt and his friends made their way out to Mercedes' car, weighed down with the prizes of a successful shopping trip. Laughing and joking, they piled everything into the trunk and got into the car to head towards Mr. Schue's. Tina sat up front with Mercedes while Kurt and Rachel sat together in the back. Tina turned around and smiled at them, saying "This was so much fun, you guys. We haven't done this in too long."

Kurt agreed, saying "I was definitely in need of time with my best girls."

Rachel started to comment when Mercedes let out a squeal and quickly turned up the volume of her iPod. "I love this song!" Animal by the Neon Trees blared from the speakers.

"Really, Cedes? I wouldn't have thought this would be your kind of thing," Kurt said, arching one brow.

"Totally. I would never have called this one," agreed Tina.

"Oh, shut up and sing with me you guys. Let's all be goofy and fabulous together!" groused Mercedes good naturedly. The four of them started singing loudly, dancing in their seats as best as they could.

---

Blaine checked his reflection nervously. David rolled his eyes from his bed. "Dude, you look fine. Don't be so nervous, it's coffee, not matrimony."

Blaine breathed out heavily and went over to his friend's side to sit down. He loved all of his friends, but he and David had a special bond. Many nights when Blaine had first transferred into Dalton, it was David who held him when he awoke from nightmares and David who introduced Blaine to his best friend Wes. It had been David encouraging him to try out for the Warblers and David who was one of his biggest supporters as lead vocalist. Wes often joked that he needed a gay friend of his own to have a similar bromance, which cracked his best friend up.

Blaine looked at David, and the tall boy leaned towards him to bump shoulders. "What's on your mind, B? First date jitters aside, you have been a million miles away lately. Is there something going on? You know you can talk to me." David eyed his friend with concern. Blaine rubbed the back of his neck and sighed. He looked at David and gave him a half smile.

"You remember that party you guys drug me to a few weeks ago?"

David grimaced a bit and said, "Parts of it I do. What happened, did someone give you shit or something?"

Seeing his friend growing angry, Blaine was quick to reassure him. "No, no, everything was fine. More than fine actually."

David raised his eyebrows in shock and said with surprise, "Did you meet someone there?" He wondered why Blaine had agreed to a date with this Gap guy if he had met someone who caused him this kind of distraction. This was big league attraction if he was reading Blaine's signals correctly.

Blaine's lips turned down a bit and he answered, "Not exactly. David, I saw this guy there, and I swear to God, he was perfect. Gorgeous hair, fantastic body, skin to die for. But his eyes..." Blaine trailed off and let out a deep sigh.

David looked at him in amazement. This was more serious than he thought. Hesitantly, he asked his lovelorn looking friend, "Okay, then why are you going out with someone else tonight if this guy causes you to react like this?"

Blaine groaned in frustration and said, "Because I don't know who he is! I saw him for just a few seconds, but damn, David, it was like the earth stood still. And I still couldn't catch him. I looked everywhere, but I couldn't find him. And now I can't get him out of my fucking head!" Blaine threw himself backwards on David's bed. "I don't know anything about him. He could be straight for all I know. And I have this guy who seems nice enough, a cute gay guy asking me out. I have hoped for something like this for so long, you know? And now that it's happened, I can't let go of something that exists in my head!"

David patted his friend on the knee. "B, just go and have a good time. Like I said, you are not picking out china patterns, you are having coffee. You may have a good time and surprise yourself. And hey, if it doesn't work, you can chalk it up to experience and move on. You are young, you have time."

"I know, D. It's just hard sometimes." Blaine felt ridiculously close to tears. Mentally telling himself to snap out of it, he stood up and grabbed his keys. "Thanks, D. I mean that. Wish me luck?"

David gave him a big smile and a thumbs up. "Knock 'im dead, tiger." Blaine gave him a grin and closed the door behind him. Thoughtfully, David sent Wes a text message. He needed to pick his best friend's brain over this sudden development.

Blaine sat at the red light just before the coffee shop he and Jeremiah were going to meet. The Lima Bean. Cute. He gave himself a quick once over in the rear view mirror to make sure his curls were in check. From the car next to him he could hear the Neon Trees blaring along with girlish voices singing along. *Oh, Oh, I want some more...* Blaine sang along to himself. That actually was a pretty good song, he mused to himself. Maybe he would mention it to Wes. The Council leader was always looking for songs to expand their repertoire. The light changed and the car drove past him as he slowed to turn into the coffee shop. He briefly glimpsed a flash of red from the back seat before turning his attention to finding a parking place. Putting his car into park, he walked through the door. Looking around, he saw Jeremiah waving at him from a small table with a smile on his face. He waved back with a smile and went to place his order for coffee. Medium drip in hand, he went over to where the blond waited.

"Hi there," Jeremiah said flirtatiously.

"Hi there yourself," Blaine answered back. Sitting across from the older boy, Blaine sipped on his coffee as they talked. After a few minutes though, Blaine found his mind wandering a bit. Jeremiah did seem very nice, but they just didn't really have much in common other than an attraction to their own sex. Blaine tried to look as if he were interested in what the other boy was saying, when unbidden, an image from his dream the night before flashed across his mind. Startled, he felt his cock start to harden.

Suddenly, a hand waved in front of his face. Blinking, he looked at Jeremiah's laughing face. "Helloooo, anyone there? I am gonna get you another coffee. On me this time. Cream or sugar?"

Blaine swallowed, crossing his legs to cover his surprise erection. *That* had never happened before. "Uh, yeah, both. Thanks."

Jeremiah went to the counter to order and Blaine thought quickly of things that would calm his hormones down. When Jeremiah returned with their coffees, he was calmer and able to think. After a few more minutes of idle conversation, Blaine gave the other boy a guilty smile. "Thanks for inviting me out. I appreciate the coffee and the conversation, but..."

"Not feeling it, huh? I kind of figured that," Jeremiah said.

Blaine felt mortified as he struggled to try to salvage the situation, but Jeremiah stood up. "Hey, it's totally cool. I just figured, it was worth a shot, right? Not many of us gays in the area. Thanks for meeting me, and if you ever change your mind, you can call me." Giving Blaine a brief smile and a wink, he walked out.

Blaine sat in stunned silence for a moment, then stood slowly. He wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry at what just happened, so he decided heading back for Dalton was the best option. Once he got back to his dorm room, he could do either. Or both. He felt guilty for not being more involved in his date and annoyed with himself for obsessing over someone he couldn't have. Getting into his car, he banged his head softly on the steering wheel, then leaned back on the head rest.

"Who are you? Where are you? Why can't I get you out of my head?" he surprised himself by yelling aloud in the silence of his car.

Great, he thought to himself, now I really have lost it. Turning the key in the ignition, he turned on his Bluetooth and put it in his ear. Dialing David's cell phone number, he waited for his friend to pick up. He was in need of a sympathetic shoulder and sage advice. Hopefully David could help him laugh off tonight's

disaster and would help deflect the good natured teasing he knew to expect from Wes, Nick and Jeff. They had all been excited for him and teasing each other was part of their friendship, but Blaine just didn't feel up to it this time.

---

Kurt laughed as Mercedes held up her No Weave tshirt for his approval. "Shouldn't it say Tot Addict?" he teased her, knowing the diva's fondness for tater tots had gotten her plenty of pestering in the past. Mercedes threw one of Mr. Schue's couch pillows at Kurt's face, laughing, while Rachel and Tina giggled. Across the living room Puck held up a shirt that said I'm With Stupid with a down arrow, and Finn was modeling one that said Can't Dance. Appropriate, thought Kurt to himself with a knowing smirk. Rachel saw Finn's shirt and rubbed her nose gently as the two looked at each other. Catching the glance, Kurt mentally raised his eyebrows. What was going on with those two now? He was pretty sure that Finn and Quinn were still a couple, and Quinn without a doubt would not approve of the look Finn had just shared with Rachel. Sighing to himself, he made a mental note to query both his friend and his step-brother. Honestly, the drama he found himself surrounded with.

"Alright, guys, does everyone have their shirts made and ready to go?" Mr. Schue's voice rang over the teenage chatter. He was sporting a tshirt that stated Butt Chin, which had caused laughter from them all. "We will practice Born This Way all week, and performance will be at the assembly early next week. We need to be ready. Between that and practicing for sectionals, we have a lot on our plates, so everyone be ready."

On that note, all the teenagers scattered into the direction of their cars. Tina had a date with Mike, so she wasn't riding back with them. Kurt called shotgun and made a run for Mercedes' car with Rachel in laughing pursuit. "No fair!" she yelled, pretending to pout.

"Fair? Rachel, my legs are twice as long as yours. I need the room to stretch out!" Kurt gave her a mocking glance. "Besides, talent first, and darling, I am fabulous."

Mercedes shook her head at her two friends. "Alright, you two, don't start or you are both walking. Let's get moving." They pulled up to Rachel's house and let her out, calling their goodbyes. Kurt and Mercedes had a sleepover planned for the night so they cranked the music and sang together all the way to Mercedes' house.

Later, as they lounged on her bed, Kurt painting her fingernails carefully, Mercedes said, "Boo, are you okay?"

Kurt glanced up at her quickly, then turned his attention to her hands again. "I'm fine, Cedes, why do you ask?"

Mercedes looked thoughtful as she gently waved one hand to dry the polish. "Kurt, you may be able to fool everyone else, but I know you too well. You aren't happy. In fact, I would say you are downright miserable, am I right?"

Kurt opened his mouth to deny her words, then snapped it shut again. He felt the prickle of tears as he quickly looked down. "Cedes, I don't know what to tell you. I mean, let's see. I am the only out gay kid at McKinley. I keep spare clothes at school because I wear a slushie multiple times a week. Most of the jocks are either pushing me around or trying to stick me in a locker or dumpster. I can't get a solo in Glee club to save my life. I should just be bubbling over in happiness, right?" he said angrily, dashing away the tears that now threatened to fall.

Mercedes looked at him in stunned silence, then opened her arms to him in silent invitation. Fighting back a sob, Kurt leaned into the offered embrace. They sat like that for a long time, Kurt having an occasional snuffle and Mercedes stroking his hair softly. Taking a deep breath, he whispered to her, "I am just so lonely, Mercedes. I have my dad, I have Carol and Finn, I have you and Rachel and Tina. But sometimes, I think I am utterly alone. Sometimes I think I could just die from it."

Mercedes felt her heart break for her friend as she held him, feeling him finally let the tears fall. "Kurt, I know you don't believe in God, but please believe me. There is someone out there who is perfect for you. And when you least expect it, you are gonna find him." They lay down, cuddled together as they let sleep overtake them.

"Where ever you are, I hope I find you soon," Kurt thought drowsily as he fell asleep next to his best friend.

## Chapter Four

Wes and David sat on David's bed, books and papers surrounding them. The two best friends had come together to study for the massive chemistry test coming up at the end of the week, but somewhere along the way they found a distraction.

Blaine.

He was laying across his bed, a copy of *Lord of the Flies* in front of him, but he hadn't turned a page in well over fifteen minutes. He just stared unseeingly at the words in front of him. Wes and David knew very well that Blaine was an avid reader that could blow through their required reading in very little time, so the fact that he wasn't flipping through pages devouring the words in front of him was telling. In fact, it was just another sign that something was weighing heavily on his mind. Blaine had thrived at Dalton, not only as a result of the bully free environment, but the scholastically challenging curriculum. He was in the top of all his classes and his vibrant personality and status as Warbler lead soloist ensured his popularity with his fellow students. He could always be counted on to return a high five in the hall, burst into spontaneous song between classes, or passionately defend his beloved pink sunglasses.

At least, that was the way Blaine used to be. Since the awkward coffee "date" with Jeremiah, he had become very quiet, easily lost in thought. Oftentimes when they were together in their dorm, David observed Blaine staring into space looking a million miles away. He had taken to listening to his iPod with headphones laying in his bed rather than plugging it into the speaker dock and dancing around the room. David often heard him sighing quietly, and he knew his friend was not sleeping well. It was enough to cause him serious concern. He needed to talk to Wes to address those concerns so they could try to coax their friend out of his current funk. He knew that Blaine's downcast expressions were not unnoticed by Wes.

Wes was also concerned. Blaine was one of his best friends, and he hated watching Blaine like this. Plus, if he was honest, he needed his lead soloist back to normal. Blaine hadn't jumped on the furniture in the music room in a couple of weeks, and truth be told, his singing was missing something. He still exuded raw talent and could bring the crowd to its feet, but it was missing the *je ne sais quoi* that was just Blaine. Wes knew from talking with David that the coffee date with Gap dude had been a bit of a bust. He also knew that his friend had been captivated by someone he saw at that party they hit a few weeks ago. Both Wes and David jumped, startled out of their personal thoughts when Blaine suddenly slammed his book shut and tossed it across the room towards his desk.



"Guys, I am gonna go down to the cafeteria and grab some coffee. I just can't wrap my head around reading right now," Blaine said to his friends. He had been lost in yet another day dream involving crystal blue eyes that was driving him crazy. He needed to move around and shake it off. The last think he wanted his friends thinking was that he was **that** into Lord of the Flies. Besides, it was not like he was accomplishing anything. He fervently hoped that they had not noticed his lack of focus.

David smiled at Blaine and said, "Sure, B, you should do that. We are gonna keep trying to make some sort of semblance of sense of these formulas. I totally hate chemistry, it is only math in disguise as science."

Wes agreed, "Yeah, if I wanted two maths I would have taken calculus along with trig."

The two boys shared a silent glance, knowing that once Blaine was gone, they had some serious discussing to do. As soon as the door shut behind Blaine, Wes turned to David and said, "Holy shit, D."

"I know, I know," agreed David. "This is the big leagues here, Wes. Our boy is in it deep." He sighed deeply. "Of all places to see this guy, it's at that party. I don't even have a fucking clue whose house it was at. I bet you most of the people there just saw it on Facebook like we did and showed up. Hell, I even bet that most of 'em don't even know each other! If there were even a chance in hell we could find out who he was or where he lives I would do it in a heartbeat."

Wes nodded his head. "It would sure be nice to have some sort of way to find this kid and get the two of them to meet. B is driving himself crazy. He is completely smitten with the dude and scared to death it is just something he has built up in his head. And the problem there is that he's right. He knows nothing about this guy, he could be a total douche bag for all we know."

"Yeah, but at least there would be a sort of closure, you know? I imagine it is worse not knowing either way," mused David thoughtfully. "Maybe we will figure something out eventually. Unfortunately, if we don't get these molecular formulas down there is no way we make it through this test."

Wes cracked a grin and said, "I suppose we should master this chemistry first before attempting to work on trying to create chemistry for B." David groaned and smacked his friend in the head with his notebook before hunkering down once more to study.

Blaine walked towards the cafeteria and then stopped. He didn't really want coffee, not really, but he just couldn't stay in the dorm with David and Wes. He knew that David's knowing eyes were on him often,

looking on with concern. He felt bad for worrying his friends, he really did. Nick and Jeff had taken to fussing over him a bit, bringing him coffee and breakfast in the mornings, arranging study groups to make sure he wasn't alone with his thoughts, and watching endless movies with him. He had not known that Jeff knew every word to every song of Aladdin or that Nick could do an impersonation of Ewan McGregor in Trainspotting. Wes often called for his opinion and input at Warbler practices, and would often put a comforting hand on his shoulder. And David provided Blaine with a much needed shoulder. He had talked to Blaine the entire drive home from the Lima Bean and had listened to his ramblings about the mystery boy from the party. Never once had David said or done anything to make him feel stupid for his feelings or anything, and Blaine was grateful to his friend for that.

Frustration rose up in him and he pushed the door to the outside open viciously, walking quickly in no particular direction. He had to be crazy. There was no way he should be this, well, obsessed with someone he didn't know. He didn't know where he lived or what he was like or if his lips were as kissable as they looked. *Damn it.* He sat down under a large tree and pulled his knees up to his chest, wrapping his arms around them. He lay his head back and closed his eyes. It was pure insanity to keep feeling this way. Yet, somehow, there was a feeling deep inside of him that he couldn't let go. He remembered a saying he had read once that seemed to resonate in his brain: *The heart has its reasons which reason knows nothing of.*

---

Kurt and Mercedes hurried into the Glee classroom wearing their performance clothes. Today they were performing Born This Way for the student assembly, and each member was wearing the t shirts they made at Mr. Schue's. Kurt was not normally a jeans and t shirt type, but he figured wearing his black skinny jeans gave it that personal touch. His t shirt actually did rather nice things for his arms, he had been a little surprised to note when checking himself in the mirror. He knew that his shirt proclaiming Likes Boys was a risk, though. It wasn't like it wasn't common knowledge or anything, but Kurt was very aware that the acceptance of that knowledge was not quite so common. It seemed like the shoves and insults from Karovsky were escalating and Kurt would be lying if he said he wasn't worried about his shirt giving the bullying jock another reason to pick on him. Not a day had gone by recently that he wasn't on the end of a shove into the lockers, and his pale skin was showing bruises in various stages of healing along his back and sides.

Kurt sat in one of the chairs to tie his black Converse sneakers. As he sat up, he was startled when a body suddenly dropped in his lap. Brittany wrapped her arms tightly around his neck and squeezed him in a hug. "Hi, Kurt," she said, laying her head on his shoulder.

He squeezed her back with affection, saying "Hi, Brit. You doing okay? Ready to perform?"

She leaned up and looked at him sadly. "Santana doesn't want to wear the shirt I made for her, Kurt. You would wear a shirt that said Dolphin if I made it for you, right?"

Kurt blinked and looked at the blonde in his lap, wondering what this was all about. "Um, sure, Brit, I would make it a fabulous part of my wardrobe," he said, noticing her face perk up considerably.

"See, Lord Tubbington was right, he totally said you would," she said, nodding. Kurt tried to keep the confusion off his face, asking "Lord Tubbington. Your cat?"

"Yeah, who else, silly?" giggled Brittany. "He always gives the best advice. If only he would take advice himself, I worry about his smoking habits," she said, frowning slightly. Then she caught Kurt by surprise, giving him a quick peck on the lips. "I like your shirt, Kurt. You are gonna kill this song." She hugged him again and jumped up, walking away with her ponytail swinging.

Kurt gave a little laugh as she went. Brittany was not exactly the sharpest knife in the drawer, but she was one of the sweetest girls he knew. He had actually dated her briefly during his attempt to be straight, and they still had an affection for each other. She had been his first kiss, though he privately didn't count it since she was a girl, after all. But her lips had been soft and she had taught him how to move his own lips to return the kiss. She hadn't really understood why he never wanted to use tongue but she never pressed the issue. And Brittany would tell anyone that Kurt was a really good cuddler who didn't try to get her out of her panties. She was also certain that of all the boys she had dated, Kurt was Lord Tubbington's favorite, probably because he smelled like vanilla.

Kurt grabbed the black and red jacket that he would be wearing over his shirt at the beginning of the performance and walked to the corner where Tina and Mercedes were primping and putting on makeup.

Mercedes took in his neatly coiffed hair and said, "Oh, no, no, no, Kurt. This is a sexy performance and you need to look sexy." To his consternation, she reached up and mussed his hair with her hands, working it into a tousled style. "There, that's better. You look like someone just loved you down in the janitor's closet."

"Don't I wish," grumbled Kurt as Tina looked at him appraisingly.

"That's a good look, Mercedes. Good job. But I think we can do even better. Kurt, sit down." Tina pushed a very surprised Kurt into a chair and reached into her purse. "Hold still," she said, holding up a black eyeliner. Kurt squawked in surprise as she deftly started applying liner to his eyes. "God, Kurt, be still, do you *want* me to poke your eye out?" she snapped at him, frowning in concentration. Kurt held his breath and went still while she outlined his eyes. She leaned back and admired her work, and then said, "One more touch." She applied a light coat of gloss to Kurt's lips, making them shimmer just slightly. "Rub your lips together," she said, turning to Mercedes. "What do you think?"

Mercedes looked him over, a huge smile on her face. "You look hot, Kurt."

Kurt looked into the mirror she held up for him. He was surprised; the girls had done an amazing job making him look different. The boy in the mirror had hair that was sexily tousled, looking like someone had been running their hands through it. The liner accentuated his eyes, making them stand out even more than usual. His lips shone wetly, just begging to be kissed. He looked at his friends, mouth slightly open. They both smiled at him. Tina gave him a devilish wink and said, "I can't wait to yank that jacket off you!" She and Mercedes both laughed as Kurt's cheeks pinkened in embarrassment.

"Okay, guys, listen up!" Mr. Schue's voice broke into the hubbub in the classroom. "Let's get up on the stage and show everyone in this school that we are proud of who we are!"

Everyone gathered into a quick circle for a pre performance group hug and took their places on the stage. Kurt took a deep breath and moved to the front center. He closed his eyes for a quick moment and let the moment flow through him. He opened his mouth and raised his arm. "*It doesn't matter if you love him...*" he started, game face on. He was joined on stage by Mercedes and Tina, each girl taking a hold of the jacket he wore and tearing it open. There was an audible gasp from the student body as the words on his shirt became visible. Tina took over the singing of the song as she, Kurt and Mercedes danced together. Other Glee members joined them onstage in their choreography and Kurt lost himself in his performance, rolling his hips and dancing. He moved to the front of the group again, removing his jacket and throwing it off the stage, his voice ringing true and clear. The other members of New Directions followed suit, tossing their own jackets and proudly displaying the shirts that proclaimed their insecurities to their fellow students. They danced and sung in harmony, barely noticing the audience on its feet cheering wildly. As the song ended, Kurt stood in the middle of the stage with Mercedes, Tina and Artie as the others danced around them in a circle. When the song ended, the school was on their feet, clapping and screaming. The Glee club left the stage, celebrating in triumph. Kurt was caught up in a performance high and didn't notice the surly pair of eyes glaring at him from the back of the auditorium.

"Oh, my God, you guys, that was outstanding!" yelled Mr. Schue, grinning like a madman. "If you can bring down the school like that, Sectionals better watch out. Everyone get on out of here and when we meet next, be ready to concentrate on competition."

Everyone cheered and gathered their things to go home. Mercedes was waiting for Kurt, but he realized he left a homework assignment in his locker. "Cedes, I have to go to my locker before going home. I'll text you later, ok?"

Mercedes waved goodbye to him as he walked down the hallway towards his locker. He was humming Gaga under his breath, still feeling the buzz from singing, when a shove sent him flying sideways into the lockers. He hit with a thud and whipped around to see Karofsky glaring back at him as he walked into the boys locker room. Whether it was the adrenaline in his system, or just a moment of insanity, Kurt would never know, but he jumped up and ran after the bully.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Karofsky?" he yelled furiously.

The football player turned towards him and scoffed, "There's nothing wrong with me other than worrying about you trying to get a look at my junk."

Kurt rolled his eyes and sneered, "Yeah, all the evil gays, out to molest and convert all the straight guys. You aren't even my type, chubbo, I don't like boys who sweat too much and think a letter jacket is a fashion statement."

Karofsky got angrier and sneered back, "Oh, yeah, fairy?"

Kurt interrupted him, saying, "That's the best you have? Fairy? You are such a Neanderthal who can't handle..." He shut his mouth with a snap and stepped back warily as the hulking jock suddenly surged towards him with his fists raised.

"Hummel, you do not want to push me!" he yelled, face turning red.

Voice quivering, Kurt said, "What are you gonna do, hit me? Because it isn't gonna change anything. You can't hit the gay out of me anymore than I can knock the ignorance out of you." He gasped as Karofsky grabbed his head in a hard grip.

"You think you can prance around smelling like you do, wearing shirts like that and those jeans, those fucking tight jeans," Karofsky growled before smashing his lips against Kurt's.

Kurt's eyes flew open wide in horror and he felt his knees turn to water. With what strength he possessed he pushed against Karofsky's chest. The taller boy stepped back, chest rising and following in shallow gasps. Kurt was frozen, looking back at him, until he moved to again press his lips to Kurt's. With a strangled cry Kurt ducked, falling to the floor and scooting backwards.

Karofsky watched his retreat and suddenly turned and slammed a meaty fist into the locker. Turning to Kurt with a menacing glare, he said in a low voice, "This never happened. No one better hear about this. Or else." And with that, he was gone.

Kurt raised trembling fingers to his mouth and felt tears stinging his eyes. His stomach churned and he quickly ran to the toilet to vomit. Rinsing his mouth, he looked in the mirror at his now haunted looking reflection. He wanted nothing more than to get home. Leaving quickly, he ran to his car and drove home as quickly as he could. He ran to his room and locked the door, stripping and turning on the shower. Grabbing his toothbrush, he scrubbed roughly at his teeth and tongue, wanting desperately to remove the taste of the other boy's mouth from his. He then got into the shower and washed his skin roughly, hating the bruises that marked him. When the water ran cold, he got out and toweled off, wrapping himself in a robe. He again looked in the mirror. Tears burned his eyes again as he thought to himself, "What am I going to do?"

## Chapter Five

Blaine kept his eyes on David as the tall Warbler demonstrated the choreography they were working on at Warblers practice. The room was abuzz with activity as the members worked on imitating the dance steps, good natured teasing and laughing going on as several members stumbled or turned the wrong way.

David huffed a bit in exasperation, saying "Come on, guys, this isn't that difficult. We need to be able to do more than stand in place swaying like a potted plant in the breeze."

Blaine hid his smile, knowing that while David was a talented dancer, the same couldn't be said for all of the Warblers. He himself had a tendency to wave his hands around a lot when dancing, and while he was by no means the worst dancer, there were times he was sure he flailed more than flowed. Blaine knew that Wes and David were both feeling the strain of Sectionals as they neared. Technically they still had plenty of time to decide on which songs from their performance list they would try to perfect for the competition. But the Council members wanted to reach a decision and get to it so that if any Warbler was asked to perform in their sleep, they would be able to do so.

Wes banged his gavel to get the attention of the gathered boys as practice neared its end. "Okay, men, good job today. We need to really concentrate on getting these dance moves down pat so that we can start incorporating our singing as well. The Council has decided to add a couple of extra practices to make sure we get this down," he said, ignoring the groans that came from several Warblers. "This is our chance to make sure we shine at competition. We need to get our harmonies together and make sure that we can dance without looking like someone's drunken uncle at a wedding."

That got him several laughs as he banged his gavel again, signaling the end of practice. The room started to buzz with laughter and conversation as the assembled boys began to gather their things and head for dinner or their dorm rooms. Blaine grabbed his bag and got ready to go. He stood by the door waiting for David to finish recording meeting minutes. He could overhear Thad saying to Wes, "I think maybe we need to do something for fun to loosen everyone up, Wes. We could give an impromptu performance for the school. It's a good way to practice, and besides, everyone expects it from us anyway."

Wes looked thoughtful as he considered what Thad was saying. "That's probably a good idea. We haven't given a school performance in a while and maybe this will get us all in the proper frame of mind to get down to business." David grinned down at his notebook and rolled his eyes. They were all serious about the Warblers, but Wes definitely lived it.

Thad told them both good bye and started on his way, bidding Blaine a good night as well on his way out the door. Blaine waved at him and turned back, feeling a bit impatient as David and Wes seemed to be taking their time getting ready to leave. Instead of gathering their things, they were talking together excitedly, although too low for him to hear from the door. He was just about to yell to David that he would just meet him at the dorm when the two seemed to reach a conclusion in their conversation and quickly gathered their things. He looked at them with a bit of annoyance mixed in with curiosity as they approached him with huge grins on their faces. He looked from David to Wes, wondering where this came from and if he should be running in fear. Wes clapped him on the shoulder enthusiastically, saying to him, "So, Blaine, how do you feel about singing a little Katy Perry?"

---

Mercedes was worried. There was something very wrong with Kurt. It wasn't just that his face showed signs of strain, dark circles under his eyes and skin looking almost dull. It wasn't just that he was not dressing with his usual sense of style and flair, instead wearing loose jeans that hung off his hips slightly and baggy clothes that looked like he had raided Finn's closet, similar to the time he tried to be straight. It wasn't just that he hardly spoke a word at lunch or jumped at the slightest sound. It wasn't just that he was not vying for a solo in Glee, or even actively debating with Rachel over who sang Broadway with the most passion. No, it was his eyes. Kurt's eyes were bright and expressive, you could almost always tell what he was thinking or feeling just by looking into them. When Kurt was happy, his eyes sparkled like they had captured the stars in them, the colors blue and green swirling together in perfect harmony. And while Mercedes knew the sparkle hadn't been in his eyes for a while now, this was different. Kurt's eyes were a dull, drab looking gray. They looked lifeless, and that more than anything drove a sharp pang of sadness into Mercedes' heart. Something had happened recently, something he wasn't sharing with anyone.

Kurt was lost deep in thought. Attending school had been agonizing before, now it was pure torture. He slunk down the hallways with his head down, avoiding eye contact with anyone as best as he could. He had been lucky enough to not have any meeting with Karofsky between class except for the one time, when the jock had given him a significant glare before turning his back on him to walk with the other football players. That lone incident had still been enough to turn his knees to water and start his insides churning. He had actually gone to the nurse's office, where the nurse took one look at his clammy skin broken out with a cold sweat and immediately made him lay down. She had wanted to contact his dad to get permission for him to go home, but Kurt had practically begged her not to, swearing it was just something he had eaten, and he would be fine soon, he just knew it. He was startled out of his reverie by



Mercedes sitting next to him. She gave him a sharp look and said, "Okay, Kurt, spill. Something is going on, I know it. What's wrong? Is it your dad?"

Kurt took a breath, trying to work out his answer. He had hoped that everyone would just continue to ignore him as usual, but it seemed he couldn't even get lucky with that. He loved Mercedes, she was his friend, but he didn't want to talk about what happened in the boys locker room with anyone. Period. "Sorry, Cedes, I haven't been sleeping well lately. And no, my dad is doing fine. He complains when I insist on him eating healthy foods, and I still think he works himself too hard, but he recently saw his cardiologist and got a good report."

He gave her a weak smile, hoping she would let it drop. She gave him a searching look, trying to see deeper, and he felt himself withdrawing from her, feeling almost a little angry that she wouldn't just let it go. Mercedes sighed to herself. She could see the walls that Kurt had recently perfected flying up. She knew that whatever was bothering him, he was not about to open up about it. She gave his knee a pat, frowning a little in hurt when he visibly flinched and moved away from her. "Okay, Kurt. If you change your mind, you can talk to me." She got up and moved over to sit next to Tina and Quinn.

Kurt lowered his head, feeling close to tears. He didn't want to hurt Mercedes and he hadn't meant to move away from her, it was just a knee jerk reaction to her touching him. He couldn't help it. He wished fervently that he had never gone into the locker room after Karofsky. It had been the worst decision of his life. He turned his attention to the front of the classroom, where Mr. Schue was making notes on the dry erase board. It seemed that they now knew who they would be competing against at Sectionals. A seniors group that called themselves the Hipsters, *Really?* he thought to himself, and a group from Dalton Academy, an all boys private school, called the Warblers. Kurt only half paid attention to the rest of Glee, not paying attention to the newest assignment and counting the minutes until he could make his escape. Mr. Schue dismissed everyone, and Kurt gathered his things, bolting for the door with haste that was unlike him. He missed the speculative glances coming at him from more than one person.

---

Blaine and David were in their dorm room studying in companionable silence when suddenly there was a frantic knock on the door. Before either boy could respond, the door flew open and an excited Wes bounded into their room. He was followed by an equally excited Jeff and Nick. "Guys, guess what?" shouted Wes, bouncing up and down in his enthusiasm.

David arched an eyebrow at his best friend and said sarcastically, "You bronzed your gavel?"

"Always so sarcastic, David," huffed Wes, "and no, this is much better."

Blaine was still looking at the trio in amazement. "I swear, we need a reinforced lock against the three of you. What is so great that you come blowing in here like your head is on fire and your ass is catching?"

David snorted an appreciative laugh while Wes glared at Blaine with the superior look he used at Warbler practice when he was pulling a power play. "Well, junior Warbler Anderson, for your information, we found out who we are going to be going up against at Sectionals."

"Okay, I admit, I am with Blaine on this. That was enough for you guys to practically break our door down?" David gave his friends a look that invited them to explain themselves.

Wes just shook his head in exasperation as Nick said, "Well, it wasn't like we didn't knock first or anything." Jeff nodded in agreement. "Besides," Nick continued, "it isn't that we found out about the competition, it's what we found out about them."

Jeff flashed a wide grin and elaborated. "The first group is called the Hipsters, and they are a group of seniors. Should be a piece of cake competing against them. The other group is from a school a few hours away, McKinley High. Their glee club calls themselves New Directions."

David nodded and said, "Okay, and what is the kicker here?" Wes went over to the computer on David's desk and smiled. "The McKinley High AV club has its own YouTube channel. With New Directions performances on it."

Blaine sat up straighter. "Seriously? That's awesome!"

David was a bit more reserved. "Are we actually going to stoop to spying on the competition? Are we that desperate?"

Wes gave him a condescending look accompanied with an overly patient sigh. "D, we are not spying, we are utilizing our resources," he said as if he were explaining things to a three year old. "Now are you gonna watch with us or what?"

The five boys gathered around the computer, the large monitor making it easy to them all to see. Wes opened the web browser and went to YouTube and did a search for New Directions. Going to the AV club page, they could see several videos posted for various sports and other school events.

"Let's see now, where is a performance video," mumbled Wes as he looked the page over.

"Look! There! It's a video of New Directions doing Born This Way by Lady Gaga!" shouted Nick, pointing at the screen.

"Good song," said Blaine appreciatively as Wes clicked the link to the video to load it. He started to make another comment when the video started and the camera focused on a tall boy standing in the center of the stage. Blaine felt all the air leave his body and his heart pounded in recognition. His knees threatened to give out and he grabbed David's arm in a death grip.

"God, Blaine, what's wrong with you?" questioned David as he turned his gaze from the screen to his friend who stood staring at the screen in shock. Wes paused the video as he, Nick and Jeff all turned to look at Blaine worriedly.

Blaine swallowed twice and retreated to David's bed, where he sat down bonelessly. "It's him. Oh my God. It's him. David! It's him! That's the one! From the party! Oh my God!" Blaine felt as if coherent thought was beyond him as he struggled to let his friends know what was happening.

David looked stunned. "Are you sure, B? That's the guy? Dream boy?"

Nick and Jeff both gave a snort of laughter and Wes looked questioningly at Blaine, who was turning an interesting shade of red. "Dream boy, David?" he said, wishing the floor would swallow him.

David gave him an apologetic glance. "Sorry, B. You aren't always quiet."

Blaine groaned in humiliation as Nick and Jeff exploded in laughter and even Wes was chuckling. He was wondering how he could look his friends in the face ever again when suddenly awareness of what had happened hit him full force. There was a video on the computer screen of the beautiful creature that had been haunting him for weeks now. Not only did he exist, he wasn't even that far away. Forgetting all the events of the last few minutes Blaine leaped to his feet and ran to the computer desk, sitting in the chair that Wes had vacated, much to the Warbler's dismay. Hitting the play button, Blaine stared at the screen mesmerized as his fantasy boy began the opening lines of Born This Way. His heart leapt into his throat as

two girls on either side of the boy tore open his jacket, displaying a shirt that said in plain black and white: Likes Boys. Blaine ignored the excited chatter going on behind him, continuing to be transfixed on the video. He felt his throat go dry as he watched the boy dance, moving his hips in a way that had Blaine feeling dizzy. He appreciatively admired the arms that were displayed when the jacket was removed and thrown away. And his voice. Dear sweet Jesus, his voice. Blaine's head was spinning. The boy was real. He had found him. And miracle of all miracles, he was gay. Heart beating wildly, he jumped up, startling the four boys behind him that he had totally forgotten about.

Wes looked interestedly at his friend's flushed face and heaving chest. "B? Whatcha doing?" he asked as Blaine looked around with a wild look.

"Lima. McKinley is in Lima. That's only a couple of hours away!" Blaine answered excitedly, looking for his shoes.

Jeff walked to him and gently grabbed his shoulders. "B, take it easy. It's after 10:00 at night, it isn't like you can go tearing out of here expecting to find him."

Blaine shook his head to clear it. Of course, Jeff was right. What was he thinking? Nick smiled at him and said kindly, "It's okay, B. We get it."

Blaine looked at his friends apologetically, sitting back down. "Sorry, guys, I kind of lost my mind there for a minute."

David's arm came around Blaine in a hug. "Totally understandable, B. Let's look some more, yeah?"

The five boys watched several New Directions performance videos, each one convincing Blaine that the boy with the blue eyes was utter perfection in human form. He sincerely hoped that none of his friends noticed exactly how much he was being affected. He was jerked out of his reverie when Jeff said, "Hey look here, guys, they have the names of the Glee club members listed."

Blaine looked where Jeff was pointing and started reading the names out loud. "Artie Abrams. Mike Chang. Sam Evans. Finn Hudson. Kurt Hummel. Noah Puckerman. I wonder which one is him." Later that night, after his friends left for their respective dorms, Blaine lay in his bed. David was sleeping but Blaine hadn't been able to sleep yet. His head was swimming with the events of the night, and he felt a sense of

excitement. Against all odds, he had finally found the boy who had captured his mind. Now he just had to find him in person.

---

Kurt looked around at the male members of New Direction that had gathered around him, glaring at all of them. "You have got to be kidding me."

"Listen, Princess, all's fair in war and of all of us you have the best chance of getting in and out of a private all dude's school. Just go scope out the Garglers-" Puck started.

"God, enough with the gay jokes already! They are the Warblers! **WAR**-blers," snarled Kurt in exasperation.

Puck held up his hands in surrender, "Jesus, Princess, get your panties out of a wad. Sorry. **WAR**blers. In any case, here's the plan. You go get one of your outfits together and sneak into Dalton. Their uniform shouldn't be that hard to imitate. Check 'em out, and report back here."

Kurt looked around at the boys surrounding him. "I can't believe you want me to do this. You. Want me. To spy. On our competition?"

Finn nodded his head. "Listen, bro, you got this. Puck's already gotten you excused from classes the rest of the day."

Kurt closed his eyes at this, not even wanting to know. Finn continued, "I got you covered at home. Just see what they're about."

Kurt stared moodily at his stepbrother. He didn't really want to do this, but the idea of getting out of school and away from everyone was a bit attractive. And it probably wouldn't be hard to keep hidden at a boy's school. He looked at the uniform picture that Puck handed him and nodded. He definitely had something he could put together that would be close enough. "Okay. I'll do it, but if I get caught and killed, you have to tell our parents it was your fault."

Finn blinked and looked like he might be reconsidering, but Puck laughed and clapped Kurt on the back hard enough to make him cringe as the remaining bruises protested. Hoping this didn't actually have disaster written all over it, Kurt drove home to get his outfit together.

Kurt sat in his car in the Dalton, trying not to hyperventilate. If he got back home in one piece, he was going to kill Puck and Finn. Slowly and painfully. What was he doing? He had to have lost his ever loving mind. He took out his phone and sent a text to Puck: *I fucking hate you, just so you know.* He nearly jumped out of his skin when his phone buzzed almost immediately. *You aren't inside? Get to it!* Fighting the urge to just abandon the whole idea completely, Kurt put sunglasses on and grabbed his messenger bag. He found an entrance and carefully made his way in. He quickly made his way through the hallway, hoping that no one heard his heart pounding in his nervousness. He was a horrible spy. Worst. Idea. Ever. He stopped briefly, looking around to try to get an idea of where he was. Where would he find the Warblers, anyway? He was starting to really wish that he had thought this through just a little more. This place was freaking humongous and who knew where he would end up trying to find a music room. He headed towards the end of the hallway.

Suddenly, the hall was filled with boys in uniform, all rushing past him. Kurt was confused, was there a fire drill or something? He hadn't heard a bell or alarm or anything like that. Deciding to go with the flow so as not to attract unwanted attention to himself, he went along with the crowd. He could see a huge staircase in front of him and looking downward, saw the crowd piling into a large room. He decided to ask someone what was going on. Seeing a boy within arm's reach in front of him, he reached out.

Blaine made his way towards the commons. The Warblers were going to perform Teenage Dream today and he needed to get there quickly. He had been lost in a day dream about getting to Lima when he had gotten the panicked text from Wes demanding to know where he was. Hoping to save his friend from suffering an aneurysm, he hurried on his way. He had just pulled out his pocket watch to check the time when he felt a hand on his arm and heard a soft voice say, "Excuse me."

He turned around and felt his breath catch in his throat as he looked into blue eyes that he had been dreaming of. The world stopped at that moment and he heard his heart whisper:

***"Oh, there you are. I've been looking for you forever."***

## Chapter Six

Kurt stared at the boy who had turned around at his touch. He was gorgeous, with dark curls that looked like they were being tamed to within an inch of their life with gel. His eyes were an amazing shade of hazel with brown and deep green mixing together. He had a strong looking jaw line and a sensual looking mouth. His uniform fit him smartly, accentuating his shoulders. Kurt decided that there might just be some perks to private school after all.

"It's you." Blaine heard the words leave his mouth and inwardly cursed himself when the boy's blue eyes widened and he stood straighter on the stair, shifting nervously on his feet.

Kurt felt the return of his reservations as he stared at the boy below him. Had he heard him right? "It's me?"

Maybe he had made the wrong decision in who he chose to ask about what was going on. Check that, he had made the wrong decision in coming here period. Slightly panicked, he began trying to figure out a way to extricate himself from this whole situation when the dark haired boy shook his head slightly.

"Sorry about that. My name's Blaine," he said with a small smile, holding out his hand.

Kurt took the hand in his own cautiously, answering "Kurt."

Blaine sucked in his breath as he felt a jolt like electricity run up his arm when their hands met. *Kurt*. That meant that this was Kurt Hummel. Blaine decided that it was the most beautiful name in the world. He was even better looking close up, and the eyes that had enchanted him were a magnificent swirl of sky blue and misty green. The lashes that framed them were long and thick. His pale skin was flawless, with a light dusting of freckles over the nose and cheekbones. His lips were pink and perfect. Lips that were moving as Kurt spoke to him. Blaine forced himself to focus on what Kurt was saying to him.

"What's going on? Where is everyone going?"

Blaine noticed that Kurt was wearing a smart looking outfit that...wait a minute, was he wearing something that was supposed to look like the Dalton uniform? *Oh dear God*, thought Blaine, *he was here to spy on the Warblers*. New Directions was doing their own spying, and they sent Kurt. Blaine threw a quick

thank you towards the heavens and gave Kurt what he hoped was his most charming smile. "The Warblers are giving a performance in the commons. It tends to shut the school down."

Kurt arched one perfect brow and asked him, "The Glee club is actually cool here?"

Blaine's smile grew bigger as he winked and said with a degree of smugness, "The Warblers are like rock stars." He could see Kurt pondering this. Blaine knew he had to get to the commons, Wes would throttle him if he were not there on time, but he didn't want to lose Kurt, not now that he finally had him there. Thinking quickly, he grabbed Kurt's hand, once again feeling warmth wash over him, and gave a tug. "Let's go this way, I know a shortcut."

Kurt followed him breathlessly. His mind was tumbling as thoughts churned through his mind. The Glee club was popular here? He was going to see a Warblers performance? And most importantly, this fantastically good looking boy, *Blaine*, had not only touched him twice, he was now holding his hand in a firm grasp, pulling him along as they ran through an empty hallway. Kurt was a little stunned. Most of his life people seemed to try to avoid touching him. His mother had always been the one who touched him, whether in a caress, holding his hand, hugging him, or just patting him to let him know how much he meant to her. He knew his father loved him, but Burt just wasn't a touchy feely guy. And the kids at school? Forget it. The main touching he got there was when he was being shoved or lifted into a dumpster. Most avoided contact with him altogether, as if being gay was contagious or something. Outside of his girl friends in New Directions, no one ever took his hand willingly. And yet here he was, hand in hand with a boy like it was okay. A boy who didn't seem to worry he would be seen by others or catch gay cooties. It was almost overwhelming.

Blaine pushed the door open, catching a relieved look from Wes followed by a look of shock. He nudged David, who glanced around and did a double take when he saw who Blaine was pulling into the room by the hand. The two Warblers grinned at each other and exchanged a quick high five. In silent agreement, they knew after practice they had to get Blaine to the side and find out more about this sudden surprise development.

Kurt came to a stop, looking around the room full of boys all wearing identical uniforms in some variation. He was suddenly very conscious of his own clothing and gasped, "Oh, I stick out like a sore thumb."



Blaine turned around and looked at him. Unable to resist touching Kurt again, he adjusted the collar of the jacket he wore, saying to him, "Next time don't forget your jacket, new kid. You'll fit right in." Their eyes met again, and Blaine said with a wink and a smile, "Now, if you'll excuse me."

He handed his bag to a student by the door and walked confidently to the front of the Warblers who were assembled and ready. They started harmonizing, beginning the opening notes. Blaine started singing Teenage Dream, moving around in a circle with Flint before taking his place in front of the Warblers. His voice rang out clear, his dancing was open and free, and he knew without a doubt it was one of his best performances ever. His gaze often went back to Kurt, who watched while he and the other Warblers danced and sang.

Kurt was transfixed. Blaine had one of the most amazing voices he had ever heard. He had never given much thought to a capella, but this sounded fantastic. The boys performing all sang different parts to emulate music and harmonizing vocals, and the overall effect was stunning. Kurt looked around the room. All the students were totally into the performance, dancing along, many of them smiling widely. Kurt knew that if this were McKinley, half of the students would have been looking bored and something would have already been thrown at the singers. He turned his attention back to the Warblers, more specifically to Blaine, who seemed to keep looking back at him. Kurt couldn't keep the slight smirk off his face when the Warblers sang ***Imma get your heart racing in my skin tight jeans, be your teenage dream tonight***. And was it just him, or did Blaine just totally catch his eye and gesture at himself when he sang ***Look at me***? He found himself dancing along and for the first time in a long time, a wide and genuine smile crossed his face. When the song ended, Kurt applauded along with the crowd, enthralled by what he had seen.

Blaine was surrounded by the Warblers, all high fiving and congratulating each other on their latest presentation. He glanced at the doorway where Kurt stood clapping along with the other students. He wanted to make sure the tall boy didn't slip away again.

Wes grabbed him by the arm and leaned towards him, whispering "Dude, what is going on? What's he doing here?"

Blaine started to reply when David said, "Isn't it obvious? New Directions sent a spy of their own. And wouldn't you know they send Dream Boy? That's what you call kismet."

Blaine felt his cheeks flame as he shushed his friends. "Shut up, you idiots! His name is Kurt. And yeah, I think he is here to spy on us. But God, look at him, isn't he just perfect?"

Wes snickered and said, "Hold up, loverboy, David and I aren't looking at him the way you are."

"Yeah, B. Besides, if I did, he would so totally choose me over you," teased David.

Blaine glared at his friends and said, "Ha, ha, very funny."

David mused, "He is kind of a terrible spy, huh? Bless his heart, it's rather endearing."

Wes agreed. "The uniform is a good attempt but these blazers are practically trademarked. So, guys, why don't we go get Blaine's spy and take him for coffee?"

Kurt felt his anxiety spike as Blaine walked towards him flanked by two other Warblers. He looked back quickly to try to find a means of escape when he heard Blaine say his name. "Kurt, this is David and Wes. They are on the Warbler council and are two of my best friends."

He could see the alarm written all over Kurt's face. The look grew even more so when Wes cheerfully asked Kurt, "So do you think you found out enough to take back to New Directions?" Blaine could have happily kicked him. He was relieved when David reached a calming hand to take Kurt's arm and said, "Kurt, it's okay. Just ignore him, it's what we do. Why don't you come with us? The cafeteria is not far from here. We can all sit down and talk."

Blaine held his breath as it looked like Kurt would still run for a moment, and then he almost seemed to deflate, shoulders slumping as he answered softly, "Okay."

Blaine looked closely at him, wondering what that was all about, but decided to ask later. He grabbed his things and followed Wes and David as they walked with Kurt between them, chatting lightly. Blaine could still hardly believe it. Kurt. He was even better than he remembered. He was here at Dalton, and he had spoken to Blaine in a voice that defied definition, looked at him with eyes that couldn't accurately be described. Blaine wanted to pinch himself to make sure that this was really happening. He couldn't stop the goofy grin that crossed his face as he walked behind the other three boys. And try as he might, he couldn't stop his eyes from scanning Kurt, taking in his lean shoulders, his trim waist, his sculpted thighs, *oh, and his perfectly curved ass.*

Blaine was shaken from his pleasant thoughts by their arrival at the cafeteria. He went to the counter to place their orders as Wes and David maneuvered Kurt to a nearby table. He put the order in, already knowing his friends' coffee preferences. Oh, damn, but he didn't know Kurt's. Impatient to just get the

coffees and sit down, he ordered Kurt a latte and hoped for the best. He crossed the floor to where his friends and his fantasy sat waiting, giving Wes and David their cups and sliding one over to Kurt as he sat down across from him.

"A latte," he said a bit awkwardly, unsure if he had done the right thing.

Kurt wrapped his cold hands around the cup, warming them as he sat in nervous trepidation. His stomach had been in knots and he felt sure his knees would not have supported him if the two Warblers that accompanied Blaine had not practically held him up between them. He glanced up at the three boys looking back at him, two with curiosity and amusement, the other with a look Kurt couldn't really define. He took a deep breath and sat up in his chair, saying "It's very civilized of you to invite me for coffee before you beat me up for spying."

The three boys all looked shocked as they stared back at him. "Kurt, no one is getting beaten up here." Wes looked at him levelly. "You have nothing to worry about."

"Yeah," agreed David, "not our style. Besides, you're Dream Boy..." David cut off with a startled yelp as a crimson-faced Blaine furiously kicked him directly in the shin under the table.

Kurt looked between them in confusion, his own cheeks pinkening. "What?" He watched David lean down to rub his sore leg, giving Blaine a mournful look as he did so. Taking a deep breath and looking between the three private school boys, he questioned, "Can I ask you something? Are you all...gay?"

This was met with a laugh from all of them, with Blaine answering, "No. I mean, I am, but these two-

"Are doing our part to bring as much sunshine into as many female hearts as we possibly can," Wes said cheekily, exchanging a fist bump across the table with David. Blaine watched closely as an indeterminate look crossed Kurt's face followed by a small smile. David continued, "Dalton is not a gay school, but it does have a very stringent no bullying policy. Zero tolerance. It's strictly enforced so that everyone is treated equally."

"No matter what they are," chimed in Wes.

Blaine felt concerned as Kurt's eyes suddenly took on the sparkle of unshed tears. He looked at his two friends quickly and said, "Would you guys excuse us?"

Taking the hint, Wes and David stood. "See you back at the dorm, B," David said to him with a meaningful look that made it understood he would be expecting full details. "Later, Kurt, good meeting you."

"Yeah, see you around, okay?" said Wes with a gentle smile at the tearful boy. With a quick squeeze to Blaine's shoulder, Wes followed David out into the main entryway. When they got outside, Wes gave his best friend a hopeful look. "Well, what do you think?"

David looked thoughtful. "Well, it's hard to say just yet. We already know that Blaine has it bad. And Kurt definitely looked at him. A lot. Maybe more than just a little interested. All we can do is keep our fingers crossed, you know? And hope for the best."

Wes nodded. "Yup. But you know something? I get the idea we just witnessed the beginning of something awesome." The boys exchanged optimistic glances and made their way back to their rooms.

Blaine watched Kurt, hardly daring to breathe. The boy breathed in shakily and a tear ran down each cheek, causing Blaine's heart to clench painfully. He wanted badly to be able to pat Kurt's hand comfortingly. Or take him in his arms and kiss the tears off his face. He forced himself to stay where he was, knowing that was not appropriate just yet. He sat quietly, letting the other boy gather himself together. "I take it you are having some trouble at school?" he asked gently.

After a moment, Kurt raised his head and looked at Blaine, saying quietly, "I am the only kid at my school who is out of the closet. I try so hard to stay strong, but there's this one guy who had made it his mission to make my life a living hell. No one seems to notice, and what's worse, he..." Kurt cut off with a gasp. He hadn't told anyone what had happened between him and Karofsky in the locker room. Not his teachers. Not his dad. Not even Mercedes. Was he really about to share this with a complete stranger?

Blaine looked closely at Kurt, knowing there was something else he wasn't saying. He cleared his throat. "I know what you're going through. I had the same thing happen to me at my old school. I even went to the faculty. But you could tell they didn't really care. That if you were gay, that's just how it would be and your life was gonna suck. Nothing we can do. So I came here."

He started to say more when Kurt again raised his head, looking directly into his eyes. "He kissed me," Kurt whispered miserably, unable to stop the words from flowing out now that he had released them. "I followed him into the locker room and I confronted him and I yelled at him and then he grabbed my face

and...oh God!" His voice broke on the last words as the fear, the humiliation, the hurt all washed over him in a gigantic wave.

Blaine sat frozen in abject horror as Kurt's face crumpled and he dissolved into broken sobs. Hesitating just a moment, he moved his chair to sit next to Kurt. Unsure how Kurt would respond to him taking him in his arms, Blaine settled for rubbing Kurt's shoulder soothingly, making comforting noises. Kurt sniffed and said softly, "And up until that moment, I had never been kissed. At least not when it counted."

Blaine took a deep breath. His brain was a jumble of thoughts. He hurt so much for Kurt. And to his surprise, he felt a huge swell of anger. Anger at the ignorance and prejudice that caused people to act this way. Anger at people who looked the other way when things like this happened. But most of all, anger that some thug had put their hands and lips on this beautiful boy and caused this. Someone had taken from him and it could never be retrieved. It was all Blaine could do to keep his hands from curling into fists.

Kurt angrily dashed his hand across his eyes, wiping tears from his face. He felt embarrassed for losing control like that. Leave it to him to finally meet a cute boy who happens to be gay and immediately burst into tears and dump his darkest secrets on him. But he had to admit to himself that the knot in his chest had loosened some by not only letting himself cry about what had happened to him, but by telling someone else about it. Someone who appeared to be sympathetic to his situation. He smiled sadly at Blaine and said, "Thank you. You are a good listener. I promise I don't normally cry like this when I first meet people. "

Blaine smiled at him, saying "I'm glad I could help." If only Kurt knew just how much Blaine would be willing to do for him.

Kurt took a deep breath and gave Blaine a smile that was a little bigger and less tearful. "If I may? Can I request a do over? My name's Kurt. Kurt Hummel." He extended his hand to Blaine.

Blaine took the proffered hand in his own gently, not in a handshake but giving it a light squeeze. Electricity. "Blaine Anderson." Kurt picked up his rapidly cooling coffee and took a small sip, eyeing the handsome boy in front of him. "So, Blaine Anderson, what did your friend mean exactly by Dream Boy?"

## Chapter Seven

Blaine froze with his coffee half way to his slightly opened mouth. *Well, shit.* Why in the hell did David open his pie hole about Kurt being his dream boy? Blaine felt a feeling of panic nagging at the back of his neck. He looked into Kurt's eyes. The blue orbs trained on him still held a touch of sadness but now sparkled in interest and just a hint of amusement. Blaine closed his eyes for just a moment, breathing deep.

"Courage," he told himself.

Sitting up straighter, he turned slightly in his chair so that he more directly faced Kurt. "I saw you. I didn't really know many people there and my friends were all doing their own thing. I had just taken the keys from Wes so I could drive and I saw you across the room. You were there, and the world stopped right then, and then you weren't, and I couldn't find you anywhere even though I looked."

Kurt felt confused. "You saw me? Saw me where? I have no idea what you are talking about, and believe me, if we had met I would definitely remember it."

Blaine had to smile at that, although he felt like he was floundering and making a bit of an ass of himself. "I saw you at a party. I don't even have a clue whose house it was, Jeff and Nick saw it on Facebook and we just decided to go. I was the only one not drinking and I had convinced Wes to give me his keys. I just happened to look up at the right time and there you were. You were laughing and had on this amazing outfit, and I was just..." Blaine stopped here, trying to figure out how to explain without coming across as mentally disturbed or creepy or stalkerish. He was not about to tell Kurt, at that moment anyway, about cyberstalking him on Youtube. "I know this probably sounds very weird," he continued, "but I tried to get to you then to meet you. The place was packed and I never did catch up to you."

Kurt was intrigued. No one had ever really made an effort to try to meet him or get to know him, never mind an insanely hot guy. He felt like he should be weirded out, but instead he felt a tickle of pleasure in his belly. "I remember that party. I was there with my stepbrother and a friend. You actually remember what I was wearing?"

Blaine nodded with a crooked grin. "Black and silver shirt, jeans, knee high boots. I didn't see who you were with, but I gotta admit, for a second it was like no one else was there. Just you." He blushed a bit saying that.

Kurt's eyes were wide, his own cheeks turning hot. "Wow."

Blaine smiled bigger. "And now, you're here. And so am I. And I'm talking to you. And you're talking to me. Even better, you haven't poured coffee on me or run out screaming which hopefully means I haven't come across as an absolute idiot or psycho and not that you're petrified in fear. Please tell me I haven't screwed this up completely."

Kurt laughed out loud at that. He hadn't felt this light and free in months, maybe years. He felt like he could sit and talk to Blaine for hours, just getting to know more about him. Sitting in the cafeteria of this school chatting with this boy he could almost forget about the problems he left behind at his own school, even Karofsky. However, he was aware that he had been there far longer than planned, and that his dad and stepmom would be looking for him before long. He needed to get going. Giving a regretful sigh, he looked at Blaine with a smile. "Blaine, thank you for today. It was exactly what I needed. But as much as I hate it, I have to go. I have to get home on time and I have school work to do."

Blaine felt disappointment come over him. Of course, Kurt was right, but after so long dreaming of this moment, he really didn't want it to end. At least this time he had been able to talk to Kurt. And get lost in his mysterious eyes. He stood up with Kurt. "I understand, Kurt. And I am really, really happy that this time I got to talk to you."

Kurt fluttered his eyelashes just a bit. "Did I live up to your expectations, I hope?" *Oh my God, am I flirting with him!*

Blaine managed not to groan out loud. This boy was going to kill him. "Even better than I thought it would be," he said with a wink and a grin. He started to tell Kurt it was better than he had dreamed, but considering the dreams he had about this boy, that was probably dangerous ground. Taking out his cell phone, he asked Kurt, "Can I have your cell phone number? Then we can text or chat or whatever."

"I'd like that," Kurt said, taking out his own phone. "What's your number?" He typed in the number Blaine recited to him and saved it in his contacts. He then sent a text to that number so that Blaine had his own phone number. Blaine quickly saved Kurt's number in his phone with a small sense of triumph. He managed not to pump his fists in the air but couldn't keep the smile off his face.

Kurt gave Blaine a shy smile as he gathered his things together. "Well, again, thanks for today. I hope that I talk to you soon." He turned and started walking towards the main entry way.

Blaine thought quickly and called out to him, "Kurt! Kurt, wait just a second!" The blue eyed boy turned around with his eyebrows raised and waited as Blaine ran to him. Looking at Blaine inquisitively, he said, "Yes, Blaine?" Blaine savored the sound of his name leaving Kurt's mouth and asked hopefully, "Will you meet me for coffee? Maybe this weekend?" *Coffee, dinner, Paris, the stars...?*

Kurt was stunned for a second, then he smiled shyly at the handsome Warbler. "I'd love to. Text me later, okay? I'm really glad I got to meet you this time, Blaine Anderson." Kurt held out his hand. Blaine took Kurt's hand in his own. Kurt didn't shake his hand, instead giving it a meaningful squeeze. Blaine managed not to gasp out loud as his body reacted with a jolt. Dazed, he watched Kurt walk out the door, his hips swaying gently as he made his way towards his vehicle. Yep, this boy was definitely going to be the death of him.

Kurt managed to keep it together until he was safe in his car. As soon as he got in and looked around to make sure no one was around, he let out a squeal. Kurt could hardly believe it. He had arrived feeling low and depressed, now he felt like flying. He, Kurt Hummel, had a date! And not just any date, but a date with a boy! A seriously good looking boy who happened to be gay! A boy who, oh, yeah, claimed to have pretty much been crushing on him for weeks! Kurt was amazed. This sort of thing never happened to him, but yet here it was. He couldn't wait to tell Puck how his spying scheme played out in the end. But Kurt was a man of priorities, and first thing came first. Putting his Bluetooth in, he dialed a number. "Hi, Mercedes? Are you sitting down?"

---

Back at the Dalton dorm rooms, Wes and David were laying across David's bed on their stomachs, feet in the air. Jeff and Nick sat on Blaine's bed with an air of anticipation. They were waiting for Blaine's return to pounce on him and ferret any details they could. Jeff and Nick had also recognized Kurt from the McKinley performance videos and had seen Blaine's reaction. Nick, being the calmer of the two had kept his excitable friend from crashing the coffee get together that Wes and David attended. That didn't stop them from lying in wait in David and Blaine's dorm, waiting for them to come back. Wes and David had returned without Blaine, which had Nick smiling and Jeff grinning like a fool. Their smiles, which grew as they listened to the retelling of the conversation wavered a bit as Wes told them about Kurt's tears, but David was quick to mention the smile on his face when Blaine mentioned being gay.

Wes chewed on his thumbnail while he pondered their friend and his crush. "You know, guys, that was one of Blaine's best performances ever. Like, *ever* ever. I wonder if we can get Kurt to change sides, or at



least sit in the front row when we compete." David snorted, "I am amazed he sung at all, the way he was eye humping Kurt the entire time."

Jeff laughed, agreeing with David. "Seriously. I was actually kind of expecting him to strip his blazer off and tackle Kurt to the floor right there. I've never seen Blaine so hot for anyone before. We're lucky the room didn't catch on fire or something." Nick rolled his eyes at his best friend and said, "Jeff, you know you are exaggerating. There's no way Blaine takes the blazer off, not even for nookie with a cutie." The four boys laughed wildly, Blaine's fastidiousness about his school uniform something they often teased him about.

Just then, the boy himself walked into the room, humming Teenage Dream with a dreamy expression and huge smile on his face. He looked at his four friends who had all turned to look at him expectantly. "Hi, guys," he said, still grinning foolishly from ear to ear.

Wes cocked an eyebrow and looked at Blaine with interest. "Looks like someone had a good cup of coffee. Was there enough sugar in it for you?" The other three boys snickered as Blaine shook his head in amusement.

"Wes, you are not gonna get to me. I am in far too good a mood right now," Blaine said, motioning Jeff and Nick off his bed as he kicked off his shoes and flopped down, grinning from ear to ear.

David eyed his room mate in curiosity. "Well, that certainly sounds rather promising. I take it Dream Boy is...well, dreamy?"

To the amusement of his friends, Blaine threw his arms out wide across his bed with a heartfelt sigh. "He's perfect." He gave a delighted wiggle and kicked his socked feet. He took out his phone and laid it on the night stand so that if Kurt called or texted he would be sure to get it. He then rolled to his side to face his friends who were now looking at him with matching looks of anticipation.

Nick was the first to break the silence. "Well, B? Are you gonna tell us what happened? Or are you going to keep on flailing and putting us in diabetic comas from the sappiness you are practically dripping with?" Wes made a face at Nick, saying, "You know, if he is dripping with anything I don't think I want details."

David smacked Wes in the face with a pillow, laughing. "Dude. That was so wrong!" Wes yelped in surprise, yelling "Help, abuse! I need an adult!" Jeff and Nick roared with laughter as tears ran down their cheeks, both of them clutching their sides. Blaine rolled his eyes at them, chuckling at their antics. As the laughter

died down, Wes turned again to Blaine and gave him his strictest Warbler Council stare. "B? Do you have something you'd like to tell your friends?"

Blaine gave them a teasing smile. "Why, Wesley, I have no idea what you are talking about." Wes huffed in annoyance, looking like he wished he had his gavel to show his authority. Giving Blaine another look, he said "Well, things were a bit more serious when David and I left, then you come back with hearts in your eyes and I am not sure if your feet actually touched the ground. So, spill, B. Inquiring minds wanna know."

Blaine sat cross legged on his bed. He remembered the turn the conversation had taken when David and Wes had left him alone with Kurt. "Well, it seems like things are pretty bad for Kurt at his school. He is being bullied pretty badly for being gay. And the bully who has been the worst, well, it would seem he is closeted. He actually had the balls to assault Kurt in the locker room." Blaine scowled, his hands fisting as he remembered Kurt's tearful retelling of the events in the locker room confrontation.

David looked at Blaine incredulously, a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. "Assaulted? Like beat him up, or what?"

Blaine looked at his friend sadly. "Kissed him. Kurt confronted him about the bullying and the guy grabbed him and forcibly kissed him. His first kiss. Damn it!" Blaine swore as anger returned, thinking of something so terrible happening to so beautiful a person.

Wes looked appalled. "Jesus, Blaine, that's messed up. And let me guess, none of the faculty is helping or protecting him, like what you went through." All four boys looked outraged as Blaine nodded his head. Jeff made a noise of disgust. "The poor guy. And he seems so nice. At least, guessing by the smile, B, he must be?"

Blaine blushed a little, smile returning to his face as he remembered the more pleasant parts of his conversation with Kurt. "Very nice. He asked me why D referred to him as Dream Boy, thanks a lot, by the way, you asshole," Blaine shot David a quick glare. "That could have been disastrous, never mind being humiliating."

David just smiled at his friend serenely. "I regret nothing, B. Not at all."

Blaine gave his friend another look. He continued his story, his audience paying rapt attention. "He asked, and I told him the truth, that I had seen him at that party and wanted to meet him then. I told him I had looked everywhere, trying to find him. Hell, I even confessed to remembering what he wore that night..."

David interrupted at this point, "Did you confess to stalking his Youtube videos? Or to having filthy dreams about him that woke your room mate when you moaned in your sleep?" He gave Blaine a mischievous grin.

Blaine turned crimson in embarrassment. "Fuck you, David. Do you want to hear this or don't you?" David raised his hands in laughing apology as Wes, Nick and Jeff all tried to control their own laughter. Blaine glared at all of them for a brief moment and continued. "ANYWAY, before I was interrupted, even though I think I rambled more than anything, I somehow managed not to come across as a freak. He gave me his phone number and we are going out for coffee this weekend. With any luck, I will be able to persuade him to see me again." Blaine beamed with happiness at the thought. "I just hope that the whole bullying issue doesn't ruin things for him. I did tell him that I had gone through similar at my old school," he added, thoughtfully.

Nick gave Blaine a genuinely happy smile. "A date! That's awesome, B. You deserve it. And from the sounds of it, so does Kurt." Jeff nodded happily, chiming in "Just don't over think things and try to be his mentor or gay Yoda or something like that. You have things in common, not just the bullying. Give yourself the chance for something good here, B. It looks like this could be a real deal."

---

Kurt was not surprised to see Mercedes' car parked outside his house as he pulled into the driveway. Her squeals had equaled his own as he told her a brief version of his adventure at Dalton Academy. More specifically, the fact that a very cute, very gay boy had asked him out for coffee. Kurt got out of his Navigator and carried his things into the house, a smile on his face.

Carol greeted him as he walked in, looking pleased at the smile on his face. "Hi there, Kurt. I guess you see that Mercedes is here, I told her to just go to your room, okay?" Kurt gave his stepmother a quick hug. "Thanks, Carol, that's fine." Carol looked at him closely, seeing no slushie stains on him today. "You had a good day, then?" Kurt smiled again, careful not to give too much of his happiness away since he had skipped school. "Started off rough, but ended up okay, I think. I'm gonna head for my room, don't want to be rude and keep Cedes waiting." He practically skipped up the stairs.

Mercedes rushed to him as soon as he walked in, hugging him tightly before he could put his things down or shut the door. "Kurt! Boy, you better spill all the good details. I didn't think you were ever going to get home."

Kurt gave his best friend an affectionate look. "Well, Cedes, the school is gorgeous. It's so regal and tastefully decorated. It's like being in a mansion, with curved stair cases and..."

Mercedes gave him a glare. "As if I give a crap about the school, boy. I want to hear more about Mr. Hot and Sexy who sounds like he has the hots for my boo."

Kurt smiled bigger, remembering Blaine telling him how he had seen him across a crowded room. He felt a small flash of regret that they hadn't met then, wondering how things might have played out differently. He forced his attention back to Mercedes. "It was so amazing, Cedes. There was a commotion at the school and I was trying to find someone to tell me what was going on. Of all people in the entire school, I grabbed him. How do you explain that? Then, he takes my hand," this earning another squeal from Mercedes, "and takes me to where the Warblers are performing. God, Cedes, it was like nothing I've ever seen. Blaine described the Warblers as rock stars, and they really are. The entire room was overflowing with students who were so into the performance, dancing and singing along. They sing a cappella, and it's just so amazing. And Blaine..." Kurt trailed off into a sigh. "He has an absolutely incredible voice."

He looked at Mercedes a little ruefully. "They knew I wasn't a student. I didn't have the uniform down. They knew I was a spy. Wes even asked if I had enough information to bring back to New Directions." Mercedes frowned slightly, asking "How did they know what club you were there from?" Kurt tilted his head slightly and pondered the question. He hadn't even questioned at the time, but how *did* they know? "I don't know, Cedes, I guess maybe since I wasn't a senior citizen? I don't know. In any case, I was convinced they were going to beat the crap out of me, but instead they were really nice." He smiled again. "Especially Blaine. He told me about being bullied at the school he used to go to, and he didn't freak out when I cried, even though I could have died of embarrassment, and I even told him about Karofsky kissing me..."

Kurt trailed off and put his hands over his mouth in horror as he realized he hadn't told anyone else about the locker room incident. Mercedes gasped and looked at him in shock, her eyes and mouth open wide. "What are you talking about Kurt? What happened?"

Kurt groaned inwardly, cursing his loose ramblings. He haltingly told Mercedes the entire story about what had happened after their Gaga performance. Mercedes was shocked, she knew things were not easy

at school for Kurt, but she never knew they were this bad. Angrily, she said, "Oh, hell to the no! Kurt, you have to tell your dad. He needs to know this."

Kurt shook his head rapidly. "No, Cedes, he can't know. His heart, I'm just afraid what something like that could do to him." Mercedes grabbed Kurt's hands, sitting quietly. "Kurt. Kurt, please look at me." Kurt raised his head, his eyes starting to sparkle with unshed tears. "Kurt. You have to tell your dad. This isn't just slushies and shoves into lockers, although God knows those are bad enough. This is more. This is worse. And Kurt, you know the teachers don't do anything. How long have we been getting slushie facials now? They turn the other way and hide behind antiquated policies. What would it take to get them to do anything? If Karofsky has gotten away with this, what will he do next?"

Kurt shuddered at the thought. He was terrified. "Mercedes, he threatened me if I told anyone. I have been so scared for so long now." Mercedes wrapped him in a tight hug. "Kurt, that's why your dad needs to know. He will do what it takes to protect you. You know that. He has been your biggest supporter throughout everything. Let him do his job and take care of you. Let him take care of this now so that he doesn't have to deal with the guilt later should something really bad happen." Kurt didn't want to think about what she was referring to. He thought back to Blaine's words about his dealings with the lackadaisical faculty at his previous school. He thought of the teachers who watched him with guarded expressions and said nothing when it was obvious that there was something very wrong. He thought of Karofsky and the kiss. And the threat that followed.

Later, Kurt walked downstairs with Mercedes holding his hand in a show of support. He walked into the kitchen where his dad was sitting talking to Carol as she prepared dinner. Burt looked up at his son with a smile that faded as he saw the devastated look on Kurt's face paired with the solemn look on Mercedes' face. "Kurt? What's wrong, son?" Kurt looked at Mercedes, who gave him a look of encouragement. He took a deep breath and looked at his dad.

"Dad, Carol, I need to tell you something."

## Chapter Eight

Kurt looked across the table at his father as he haltingly finished his story. Mercedes still held his hand, rubbing it with her thumb soothingly. Burt looked horrified and Carol was wiping her eyes. Finn and Puck had come in during Kurt's tale and were also sitting at the table with them. Both boys looked furious.

"Kurt, man, why didn't you say something? I would have had your back! We both would have!" snarled Puck, pounding his fist on the table as Finn nodded, his arms angrily crossed. Kurt sniffled a bit and tried to get himself back in control by saying snarkily, "Well, Noah, in my defense, it wasn't that long ago that you guys were the ones tossing me in the dumpsters." This earned the two boys angry looks from both Burt and Carol as guilt flashed over both their faces.

Finn rubbed his hand across his face and said, "Kurt, dude, I'm not proud of that. There are a lot of things I have said and done to you that I really regret. Like seriously. But we're brothers now, family sticks together."

"Speaking of that, Finn, where were you in all this? How could you let this happen to Kurt?" Burt was so angry he was shaking. Carol soothingly put her hand on his arm to calm him, as did Kurt. Burt continued, "You talk now of family and protecting your brother, but you let this happen. Both of you."

Kurt broke in at this point, wanting to both calm his father a bit and alleviate the unhappiness and guilt he saw on Finn and Puck's faces. "Dad, I don't need a protector. I didn't tell anyone. Do you think this is easy for me, admitting to you how bad things are for me? It isn't Finn's fault, he has his own life and his own issues. We are all friends now and they do protect me and stick up for me. I guess I am just so used to being treated this way I didn't think anything of it. The only one who has really been doing anything as of late has been Karofsky."

Mercedes interjected softly, "Kurt, that you are used to it makes it even worse. Just know, you don't have to face this alone. It isn't right that you are being treated like this. It isn't right that you have bruises from being shoved into the lockers. What Karofsky did isn't right. And don't forget, he did threaten you if you told anyone. Let us in, Kurt. Let us look after you." Finn and Puck nodded as Kurt put his head on Mercedes shoulder.

Burt looked at Kurt grimly and said, "I will deal with this first thing tomorrow."

After Mercedes left, Kurt went to his room. His head was aching and his eyes were sore from crying, but he felt a little better, like a weight had been released. He was still worried about the strain on his father and his heart, but he knew that Carol would keep a close eye on him. Sighing to himself, he lay across his bed. He knew he really needed to do homework and complete the assignments he missed by going to Dalton, but at the moment he couldn't bring himself to care.

Thinking of Dalton made him think of Blaine, and Kurt felt himself smile. He wondered if it was too soon to text Blaine. Kurt bit his lip indecisively and then took his phone out. He needed something to cheer him up, and he thought that the handsome boy with the bright smile might just be the ticket. Taking his phone out, he typed in a text message and sent it to Blaine.

---

Blaine and David were in their dorm, studying in companionable silence. Or rather, David was studying and Blaine was staring unseeingly at his lit assignment while he replayed the afternoon with Kurt in his head. He could still hardly believe that this was real, that he had met Kurt and talked to him. They had a coffee date in just a few days. He would be with Kurt and they would talk and he would be able to again lose himself in the vivid colors of Kurt's eyes.

Blaine was brought out of his pleasant thoughts when his phone chimed letting him know he had a text message. He checked his phone and felt his face split into a huge grin when he saw the sender. *Kurt*.

***Hi. I hope I'm not interrupting anything? -K***

Blaine quickly sent a message back.

***No, no. How's everything? -B***

***I told my dad about what's been happening at school. -K***

Blaine breathed in quickly at that. He ached for Kurt. He knew from experience how hard that could be.

***Are you alright? -B***

***Yeah, I think so. My dad didn't take it so well. -K***

Blaine winced a bit at that. He hoped that Kurt's dad had taken things better than his own father had. He quickly texted back.

***You did the right thing, Kurt. -B***

He wished he had something more sage and wise to say but he couldn't think of anything. He cursed his mind for turning into mush simply because he was texting with Kurt.

***Anyway, I have a lot of school work to do, but I wanted to say thanks again for today. And I am excited about seeing you again this weekend. -K***

Blaine felt pleasure wash over him at that. Kurt was excited to be seeing him again! That had to be a good sign! Calm, Blaine, don't over do it. Nice and friendly, don't want to come across as over eager or anything.

***Me too. I can't wait! -B***

Was that too much? Too little? Blaine fretted. He was so not good at this. Why was love so awkward? Wait, what? Love? His eyes widened a little at the thought, then his phone rescued him from his own wild thoughts.

***I'll text you tomorrow, ok? Good night, Blaine. Pleasant dreams ;) -K***

Blaine nearly dropped his phone. Was Kurt flirting with him? Oh, God, was Kurt teasing him about his dreams? Why, oh why did David have to tell him about that? Blaine shot David a look with that thought, only then realizing that David had given up studying for watching him, an amused look on his face. Blaine quickly texted Kurt back.

***Good night! -B***

Blaine then looked back at David, who was looking like he was holding in laughter. "What's so funny" he growled. David just shook his head in amusement. "B, you're just so adorable when you are crushing. I'm guessing that was Kurt texting you?"

Blaine blushed. "What if I say no? What if it was Wes?" David laughed at that blatant lie. "Does Wes know you feel that way towards him?" Blaine turned even redder. David continued, "You are a terrible liar, did you know that? It was totally written all over your face who those texts were from. I was actually worried



you were smiling so big that your mouth was gonna stretch out of shape, rendering you unable to sing and that Wes would somehow try to pin that on me."

David looked fondly at his friend. "Blaine, sometimes I think you forget that you are among friends here. No one is gonna hate you because you are gay, and no one is gonna be mad that you found someone that you really like. We're happy for you, B. Your friends support you. You deserve happiness, you know? Forget what all those assholes at your old school told you. Don't think about narrow minded people out in the world. Just think about this guy and how you are gonna totally sweep him off his designer footwear this weekend."

Blaine looked at his hands for a moment and then raised his head to look at David. He had the best friends in the world. "Thanks, D," he said softly, "that means a lot to me." The two boys smiled at each other as they bumped fists, both hearts filled with friendship.

---

Kurt sat in a chair in the outer part of the principal's office. He could hear his father's raised voice and the attempts of Figgins to calm him.

"...covered in bruises and you tell me there isn't enough proof to expel this kid!" shouted Burt in exasperation. Figgins tried meekly to explain to the irate father, "Unless it can be proved that it was in fact David Karofsky who inflicted the bruises, our hands are tied, Mr. Hummel."

Burt shook his head angrily. "You have the word of my son. Kurt would not make something like this up. If he said this boy has been bullying him then that is what happened."

Figgins rubbed his hands together anxiously. "Mr. Hummel, there has to be hard evidence for the school board to consider an expulsion. Kurt has not lodged a formal complaint before..."

"That's because it's YOUR job to protect him! Yours and your staff! What kind of school are you running here?" Burt yelled at the nervous man. "You are trying to tell me that this has been going on for months and not one single teacher has seen anything? There's no record anywhere?"

Figgins cleared his throat. "Well...well, there is a report made earlier this year by William Schuester..."

Burt slammed his fist down on Figgins desk, beyond furious. "And now you tell me there *was* a report and it was ignored by you? Nothing was done to protect my son? I wasn't contacted or informed?"

Figgins licked his dry lips and tried again to mollify Burt. "Mr. Hummel, David was disciplined at the time. He was held out from football for a week," to which Burt snorted, "and he gave us his assurances it would not happen again. And since Kurt himself hasn't complained or informed even you before now-"

Wrong tactic. Burt jumped up, startling the already flustered principal. "Don't. You. *Dare*. I send my son to school to receive an education and I do so in good faith that there are adults in charge who I can entrust his safety to. It is clear to me that I have made a grievous error in my judgment." And with that, he spun around and stalked out of the principal's office, leaving behind a very apprehensive Figgins.

Kurt jumped up as his father strode up to him. "Dad, you've got to calm down. This isn't good for your heart." Burt pulled Kurt into a hug. "Never you mind that, kid. I'm gonna be just fine. Let's get out of here."

As they walked out towards their cars, Burt put a hand on Kurt's shoulder. "I'll see you at home. We need to talk."

Kurt looked at his father in some surprise. "Okay, Dad. What about?"

Burt looked at Kurt levelly. "What do you think about changing schools?"

---

Wes and Davis sat at the Council table after practice ended. David was putting finishing touches on meeting minutes, and Wes was interestedly watching Blaine across the room. Blaine was chatting animatedly with Jeff and Nick, bouncing slightly on his feet. He had been astounding in practice today, full of energy. He had even more of a tendency to jump on furniture, bounding on and off the couches in the music room while belting out lyrics. The bright smile had not left his face. Wes decided that whether this was lust or love, it suited Blaine well. David finished his methodic scribbling and put the notebook away. Following Wes' gaze, he smirked. "He's precious, isn't he?"

Wes grinned wildly. "If I didn't know Tom Cruise was alive and well I would think he had possessed Blaine."

David cracked up at that. "Tom Cruise? How do you figure?"

Wes rolled his eyes. "Well, let's see. Short, blinding smile, flair for the dramatic, awesome performer, likes to jump on couches and pump his fists in the air, and has a thing for someone taller than him with blue eyes. I half expected Oprah to be here."

David groaned. "You should try being his room mate. It's bad enough I'm having to listen to Katy Perry on repeat, if Blaine becomes a scientologist I am gonna have to change dorm rooms and move in with you. Aren't you lonely since your room mate transferred?"

"Nope," answered Wes with a chuckle. The two boys gathered their things together and walked over to the topic of their conversation. Jeff and Nick had gone towards their dorm and Blaine waited alone by the door. He smiled at his friends brightly as they approached him. "Gentlemen," he said. "Shall we?"

Wes gave Blaine a smug look. "So, I hear you heard from our dreamy spy last night. Did you sleep well?"

Blaine groaned and mock glared at David. "Damn it, D, is nothing sacred to you?" he complained good naturedly, knowing full well that there were few if any secrets between David and Wes. And Jeff and Nick probably knew as well. Blaine considered himself lucky that Wes had waited until the end of the school day and Warblers practice to poke fun at him, and that Nick and Jeff hadn't woken him up before dawn to tease him for details. He knew that his friends were honestly excited for him, though, and it warmed his heart.

That is, until David sniggered and said, "Oh, yeah, he slept just fucking fantastic, *I* on the other hand kept getting waken up by loverboy here having what sounded like spectacular dreams..." He broke off laughing at the red faced glare Blaine was giving him.

Wes whistled under his breath. "D, if looks could kill your ass would not only be dead but quite possibly incinerated. That wouldn't make me an accessory to murder, would it?"

"Nah, just a witness," said David, still laughing. "You'd be star witness and maybe the judge would let you man the gavel. It could happen!"

Blaine said huffily, "You know, sometimes I wonder why I put up with you two. It has to be a sign of weakness in my character or something. Who willingly puts up with abuse like this?" He was obviously trying not to smile.

Each boy slung an arm around Blaine and David said, "It's because you loooooooooovvvveeee us, Blainey." Wes chimed in, "And we love you back of course, obviously."

Blaine shook his head. "Has to be a sign of character weakness. Maybe mental instability. If this is how you do me when you love me, thank God you don't hate me. I don't know if I would survive it." This brought on more laughter as the three boys stopped in front of Blaine and David's dorm.

Blaine turned to his friends and said, "Is it okay if I just meet you for dinner later? I want to go to the library to do a little research."

Wes gave him a knowing look and said, "Translation: I want to text Blue Eyes somewhere I can drool and grin like a goofball without being seen by my best friends who already know what the deal is and will razz you about it as they see fit to do." David nodded in agreement, smiling cheerfully. "See you at dinner, then, B."

Blushing wildly, Blaine walked away from his laughing friends. He would never admit to them they were right, of course. He couldn't remember a time he had blushed so much. He was surprised he wasn't permanently red at this point. To his relief, the library was quiet and mostly deserted. He found a seat towards the back and unpacked his things. Even if he didn't actually get any schoolwork done, he could at least make it look like he was trying to do so. Taking out his cell phone, he sent a text to Kurt.

***Hey, you :) -B***

***Hey yourself :) -K***

***Did you have a good day? Things go okay with your dad? -B***

***Day was mediocre, yet another Glee meeting spent trying to convince Mr. Schuester that other musical eras exist other than the 80's and that Rachel isn't the only outstanding vocalist in the room. Dad had his meeting, wasn't happy. He mentioned taking me out of McKinley. -K***

Blaine nearly dropped his phone in surprise. Not that he blamed Kurt's dad, though. He smiled as a very pleasant thought crossed his mind.

***Sooooooo...maybe you'll end up at Dalton ;) -B***

***That could be fun, huh? ;) -K***

*Oh, honey, you have no idea,* thought Blaine to himself. He wondered if he were mentally equipped to be in the same school as Kurt. It might just drive him insane. Somehow, he felt he could deal with it. What a way to go, in any case. Thank goodness Kurt couldn't read his mind right now. *Down, boy, don't get too carried away.*

***Absolutely :D -B***

***You'll have to tell me all about it this weekend. I have the perfect outfit picked out! Can't wait for you to see! -K***

Blaine felt himself start to sweat slightly. Did Kurt even realize what he was doing to him, or was this teasing done on purpose?

***Neither can I. Counting the minutes, in fact. -B***

***Me, too. -K***

*Yep,* thought Blaine, *I am definitely a goner.*

## Chapter Nine

Kurt sat at his desk in math class, head resting in one hand and tapping his pencil on his text book with the other. He looked at the clock with a displeased expression; he was sure more time *had* to have passed then that. This was his last class of the day and there was a Glee club meeting after school. Kurt wanted to get to that meeting in the worst way. Not because he was looking forward to more of being in the background or trying to find a song to fit the moral of the day as according to Mr. Schue.

No.

Kurt wanted to get to Glee so he could gather his girls around him and beg for assistance. He had his first date that was literally down to being just a matter of hours away. A date with a really hot guy whose text messages were always flirty and exciting. A guy capable of making Kurt feel like he was hot and cold all at once. A guy who, as far as Kurt was concerned, was pretty damn sexy. Like, sexy as hell.

No, Kurt wasn't scared or nervous.

He was fucking *terrified*.

Kurt looked at the clock again and resisted the urge to groan and slam his head into the desk. He felt sure it was either running backwards or had been tampered with in some way. How could the teacher keep droning on about theorems when it should be painfully obvious that Kurt Hummel could seriously *not* give a flying fuck? Didn't she realize he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown at this moment because one of the single most important events of his young life was on the verge of the horizon and he needed some serious time with his girl friends to get him through in the meantime?

After what seemed like days, the final bell finally tolled. With a huge sigh of relief, Kurt threw everything haphazardly into his bag, not caring if anything got bent or torn. He practically ran out of the classroom and to his locker. In record time, he got what books he needed and put away what he didn't, not sparing a single look for the mirror suction cupped to the door or taking time to fix his appearance. He figured if he looked a bit disheveled and out of sorts, it just proved his case that he was in desperate need of help right now. When he got to the music room, he was relieved to see all the girls were present already. He walked over to where they all sat, dramatically dropped his bag and flopped bonelessly into a chair with a dramatic sigh. That definitely had the desired effect as Mercedes, Tina and Rachel all watched him with

matching looks of concern, Quinn stopped in mid sentence to look at him, Santana stopped filing her nails, and Brittany left the chair she was sitting in to wrap her arms around his neck as she perched on his lap.

"What's wrong with my dolphin?" Brittany asked, placing her forehead against his. "Did your bag do something wrong to make you throw it like that?"

Kurt shook his head gently, giving her a squeeze before gently pushing her back towards the chair she had been sitting in. "No, boo, my bag didn't do anything wrong. In fact, I will probably owe it a huge apology when I get home." The blond girl nodded her head in relief and understanding.

Kurt looked at the group of girls and took a deep breath. "Ladies, I come before you in my hour of need. I desperately need your help. I am on the verge of a nervous breakdown and to show how serious I am, I completely forgot a step in my moisturizing routine and skipped it altogether. Do you see now that I require your assistance?"

Santana leaned forward in her chair, her dark eyes reflecting her interest. "What's eating you, Porcelain?"

Kurt shook his head. "No. Not here. Can we all meet at my house after Glee? I prefer some privacy for what I need to talk to you about and my room is as good a place as any. My dad and Carol won't be home until late and Finn is going to Puck's after football practice."

"Sounds serious. Is everything okay, Kurt?" questioned Quinn, eyeing him speculatively.

"Yes. Maybe. At least I hope so," Kurt evaded actually answering the question and was saved by Mr. Schue calling the meeting together. Kurt thought he had never been so glad to see the teacher in his life.

---

Blaine was sitting towards the back of his lit class. He was not paying the slightest attention to the lecture going on. Instead of taking notes, he was doodling on his paper. Various things, including Kurt's name, their initials, hearts, and a pair of eyes. Suddenly, a note was tossed on his desk. Blinking, Blaine looked across the aisle at Jeff looking at him with a huge grin on his face. He gestured for Blaine to read the note he had just sent over.

***I had no idea you were so taken by Shakespeare.***

Blaine wrote back: *Who doesn't love the Bard?*

Jeff snorted quietly: *Whatever, dude. If you have heard a single word I will eat my damn notes on this lecture. Which is bad for you since I was gonna let you borrow them to make up for your mind being on other things.*

Blaine smiled at that: *I knew there was a reason we are such good friends.*

Jeff smirked: *I think it's because you secretly want me.*

Blaine bit back a laugh: *Well, crap. And here I thought I was being so circumspect.*

Jeff smiled benignly: *And now you have turned to Kurt. It's over before it could even begin. :(*

Blaine grinned: *You mad? Yeah, you mad.*

Jeff gave Blaine a mock glare: *I ain't even mad. Seriously, though, if I were anymore excited for you I think I would spontaneously combust or something.*

Blaine smiled warmly: *Thanks, man. That really does mean a lot to me.*

Jeff grinned again: *So...are you getting excited? Big day's not that far off!*

Blaine took a deep breath: *Yeah, I'm really excited. And nervous. I've never done this before, you know?*

Jeff looked surprised: *Seriously?*

Blaine nodded: *I haven't. At my old school I never tried dating a girl or anything. Then rumors started about me, which was bad enough, but once I came out things went from bad to worse. The closest thing I ever did was the Sadie Hawkins dance I told you guys about, and you know how that went.*

Jeff was solemn: *Yeah. That sucks major, what happened to you. And I know you haven't dated anyone here at Dalton. Or have you? I know there's a few other guys who are out.*



Blaine gave Jeff a severe glare: *Um, don't you think as one of my closest friends you would have known if I was dating someone? I mean, look at me, how I've been. Do I come across as someone who could keep something like that secret? Especially from my friends?*

Jeff stifled a laugh: *Ummmm...nope.*

Blaine gave him a meaningful look: *I didn't think so.*

Jeff wrote back: *So you're nervous, huh? Don't be. You are an awesome guy that anyone should be proud to date. I know I am proud to be your friend!*

Blaine felt a little choked up at that: *Thanks, Jeff. That's one of the nicest things anyone has ever said to me.*

Jeff grinned back: *It's true. And you are gonna go this weekend and have a great time with this super cute guy. They grow up so fast!*

Blaine watched Jeff pretend to wipe his eyes and managed not to laugh: *Aaaaand just like that you ruined what was becoming a beautiful moment. Wait, you think Kurt's super cute?*

Jeff smirked at him: *What, jealous already? That didn't take long.*

Blaine gave him a mock threatening glare: *Don't get any ideas, pretty boy. I finally found this one and he's mine. I will cut you, I swear.*

Jeff bit back another laugh: *David's right, you are adorable when you are crushing. Soooooo...you think I'm pretty? You mean like without any make up on?*

Blaine sighed: *You went there, didn't you. If I didn't like you, I really wouldn't like you.*

Jeff just grinned at him as class ended. "Awww, come on, B, don't be mad at me. You know you never stay mad at me for long. I keep you too amused."

Blaine gave a long suffering sigh as he gave the perky blond boy a look. "Just give me those notes and I might be persuaded to forgive you for the time being." The two boys laughed as they went to Warblers practice together.

Kurt's room rang with feminine laughter and conversation. He had his iPod playing in the background and had changed into slightly less formal though no less fabulous clothing. Kurt was sitting on his bed with Britney on one side stroking his hair gently with one hand while linking pinkies with Santana with the other, and Mercedes on his other side occasionally patting his knee while she talked to Tina. Quinn and Rachel sat at the foot of the bed on opposite sides, steadfastly ignoring each other. Kurt cleared his throat audibly and like that, all the girls turned to him in rapt attention.

Kurt looked around at them all. "I know you are all wondering why I asked you to come here today. As you all know, I went to Dalton Academy at the behest of Puck to spy on the Warblers. And you all know that while I was there I met Blaine, who is also gay. You also know that he asked me out for this weekend and that I will be going on my first real date, no offense, Britt," he hastily said to her. Brittany just smiled at him and kissed his cheek gently to show she wasn't hurt.

Kurt took a deep breath. "You all also know that Lima is not exactly a hotbed of gayness, so information can be hard to come by. Especially about, you know, sex."

Santana interrupted at this point, "Porcelain, are you already considering getting your wank on with this guy on the first date? That is so hot!"

Kurt groaned and glared at her. "No! What I was meaning is that I don't know anything about sex, so I know nothing about being sexy. I think I really like this guy, and I think he might like me, but how am I supposed to be sure? I want to be sure to keep his interest, and how am I supposed to do that if I am completely awkward and make him think I am a freak or a loser?"

Quinn looked at him levelly. "You want us to teach you about sex?"

Kurt threw his hands up helplessly. "I don't know what I want exactly. I mean, I've got an idea of how things work, I mean, what goes where, although somehow that just...and I've seen those kinds of movies, although it just succeeded in depressing me horribly. I mean, those people were once someone's baby and now look at them and all I could think was why on earth would you get a tattoo there?" He grabbed a pillow in a hug and buried his head in it.

Rachel reached out to pat his knee gently. "You know, Kurt, I am positive that my dads would be more than happy to have you come over and let them talk to you about the gay birds and the bees."

Kurt's head shot up, a horrified look on his face as Tina frowned at Rachel. "Rachel, that's a terrible idea. Can you say awkward?" Tina said in exasperation.

Rachel huffed and crossed her arms over her unicorn sweater. "I was merely suggesting that Kurt seek out the assistance of people who are experienced in what he is going through and might be able to offer constructive advice."

Kurt jumped off his bed and strode over to his dresser in agitation. He turned and faced all the girls. "I'm a romantic at heart. That's why I love Broadway so much, because a touch of the fingertips is as sexy as it gets."

Santana rolled her eyes and stood up to walk over to Kurt. "Porcelain, listen to yourself. Broadway is just teeming with sex, are you kidding me? I mean, hello, Equus? You got to see *all* of Harry Potter's magic wand, thank you very much. And we all know you love Rent, right?" She got behind Kurt and started grinding against him gently, singing, "*To sodomy, it's between God and me, to S&M,*" punctuated by giving Kurt a sharp slap on the ass, "*La Vie Boheme!*"

Kurt's cheeks were on fire, his eyes wide with shock as all the girls in the room dissolved into giggles. Mercedes high fived Santana as she flounced back over to Kurt's bed to cuddle up next to Brittany again. Mercedes looked at Santana with a huge smile and said, "I had no idea you knew any of that. That was awesome, girl!"

Santana smirked. "Please, you think my life revolves around Cheerios and Glee? Just because I come from Lima Heights Adjacent doesn't mean I am completely without culture."

Quinn turned her attention back to the still in shock Kurt. "Kurt, even if porn isn't for you, there are still ways to learn about sex. The internet is full of information that doesn't involve watching movies. Sex isn't supposed to be scary, it's supposed to be beautiful and feel good."

Santana snorted at this. "Coming from the Celibacy queen here. Look, all teenage boys are the same, gay or straight. They all think about getting off in some way, preferably with their cocks somewhere tight and warm, and as often as possible. So, okay, Kurt, you masturbate, right?"

Kurt turned towards her, his cheeks still aflame. "I'm sorry, what?"

Santana sighed and spoke to him like speaking to a small child. "Masturbation. You do it. Am I right?" She held up a hand as Kurt sputtered. "Okay, you know what? I probably don't want to know. If you do, great, you're normal. If you don't, you need to. Like, soon. End of story. Are we still bonding?"

Kurt tried to clear his head. Trying to glean info from his friends had instead turned into a rather humiliating yet somewhat enlightening experience. He had a lot to think over. Leaning against his dresser, he looked at his girls again.

"I don't think I am going to be having sex with Blaine just yet, girls. But thank you for all the input. And Santana, if you say That's what he said, I will end you I swear," Kurt shot her a look. He continued, "But seriously, and I ask this gay to girls, what do I do if he wants to kiss me?"

Brittany crawled to the edge of the bed and took his hands. "You let him kiss you, of course. You're a really good kisser, you know, and I bet sweet boy kisses will be awesome for you even if he tastes like burgers and dip. Just don't think about it. I never do."

Kurt couldn't help but smile at the rather vapid blonde who sometimes without meaning to made the most sense of everybody. He wrapped his arms around her in affection, then laughed as he found himself in the middle of an all girl huddle as all his friends came together in a group hug.

---

Blaine knocked on Wes' dorm room door. He knew that David was inside with Wes, and he needed to pick his friends' brains for advice. Blaine was getting more and more nervous as his date with Kurt approached. He really wanted to make a good impression on Kurt and hopefully get him to agree to other dates in the future. Real dates that involved romantic candlelight dinner or a movie. Dates that maybe ended up in kissing and cuddling...and maybe just a little more.

Blaine gave Wes a smile when the door was opened. Wes leaned casually against the door and gave Blaine a lazy grin. "Well, Blaine, to what do I owe this honor of you gracing me with your prescence?"

Blaine decided to take his friend down a peg. "Actually, Wes, I was wanting to talk to David. Since David's here in your room, I get to come to you by default."

Wes scoffed at that. "Whatever, B, having me together with David is fucking icing on the cake, got it?" He stepped back to let Blaine in the room.

Blaine walked in and took off his blazer, hanging it neatly over a chair as he walked to the empty bed that used to belong to Wes' former room mate. What was that guy's name again? Trevor? Troy? Not that it mattered anyway. Blaine flopped across the vacant bed and looked across the room at the bed where Wes and David were perched. Both of them looked at him with inquisitive eyes.

David broke the silence first. "So, B, what brings you here? Not that we aren't glad to see you or anything, but isn't this Text-Kurt time? Alone in our dorm room without David's smiling face time?"

Blaine blushed a little. "No, Kurt had something planned with friends after school today and told me it would be later before we could text." He took a deep breath and looked at his best friends. "I wanted to get some advice from you guys. I've never done this before, this dating thing, and I don't have a clue what I'm doing. I've never been anyone's boyfriend before."

David looked at him in surprise. "Boyfriend? You are boyfriends already?"

Blaine shook his head quickly. "No, I mean not yet. But maybe one day, if I get lucky. I guess what I want from you guys is advice on what to do to get Kurt to like me enough to agree to go out with me again. I mean, what if he friendzones me? Or even worse, what if I freak him out and he refuses to ever see or talk to me again?" Blaine looked at his friends hopefully. "You guys have girls that like you all the time. How do you do it? What do I have to do?"

David and Wes looked at each other with grins on their faces.

Wes said cockily, "We attract the ladies because we are two fine looking specimens, of course."

David joined in, "It doesn't hurt that we are fortunate enough to have parents with money who make sure we have the latest in clothing and nice vehicles to drive around in."

Wes nodded. "Plus, we have amazing personalities that draw people to us, and when you combine all that together, girls are powerless to resist us."

David smiled at Blaine. "But in all seriousness, B, the best thing you can do is just be you. You are an awesome person, you know? You are funny, you're good looking, and it sure looks like you have Kurt's

interest already. If those texts you guys are exchanging were that platonic and friendship based, I seriously doubt you would walk around mooning the way you do. You tend to wear emotion on your sleeves when you are with your friends. We know you guys are getting your flirt on. Now all you have to do is go and have a good time with Kurt. The rest will take care of itself."

Wes gave Blaine a fond look. "And we will be here in support of you, no doubt all of us sitting around waiting for you to get back from your date so we can celebrate and be giddy with you. You worry too much, B. Be yourself and you've got this."

Blaine nodded thoughtfully. He smiled at his best friends. "Have I told you guys lately that you are the greatest ever?"

David said airily, "That is something that bears repeating and repeating often."

The three friends laughed together as Blaine went to sit between Wes and David. Wes yelled, "Bro hug!" and the boys all wrapped their arms around each other fondly.

## Chapter Ten

Saturday finally arrived. Kurt wasn't sure if it got here too quickly or not quickly enough. His stomach felt as if the butterflies were flying fighter jets. He had made an attempt at recruiting Finn to help him practice conversation topics and had only managed to confuse his stepbrother. When Kurt asked Finn for his opinion on three different outfits, Finn's eyes had glazed over and he miraculously remembered some obscure chore that Carol had given him to complete. Kurt would swear that the taller boy usually only moved that quickly if food was involved.

Blowing his breath upwards through his yet to be styled bangs, Kurt got out his cell phone and pondered which of his girl friends he could call to come over and give him the fashion advice and moral support he obviously was not going to get from Finn. Quickly, he sent Brittany a text asking if she was available to come over. Brittany definitely had some things she was very clever in, and Kurt had seen her start a fashion trend at school wearing leg warmers on her arms. Brittany agreed to come as soon as she hid her diary where her cat couldn't find it. Kurt shook his head at that and went downstairs to wait for her.

When Brittany got to his house, Kurt went out to her car to meet her. One time she had gotten lost between her car and the front door and ended up at somebody's house two streets down. She greeted him with a bright smile and linked her pinky with his as they walked up to his room.

Kurt modeled all three outfits and Brittany pondered each one carefully, the wheels turning in her head practically visible.

"I think the black shirt with the long sleeves is good. It shows your neck off, and you have a really sexy neck. I really should have given you a hickey when we dated," she said thoughtfully, not seeing the gaping look of shock Kurt gave her."

"O-o-okay, what else?" he questioned, hoping to change the subject.

"Roll the sleeves up just so you show off your arms a little," Brittany decided, "and this vest will look good over it. Jeans that show off your cute butt and Doc Martens should be a good finishing touch." Kurt agreed that this was indeed a good look, perfect for going on a date.

Now that he had his outfit planned out, Kurt wanted to talk to Brittany a little more about what was really on his mind.

"Britt?"

"Yeah, Kurt?"

Kurt fidgeted a bit before taking a deep breath and diving in. "Am I sexy? Do you really think that?"

Brittany looked surprised at that. "Of course I think it, Kurt. I know it. You're a dolphin. Dolphins are always sexy."

"Not always," mumbled Kurt. "I have been trying to practice being sexy in the mirror and somehow manage to look like I have gas pains or something. Let's face it, Britt, I have as much sex appeal and knowledge as a baby penguin."

Brittany shook her head at that. "No, Kurt, seriously, you are a dolphin, not a penguin. I would know if you were a penguin."

Kurt sighed and started to say something else about his perceived lack of sexiness when Brittany surprised him by pushing him over to the mirror and sitting him down in front of it. She stood behind him with her hand on his shoulders and asked him, "Okay, Kurt, what do you see?"

Not sure he understood what she was asking, Kurt looked back at her and said, "I don't know what you mean."

Brittany gently turned his head back towards the mirror and said, "Look at you. What do you see?"

Kurt looked again. "I just see me. Someone who isn't very exciting and sexy."

Brittany leaned down so that her face was next to his, her chin resting on his shoulder. "Wanna know what I see?"

Wondering where she was going with this, Kurt said, "Tell me."

Brittany took one finger and touched his cheek, running it down his jaw and across his lips. "I see a sexy, sexy dolphin with pretty skin. Nice cheeks and a nose that crinkles when you smile or laugh. Pretty pink lips that are soft and taste nice. Sometimes you bite your bottom lip when you are thinking about something or feeling shy. I always kind of wanted to bite it too, when we dated and you did that."



Kurt blushed a little as he listened to her in rapt attention

She put a hand over his eyes briefly and continued, "I see your eyes that always tell me when you are happy or sad. Your eyes never look cold when you look at me. And you flirt with your eyes, even though I don't think you know you are doing it. You look through your lashes sometimes, and it's really hot when you do."

Kurt was surprised. No one had ever told him anything like this before.

Brittany gave him a hug from behind. "Kurt, I know I'm not the smartest person, but I know a thing or two about boys. You are a hottie and this guy is so lucky to get to go out with you. I need to go soon so I can make sure my cat isn't surfing internet porn, but do you need any practice kissing? I can help you if you want me to."

Kurt wrapped his arms around her and gave her a tight squeeze. "I think I can handle it, Britt, but thank you so much for helping me with my outfit. And for everything else."

Brittany gave him a quick peck on the lips anyway, rubbing her lips together and saying, "Mmmm, vanilla. That's a good choice. Make sure you text me and tell me how everything went. See you!"

Kurt shook his head with a little laugh and went to hop in the shower. He wanted to make sure he had extra time to moisturize and style his hair before donning the fantastic outfit they had chosen.

---

Wes, David, Nick and Jeff all were piled on David's bed, watching Blaine slowly lose his mind.

Blaine blamed Jeff, of course. He had managed to talk himself into being calm and with plenty of time to spare before meeting Kurt, when Jeff had eyed him critically and said, "You aren't going to wear that, are you?"

Blaine had looked down at his Dalton uniform in surprise. It was clean and pressed, not too formal and Blaine was comfortable in it. He looked at Jeff in surprise and feeling unsure said, "You don't think I should?"

Jeff rolled his eyes at Blaine and said, "Um, *DUH*. Number one, it's your school uniform. Unless that is one of Kurt's fetishes," Blaine flushed at this, "and you have discussed and agreed on it, you need to lose the school boy look."

The other boys were all nodding in agreement as Jeff continued. "Number two, Kurt has seen the uniform. We have all seen how he dresses. This is your chance to impress him with clothes that you don't wear everyday. Relish the freedom of no uniform!"

Jeff gave his friend a grin. "Number three, you want him to know you made an effort to dress up and look nice for him. Wearing the school uniform is just a cop out that says you couldn't be bothered to do any better, or aren't interested enough to put together something better."

Blaine nodded slowly at that bit of sage advice. He definitely didn't want Kurt thinking he hadn't been excited about this date.

Jeff walked over to Blaine's closet and started delving in, looking for possibilities. "Number four, just...no. No uniform on the first date."

Nick eyed Blaine carefully. "And B, about your hair."

Blaine put both hands on his head, touching his hair. "My hair?"

David nodded. "B, if someone walked up to you right now and shot you point blank in the head, it would ricochet off and probably hit an innocent bystander. You need to lose the gel."

Blaine was unsure. "David, you've seen me without gel, this is the only way I can control the curls!"

Wes shook his head at Blaine. "B, you aren't controlling your curls, you are beating them into submission. You've seen how soft Kurt's hair looks, God knows we have heard you talk about it enough. I bet he would like to see your hair just a little less tamed." Wes eyed Blaine closely and said, "You should probably shave, too. You do rather rock the stubble look, but not everyone likes that. Until you know for sure what Kurt is into, go smooth."

Blaine's head was spinning. He felt more flustered than ever. Nick gently guided him towards the bathroom and told him, "Jump in the shower. Shampoo, twice if necessary, and shave. We will have your clothes ready when you get out."

When Blaine walked into the dorm after his shower, he was still feeling discombobulated. He had nicked himself shaving, his hair was a damp riot of curls, he had run such a hot shower he felt a bit sweaty, and nerves were starting to kick in.

"Guys, I can't do this! I'm all curly and sweaty and I'm bleeding and what sane guy in his right mind is going to want to go out with me ever? I'm practically the poster child for abstinence and celibacy!" he practically wailed.

David put both hands on his shoulders and gave him a shake. "Snap out of it. **Now**. Here's what you are going to do. Towel off thoroughly and go put on the getup Jeff and Nick have for you. We'll clean the cut and fix your hair, and then you are going to go and show this boy a good time Blaine Anderson style. Got it?"

Blaine gulped and nodded.

---

It was a sign of nerves that Kurt got to the coffee shop ten minutes early. He did not believe in lateness, per se, but did like the fashionable and dramatic entrance. He paced slightly outside the shoppe, looking for Blaine. Blaine had texted him that he was on his way earlier, and Kurt was looking for a dark BMW like Blaine had described as what he drove. Kurt resisted the urge to chew his nails as his fighter jet flying butterflies were now dive bombing in his stomach. He looked up to see that Blaine had pulled into the parking lot and was getting out of his car. Smoothing his outfit nervously and quickly patting his hair to make sure it was in place, Kurt smiled at the approaching boy.

Blaine walked until he stood in front of Kurt. He ran his eyes over Kurt, taking in the vision before him and the clothes he was wearing. Blaine took a mental note to thank Jeff when he got back to school for having him change his clothes. Thank him profusely. For hours. Maybe even days. He said the first thing that came to his mind.

"Wow."

*Yes, very eloquent, Anderson, maybe you can drool a little and really make an ass of yourself.*

"Hi," Kurt said, smiling shyly. He thought Blaine looked amazing in a dark blue pullover that looked like it would be soft to the touch and jeans. He noticed that Blaine had styled his hair differently. It was more curly with less gel in it. Kurt decided that he liked it a lot.

Blaine finally gathered himself together and smiled at Kurt. "I'm sorry," he said, "I promise you I am normally more well spoken than I seem to be evidencing here. You look great, Kurt. I'm so glad to see you. Shall we?" He offered an arm to Kurt.

Kurt couldn't help letting out a small giggle as he took the proffered arm and they strolled into the coffee shop together. They walked up to the counter, where a smiling girl asked them for their orders. Blaine gestured at Kurt to order first. He said, "I'll have a grande nonfat mocha, please."

Blaine said, "And I'll have a medium drip, please. Kurt, do you want any cookies or pastries or anything?"

Kurt shook his head. He wasn't hungry, and didn't think he could eat anything at that moment anyway. Blaine paid for both of their coffees ("I asked you, Kurt!") and they found a table towards the back where it looked like they could talk.

Blaine smiled at Kurt. "So, Kurt Hummel, tell me about yourself. Something I don't know."

Kurt breathed in timidly. Without realizing it, he nervously bit his lower lip, which most definitely had the effect on Blaine that Brittany had mentioned. Blaine couldn't decide if it was more adorable or more sexy until he noticed that the effect of Kurt's teeth on his lip was that it now glistened moistly and looked even more pink and plump. It was all he could do not to whimper a bit.

Kurt said, "Well, let's see. Kurt Hummel, student at McKinley High. Member of New Directions, amazing countertenor when allowed to showcase my talent. I adore fashion and designer label clothing. Broadway is one of my passions. My mother died when I was eight, and up until recently it was just my dad and I. He got remarried and I now have a stepmother and stepbrother, who incidentally and humiliatingly was my crush last year and my motivation for introducing our parents in the first place. Long story, don't ask," he said, seeing Blaine's eyes sparkle with curiosity. "My dad owns Hummel Tire and Lube and even though I don't look it I can strip down and rebuild pretty much any vehicle."

That came to a surprise to Blaine. Kurt was right, he didn't look like the type to get his hands dirty if he could help it. Blaine decided that the idea of someone as immaculate and put together as Kurt getting dirty

working on cars was ridiculously hot. He got a brief image of Kurt all mussed, covered in grease, and had to shift in his seat.

Kurt continued, "I have a collection of Vogue and can tell you who is on pretty much any cover in the last ten years. I think Patti Lupone is a goddess and if I could see Wicked on Broadway it would make my year. I like accessories and can mix and match outfits with just a few pieces and expand my wardrobe totally. My closet is organized by color and designer. I love to bargain hunt and shopping is a favorite pastime. I have an extensive moisturizing routine that I do daily and my father tells me it takes me longer to get ready than most girls. I like candles that smell like vanilla and I am addicted to lip balm. I hate chapped lips, you see."

Blaine was fascinated. He could hardly believe this boy was real. He noticed Kurt looking at him expectantly and realized Kurt was waiting for him to reciprocate.

"Sorry. Okay, Blaine Anderson, student at Dalton Academy. Member of the Warblers and lead soloist. I have a 4.0 GPA and am currently second in class behind one of my best friends, David, who you met. I like sports, especially football and soccer, and I run track. Being fast was a survival skill, you see," he said wryly, seeing Kurt's eyes soften in understanding.

"I'm an only child, my dad is a senior lawyer at one of the branches of my grandfather's firm and my mother is a marketing consultant that travels a lot to businesses all over the country. They aren't home all that much, but I board at Dalton so it isn't so bad." He didn't miss the sympathy in Kurt's vivid eyes. "I love musicals and have an extensive DVD collection that I tend to sing along to when I watch. I can be a bit of a geek where Star Wars, Lord Of The Rings, and Harry Potter are concerned. I love Family Guy and have every season of that on DVD too. I used to be this pretty easy going guy with not much going on until I saw this amazing guy at a party and he got me all tied up in knots," he teased.

Kurt's cheeks pinkened just a bit. "I still can't believe that," he confessed. "I was there with Finn and Puck basically as the designated driver, and I spent most of the time trying to keep up with them enough so that they didn't get blitzed enough to puke in my car. I spent part of the night out in my car listening to my iPod watching the stars through my sunroof. "

Blaine smiled. "I wish I had been able to find you. We could have watched the stars together." He was rewarded with a smile from Kurt for that.

Two hours later, the boys were still sitting at their table. Both of them were laughing uproariously. Kurt had told Blaine about Finn hitting Rachel in the face and breaking her nose, and Rachel considering a nose job. "Everyone was trying to convince her it was a terrible idea. Her idol is Barbra Streisand, so we finally convinced her that since Barbra never got a nose job, she shouldn't either. We got this huge group together and did a flash mob at the mall to Duck Sauce."

Blaine sat up straight in his chair. "Oh, my God, you mean that was *you*? I was there that day! Wes, David, Jeff, Nick and I had gone to the mall that day. I went off while they did the video game thing and didn't see the flash mob but I heard it when I called David." Blaine shook his head. "Had I only known, I would have stayed with them."

Kurt smiled at him. "I guess we met when the time was right. Or else it was just meant to be and even fate couldn't put it off anymore."

Blaine hardly dared to breathe as he looked at Kurt. Kurt's hands were resting on the table. Blaine tentatively covered one of Kurt's hands in his own and was delighted when Kurt turned his own hand so that they were in fact holding hands. *Holding hands, ohmigod...*

A gentle cough caught their attention. The girl who had been behind the counter was standing there, looking at them apologetically. "I'm really sorry, guys, but we are closing."

Kurt and Blaine looked at each other in surprise. Time had just flown and they hadn't even realized it. Kurt checked his watch and groaned. "Blaine, I need to head home. It's getting close to my curfew."

Smiling apologetically at the girl, the two boys stood. Keeping their hands clasped together, they walked outside. They walked to Kurt's Navigator and Kurt let go of Blaine's hand to unlock his door. He turned around and smiled shyly at Blaine, looking at him through his lashes as they stood close together.

Blaine felt his heart pound. How could he be expected to think straight when Kurt was looking at him like that? He wanted to kiss him. He wanted it more than anything. Blaine felt a stab of panic. What should he do? How did one do this exactly? He looked at Kurt again. Kurt's eyes were nearly closed, his lips looked soft. Did he want to be kissed? Blaine licked his lips nervously, hoping his lips were as soft as Kurt's. Taking a deep breath, he leaned forward.

Like most first kisses, it was a little clumsy at first. Their noses bumped and their lips didn't quite line up. But then Kurt angled his head a bit and...

*Oh.*

Blaine's thoughts were swirling. This felt amazing. Was it amazing for Kurt? Was Kurt enjoying kissing him? Kurt's lips were so soft. Were his lips soft enough? Kurt tasted so good. His eyes were closed, were they supposed to be? He wondered if Kurt's eyes were closed. Quickly, he risked a peek and saw that Kurt's eyes were indeed closed, his lashes fanning over his cheekbones. Finally the voice in his head instructed him to think less and kiss more.

Kurt was dazzled. This was so much more than he thought it would be. Karofsky had been harsh, his lips hard and rough. Blaine's lips were warm against his and he tasted faintly of coffee. Kurt felt a tingle down his spine into his toes.

Finally, both boys stepped back. They looked at each other wordlessly, both stunned into silence. Kurt gave Blaine a dazzling smile and got into his car. He looked up at Blaine, who hadn't moved. "Thank you for tonight. Will you text me when you get to your dorm?"

Blaine shook himself out of his trance. "Yeah. Yeah I will. Thanks for coming out with me, Kurt. Good night."

Kurt smiled again and said, "The pleasure was mine. Good night, Blaine."

Needing to get home quickly as he was cutting curfew close, Kurt cranked his car to leave. He waved at Blaine and left. Once he was out of visual range, he squealed loudly and bounced up and down in his seat. Best night *ever*.

Blaine got in his car and sat there a moment. He just knew he was grinning like a total idiot, and he didn't even care. At that moment, he knew that kissing Kurt Hummel had just gone to the top of his favorite things in the world list. He put his car in gear and headed for Dalton, eager to text with Kurt again.

## Chapter Eleven

Kurt pulled into his driveway. He had been singing along to his iPod since leaving the coffee shop, and appropriately enough, the song currently playing at a loud volume was I Could Have Danced All Night from the My Fair Lady soundtrack. Kurt felt like he could absolutely dance all night. Or run. Or fly. He wondered if his face could crack from smiling so widely. He turned off the ignition of his car and grabbed his iPod. He wanted to get inside and get his nightly routine over so he could wait for Blaine to text him when he got to Dalton.

Kurt let himself into the house. Carol was in the kitchen, fixing what looked like a mug of one of the fragrant teas she preferred. She turned around at Kurt's entry and gave him a large smile, taking in his dazzled look and wide grin. "Hello, sweetie. You look like you had a good time tonight," she said.

Kurt walked over to her and wrapped his arms around her in a tight squeeze. "The best. It was just amazing, Carol, and I didn't want it to ever end."

Carol returned the hug, and when Kurt stepped back, she placed a hand fondly on his cheek. "I'm so glad, dear. I would just love to hear about it, that is if you feel comfortable telling me?" Carol loved Kurt as her own son. She was delighted in his happiness and wanted him to be able to talk to her but didn't want to push if he didn't feel close enough to share with her.

Kurt swallowed quickly in pleasant surprise. He really, *really* did want to talk to someone about his amazing night. He knew he would be texting all his friends shortly, letting them know everything had gone fantastic, but having Carol offer to sit and talk to him gave him a warm feeling. He had to confess he felt a little awkward thinking about telling his dad about his date, but talking to Carol felt comfortable and right somehow. He placed his hand over hers and squeezed it. "I think I would really like that."

Carol smiled lovingly at him and asked him, "Would you like a mug of tea? I have several you can choose from and a few are decaf in case you feel you are caffeinated enough already."

Agreeing that he had taken in more than enough caffeine that evening, Kurt chose a vanilla chai decaf tea. Fixing it to his liking, he joined Carol at the kitchen table, sitting across from her. For a moment, they enjoyed each other's company in silence, each sipping their hot tea. Then Carol leaned forward, her eyes twinkling in delight and anticipation. "Well?"



Kurt blushed even as he smiled widely. "Carol, I had such a good time. Blaine is really such a gentleman, he paid for my coffee and everything. We just sat and talked and got to know each other a bit better. He's smart and charming, he has a great sense of humor, and he has such pretty eyes! Carol, he actually held my hand!" Kurt managed not to squeal, although he really wanted to.

Carol clapped her hands in delight. "Honey, I'm so happy! I wanted everything to go well for you and I am just ecstatic. What else?"

Kurt smiled bashfully at her. He knew exactly what she was getting at. "He kissed me," he said softly, closing his eyes in sheer bliss. "It was beyond amazing. He smelled and tasted good and it was just perfect, you know?"

Carol took both of Kurt's hands in hers and squeezed them. She felt tears prick her eyes as she took in the look of euphoria on her stepson's face. She knew he had been through so much hell and it warmed her heart completely to see him happy like this. She was happy to be able to tell Burt that the night had been a success and that he didn't have to worry. But most of all, she was thrilled at seeing a genuine smile on Kurt's face and knowing that he was so happy because he didn't feel so alone anymore. She was prepared to adore this Blaine, should he become a fixture in Kurt's life.

Kurt smiled happily and took another sip of his tea. He gave Carol an affectionate look and said to her, "I don't want to be rude or anything, but Blaine will be texting me when he gets back to school. Will you be horribly offended if I go upstairs now so I can be ready?"

Carol was quick to answer. "Not in the slightest. Goodnight, honey. I will make sure your dad knows you were home on time and that you had a good time. You go wait for your young man." She gave him a kiss on the forehead and motioned towards the stairs.

Kurt gave her a thankful smile. "Goodnight, Carol. Thanks for the tea and for talking to me. It means a lot to me, you know."

He quickly ran upstairs, phone in one hand and remainder of tea in the other. He sat on his bed and typed out a message to send to his friends.

***Best. Night. Ever. Details tomorrow. -K***

Blaine drove back to Dalton in a haze of euphoria. He wasn't even aware he had arrived at the school until he was parking his car and getting out. He had replayed every moment of the evening back in his mind, remembering the sparkle of Kurt's gorgeous eyes, the tinkle of his amazing laugh, the lushness of his pink lips. Lips that were soft and warm and tasted like vanilla and coffee. Blaine grinned happily. He knew what Kurt's lips tasted like because he had kissed him! He, Blaine Anderson, had gone on a date with the most amazing boy in the world, held his hand, and experienced his first kiss! It had been mind blowing. Blaine felt if he were any more exhilarated he would most likely explode from it all.

He breezed into the school on feet that felt like they barely touched the ground. He went straight to his dorm room and was unsurprised to walk in to find not only David waiting for him expectantly, but also Wes, Nick and Jeff. He shut the door behind him and turned around to face his friends, all of who were grinning wildly.

"Hi, guys," Blaine said, trying to sound nonchalant.

Wes rolled his eyes in mock exasperation. "Isn't he just the very picture of calmness and innocence? Give over, Blaine, you look like you are about to explode, and we didn't sit here most of the evening to have you come in acting all la-la, nothing to see here."

Blaine kicked his shoes off and walked calmly to his bed. He grabbed one of his pillows and leaped onto the bed, burying his face in it. He screamed into the pillow and then leaned up to look at his friends, wild smile on his face.

Nick grinned back at Blaine. "I take it that means tonight was a huge success?"

Blaine sat up on his bed, keeping the pillow in his arms so he could rest his chin on it. "Oh my freaking god, guys. I mean really. Kurt is just amazing. He's absolutely perfect. Like, if he were anymore perfect I just don't know if my mind could handle it. He looked so amazing tonight. Thanks, by the way, for making me change from my uniform, it was definitely the right thing to do." Blaine gave his friends an appreciative smile.

"It's what we do, B. We look out for each other and protect each other whether if be from someone else or ourselves," David said cheerfully. "And you definitely needed some saving, but I would venture to guess it all worked out in the end."

Blaine blushed a bit as he said, "Yeah, it did. We just sat for hours talking. He's so smart and talented, his voice is just...he could have read the phone book to me and I would have enjoyed every second. I held his hand! Can you believe it? And guess what? He's the one behind that flash mob you saw at the mall that time. Can you believe that?"

Jeff's eyes got huge at that. "Really? And we were right there! Well, you weren't, but we were, and what a small world, huh? Now that you mention it, I think I remember seeing a guy there that kind of resembled Kurt. I thought then that it was too bad you weren't there to see the cute guy in the fedora."

Blaine groaned, "Don't rub it in, Jeff. It's bad enough I didn't find him then, but I don't know if I could handle a fedora right now."

Wes sniffed and looked at Blaine with a bit of anticipation. "Yes, yes, and as fascinating as this all of this is, all the coulda shoulda woulda, I think we all want to know if our boy B got himself a taste of sugar. And I don't mean the kind you put in your coffee. So, out with it, B. Did you get any sweetness from Dream Boy?"

Blaine couldn't help the grin that crossed his face. "If you mean did I kiss him, then yes. I actually did."

The other four boys whooped in delight, exchanging high fives. Jeff jumped up excitedly and ran at Blaine, tackling him onto the bed in a huge hug. The other three quickly followed suit, all of them piling on Blaine who was laughingly protesting being squashed by so much enthusiasm. Finally, they all sat upright on Blaine's bed, letting him sit back up.

David studied his fingernails a moment before asking, "So, how was it?"

Blaine said, "The magic question. It was like being struck by lightening, or being in the middle of fireworks. It was like Christmas and my birthday all wrapped up together. I don't know if I can adequately put into words what it was like. I mean, his lips were so damn soft and he tasted so good. It was just beyond amazing. I just hope he feels the same, you know?"

Nick looked surprised at that. "What do you mean by that? I mean, why wouldn't he?"

Blaine looked down, feeling a little embarrassed. "Well, it's not like I am just overflowing with experience or anything. Not like I know what I am doing. I mean, what if he didn't like it? I have nothing to compare it to. What if he hated kissing me? What if the touch of my amateur lips has turned him off forever?" he fretted with a sense of panic.

Wes dismissed that idea totally. "I would venture to say that if he was a willing participant, B, then you didn't scare him off. Did he spit afterwards or wipe his face in disgust or anything? I doubt it. After what he went through with that bully, I bet he loved kissing you."

Blaine felt his face drain of color at that. "Oh, my God. I didn't even think about that! And here I am just kissing him without asking or anything. Maybe he was too traumatized to-"

Jeff snapped his fingers in front of Blaine's face, cutting off his anxious words. "Blaine, that's enough. You and your knack for overthinking things, I swear. Let's look at things rationally. You both had a good time. You held hands. None of this sounds like a negative here. You kissed Kurt. Did he kiss you back?

Blaine thought about it. Kurt had moved to be able to kiss him fully. He had definitely kissed him back. Oh boy, had he. In fact his lips had moved against Blaine's in a totally delicious way...

Jeff gave a sigh of exaggerated patience, bringing Blaine back to the present moment. "I take it by the blissed out expression you're wearing now that's a yes. Did he tell you he would go out with you again?"

Blaine said, "No, but I haven't asked. Oh, shit! He wanted me to text him when I got back to school!" Blaine gave all of his friends a shy look. "I'm glad you were all here when I got back, but if it's okay-"

"Say no more, B," David said, standing and stretching. We were all planning to have a Halo marathon once we knew you were back safely and had heard the juicy details. You text Dream Boy, we're out."

---

Blaine grabbed his phone and sent Kurt a message.

***I made it back to school okay -B***

Almost immediately his phone buzzed with a return message.

***I'm glad. Would it be okay if I texted you in a bit? I was just getting into the shower. -K***

Blaine actually groaned at that. His body responded as his active mind started picturing Kurt shirtless, Kurt wrapped in nothing but a towel, Kurt dripping wet, skin pink and smelling fresh, all hot and damp...

*Jesus, Blaine, get it together!*

He texted Kurt back.

***Sounds like a plan. I think I will go ahead and take a shower myself. -B***

Kurt stared at his phone. He was blushing wildly. Had he actually told Blaine he was going into the shower? And had Blaine answered back that he was going to take a shower too?

Kurt closed his eyes and found his mind racing with thoughts of Blaine. Blaine, naked with warm water cascading over him, his hair wet and wild and curly, his broad shoulders wet and slippery and water trailed down his stomach to...

*Oh my God, where did that come from?* Kurt's eyes flew open in shock. He looked at himself in the mirror. His chest was heaving from his breathing being heavier. His cheeks were pink, his eyes a bit overbright. Feeling a bit daring, he typed a quick reply.

***So we are showering together yet so far apart. What a pity. -K***

Did he dare send it? Was he actually doing this with a boy he had known only a short time? *Damn it, Kurt, live a little! Be a teenager!* He hit send and practically dropped his phone, gasping a bit.

Blaine was staring at his phone in shock. Did Kurt really just say...? Blaine moaned a bit, finding himself very turned on and a bit uncomfortable in his jeans. *Shower. Yes, that's it, get everything ready to go shower and you can take care of...things.* He sent back this reply.

***Kurt, you can't just say things like that when I am not around to do anything about it. -B***

Kurt read the return text with wide eyes. Wow. So Blaine would do something about it, would he? Kurt found himself very intrigued and maybe more than a little turned on at the thought. Definitely time to hit the shower.

Kurt stood under the warm water of his shower, shampooing then conditioning his hair and rinsing well. He took his body wash and began rubbing his hands over himself leisurely, closing his eyes. He imagined Blaine, that it was Blaine's hands rubbing over him, gently and caressingly. He wondered briefly if it was normal to think this about someone after the first date but quickly dismissed the thought as pleasure

overtook him. It was Blaine he imagined taking his hardness in his hands and moving firmly up and down in a steady rhythm. Kurt caught his breath. Santana was right, this felt incredible. His hand tightened its grip around his cock, his movements at first slow and steady, then getting faster as he felt a tingle in the lower part of his belly. Kurt bit his lip and tossed his head back, his breath harsh and uneven as he worked closer to release. His groin tightened and he felt his eyes roll back in his head as warmth that had nothing to do with the shower washed over him. His body shook as he came in spasms, one word leaving his mouth in a gasp.

*"Blaine..."*

---

Blaine leaned against the shower wall, his chest heaving as he came down from post orgasmic euphoria. He had been jerking himself off to images of Kurt for some time, even when he had no idea who he was, but now that he knew what Kurt's lips tasted like, well this was one of the most intense times yet. Blaine felt that deep down it was probably a little much, using Kurt as wank material, but it was far better than imagining some faceless stranger or some celebrity. And Kurt texting that message about showering together? Well, Blaine was a teenage boy, after all, and his brain couldn't be expected to handle such stimulation, so to speak. Blaine finished his shower and got out quickly. He was eager to get finished getting ready for bed so he could lay there texting with Kurt.

Blaine threw on a Dalton athletic department tshirt and a pair of flannel pajama pants. Grabbing his phone, he jumped into bed and sent Kurt a text.

***I'm out of the shower whenever you're ready.***

Kurt put the finishing touches on his moisturizing regime and stretched, his soft pajamas clinging to him. He heard his phone go off and saw it was from Blaine. He bit his lip nervously and sent back a reply.

***If it's okay, will you call me? I think I would really like to hear your voice.***

Blaine couldn't stop the smile from crossing his face. Yes, this was even better. He definitely wanted to hear Kurt again. Hitting the call button, he waited breathlessly for Kurt to pick up.

"Hi," Kurt answered shyly.

"Hi," Blaine said, feeling a little shy himself. "How's it going?"

"Fine. Listen, I wanted to tell you again that I had a really nice time tonight," Kurt said, wondering if his smile was evident in his voice.

Blaine gave a quick fist pump before answering, "I did too." He took a deep breath and pressed forward. "Will you go out with me again? Maybe a real date?"

Kurt's delighted laugh tinkled over the connection, making Blaine's spine tingle. "A real date? You mean tonight wasn't real and I dreamed it all?"

Blaine cringed. "Jeez, am I awkward or what? I meant a real date like dinner? And maybe a movie or something? Whatever you would like," he finished hastily, hoping he hadn't blown it.

Kurt said teasingly, "A real date where you pick me up beforehand and face the parental inquisition?"

Blaine gulped. *Parents?* "Y-yes, absolutely," he said, trying not to sound as if the mere idea didn't terrify him. It wasn't like Kurt wasn't worth getting the once over by protective parents, a thousand times if need be.

Kurt took a quick breath, all teasing gone. "I mean, if that's okay. You don't mind?" he questioned nervously, hoping he hadn't pressed too far too soon.

Blaine heard the uncertainty in Kurt's voice and answered quickly. "I would love to meet your dad and stepmom."

Kurt smiled slightly. "Um, there's a good chance you will end up meeting my stepbrother too. He has developed a sense of protectiveness where I am concerned. I am not sure yet if I find it more annoying or endearing."

Blaine closed his eyes briefly. A protective brother. Hadn't Kurt mentioned his brother was the school quarterback? Fighting a sense of trepidation, he quickly reassured Kurt, "I can't wait to meet your family." He was rewarded by the relief he heard in Kurt's voice.

"Then it sounds as though you have a date," Kurt said, a bit shyly. "What do you want to do? Dinner and a movie sounds really nice, if that's what you were suggesting earlier."

"Awesome. Why don't you think about where you want to go and what you would like to see, and we will figure it out?" Blaine was proud at how even his voice sounded, even though inside he was practically flailing in happiness.

Kurt snuggled into his pillow a bit, stifling a yawn. "Sounds like a plan. I need to get going, Blaine, but text me tomorrow? And maybe we can talk again tomorrow evening?" Kurt asked hopefully.

Blaine answered him softly, "I'd really like that. Goodnight, Kurt. Pleasant dreams."

Kurt smiled. "Goodnight, Blaine. I can promise you my dreams will be sweet, and I hope the same will be true for you." He hung up quickly, unable to believe his own audacity.

Blaine stared at his phone wordlessly, eyes wide. Did Kurt mean...? *Dear sweet lord baby Jesus*, Blaine thought to himself, not for the first time, *this boy is going to be the absolute death of me*.



## Chapter Twelve

Kurt was nestled into his pillow, having a *very* good dream involving Blaine and lots of kissing in places other than his mouth when he was very suddenly and rudely awakened by the door to his room flying open with a bang. Finn barreled into Kurt's room full speed ahead, yelling "Kurt! Kurt, wake up! It's breakfast time and Burt says he wants to talk to you."

Kurt sat up with a groan, carefully making sure that his blankets covered the evidence of how enthusiastically into his dream he had been. He glared at Finn balefully and said sarcastically, "Finn, is it completely beyond your level of comprehension to understand you **knock** on people's doors before barging in?"

Finn looked at him quizzically, not understanding why Kurt was disgruntled with him. "Dude, you were asleep. It's not like I'm interrupting anything important or anything."

*"That you know of,"* mumbled Kurt to himself as he reached under his blankets with one hand to adjust his morning erection. Okay, that felt *way* better than it should have. Striving to keep annoyance on his face, he continued to scold at Finn. "For all you know, you could have been interrupting something. I mean, I might have been naked or something!"

Finn still didn't get it. "Okay, not that I wanna see that, but we were on the football team and shared a room for a while. We're both dudes! I don't get why you're-"

"And what if I was jerking off or something?" Kurt snarked, painfully aware of the aching hardness between his legs that he *really* wanted to tend to but couldn't because Finn was too thick to know he wasn't wanted.

Finn made a face at that. "Dude, you're gay! Do gay guys actually-"

Kurt groaned and slapped a hand to his forehead in aggravation. "FINN! We are so **not** having this conversation right now! I'm awake, mission accomplished, now go feed your face or something. Tell my dad I'll be down after I get dressed."

Finn mercifully decided at that point that food was of way more importance than whether or not gay guys actually masturbated. Muttering to himself in confusion, he went back downstairs where Carol's lavish

breakfast spread awaited him. Kurt flung himself back on his bed in relief, then quickly got up and ran for the bathroom to start the shower.

Half an hour later, Kurt went downstairs, hair still damp and wearing a tshirt and lounge pants. Carol smilingly handed him a plate she had fixed for him in anticipation of Finn's appetite and the questionability of leftovers. Kurt took it from her with a smile of appreciation and sat down across from Finn at the table. Finn was happily distracted by the food on his plate and didn't seem inclined to rehash their earlier conversation, which allowed Kurt to breathe a sigh of relief.

Burt looked at Kurt questioningly. "Hi, there kiddo. Maybe I'm wrong, but didn't you take a shower last night?"

Kurt felt the flush all the way down his neck as he tried to quickly think of some reason other than getting off again for taking a shower this morning. "D-d-did I?" he stammered, "I must have been really tired and forgot."

Carol hid her knowing smile in her tea mug, she was Finn's mother after all and knew a thing or two about teenage boys and their ways. Burt and Finn both eyed Kurt with matching looks of confusion, neither understanding how someone as put together as Kurt could forget something as mundane as a shower. Kurt tried for nonchalance as he chewed his food and concentrated on not choking.

Burt shook his head. He didn't think he would ever understand teenagers these days. Sipping his coffee, which sadly was decaf with Splenda and non dairy creamer at his wife and son's insistence, Burt waited patiently for Kurt to finish eating. He knew that his son had gone on his first date the night before and that he had come home with stars in his eyes. He was grateful to his wife for not only keeping him in the loop but for being there for Kurt to talk about it. He was relieved and concerned all at once. And at a later time, he would talk to Kurt himself about his date and do the dad thing where he encouraged him to go slow and be safe and all the important things that need to be said. However, right now, there was something else he needed to address with his son.

"Kurt," he started once Kurt's plate was empty, "we need to talk." Burt waited for Finn to awkwardly excuse himself from the room and Kurt to look at him, his blue eyes so much like his mother's. Eyes that were currently filled with both nervousness and curiosity. Burt cleared his throat and looked steadily at his son. "I know that you have been going through hell this year at school. I know that this kid has bullied you, harassed you and assaulted you. I wish to God you had told me sooner. Now I know," he waved off

Kurt's attempt to interrupt him, "that you kept this from me because you were trying to protect me. But it has kept me from doing my job, which is protecting *you*. And nothing will ever keep me from doing my job. I will always love you unconditionally, I will support you willingly, and I will stand beside you proudly as a man. Now I know that I mentioned changing schools to you. I want you to know that I have been in consultation with an attorney and I am going to go forward in pressing suit against McKinley and the school board for negligence and reckless disregard for your safety. And I want you out of there. So your stepmother and I have agreed that private school is the best option since home school would be difficult with our schedules. There are a few that we have looked into and we wanted you to consider them and make a choice." He slid three color pamphlets across the table to a stunned and silent Kurt. "Each one has a stellar academic reputation and will challenge you more than McKinley, which is a good thing. The one we are leaning towards, should you agree, is Dalton Academy. Its records are impeccable and best of all, it has a no tolerance policy towards bullying."

Kurt was motionless, still in a state of shock. He remembered his father mentioning changing schools to him, but a lawsuit? His father was talking again and Kurt struggled to bring his attention back to the current moment.

"I know this is a bit sudden, son, but we do need a decision fairly quickly. Until I have you out of that school I won't rest easy. And I won't bring suit until I have you out of there either. So I am asking that you give these pamphlets a look over and come to a decision within the next few days. I hate moving you in the midst of the semester, and I hate that it means leaving your glee club and your friends. But I believe this is the best thing for us to do. Please believe me when I tell you this is what I think is the best option and the best way to keep you safe."

Kurt's eyes were swimming with unshed tears. It was so much to take in all at once. "Dad," he started, his voice cracking a bit with emotion, "what about- how can we afford this? First a lawyer, now private school?"

Burt looked at him sternly. "Kurt, that is the last thing I want you worrying about. The shop is doing well, we have some savings put away, and everything will be fine. The important thing here is keeping you safe and giving you the best opportunity to get an excellent education. So take those and look them over. You can check them out online, if you want to, but I need a decision soon." He stood up and went around the table to take Kurt's head in a hug and kiss it on top. "I love you kiddo. That's why I'm doing this." Burt and Carol looked at each other meaningfully and they left the room together.

Kurt sat alone at the table with tears streaming down his face. His emotions were all over the place, he had no idea what he was feeling at the moment. Guilt, anxiety, sadness, so many things swirling inside him. Grabbing the pamphlets, he slowly trudged upstairs with heavy footsteps. He knew what he wanted to do at that moment. Picking up his cell phone, he dialed Blaine's number and waited for him to pick up.

---

Blaine woke up before all of his friends, who had been up late into the night playing Halo. He was surprisingly refreshed, considering he had been up late reprising his entire evening over in his head and had dreamed all night of Kurt. He lay in bed, comfortable under his blankets, thinking of Kurt and idly wondering what he was doing.

*Kurt.*

He was so much better in reality than any fantasy Blaine had been able to dream up. Blaine felt he could spend days on end just staring into the kaleidoscope colors of Kurt's eyes. Although, truth be told, Blaine could think of a few other things he would enjoy spending time doing as well. Blaine closed his eyes and again replayed kissing Kurt in his head for what was probably the eleventh millionth time. Soft pink lips that tasted faintly of vanilla and coffee. Yum. Blaine licked his own lips, feeling his heartbeat pick up. He hoped fervently that Kurt would be agreeable to more kissing, hopefully maybe next time with tongue involved. Blaine's face flushed at that thought, his breathing stuttering a bit as he felt arousal starting to set in. Casting a quick look over towards David to ensure his roommate was still asleep, Blaine got out of his bed and tiptoed to the bathroom. Making sure the door was locked, Blaine reached down to palm his hardness, a small moan leaving his lips. He reached in his pants and tightened his hand around his aching cock, moving it quickly, his breath halting as he stroked himself. Closing his eyes, he thought of Kurt's lips and what they would feel like wrapped around his cock, moving up and down wetly as they sucked him off. God, it would be incredible. Blaine threw his head back, stroking harder as the warmth curling in his lower belly started to spread. Biting his lip to keep from moaning out loud, he quivered as he came wetly in his pajama pants. Panting, he wiped his face with the hand he hadn't been using to jerk off with. Stripping off his soiled clothing, he jumped into the shower to clean up.

When Blaine came out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist, he was relieved to see that David was still asleep, snoring quietly in his bed and looking like he hadn't moved. Blaine decided to get dressed and go to the cafeteria to see what they were offering for brunch today. Not surprisingly, he had quite an appetite this morning and the school offered a buffet on weekends that was quite popular with the

students. Blaine slipped into comfortable jeans and a well worn sweatshirt before sliding his feet into sneakers. He grabbed his copy of Lord of the Flies and his cell phone and stuck it in his pocket as he slipped quietly out of the dorm room so as not to wake David.

Once he got to the cafeteria, he grabbed a tray and loaded it with food. Grabbing a hot coffee and paying the cashier, he found a table in the corner where he felt he would be able to sit quietly and read while he ate. He opened his book to the chapter he had left off on, eating with one hand and turning pages with the other. He had just read the part where Simon was envisioning the pig's head talking to him as the Lord of the Flies when he was startled out of his concentration by Nick dropping tiredly into the chair across from him. Nick motioned tiredly in what Blaine assumed was a greeting before putting his head down on the table with a groan.

"Long night?" Blaine asked, a bit surprised to see Nick since he was pretty sure none of his friends had found their beds until the wee hours of the morning.

Nick grunted in reply before sitting up and stealing a piece of bacon off Blaine's plate. Blaine shook his head in amusement and slid the plate towards his friend, having eaten all he was going to. Nick chewed reflectively for a moment before swallowing, saying "Remind me again why it seemed like such a good idea to stay up all night playing a video game?" He eyed Blaine's coffee hopefully, face falling as Blaine grabbed it protectively and moved it out of reach.

"Oh, no, pal, you want coffee you go get your own. This plasma is mine," Blaine said, trying not to grin at Nick's disappointed face.

Nick got up with a grumble and went to get himself coffee. He returned quickly and sat back down huffily, saying "I thought that after your great night you would be in a kind and benevolent mood today. Instead, you are merciless and cruel. Why is that?"

Blaine laughed out loud. "Are you kidding me? I'm in a fantastic mood. I just have my limitations as to what I am willing to share. My coffee is off limits. Besides, I've been drinking this. Do you really want my spit?"

Nick eyed Blaine with a forlorn expression. "You swapped spit with Kurt last night, didn't you? If he was here you would give him your coffee. If I was Kurt you would give me your coffee and I wouldn't have had to go get my own."

Blaine rolled his eyes at his grumpy friend. "Well, technically, we did not swap spit last night. No tongue, not yet. But you're right, I think, if you were Kurt I would not have made you go get your own coffee. Feel better now?"

Nick poked his lip out. "No. However, you did give me your yummy bacon so I suppose I have to forgive you. What're you reading?"

Blaine held up his book. "Lord of the Flies for Mrs. Rogers' lit class. It's pretty good, maybe kind of graphic. It's an allegorical view of humanity and civility versus survivalism. Lots of blood and violence."

Nick looked impressed. "No shit. We are reading A Separate Peace in Mrs. Phillips' class. Kind of depressing if you ask me. Maybe I'll borrow that from the library and check it out some time."

"Or you can borrow this one," Blaine gestured to his book. "It's mine and I don't care if you borrow it after we finish it in class."

Nick gave Blaine a teasing smile. "It's funny how such a nerd can be so cool."

Blaine pretended to wave him off. "Aw, you're just saying that. I'm not a nerd."

Nick started to answer back when Blaine felt his cell phone go off in his pocket. He fished it out and looked at it, a grin coming across his face as he saw it was Kurt calling. He hit the answer key and held it up to his ear. "Hello?" he said, smile fading as he heard the tearful voice on the other end.

*"Blaine? It's me."*

"Kurt? What's wrong? Are you okay? Has something happened?" queried Blaine in quick fire fashion, feeling panic as he heard Kurt's sobs on the other end. Nick watched with a concerned look as Blaine jumped to his feet. "Where are you?"

Blaine heard Kurt snuffle on his end, feeling his heart clench. He was about to ask Kurt again where he was when Kurt finally answered him. *"I'm at home. Listen, I don't want to presume too much, but if it's okay..."* Kurt's voice broke off as he tried to stifle another sob.

Blaine shook his head wildly, clenching his phone. "No, no, Kurt, anything, what do you need me to do?"

He listened as Kurt breathed out a shaky breath. *"Would you be willing to come over to my house and sit with me? Something big has happened and I could use someone to talk to. I really need a shoulder right now. I need **you**."*

Blaine was already halfway to the door of the cafeteria, gesturing to a very confused and concerned Nick that he would call him later. "Let me go to my room and get my keys. I will be there as quickly as I can, okay? Is there anything you need? Can you tell me anything now? Like, is your family okay?"

He relaxed a little as Kurt quickly reassured him, *"No, my family is fine. I promise you I will tell you everything when you get here. Listen, I will text you my address so you can put it in your GPS. Will you call me when you are close so I can come let you in?"*

"That's fine Kurt. I am about to leave," he said as he neared his dorm. "I will talk to you as soon as I'm close." He burst into his dorm room, startling David awake.

"Jesus, Blaine, where's the fire?" David groaned, rubbing his eyes and looking at Blaine blearily.

"Kurt just called. Something's happened and he's really upset. I am going to his house now," Blaine said, grabbing his wallet and car keys.

David raised an eyebrow. "Isn't that all the way in Lima?"

Blaine stopped at the door to turn around and shoot David a glare. "Kurt needs me. I could give a shit about the distance."

David held up his hands in surrender. "Okay, okay, sorry. Text me when you get there, let me know what's going on?"

Blaine nodded quickly, feeling itchy and wanting to get on the road. "Deal." He took off at a run for his car, climbing in and entering Kurt's address into the GPS. Starting the ignition, he got on the road as quickly as he dared, heading towards the boy who needed him.

## Chapter Thirteen

Burt took his cap off and rubbed his face tiredly, sitting heavily on the bed. Carol sat next to him, rubbing his shoulders soothingly. Burt heaved a deep sigh and turned slightly to look at her.

"I *am* doing the right thing," Burt said hesitantly, feeling worried at Kurt's reaction.

Carol looked straight into his eyes as she nodded her head firmly. "Absolutely. I imagine it is difficult for Kurt at this moment for several reasons. Not the least of which is tearing up roots and going to a brand new school to start over. But he is smart and mature, Burt. You have raised him that way. And while this is probably frightening and difficult right now, in the long run you will both be glad about this decision. This is giving Kurt a better opportunity in a safe environment, and **that** is what matters most." She leaned into him to gently kiss his lips, then leaned back with a smile. "I don't suppose I could persuade you to come with me to the store to do grocery shopping? Kurt might not eat like your typical teenage boy but between Finn and Puck there is no way we make it much longer without restocking the fridge."

Burt rolled his eyes heavenward teasingly. "Maybe I should put Finn to work at the shop and make him buy his own damn groceries," he grumbled good naturedly as they both laughed and left the house.

---

Blaine was relieved to finally be close to Kurt's house. He had driven as fast as he could legally without getting pulled over and somehow the drive still seemed to take forever. His mind had been turning over the entire time, trying to figure out what was wrong with Kurt and how he could try to make it better. If he admitted it to himself, though, he felt a thrill about being the one Kurt reached out to when he was upset. Blaine was coming to the realization that what he felt for Kurt was beyond anything he had ever experienced before and it was alternately exhilarating and terrifying all at once. And he was slowly starting to hope that maybe, *just maybe* Kurt might feel something for him as well. Noting that he was just a few streets away from Kurt's house, he called Kurt to let him know of his imminent arrival. Kurt answered on the first ring and said he would be on the front porch waiting.

After hanging up with Blaine, Kurt went downstairs. He went out on the porch and sat on the swing that he and Burt had hung up at Carol's insistence. He anxiously looked for Blaine's car, feeling a huge sense of relief when he saw it coming up the street to pull into his driveway. He stood up and waited for Blaine to get out of the car, noting how quickly Blaine did so.



Blaine jogged towards the steps and stopped for a moment, taking in the boy at the top of the stairs. Kurt's normally immaculate hair was unstyled and fell over his forehead softly. His eyes were not their normal blue or green, instead looking a soft shade of gray, and they were rimmed with redness as testament to tears. His cheeks were pale and tear streaked and his arms were wrapped around his waist in a self protective gesture. Blaine scolded himself inwardly at thinking that Kurt was still amazingly hot even when obviously emotional and dressed in clothes he probably never let anyone outside of family see. Hurrying up the steps, he stood hesitantly in front of Kurt, unsure if he should try to take his hand or hug him or what. To his relief, Kurt reached out and took one of his hands into his own and pulled him into the house.

Kurt shut the door behind them and lead Blaine upstairs to his room. He quietly shut the door and gestured for Blaine to sit down. After a moment's hesitation, Blaine sat on the edge of the bed. Kurt sat with the headboard at his back and grabbed a pillow to hold in his lap. They sat quietly for a short time, unsure how to start talking. Kurt spent a moment just looking at Blaine. His hair was free of gel and it was curly and tousled as though he had been running his hands through it. The jeans he wore looked comfortable and hugged his thighs nicely. His expressive eyes were looking at Kurt now with concern filling them. And Kurt felt a sense of overwhelming relief that Blaine was there with him now, a feeling so powerful it was almost tangible.

Kurt took a deep breath. "Thank you for coming."

Blaine reached out again to take Kurt's hand into his own, rubbing it gently to try to warm it. "I got here as fast as I could. I was really worried about you."

Kurt sniffled a little at that, feeling tears threatening again. "I'm sorry I made you worried. I just didn't know what to do and you were the only person I wanted to see."

Blaine felt a flutter in his stomach at that. Making himself focus, he turned so that he was facing Kurt on the bed. He took Kurt's other hand and sat there holding both of Kurt's hands, continuing to rub them in what he hoped was a soothing manner. "Will you tell me what happened now?"

Kurt nodded slowly. He had had time to think about what his father had told him and felt that he could talk about it a little more easily. Breathing deep, he started talking in a low voice. "Well, as you know, I told my dad about what had been going on with Karofsky. And he went to the school to talk to the principal to try to get some sort of resolution but was not able to, which pretty much pissed him off. Well, he's decided

that he's going to sue the school and the school board. And he is sending me to a private school." Kurt gestured to the pamphlets spread out on the bed. "There are three he wants me to choose from."

Blaine had been nodding while Kurt talked. He thought he might understand Kurt's emotional outbreak a little, but wanted to be sure he was right. And he felt it would help Kurt to talk it out, so he said, "And how does that make you feel?"

Kurt shook his head. "I don't know, really. There's just so much I *do* feel, you know? I mean, I feel pathetic that I can't take care of myself so my parents have to resort to taking me out of the school. I feel guilty because it's more stress on my dad and he really just doesn't need it. I worry about the cost of private school. I'm scared shitless because even though McKinley is my own version of hell, it is at least familiar and there are things and people I know, whereas going to a new school I won't know anyone and will have to start all over. And who's to say private school will be any better?" Kurt closed his eyes and bowed his head down. "But in a way, I also feel relief, because Karofsky will finally no longer be a threat. No matter how many fears I see ahead of me, leaving that behind me gives me a sort of sense of freedom. I am just all over the place emotionally, it seems."

Blaine nodded again understandingly. He had been there. Letting go of Kurt's hands, he reached for the pamphlets Kurt had motioned to earlier. "So these are the choices, huh?" He quickly scanned through them, feeling a twinge of nervous excitement to see one from Dalton among them. "Have you looked at them?"

Kurt nodded his head, taking them from Blaine. "Yeah. I went online to their websites. They all seem pretty nice. Brookwood has a really good French club that would be cool. Its location is really gorgeous and the dorms are very nice. And Stratton has a competitive vocal department that is supposed to be one of the best in the state."

Blaine felt his face falling a bit. He knew that Kurt was practically fluent in French and that his voice was beyond compare. Either of those two schools would be good for Kurt. Both of them were several hours away from here, though, which meant even further away from Dalton. Blaine wondered if Kurt would be willing to try for a long distance relationship with him, or if he would prefer to forget all about him and meet some other guy. The thought of someone else getting to hold Kurt and kiss him made Blaine's stomach clench and his heart hurt.

Kurt put the pamphlets down and reached his hands towards Blaine again, smiling shyly when Blaine took them without hesitation. "My dad and stepmom like Dalton the best, though. They like that it is closest and that while I would dorm, I could come home sometimes. They also approve of the academic program and the no bullying policy."

Blaine's heart was pounding in his chest as he looked into Kurt's eyes, hardly daring to breathe as he listened to what Kurt was saying.

"Brookwood and Stratton both are really good schools with a lot to offer. But Dalton has something for me that neither one of them can give me," Kurt said quietly, his cheeks turning a bit pink.

Blaine licked his lips nervously and said hesitantly, "And what's that?"

Kurt closed his eyes while he breathed in, then opened them and looked at Blaine. "You. Dalton has you."

Blaine felt his heart explode at that moment. He leaned forward with Kurt meeting him halfway. Their lips met tenderly and there was that magic feeling all over again.

Kurt felt dizzy as Blaine's soft lips pressed against his. He was confused about many things, but he was sure that what Blaine made him feel was real and pure and perfect. He remembered something that Brittany always did when she kissed him and decided to try it. Parting his lips slightly, he ran his tongue lightly over Blaine's lips. The effect was instantaneous as he felt Blaine shiver and part his own lips. Hesitantly, Kurt licked around Blaine's lips again before slowly sliding his tongue into Blaine's mouth to move in unison with his tongue.

Blaine opened his mouth a little wider to receive Kurt's questing tongue, feeling it slide wetly against his own. He reached with one shaking hand to cup Kurt's face gently. Pressing a little more firmly, he pushed forward a bit so that Kurt's tongue withdrew, letting Blaine slide his own tongue forward into Kurt's mouth to better taste the sweetness that was just Kurt. He felt Kurt's hand tangle in his hair, tugging gently, which sent lightening bolts throughout his body and straight to his groin. He couldn't stop the low moan that escaped him, nor did he miss the answering noise coming from Kurt.

Both boys leaned back, gasping for air. They looked at each other with matching expressions of shock and wonder and maybe just a touch of fear. At the same moment, they both leaned forward again, their lips meeting passionately while their hands pulled them closer to each other. Blaine's hands captured Kurt's

face gently while Kurt returned one hand to Blaine's hair and the other to the back of his neck. Blaine's breath stuttered as Kurt gently stroked the back of his neck, sending chills down his spine. He used his thumbs to softly rub across Kurt's cheeks as he stopped to breathe again, resting his forehead against Kurt's while both boys struggled to catch their breath. They looked at each other and smiled.

Blaine broke the silence by looking at Kurt with a cheeky grin. "Does that mean you are coming to Dalton?" he asked, wiggling his eyebrows expectantly.

Kurt looked at him airily. "Well, I must confess, a vocal department that would actually try to benefit me and a French program filled with people who could actually converse with me are rather tempting," he said, trying to maintain a straight face but instead bursting into giggles as Blaine gave him a sad puppy dog expression.

Blaine bounced on the bed a little in excitement. "Kurt, this is going to be so awesome! You have already met David and Wes, so you know someone going in already. And you'll get to meet Jeff and Nick, they're my friends too and you didn't meet them when you were there but you'll like them and I know they'll like you too! And you can try out for Warblers, even though I know you'll make it. And Wes doesn't have a roommate, so maybe you can dorm with him!"

Kurt laughed at the other boy's excitement, putting his hands on Blaine's shoulders and saying, "Okay, okay, slow down, you are making me dizzy. I still need to talk to my dad and let him know my decision. There are arrangements to be made and I will have to pack." Kurt looked around his room sadly. "It's still a lot to take in."

Blaine held Kurt's hand soothingly. He looked around Kurt's room, actually looking at it for the first time since Kurt brought him in. Everything was neat and tasteful, the walls a creamy shade, covered in posters for various musicals and publicity shots of Broadway greats. The carpet was light and plush. The vanity dresser was neat and organized with several bottles and products on it. The mirror had pictures tucked into the edges of various teenagers Blaine thought he recognized from watching New Direction videos, several of them looking to be of performances. Kurt's bed was large and plush, covered with what Blaine was sure was a down comforter. There were several pillows, all soft and fluffy. The closet door was open, revealing it to be large and neatly organized, and there was a door leading to a bathroom. It was uniquely and definitely Kurt, and Blaine took a deep breath, smelling what he recognized as the scent that was all Kurt's own.

Turning his attention fully to Kurt again, Blaine smiled at him. "I know this isn't easy. I've been there in a similar situation. But this is going to be a good thing. You'll have David and Wes to help you. And you will definitely have me with you every step. You don't have to do this alone. You aren't alone in this."

Kurt gave Blaine a shaky smile as he reached for him. Grabbing Blaine's shoulders, he pulled him towards himself, capturing Blaine's lips in another kiss. Blaine was more than happy to reciprocate, their kisses fast and hungry. Blaine knew that he was becoming quickly addicted to Kurt's kisses. He probably wouldn't save someone from drowning unless Kurt promised to reward him with kisses first. And Kurt was just as intoxicated, feeling his tummy flutter and thinking that even singing on Broadway couldn't possibly top kissing Blaine. They were wrapped up fully in each other, arms holding on desperately, mouths moving together wetly, when suddenly...

"Hey, Kurt, Mom and Burt are-OH MY GOD!" Finn's voice rudely broke into the haze surrounding Kurt and Blaine. They jerked apart, both of them breathing harshly and faces aflame. Kurt recovered quickly enough to jump up and angrily throw one of his pillows at an obviously stunned Finn who was still standing there in the open doorway with his mouth agape.

"Fucking hell, Finn, what will it take for you to **KNOCK** at my door before you come bursting in?" Kurt raged at his stepbrother. Blaine looked at the tall teenager and swallowed, fidgeting a bit as Finn's eyes swept over him.

"Who is that, Kurt? And why were you kissing him?" Finn asked, ignoring for the moment that his stepbrother was in fact furious with him.

Kurt crossed his arms across his chest and glared at Finn. "Did we or did we not *just* have this conversation *this morning* about knocking first? Don't you understand that civilized people respect each other's privacy and boundaries? And that knocking is a very basic thing that only takes you another two seconds? Why are you yet again bounding into my room unannounced?"

Finn looked at Kurt, finally comprehending that Kurt was very angry. "Dude, Mom and Burt just got back from the store with groceries. I was just coming to get you so you could help. I didn't know you had anyone in here." Finn's eyes got huge. "Does Burt know you had a guy in here? They won't ever let me have a girl in my room. That is so not fair!"

Kurt shifted his feet a bit uncomfortably. He had an idea that him being in his room with a boy with the door shut was probably going to be frowned upon by his dad. Especially since he had been caught sucking face with said boy. Kurt rubbed the bridge of his nose and sighed. He felt a hand slip into his and turned to smile at Blaine, who had come to stand beside him. He gave Blaine's hand a squeeze.

"Well, it looks like you get to meet my parents a little sooner than we had planned."

## Chapter Fourteen

Blaine stared at Kurt apprehensively, trying to maintain normal breathing and not hyperventilating. He nearly jumped out of his skin when his phone suddenly vibrated in his pocket. He pulled it out and stared at it unseeingly for a moment before finally making himself focus to see who it was.

"Oh, shit! David! I was supposed to text him when I got here and I totally forgot," Blaine groaned. He quickly opened the text to see what David had to say.

*I sincerely hope that you are making out with Kurt and therefore distracted instead of dead on the side of the road somewhere... -D*

Blaine let go of Kurt's hand to text back a reply.

*I am sooooo sorry. I didn't mean to forget to text you. -B*

*So I take it you were making out then? -D*

Blaine's cheeks were red as he answered back.

*Maybe just a little. -B*

*Completely reasonable then. You are forgiven. -D*

*I hope Kurt's dad and stepbrother are as forgiving as you are. -B*

*Does that mean what I think it does? -D*

*'Fraid so. Stepbrother walked in on us kissing. -B*

*With or without tongue? -D*

*With. Lots of it. -B*

*It's been real nice knowing you. I will have the Warblers perform at your funeral. What flowers do you want? -D*

*I won't be around to care, but I suppose roses are fine. You, Wes, Jeff and Nick split my stuff up amongst yourselves. -B*

*Will do. Worth it? -D*

*Absolutely. Without a doubt. -B*

*That's my boy. -D*

When Blaine was finished, he put his phone back in his pocket and looked at Kurt, who had been waiting for him. He took a deep breath and blew it out, then held his hand out to Kurt. "Shall we?"

Kurt smiled weakly at Blaine and took his hand. "Let's go get this over with." They two boys nervously made their way down the stairs. They walked into the kitchen just as Carol walked in, arms full of grocery bags. "Kurt, we've got- oh, hello there. Who's this?"

Kurt stood up a little straighter. "Carol, I'd like for you to meet Blaine. Blaine, this amazing lady is my stepmother, Carol."

Carol quickly put her bags on the counter and extended her hand with a wide smile. "Blaine, I'm so pleased to meet you."

Blaine took her hand in his and shook it, offering her a charming smile. "The pleasure is all mine, Mrs. Hummel."

Kurt looked at Carol with an almost pleading look on his face. "I asked Blaine to come over to talk to me while I thought about private schools."

Carol nodded understandingly. She was about to say something when the door opened to admit Finn and Burt, both loaded down with grocery bags. Burt looked at the unfamiliar face in his house and frowned slightly, making Blaine's stomach do flip flops. Burt looked pointedly at Kurt and Blaine's intertwined hands and cleared his throat.

"Dad, this is Blaine. Blaine, this is my dad," Kurt said nervously as Burt crossed the kitchen towards them.



Blaine let go of Kurt's hand to step forward to greet Burt. He held out his hand and was relieved when Burt took it without hesitation and shook it.

Burt inclined his head. "Blaine. Nice to meet you."

Blaine gave what he hoped was a confident smile and said, "Nice meeting you as well, sir."

Burt gave a little cough as he looked meaningfully at Kurt, who was looking back at his father with wide eyes, slightly pale. "I didn't know you were planning on having anyone over today, Kurt."

Kurt squirmed a little as he said, "I know. I wanted someone to talk to about...things. I didn't think to ask if it was okay. I'm sorry."

Burt nodded his head. "I would definitely appreciate knowing who is going to be in my house when I'm not here, Kurt. I have never had trust issues with you before. I don't want to start having them now."

Kurt nodded his head at his father then turned a furious look on Finn, who had snorted. Burt raised an eyebrow. "Am I missing something here?"

Finn looked nervously at Kurt, who was giving him a lethal stare through narrowed eyes. Then he pressed ahead. "I don't think it's fair that Kurt gets to be in his room with his boyfriend and the door be closed when I don't get to have girls in my room that way."

Kurt and Blaine both flinched, Kurt mentally planning Finn's demise, Blaine mentally accepting his own demise. Burt took his hat off and rubbed his head. Maybe he should have gone ahead and given Kurt the dating talk before addressing the school issue. Heaving a long suffering sigh, he gestured at the table. "Why don't you boys sit down. All three of you," he said, motioning to Finn who looked as though he had decided his work was done and he was no longer needed. The three boys slowly sat at the table, two nervously and one slightly mystified. Carol sat down next to Burt and he took her hand to give it a grateful squeeze. He knew he probably needed her wisdom and support for this.

Burt took a fortifying breath and looked at the boys gathered at his table. At his son, his pride and joy, the biggest accomplishment of his life. At his stepson, who he wanted to be there for as a positive role model and father figure. And at the boy that he didn't yet know but who looked at his son as though he were quite possibly the most precious thing in the world. Burt sent a quick prayer heavenward that he would handle this in the best manner and pressed forward.

"Boys. You are all of an age that this is the time where you start learning life lessons that will shape you and follow you into your futures. Lessons like respect, responsibility, maturity, and consideration of others. Kurt. I know that you understand now that I want to know when you plan to have anyone here, especially when your stepmother or I are not here. I am going on record right now as saying that if you intend on being in your room with your boyfriend, I want the door *open*. I don't expect it wide open necessarily, but I do want it open an acceptable width. This is not an unreasonable expectation of my teenager. And Finn, the same rules will apply to you. You are both old enough that you know what Carol and I expect of you and what we will allow. We are making the decision here to trust you and trust that you will respect our rules while you are under our roof. Know right now that the first violation will result in loss of all privileges. And you will find out very quickly how serious the loss of our trust is. I don't anticipate having any further discussion about this. Do I make myself understood?" He looked at Kurt and Finn as they both nodded their heads. Burt turned to Carol. "Do you have anything you want to add?"

Carol said, "I think you covered everything. I agree with everything said here, boys. We were teenagers once, we know what it's like to want some privacy with that special someone. I don't believe we need to go into detail about what is and isn't acceptable." She huffed slightly and gave the boys a small smile. "It's hard to tell you to keep your hands off of your sweetheart when you're here, knowing that there are other places you can go to do whatever. We want you comfortable here, but maybe not *that* comfortable. Am I making sense?" All three boys nodded, looking embarrassed. Carol continued, "In any case, Burt and I knew this day would be coming sooner rather than later, believe it or not, and we have discussed this already. We are prepared to face the fact that our sons are growing up. Now, show us you can handle this. Do us proud and prove to us our faith is not ill placed. Now, Kurt, is Blaine staying for dinner, or do you have other plans?"

That brought Burt's attention back to Blaine, much to his discomfiture. Kurt put his hand on Blaine's arm in a gesture that was both protective and comforting. Kurt asked Blaine, "Would you like to stay for dinner? Or do you need to get back to Dalton?"

Carol's face lit up. "Dalton? You go to Dalton Academy then?"

"Y-yes ma'am," Blaine said. "I transferred there last year."

Burt looked closely at Kurt, then at Blaine. "You did, huh?"

Blaine heard the question that Burt had not vocalized. "Yes sir. I transferred there after being bullied at my old school. For being gay."

Burt nodded. "Dalton is one of the schools that we were looking at for Kurt to go to. I imagine he probably has told you all about that."

Blaine looked at Kurt for a moment, then back to Burt. "Yes sir, he did."

Burt grunted softly. "So, do you like it there? Would you say it's a good school and that you feel safe going there?"

Blaine relaxed slightly and allowed himself a small smile. "Yes, sir. The no bullying policy is very strict, but the thing is that none of the students really seems to want to test it. I've never had anyone say or do anything out of line, and I am not the only student who is out. I don't think anyone has had any problems. The academic program is one of the top ones in the state. The facility is great and the dorms are really nice."

Burt nodded again. "I see. And did Kurt tell you that Carol and I rather liked Dalton of the three we looked into?"

Blaine swallowed nervously and nodded his head. "Yes sir. He did mention that."

Burt turned to Kurt. "Am I to assume, then, that you've made your choice of which school you want to go to?"

Before Kurt could answer, Finn finally understood what was being said and jumped up in shock, his chair hitting the floor. "*WHAT!* What are you talking about, private school? Kurt? What's he saying?"

Burt calmly answered, "Sit down, Finn. We have made the decision to send Kurt to a private school where he won't be bullied and will be safe. McKinley and the school board have shown that they are unwilling to take the proper steps to insure Kurt's safety. I am not willing to take the chance that this Karofsky kid will do something worse next time. So Kurt will be withdrawing from McKinley and transferring."

Finn turned to Kurt, confusion and hurt on his face. "But Kurt! Dude! What about New Directions? We need you!"

Burt answered before Kurt could say anything. "Kurt's safety comes before the glee club, Finn. Even New Directions couldn't keep Kurt from being attacked. And from I understand, Will Schuester is the only teacher who made any sort of attempt at intervention. I'm sorry, but the decision has already been made. We are just waiting on the decision from Kurt on where he wants to go."

Finn was still emotionally reacting. "But why, Kurt? Is it because the way we used to be? Is it because of the things I said or did, like calling those things faggy? Because I'm sorry, I said I'm sorry! Or is it because you don't think you get a fair shot to sing in Glee? Because you're probably right but I don't know what I can do about it. We can look out for you, Kurt! Me and Puck and Sam will take turns, I promise we will. We'll beat the shit out of Karofsky if you want us to. Why do you want to leave us?"

Kurt had been sitting pale and quiet all this time. His hand was still on Blaine's arm and Blaine had covered Kurt's hand with his own. Kurt tried to speak and found he couldn't. He cleared his throat and tried again. "Finn. Please try to understand that I am not doing this to punish you or anyone in New Directions. We are brothers now. We both know there's a lot between us in the past. You tossing me in dumpsters, my ridiculous crush on you, all the crazy issues. But our past is what made us what we are today. Nothing will change that. Whether I am at McKinley or Dalton, you are my brother. I trust you. But I can't do it anymore, Finn. I can't keep constantly watching over my shoulder. I can't keep living in fear, worried about what will happen next. I can't keep carrying two changes of clothes every day because I keep getting slushied. I *have* to do this for *me*. Please try to understand that."

Kurt had tears running down his cheeks and Finn was rubbing his own eyes. The emotion in the room was so high it was practically alive. Carol broke the heavy silence by standing up and wiping her own eyes. "We love you both so much and want what's best. This is the way it has to be, son." She put her arms around Finn and held him for a moment. Then she stepped back. "I have groceries that I still need to put away. Why don't we just order pizza tonight? Finn, do you want to have Puck over?"

Finn nodded glumly and excused himself to go to his room and call Puck. Burt rubbed his hand tiredly over his face and looked at his emotional son who was still holding the hand of the dark haired boy that had been sitting in mostly silent support. He stood and put a hand gently on the shoulder of a startled Blaine. "I promise we aren't like this all the time, Blaine. This happens to be an emotional time for all of us. I hope this doesn't mean you won't be comfortable being here. If it means anything, I am glad you're here for my boy right now. And it makes me feel a little better that he will have you when he goes to this school." With that, Burt went into the living room to find some sort of sporting event to try to lose himself in.

Kurt and Blaine sat at the table for another moment in silence. Kurt wiped his eyes with his free hand and turned to Blaine. "Well. That was not what I expected for the first time you met my family," he said with a weak smile.

Tension broken, Blaine laughed. "To be honest, when we came down I fully expected to end up maimed or in a body bag. Your parents seem really supportive and pretty open minded. That's really pretty cool."

Kurt blew out a breath. "Yeah. I'm pretty lucky. My dad has always supported me, especially when I came out to him. And I know that it has to be a huge sacrifice for him and Carol both to send me to a private school."

Blaine nodded solemnly. "I am glad they are though. For so many reasons."

Kurt squeezed the hand that he had been holding like a lifeline for so long now. "Me too. So, do you feel like taking advantage of the semi-privacy of my room until pizza gets here?"

Blaine stood with Kurt and they walked upstairs hand in hand. They went into Kurt's bedroom and Kurt pushed the door partially closed, careful to keep it open to what he felt his father would consider "acceptable." Kurt then turned and looked at Blaine, who was sitting on his bed and looking thoughtful. Kurt sat next to him and put a hand on his knee to get his attention. "Blaine, is something wrong?"

Blaine looked at Kurt a little bashfully. "I was wondering..."

Kurt waited as Blaine paused and prompted him, "Wondering what?"

Blaine looked down at his hands. "Both your dad and Finn referred to me as your boyfriend today."

Kurt nodded slowly. "I guess they did," he said cautiously, unsure of what Blaine was trying to say, whether that was good or bad.

Blaine looked at Kurt again, a smile starting to form on his face. "Is that what I am?"

Kurt licked his lips a bit nervously and answered, "Well, I suppose that depends on whether or not you want to be."

Blaine held his breath a second before asking, "Well, do *you* want me to be?"

Kurt pretended to think about it for a minute, which nearly put Blaine into cardiac arrest. Then he smiled what Blaine thought was one of the most beautiful smiles he had ever seen and said, "Yeah. I think I do." He then giggled and said, "Anyone who can take my family at their worst and not run screaming deserves the title."

Blaine felt his heart swelling to the point he thought it might burst. He had no idea what he had done to deserve to be so ridiculously happy, but whatever it was, he was grateful. Unable to resist Kurt's smiling lips, Blaine leaned in to capture Kurt's lips with his own in a sweet kiss, their first as official boyfriends. This kiss was not the chaste kiss of their first date, nor was it the hungry kisses of earlier. It was the kiss of two lonely souls who had finally found each other.

***I finally found you, my missing puzzle piece.***

## Chapter Fifteen

The next few days were emotional ones for Kurt. He had never realized how difficult it would be to actually leave McKinley behind once the decision to transfer was made. Telling New Directions that he was leaving was one of the hardest and most emotionally draining things he had ever done in his life. When he made the announcement, the whole room practically exploded as everyone tried to talk all at once. Mercedes and Tina had both started crying and Mike and Sam had to physically restrain Puck from running out of the room to find Karofsky and beat the living hell out of him. Finn just sat there morosely, still having trouble accepting the whole idea. Mr. Schuester was finally able to bring about a sort of order, but the rest of Glee was spent with Kurt alternately trying to explain or apologize. It was a weepy and exhausted Kurt that trudged into the house that evening. His dad had gone to the school to make sure Kurt's records were transferred to Dalton Academy, and Kurt was taking a few days off to pack and move before starting classes the following Monday.

The definite high point in all of this was definitely Blaine. Kurt and Blaine texted each other often throughout the day and spent time in the evening happily talking on the phone to each other. Blaine had already promised Kurt he would be coming to help him pack and move things to Dalton and had drafted—err, *volunteered* his friends as well, much to their surprise. It had already been determined that Kurt would actually be rooming with Wes (Kurt felt sure some strings had been pulled somewhere but no one was talking). That was one less thing to worry about, and in truth, Kurt was relieved he would not have to room with someone he didn't know. Technically, he didn't know Wes all that well, but he had been very nice the day of the failed espionage attempt, and besides, a friend of Blaine couldn't be anything less than awesome, right?

Kurt woke up a little early the morning he was to move his things to his newly assigned Dalton dorm. He was expecting Blaine sometime before lunch and wanted to have at least a few things packed and ready to go. He had packed his moisturizers and toiletries last night, as well as new linens and pillows for the bed he would be sleeping in starting tonight. Kurt decided to just dress down for all the bending and lifting he would be doing, so he pulled on faded blue jeans, an old black tshirt and his black Converse sneakers. Not wanting to get dust or anything in his hair, he tied a black bandana around his hair do-rag style. Catching sight of himself in the mirror, he nearly laughed out loud. He looked like a biker or something! He thought immediately how Mercedes would laugh...and teared up immediately at that. Deciding maybe everyone deserved at least the chance to laugh at how he looked, he did a mock bad boy pose in the mirror and took a picture with his cell phone. He then sent it out in a mass text to all of New Directions, and then feeling mischievous, sent it to Blaine as well.

---

Blaine had woken up smiling from ear to ear. He had been on a high since the weekend from the combination of making out (*lots*) with Kurt, becoming Kurt's boyfriend (*boyfriend!*), and not meeting an untimely death at the hands of Kurt's dad and gigantic stepbrother. Kurt was coming to Dalton! He was going to dorm here! And even better, as roommate of one of Blaine's best friends. One of his best friends, who was incidentally the best friend of Blaine's roommate, which meant?

You guessed it...

Private time. Practically guaranteed. *Oh, yeah.* Blaine could hardly wait.

Blaine got dressed in jeans and an old Dalton track tshirt that he figured he didn't mind if it got ruined in any way. He jumped onto David's bed enthusiastically, bouncing like a child to wake him up.

"David! Come on, D, wake up! You gotta get ready to go to Kurt's with me to help pack him and move him here to Dalton!"

David put his head under his pillow and groaned. "Remind me again how it got to be *my* job to move *your* boyfriend."

Blaine pulled the pillow up slightly to give David a smirk. "Since I arranged for you to have today out of classes to be there for me in my time of need."

"Ah, yes, I knew there had to be a fairly decent reason," David said, yawning slightly as he sat up. "You even managed to snare Wes into all this and talk him out of Warblers practice for the afternoon. That, my friend, is what we call power of persuasion."

Blaine laughed at that. Wes didn't always let his human side show, but when he did it was something to behold. Blaine wasn't sure what Wes had done to persuade the Dean that he had had enough of solo rooming and would be more than happy to take on the newest boarder, but he was not one to look the gift horse in the mouth.

David shuffled sleepily into the bathroom to quickly shower and get ready. Blaine got a text from Wes letting him know that he was awake and dressing, then a text came from Nick that he was up and moving



and really trying to get Jeff that same way. Blaine was about to stick his phone in his pocket when it went off again. Smiling to see a text from Kurt, he opened the message.

*"Holy shizzballs!"*

Blaine stared openmouthed at the image on the screen of his phone. There was a picture of Kurt, looking every inch the bad ass motherfucker. The accompanying text said **Dressing down and moving up!** Blaine swallowed audibly. Kurt looked...

*Fucking. Delicious.*

Blaine wondered how in the world he would possibly be able to make it through the day without grabbing Kurt and kissing him senseless. Or embarrassing himself by popping an uncontrollable boner on sight of him. This might just end up being one of the longest days of his life. Looking at the picture on his phone again, Blaine quickly saved it, thinking it might come in handy one day. And then groaned at where that context of thought took him.

Luckily (or maybe unluckily), David came out of the bathroom at that time. The two boys went to the cafeteria to meet Wes, Nick and Jeff. Wes had the largest vehicle of all of them and had graciously agreed to drive to Kurt's and use it to help move stuff. The five boys piled into the SUV and Wes directed it towards Lima.

Wes looked in the rearview mirror at Blaine and said conversationally, "So, Blaine. The last time we were all in my car going towards Lima we were headed to a party."

Blaine smiled and said to him in the same conversational voice, "So we were, Wes. That ride was a lot noisier, I do believe."

Wes looked at Jeff sleeping with his head against the window and Nick sleeping with his head thrown back, then over at David who had turned slightly in his seat and was sleeping with one hand under his chin. "You know, I think you're right, Blaine. That was, after all, quite a night."

"Life changing," Blaine agreed. "For a while I wasn't sure if it wasn't one of the worst things to ever happen to me. I mean, I couldn't get the guy out of my head for anything. And I thought I would never find him." Blaine closed his eyes briefly in remembered frustration. Then he opened them and smiled widely. "But look at us now. I found him. And he's *mine*. It just doesn't get any better than that." Wes agreed and

reached back a fist for Blaine to bump. They plugged in Wes' iPod and rode the rest of the way singing along loudly enough to wake their sleeping friends and have them sing along as well.

---

One had to give Burt Hummel credit. He didn't even bat an eyelash at an expensive vehicle filled with prep school boys, one of which had been caught with his tongue in his son's mouth, pulling up in his driveway on the day he was preparing to do one of the hardest things he had ever done. For so long, it had been just him and Kurt. And even now, when part of the void left behind when Elizabeth passed had been filled with Carol and in some part, Finn, Burt felt very keenly the fact that Kurt would be leaving him. He knew, of course, that Kurt would eventually leave his house to be on his own. And technically, Kurt was not moving out, just moving some of his things to a dorm room. But things were changing and changing fast. Kurt was growing up. It wasn't just that he had grown taller and shed most of his baby fat. It wasn't just that his shoulders had broadened and his feet were now bigger than Burt's own. It wasn't even just that Kurt was already dreaming and planning for his future and what he would do when he was out on his own.

No.

Probably the biggest proof that his baby boy was growing into a man stood on Burt's doorstep now with a bright smile and sparkling eyes. Burt had always known, deep down, that his son was gay. And he had worried, because he knew the hatred and ignorance his son would have to face as he outgrew the shelter of Burt. He had worried that Kurt might not find someone to be with him and support him as he faced the world on his own, that he would not be able to find someone who was as brave and strong as he was. But looking into the eyes of his son's boyfriend, Burt wondered if maybe Kurt had hit the jackpot. Burt Hummel was a quiet man. He was not a man of many words, but he was observant and knew people. He was an excellent judge of character and was usually dead on in his assessments of others. And regardless of the fact that Blaine Anderson was a teenager who obviously got his hormones in a kick over Kurt, Burt found he liked the hell out of the kid.

"Morning, Blaine," Burt said, stepping aside to let Blaine and his group of friends in.

"Hi, Mr. Hummel. I'd like you to meet my friends Wes, David, Jeff and Nick. We are all students at Dalton, and Wes will be sharing a dorm room with Kurt. They volunteered to come today and help Kurt move," Blaine said.

David smiled and said, "Technically, Blaine volunteered us. I'm David, sir, pleasure to meet you." He extended a hand to Burt which Burt took in a firm handshake.

"Jeff. And we are glad to be able to help," Jeff said, also shaking Burt's hand.

"I'm Nick, Mr. Hummel, and we are really excited that Kurt is transferring to Dalton," Nick said with an easy smile and giving his own handshake.

"And that makes me Wes, sir. I promise you that your son will be in excellent hands at Dalton. It's an excellent school and we will all do everything we can to make his transition as easy and seamless as possible," Wes shook Burt's hand with one hand while covering it with his own in a perfect politician's handshake.

Burt pushed his hat back on his head a bit and looked at the boys standing in the kitchen. They all seemed like good kids, polite and well mannered. And Burt felt something in him relax just a bit, knowing that they would be watching out for Kurt. Yes, a private school was the right thing to do.

"Blaine, if you want to go up to Kurt's room and check on where he is in packing, I have some boxes that are already done up and are ready to be loaded in my truck, if you boys would assist me," Burt said.

Blaine smiled easily and said, "Yes sir, Mr. Hummel." He had been itching to get upstairs to Kurt and was glad to be given the green light. He quickly went up the stairs and saw that Kurt's door was not shut quite all the way. Thinking he would sneak up on Kurt and surprise him, he tip toed to the door quietly and pushed it open.

*Dear sweet mother of mercy.*

Blaine stopped dead at walking in to find Kurt on his hands and knees on the floor bent down trying to retrieve something from under his bed. His brain short circuited as he found his eyes glued to his boyfriend's ass. He wanted to feast his eyes on it. He wanted to touch it. He wanted to fucking *bite* it. He wanted to-

"See something you like, Anderson?" Kurt gave his boyfriend a cheeky grin as he looked over his shoulder at Blaine, still crouched on the floor, and dear God he shouldn't do that because now all Blaine can picture is Kurt in this same position but completely nude and smiling over his shoulder in invitation, an invitation he would be powerless to resist...

"Blaine? Are you alright?" Kurt questioned with concern in his voice as he stood up and crossed the room to stand in front of Blaine. "You look a million miles away. And you're flushed, are you coming down with something?" He placed a concerned hand on Blaine's forehead to check for fever.

Blaine shook himself slightly and managed to pull his wild thoughts back into his head, thankful the jeans he wore weren't tight. He smiled at Kurt and said, "No, no, I'm fine, I promise. I'm here to help you. And I brought the guys. They are downstairs helping your dad load stuff into his truck."

Needing to taste Kurt's lips, Blaine put his arms around his neck and pulled him gently towards him. With a smile, Kurt tilted his head and pressed his lips to Blaine's. He applied light pressure before parting his lips and deepening the kiss for a brief moment before pulling back. Kurt smiled teasingly as his less than pleased boyfriend made a slight whining noise at the shortness of the kiss.

"Come on, Blaine, we have lots to do. But I promise to reward you for being such a good helper," Kurt said with a flirtatious smile on his face, then laughed as Blaine grabbed an empty box and pretended to start throwing random things in willy-nilly.

Over the next hour, Blaine and Kurt worked together at packing the things Kurt would need at school. Kurt was resigned to the fact that he would be spending a large part of his time in a school uniform now, but he refused to leave his entire wardrobe behind. He was deciding on what to take and what accessories he would need. Decisions, decisions, it was so hard to choose between which McQueen sweater should stay and which should go, or should he or shouldn't he take his Prada boots that were last year's make but looked fabulous. Kurt turned around and caught his breath. Blaine was moving boxes from the bed to stack by the door. His tshirt pulled tight as he maneuvered the boxes and Kurt could see his muscles flexing and relaxing. Kurt swallowed reflexively, feeling warmth spreading outward from his belly. He stepped back into his closet to collect himself, then got a marvelous idea.

"Blaine? Could you come here for a moment? I need your help," Kurt called.

Blaine wiped his forehead and walked over to Kurt's large walk in closet. "Sure, what do you need?" He stepped into the dark closet and frowned. "Doesn't this thing have a light?"

He nearly jumped when he felt Kurt's arms encircle his waist from behind. "There is a light," Kurt said in a low voice that sent a tingle down Blaine's spine, "but it doesn't suit my purposes at this moment."

"A-and what purpose might that be?" stammered Blaine, gasping slightly as he felt Kurt nuzzle into his neck.

Kurt chuckled and tightened his arms around Blaine's waist. He leaned towards Blaine's ear and whispered, "Getting my insanely hot boyfriend alone for a few minutes."

Blaine felt his knees nearly buckle at that. Kurt tilted Blaine's head to the side with one hand and pressed feather light kisses to his jaw line. Blaine's head fell weakly back on Kurt's shoulder as he felt Kurt's soft lips explore his sensitive neck up towards his ear. He jumped and moaned softly as Kurt gave his earlobe a little nip. Kurt turned Blaine around to face him and captured his lips in a hungry kiss, taking his bottom lip and sucking on it not so gently before soothing it with his tongue.

Blaine saw stars behind his eyes. He felt sure that if Kurt weren't supporting him, he would simply melt into a puddle at his feet. For someone who hadn't done much kissing, Kurt was absolutely amazing at it. And right now he was absolutely in control and Blaine fucking loved it. His breath was coming in short gasps as Kurt once again slid his lips to Blaine's neck, lightly licking. Suddenly Blaine felt the scrape of Kurt's teeth over the pulse point where he knew Kurt could feel how hard his heart was pounding, and he couldn't stop the groan from leaving his throat. "Fuck, Kurt, where did you learn how to do that?"

He heard Kurt laugh lightly before he answered back, "I've been doing some research, checking things out online," and damn if Blaine wasn't hard before, he was now at the mental image of Kurt *researching*, for fuck's sake. It was all he could do not to reach down and palm himself to try to relieve some of the ache in his cock. As much as Kurt turned him on, he wasn't sure they were quite to the point of doing stuff like that, although his body argued vociferously. He made himself take a step back to put some cooling distance between them, both boys breathing heavily with high color in their cheeks and their lips swollen from kissing.

Kurt gave Blaine a quick and rather chaste peck on the lips, then said with a sigh, "We should probably get back to packing, huh. And besides, aren't we both out of the closet already?" Blaine couldn't help but groan a little at the joke before laughing with Kurt. Holding hands, they stepped out into the light of Kurt's room, ready to resume the task at hand.

## Chapter Sixteen

Kurt and Blaine sat at the kitchen table with Wes, David, Nick and Jeff. Everything that Kurt was moving to Dalton had been packed and put into Burt's truck, Kurt's Navigator and Wes' Cayenne. Carol had provided sandwiches, chips and sodas for them, knowing they would definitely work up an appetite, and the boys were taking a well-earned break. Kurt was delighted to find conversation with Wes to be very easy and he decided that he liked David, Nick and Jeff very much as well. He thought it was surreal, somehow, to be sitting with a group of boys just enjoying the camaraderie and not being ignored or wishing he was being ignored.

"So, Kurt, have you given any thought to possibly trying out for the Warblers?" The question from Wes took Kurt from his thoughts.

"Well, I haven't really thought about it yet. I guess I have been trying to process the whole leaving McKinley and getting to Dalton bit and hadn't considered much further than that," Kurt said.

Wes nodded understandingly. "I get it, man. So much going on. But listen, I really would love for you to try out so we can get a better idea of your range. You were awesome in all those videos but I doubt they really do much justice and I can't really judge from that."

Blaine put his head on the table with a groan as Kurt looked around the table in confusion and asked "What videos? What are you talking about?"

Nick and Jeff had started laughing and David reached over to pat Blaine consolingly on the head, his own lips twitching as he valiantly held his laughter in. Wes realized that Kurt had no idea they had been watching him perform on YouTube videos, more specifically that *Blaine* had been watching his videos, and he couldn't contain the laughter that erupted out of him. Seeing the normally calm and collected Wes laughing maniacally was too much for David, Nick and Jeff as they all burst into gales of uncontrollable laughter.

"Whoops, Blaine. Sorry about that," Wes said, wiping his eyes once he regained his ability to speak. He saw Kurt looking around the table in annoyance and quickly tried to explain. "You see, Kurt, before you came to Dalton to spy on us, we tried spying on New Directions first. The McKinley AV group has a YouTube page and they had a bunch of videos posted of you guys performing."

"Really?" Kurt looked impressed. "I didn't know there were videos online. Which songs? Any good ones?"

David smirked at Blaine, who still hadn't raised his head but whose ears had turned a deep and vibrant red. "Oh yeah. I know we saw you guys perform just a couple of things. Toxic. Empire State of Mind. The big one was Born This Way. Blaine recognized you as the guy from the party on that one. I would venture to say he might just have it memorized,"

Kurt laughed delightedly. "Seriously? That is so awesome! I didn't even know there were performances online. I wonder if they have any of our other ones?"

Blaine raised his head enough for one eye to show. "You mean there's more?" he asked interestedly, his voice muffled.

Kurt laughed again. "I have no idea. It would be hysterical if there were." He looked towards the door as it opened and Finn and Puck walked in. They had promised to come after school to drive over to Dalton and help Kurt get moved in. "Finn! Puck! You guys are never gonna believe this! There are New Directions performance videos online!"

Finn grinned. "No way! What songs?"

Kurt answered, "Toxic, Empire State of Mind and Toxic to name a few. Oh my God, do you think maybe Push It is online?"

Everyone laughed at that, with Jeff questioning, "Push It?" with a huge grin.

Kurt was laughing so hard he was holding his sides. "Oh God, it was awful. New Directions had first started and we were trying to get more members to join. Rachel decided that we needed to give the student body a sexy performance and had us secretly change to Push It without telling Mr. Schue. God, it was hysterical, all of us hip thrusting and grinding on each other, and I totally slapped you on the ass, Finn, remember?"

Blaine, whose attention had been captured totally at *'hip thrusting and grinding,'* was sitting up now, looking back and forth between Kurt and Finn who were both laughing hysterically. *Kurt had slapped Finn on the butt?*

Puck, who was also laughing, burst out with "Hey, Princess, how much you want to bet there's video of when you had the football team doing the Single Ladies dance when you won the game by kicking that point after?"

Blaine felt his jaw drop just a bit. *Kurt had been a football player?*

Kurt was crying, he was laughing so hard. "It's gotta be! And if I know Coach Sylvester, she has all the Cheerios routines online somewhere too so you *know* that 4 Minutes is up somewhere!"

The Dalton boys looked confused. "Wait, what's a Cheerio?" asked Nick.

Kurt was wiping his eyes, trying to contain the laughter that kept wanting to bubble up. "Sorry, guys. Cheerios are the McKinley cheerleaders. I was on the squad for a brief time and my friend Mercedes and I sang 4 Minutes for one of our routines."

Blaine felt his eyes glaze over. *Kurt had been a cheerleader?*

Wes waved a hand in front of Blaine's unseeing eyes. "Jesus, I think you might have broken him, Kurt. Blaine! Snap out of it! You are about to drool all over yourself in front of your boyfriend's brother and friend!"

Finn looked at Blaine, a slight frown crossing his face. "You know, that reminds me. Blaine, dude, Puck and I want to talk to you about something. Just the three of us."

Well, that definitely had a sobering effect on Blaine, who had been trying to picture Kurt in both a football uniform and a cheerleading uniform and figuring out which he liked best. Nervously, he looked at Kurt who was frowning at Finn and Puck.

"Um, guys, what exactly is this all about? Anything you have to say to Blaine you can say right here in front of me and his friends." Kurt gave Finn and Puck the icy glare he was known for.

"No can do, Princess, Finn and I have a few things we need to say to the Blainester here. Don't worry, we aren't gonna touch him but if he cries you can't get mad at us," Puck answered as he pulled Blaine out of his chair and guided him towards the door.



Finn gave the boys at the table a reassuring smile. "We are just going to step outside for a minute and talk, dudes. Not like Burt and mom would let us rough him up or anything anyway." And with that, the tall boy followed Puck and Blaine out the door.

Jeff looked around the table. "They aren't gonna kill him, are they?" David and Nick were apprehensively eyeing the door where Blaine had been taken and Wes looked ready to dash outside and do whatever he had to do to save the neck of his lead soloist.

Kurt rubbed his forehead and sighed. "I imagine they are giving Blaine the protective brother to boyfriend spiel. The whole break-my-brother's-heart-I-break-your-freaking-face bit. Finn takes his brotherly role rather seriously, you see, and while on the one hand it can be rather annoying, it is also kind of sweet. Finn won't do anything to hurt Blaine because he knows I won't like it. Trust me, he does not like it when I get pissed off at him."

Wes was not totally reassured. "But what about the other guy?"

Kurt smiled. "Puck kind of adopted me after Dad and Carol got married. He and Finn are best friends so I guess I kind of inherited him that way. He's a total bad ass and used to be a real asshole. I don't know how many times he tossed me in a dumpster back in the day. But he has looked out for me. And honestly, the reason I was at Dalton that day in the first place is because Puck told me to come spy on you guys. I guess you might say I owe him thanks since that is how I met Blaine. Besides, he doesn't like angry Kurt any better than Finn does."

David nervously looked at Kurt and said, "I sure hope you're right."

---

Outside, Finn and Puck stood in front of a very nervous Blaine. Finn had a serious look on his face while Puck looked impassive, his arms crossed rather menacingly.

Finn cleared his throat. "Okay, dude, let's just make sure we understand each other, okay? Kurt and I have had our problems in the past, but he's my brother now. I look out for him. It sucks that I couldn't protect him at school and now he's leaving. I feel like I fucking *failed* him. But I promise you this, I **won't** fail him again. So if you hurt him, I will have no choice but to kick your ass. I would really hate to have to do it, because you seem like a pretty cool dude, but if you hurt my brother, your ass is mine."

Puck joined in, "Make that ours. Princess in there has been through a lot of hell he never deserved, some of it because of us. I regret it, you have no idea how much. But he and I are like bros now and I watch his back. And if that means wiping the floor with your ass because you hurt him, I won't fucking hesitate to do it, got it?" He glared threateningly at Blaine.

Blaine nodded his head. "I think it's really awesome that Kurt has you guys looking out for him," he said softly, "and believe me, hurting Kurt is the last thing I want to do. I like him *so much* and I have for so long, ever since I saw him. This isn't a game for me, guys. I'm not just looking for a plaything to use and throw away."

Finn and Puck looked at Blaine's serious face. They looked at each other briefly, then grinned at Blaine. "Good to know," Finn said, smiling.

Puck punched Blaine in the shoulder lightly, saying "I like you, dude. You make Kurt smile and I like seeing him happy. So, are you hitting it yet, or what?"

Both Finn and Blaine gaped at Puck in shock. Puck looked between them questioningly. "What?"

Finn sputtered, "Dude! Don't forget that's my brother you are talking about! I don't wanna even think about it! It was bad enough walking in on them sucking face! I'm lucky I wasn't traumatized!"

Blaine looked at Finn with a small frown. "Oh, come on, seriously? We were kissing, nothing traumatic about that. You were the one who barged on in like you owned the place. If it makes you feel any better, I wasn't any more excited about you seeing us than you were. And Puck, no offense, but what Kurt and I do or don't do isn't really any of your business, okay?"

"Whatever. I figure these things out, dude. And yeah, I definitely like you. Good to have you around, bro," Puck laughed and held a fist up for Blaine to hesitantly bump back.

Finn looked at the house and said, "We better get in before Kurt decides we've killed Blaine and comes out for revenge or something." The three boys walked back into the house, where Blaine was greeted with relief by his friends and a beautiful smile from his boyfriend.

Kurt smirked at his stepbrother and friend. "I appreciate you returning my boyfriend to me in one piece, guys. As a reward, I will bring out the last of the peanut butter chocolate chip cookies I was holding back."

Every face in the kitchen lit up at the mention of cookies. Kurt reached into a cabinet and pulled out a carefully sealed container. He pulled the lid off and placed it on the table, where it was eagerly greeted by the group of teenage boys.

David swallowed the bite he was chewing and said, "Kurt, your stepmom makes amazing cookies. Please tell me she will send you care packages."

Wes interrupted, "As his roommate, David, I think I will probably take precedence over you."

Blaine laughed at that and said, "I think as boyfriend I outrank *both* of you."

Jeff looked at Finn, who was laughing, and Kurt, who was looking innocent. "What's so funny, Finn?"

"Yeah, aren't you impressed your mom's cookies make them argue like this?" added Nick.

Finn grinned back at them all. "Oh, I think it's hilarious. But what I think is really funny is that you just assume Mom made them. I mean, she's an awesome cook, but *Kurt* made these cookies."

Wes, who was on his third cookie at this point, said, "Kurt, I know that I'm not gay, but how about you forget all about Blaine and marry me? I think we would make each other very happy." Kurt laughed at this while Blaine fixed a deadly glare on his friend. Wes smirked and pretended to duck behind a laughing David.

Burt and Carol walked into their kitchen to find the group of boys all laughing and having a marvelous time together. Burt caught Kurt's eye and motioned towards the door a bit sadly. "You about ready, kiddo?"

Kurt took a deep breath and nodded. "I guess I am. Guys, are we ready to get on the road to Dalton?"

There was a flurry of activity as the boys in the kitchen quickly divvied up the remaining cookies and cleaned up their mess. Everyone headed to the door to go to their vehicles, except for Kurt and Blaine. They were riding together to Dalton in Kurt's Navigator. Blaine turned questioning eyes to Kurt, as did Burt from the door.

"Everything okay, Kurt?" questioned Burt quietly.

Kurt nodded slowly. He looked at his family and his friends, his eyes suddenly bright. "Can I-would it be okay," he haltingly started, voice choking up a bit. He cleared his throat. "I just need a minute, okay? Blaine and I will follow along shortly, I promise."

Burt slowly nodded in understanding. "Okay Kurt. Don't take too long, okay? We will go on to Dalton and will meet you there." With that, they all walked out to their vehicles.

---

Kurt walked up the stairs to his room. He opened the door and looked around, taking it all in. It was still neat and tidy, the bed made and clothes hanging neatly in the closet. But it definitely did not scream Kurt as it had before. Kurt jumped slightly as he felt a warm hand slip into his own. He gave Blaine a weak smile that was almost tearful.

"I suppose you think I am being silly," he said, a little embarrassed. "It's just a room, after all."

Blaine squeezed Kurt's hand gently. "Of course I don't think you are silly, Kurt. I know it hurts. I know it isn't easy. I'm here for you, no matter what. I mean that."

Kurt turned to Blaine and used his fingertips to tilt Blaine's head back. He looked into the warm swirl of greens and browns that made up Blaine's eyes. "Thank you," he said softly before pressing his lips to Blaine's in a tender kiss. He leaned back and sighed. "We probably should go. Dad will be looking for us and I want to get as much unpacking done today that I can."

Hands intertwined, the two boys walked out of the house. Kurt locked the door behind them and took a deep breath before smiling at Blaine. Together, they walked to Kurt's car and got in. Blaine gave Kurt an encouraging smile and said, "Are you ready for this? Ready for the insanity of Dalton and all that goes with it?"

Kurt gave Blaine what he hoped was a cocky grin. "Bring it on." He started the car and they were on their way.

Kurt plugged in his iPod and sang along softly. Blaine looked nervously at his boyfriend and asked a question that had been on his mind ever since Wes opened his mouth earlier.

"Kurt? Are you mad or creeped out about the whole YouTube thing?"

Kurt glanced at Blaine in surprise. "What YouTube thing?"

Blaine fidgeted in his seat. "The whole thing about watching your videos on YouTube. I promise I wasn't trying to be a complete creeper or anything. I mean, yeah, I did watch them more than once, but I was just *so* excited about finding you that I couldn't help myself. You looked so good and I loved your singing and I just wanted so bad to have something, *anything* that would connect me to you. And-"

"Blaine. I think it's adorable. I think *you're* adorable." Kurt reached over to take Blaine's hand in his own. He lifted it to his mouth and kissed the back of it, drawing a smile from Blaine. They continued holding hands as they continued their trek to Dalton.

When they arrived in the Dalton parking lot, they could see that everyone had arrived and had nearly finished unpacking what was in Burt and Wes' vehicles. Kurt waved at Finn and Puck, who were jumping up and down to get his attention, and pulled into a parking place close. He and Blaine got out to greet the others.

Finn ran to Kurt excitedly and said, "Dude, this place is like a freakin' mansion! Just wait til you see your room, Kurt, Wes has a huge TV and an Xbox and everything!"

Kurt smiled indulgently at his stepbrother and said, "I can't wait." He unlocked the back of his Navigator so that it could be unloaded and motioned Wes over. "Will you show me the way to our dorm, roommate?" he said with a grin.

Wes grinned back at him. "It would be my pleasure, roommate. Right this way."

Kurt and Wes both grabbed a couple of boxes and started towards the dorm, followed by Blaine, Finn and Puck. The boys followed Wes to the large dorm room he and Kurt would be sharing. There were boxes piled neatly on what was Kurt's side of the room. Carol was there, having unpacked Kurt's pillows and the clean bed linens already and gotten the bed made up. Kurt smiled at her gratefully before looking around. He was pleased to see that Wes appeared to be a neat roommate, his side of the room tidy and orderly. Kurt had shared a room with Finn for a brief time, Finn not being the neatest or most hygienic person to room with, so he had been prepared should Wes prove to be similar. There was a decent sized closet on each side of the dorm and a bathroom they would share.

Carol gave Kurt an encouraging smile. "It's nice, isn't it? Why don't you let Burt and the boys finish bringing everything in, and you help me unpack things and get you organized?"

Kurt agreed, happy to have Carol helping him with what was looking to be a rather overwhelming task. They started opening boxes, getting clothes hung up or put away in the dresser, stacking towels in the vanity for Kurt's use, getting Kurt's part of the bathroom organized and getting Kurt's laptop set up. Once all the boxes were in, Blaine and Burt helped Kurt and Carol while Finn and Puck chatted animatedly on Wes' bed with Wes, David, Jeff and Nick about Halo and Call of Duty. Before long, Kurt was unpacked and orderly, and it was time for Kurt's family to leave.

Carol gave Kurt a long hug and kissed him on the forehead. "We are just a phone call away, sweetheart. If you need anything, just call. I love you, sweetie."

Kurt hugged her back hard, sniffing. "I know. I love you too, Carol."

Finn smiled and opened his arms, hugging Kurt tight. "Good luck, bro. If anyone gives you trouble or you just need me, I got your back. Family sticks together. Love you, dude."

Kurt squeezed his taller stepbrother tightly, swallowing back tears and saying "Thanks Finn. Love you too."

Puck shook Kurt's hand and pulled him forward in a fast bro hug. "You need us, you tell us, Princess. Friends look out for each other. Don't be a stranger, okay?"

Kurt nodded. "I won't."

Burt took Kurt in his arms and just held him. He felt Kurt's shoulders shake as the tears that had been close to the surface spilled over. Burt had tears in his own eyes as he stood there just holding his son for a moment. Finally, he leaned back and looked into Kurt's eyes. "I love you, son. And I believe in you. You're gonna be fine, Kurt. You got this."

Kurt nodded, tears on his cheeks. "Thanks, Dad. I love you too."

Burt gave his son another strong hug, nodded at the other boys in the room, and quietly followed his wife out of the room. As soon as the door shut, Kurt sank to his bed with his face in his hands. Lying down, he

grabbed a pillow and buried his face in it, beginning to sob. Blaine quickly sat down next to him, rubbing his back comfortingly. Wes, David, Nick and Jeff quickly got up and in tacit agreement left them alone.

Blaine moved to the other side of the bed where there was more room and laid down next to Kurt. He maneuvered himself so that he was cuddled to Kurt's back with his arms around him. He stroked his hand up and down Kurt's arm soothingly, humming lowly under his breath. He stayed like that while Kurt's tears slowly quieted. Blaine could feel Kurt's body relax and his breathing slow as he fell asleep. Blaine stayed as he was, arms wrapped around his boyfriend while he slept. He could smell the scent of Kurt's shampoo and feel the dampness still on his cheeks. Cuddling contentedly against Kurt's back and listening to his heartbeat, Blaine brushed a kiss to Kurt's neck. He let himself relax and soon fell asleep as well.

## Chapter Seventeen

Kurt and Blaine lay sleeping on Kurt's bed as the day drifted into twilight. Wes had awoken Blaine briefly at one point to tell him he was going to stay the night in Blaine and David's room to give Kurt privacy for his first night, and for Blaine to just plan to stay there. Blaine had sleepily agreed and snuggled closer to Kurt to go back to sleep.

As dark approached, the temperature in the room dropped slightly and the two boys gravitated even closer towards each other for warmth. Kurt nestled backward into Blaine, his bottom grinding into Blaine's crotch. Blaine shivered in his sleep as his body began to rise to awareness. He let out a low moan as the dream he was having became more erotic, responding to the pressure on his cock. He dreamed of being wrapped up in Kurt, their caresses becoming more hungry and fevered as their kisses grew hotter. Kurt moved again in his sleep and Blaine began to slowly come out of sleep, becoming more alert as he realized Kurt's movements were creating a delicious friction on his growing erection. A breathless gasp left him as Kurt moved just right, bringing his aching cock to full hardness.

Kurt continued to move against Blaine's crotch, unaware of the bodily turmoil he was causing. His body was responding, not only to Blaine's warmth, but the insistent pressing against his backside. Kurt writhed slightly, his lips parting and his breath quickening as his heart rate accelerated. He hummed in pleasure as he pressed back again and again into Blaine.

Blaine's eyes flew open, wakefulness sweeping over him in a hot wave as Kurt again pressed into him. Blaine was on fire, consumed with a craving for more. He slipped his arm slowly around Kurt's waist, grinding forward into Kurt with a low moan. He began placing kisses on the back of Kurt's neck, trying to control his breathing. Blaine slipped his hand to Kurt's hip and started slowly stroking down to his thigh and back up.

Kurt was lost in a haze of pleasure. He could feel the soft touches to his thigh, the warm kisses on his neck and arched to give better access, a moan leaving his throat. An answering moan made him slowly open his eyes. He was instantly aware that he was hard and incredibly turned on at the moment and that his boyfriend was in a similar state. Shifting slightly to lean back, he looked into Blaine's eyes in the low light of the room. Blaine's pupils were dilated, his cheeks flushed and his breathing heavy and erratic.

Blaine stared into the bright blue of Kurt's eyes that were drowsy and aroused at the same time. Leaning forward, he caught Kurt's lips in a passionate kiss, plunging his tongue into Kurt's mouth. The hand that



had been stroking Kurt's leg came up to capture Kurt's cheek as Blaine plundered his mouth. Kurt shifted more towards his back for better access, his leg sliding between Blaine's. His thigh pressed against Blaine's hard on and Blaine groaned, knowing he was lost.

Kurt reached up to pull Blaine towards him, ending up on his back with Blaine splayed across his chest. Blaine used his arms to hold himself up slightly, taking care to move his lower body back away from Kurt in order to try to maintain some control. Their mouths moved together wetly, each taking time to taste the other. Kurt tangled his hands into Blaine's hair and tugged on it, causing Blaine to groan into his mouth. Deciding he was a little in love with that kind of reaction, Kurt gave another light pull, eliciting a hitched gasp from Blaine. Their lips parted and the two boys just stared at each other for a moment. Kurt noticed Blaine's arms trembling and frowned slightly.

"Are you cold?" he asked softly.

Blaine shook his head. *Far from it, actually.* He was trembling both from the force of his emotions and from holding himself away from Kurt. Everything in him wanted to press himself forward against his gorgeous boyfriend. He smiled slightly at Kurt and said, "No. I'm not cold. You look amazing in this light, did you know?"

Kurt smiled, his eyes sparkling. "I could say the same for you. Now, where were we, exactly?"

Blaine whimpered a bit as he again pressed his lips to Kurt's. Kurt slid his hands over Blaine's chest and down to his hips. Unable to speak with Blaine's tongue in his mouth, he pulled at Blaine with a soft moan, trying to convey what he wanted.

Blaine leaned back and looked into Kurt's eyes again, taking in his tousled hair, flushed cheeks and reddened lips. He understood what Kurt was trying to do. Unsteadily, he asked, "Are you sure?"

Kurt licked his lips and nodded. He was absolutely sure. He needed this more than he needed to *breathe* at the moment.

Again capturing Kurt's mouth in a feverish kiss, Blaine threw one leg on the other side of Kurt, arranging himself so that he was straddling him. Kurt raised one leg slightly, pushing Blaine forward so that their hard cocks brushed against each other. Both boys froze for a second, eyes flying open as they stared at each other breathlessly, shock, fear and lust swirling in both pairs of eyes. Blaine bit his lower lip and

pressed down again, a little harder this time. Kurt's eyes rolled back as he tossed his head back into the pillow. Reaching for Blaine's hips, he pulled Blaine down as he thrust up, the hard friction causing both of them to moan. Blaine fell forward, lips moving over Kurt's neck as he began to move against him in a quick rhythm. He licked at the saltiness of Kurt's skin in between moans and gasps of pleasure. Kurt slid one hand around to Blaine's ass, alternately squeezing it and pressing it downward. His breath escaped in high whimpers as the combination of Blaine's mouth on his neck and Blaine's dick rubbing against his own pushed him closer towards the edge. Kurt felt his toes curling and warmth spiraling out from his belly, centering in his crotch as he came, hot and wet in his jeans.

Blaine could feel Kurt's hands on him, could feel the thrust of Kurt's hips moving up to meet his own downward movements. His breathing was hard and fast as he felt release coming on, electricity racing through his bloodstream. Colors swirled in his vision as he thrust downward once more, a strangled groan leaving him as his orgasm washed over him in waves. He collapsed on top of Kurt, both boys breathing heavily and trembling slightly.

After a few minutes, Blaine leaned back slightly, smiling into the beautiful eyes that captured him from the very beginning. He pressed soft kisses to Kurt's jaw line before covering Kurt's lips with his own in a sweet and tender kiss. He stroked Kurt's cheek and hummed appreciatively as he felt Kurt's hands stroking his back. He rubbed his nose against Kurt's in an Eskimo kiss and gave a small laugh. "I should probably move and let you up."

Kurt shook his head slightly, smiling back at Blaine. "No. I don't know if I ever want you to move."

Blaine placed his forehead against Kurt's and breathed deep, feeling more happy and satiated than he could ever remember being. He could definitely get used to being woken up that way. "I don't really want to move. But I think we should probably get cleaned up and change clothes."

Kurt was suddenly very aware of the stickiness in his crotch and grimaced slightly. "Okay, good point. Yuck." Unable to resist, though, he pulled Blaine towards him once more for a kiss. He captured Blaine's lower lip in his teeth and nibbled on it before sucking it into his mouth.

Blaine made a noise that was a little like a growl and pulled back. "Christ Jesus, Kurt, you are going to get me hard all over again."

Kurt fluttered his eyelashes at Blaine and smirked. "You talk like that's a bad thing."

Blaine shook his head. "Au contraire, it's fucking fantastic. But we need to change and we could probably stand to get something to eat. Aren't you hungry?"

Kurt opened his mouth to make a denial when his traitorous stomach gave a loud rumble. His cheeks flushed and then he laughed. "It would seem I have worked up an appetite." He sat up as Blaine moved off his lap and frowned slightly at the cooling mess in his shorts.

Blaine was feeling a similar sensation of discomfort. He stood up and stretched. As gross as he was at the moment, he felt great. He was pleased to see that Wes had left him sweats when he came by earlier and made a mental note to thank his friend for all his thoughtfulness. *Oh, heck yeah.*

Kurt suddenly remembered that he did in fact have a roommate now and gasped audibly. "Oh, my God, Blaine, what if Wes had come back while we were...while we were, you know-"

Blaine grabbed Kurt's hand and rubbed it reassuringly. "No, Kurt, it's okay. Wes came by earlier while we were asleep and let me know he wasn't planning to come back tonight. He knew this was a tough day for you. He planned on staying in my room with David tonight and if I know them, they are probably playing Call of Duty or something like that." He gave Kurt a shy smile. "I wasn't actually planning for things to happen like they did, but I know Wes locked the door behind him. I would have made sure we were not interrupted."

Kurt breathed a sigh of relief and smiled gratefully at his boyfriend. "So, how about we do this. You go ahead and shower first. I am positive I take longer so I will go second. We get dressed and figure out something for dinner. Sound like a plan?"

Blaine nodded. "Definitely. Wes left me sweats when he came by so I have something to change into. I'll go ahead and hit the shower."

Kurt reached for his cell phone on his nightstand. "Okay. While you are in there, I am going to text my friends and let them know I am here and alright." He watched in slight fascination as Blaine walked towards the bathroom, enjoying the sight of his boyfriend's nicely shaped ass as he walked. Kurt felt his cock give an interested twitch, which he quickly subdued. He quickly typed out a message to send to all his friends.

**First night at Dalton. Going well. -K**

His phone quickly buzzed several times as he got quick responses from everyone.

**Miss you, boo :( -Mercedes**

**Good luck, we miss you! -Tina**

**I want to wish you the best of luck, Kurt, and we are going to miss you. Even though you were the closest thing I had to true competition in Glee club, I am sorry you had to leave. Sectionals will not be the same without you. -Rachel**

**I'll miss you so much, Kurt. Lord Tubbington and I hope you are getting lots of sweet dolphin kisses. -Brittany**

**Are you in your boy's pants yet? -Santana**

**Glad to hear it. I bet you've had your tongue in Blaine's mouth since we left. -Puck**

**I'm glad. Do you want me to let Mom and Burt know, or are you texting them too? -Finn**

Kurt answered everyone quickly.

**Miss you too, boo :3 -K**

**Thanks, miss you too -K**

**Thanks, Rachel...I think -K**

**Thanks, Britt, I like dolphin kisses -K**

**That's for me to know and you to probably not find out. -K**

**Actually, I fell asleep for a while, so not exactly since you left... -K**

**I'll text them. Thanks though. -K**

And on that note, Kurt sent a text to his Dad and Carol.

**I miss you both. But I'm doing okay. Love you. –K**

**We are so glad. Love you. –Dad and Carol**

Kurt looked up and smiled as Blaine walked out of the bathroom, his hair still slightly damp from his shower. His feet were bare and he wore sweatpants with a Dalton tshirt. Kurt thought he looked amazingly hot. He jumped as his phone buzzed in his hand, indicating two messages.

**That's all the answer I need. Way to go, Porcelain. Wanky! –Santana**

**Fuck, yeah, Princess! Get you some! -Puck**

Kurt shook his head and laughed. He got up, ready to get out of his dirty clothes. As amazing as he had felt earlier, right now he felt disgusting. Kurt grabbed an outfit to change into after his shower. As he walked by, he put an arm around Blaine's waist and gave him a quick peck, then headed for the shower.

Blaine threw himself across the bed, grabbing Kurt's pillow and burying his face in it in order to breathe in Kurt's scent. He couldn't stop smiling. This had been the one of the best nights of his life. While he had been in the bathroom, he had looked at himself in the mirror, noticing that the reflection looking back at him was different somehow. His hair had been in disarray, his eyes shining with happiness. His cheeks were flushed and his lips looked swollen and pink. In other words, he looked rather like he had just been ravished by his boyfriend. Having Kurt at Dalton was going to be absolutely wonderfully perfect.

Blaine decided to text Wes, David, Nick and Jeff to let them know Kurt was doing better now. He knew that they had all been concerned about Kurt, especially after his emotional breakdown from earlier. They didn't need to know all the details, of course, just that he was fine.

**Kurt's going to be fine. We are about to go get some dinner. –B**

**Good to know. –D**

**Glad to hear it! –J**

**I'm so glad. –N**

**You so owe me, you dog. –W**

Blaine shook his head slightly. Maybe Wes actually knew something, but he wasn't about to give anything away. He was sure his friends would figure it out eventually, but for now, he hugged the magical details of this night to him, a precious secret for him to have and enjoy. And play over and over in his mind. At least until the next memory was made. Because Blaine knew he planned on making a lot of memories with Kurt. This was only the beginning.

Kurt quickly got dressed and towel dried his hair once more. He quickly styled it and did an abbreviated version of his moisturizing. He was pleased with what he saw in the mirror. His reflection looked happy, eyes sparkling and cheeks rosy. His stomach made another discontented rumble and he chuckled. He was hungry. Then his mind flashed over how hungry he had been earlier and his smile grew bigger. Best nap ever.

Kurt walked out of the bathroom and looked at Blaine lying across his bed. He could definitely get used to that sight. "So, where to?"

Blaine looked at Kurt and his eyes widened. Even in lounge pants and tshirt, Kurt looked awesome. His hair was styled in a loose and tousled style that Blaine really liked. "Damn, Kurt, you look all done up and I look like a schlub. I had thought we would just hit the cafeteria for something quick and bring it back here. Maybe watch a movie together."

Kurt smiled brightly. "That sounds like an awesome idea! I didn't know they would let us do that. And you do not look like a schlub, you look hot. I love your hair all loose and curled like that."

Blaine blushed a bit. "I didn't have anything to style it with. I try to tame it with the gel because it's so unmanageable."

Kurt crossed the room and ran his fingers through Blaine's hair. Blaine closed his eyes and made a sound much like a purr. Kurt's mouth quirked up in a smile as he continued to play with Blaine's curls. "I bet we can figure something out to make your curls tame and not look quite so- well, shellacked. It'll be awesome."

Blaine sighed blissfully. "So long as you keep running your fingers through it like that, I will probably agree to whatever you want."

Kurt giggled and said, "Noted. I will keep that in mind for future reference."

Blaine laughed at that and said, "Now I've done it. Okay, let's go get some food and get back so we can figure out what to watch."

Hand in hand, the two boys left the dorm room.

## Chapter Eighteen

Kurt lay on his side with his head cushioned by two of his pillows. Blaine was stretched across the bed, using Kurt's tummy as his pillow. They had opted to watch their movie on Kurt's laptop rather than on Wes' DVD player, the better to cuddle with each other to. Kurt idly toyed with Blaine's hair while watching Kiki's Delivery Service. He loved this movie, but tonight found himself a bit distracted. His mind had been racing with multiple thoughts, most of which involved his hot and sexy boyfriend.

Kurt was definitely happy with how things had happened earlier. There had been times where he had wondered if there wasn't something wrong with him, that he was not sex obsessed like other guys he knew. Lord knows, New Directions was practically a swinger club, the way they swapped out between themselves. But even during his admittedly very few fantasies, Kurt had never considered himself to be your typical teenage boy that thought about sex all the time.

At least, not until he met Blaine.

And tonight had been incredible. Kurt's heart still pounded and his tummy fluttered when he remembered how exquisite the feeling of Blaine's crotch grinding against his was. He was not exactly a chronic masturbator, but as far as mind blowing orgasms went, tonight's adventure definitely had the advantage. As far as first time sexual experiences went, he was absolutely sure he would not trade it for anything in the world. Kurt felt a silly grin cross his face thinking about it. Let's face it, if anyone had told him just a short time ago that he would be cuddled up on a bed with his super hot boyfriend after having what was basically clothed sex, he would have thought they were either crazy or making fun of him.

And therein was the kicker. It *was* a rather short time ago. Just a few weeks ago, instead of kissing Blaine readily and willingly, he had been set upon by Karofsky in what remained one of the most humiliating and frightening things to happen to him in his life. Had he truly been able to put that past him? What if he was moving too fast? Was he moving this fast to repress what happened to him at McKinley? And what about Blaine? Although he was eager to respond to Kurt, what if Kurt was pushing too much too soon and for the wrong reasons? He would never forgive himself if he ruined one of the best things to ever happen to him by making the wrong decisions.

"You're frowning. Is there something wrong?" Blaine's question and his warm hand rubbing across Kurt's forehead made him jump. Kurt realized that the movie had ended and that Blaine was watching him with a concerned look on his face.



Kurt sighed and took Blaine's hand in his own. "I was just thinking."

Blaine sat up and looked at Kurt questioningly. "I could tell. What are you thinking about that has you this concerned?"

Kurt took a deep breath and blew it out. How did he approach this without hurting Blaine's feelings or blowing it completely? Because the last thing he wanted to do was make Blaine think he regretted what happen, because he *didn't*. And he didn't want Blaine to think he didn't want it to happen again, because he *did*. He just had to make sure that it was what Blaine wanted too. Kurt didn't want a relationship like he saw all the time when he was at McKinley, relationships that were torn apart by petty jealousies and insecurities or lack of respect for each other. He wanted to have trust and good communication, mutual respect and most of all, Kurt wanted love. He knew that he didn't love Blaine yet, but the fact that it could become very real could not be denied. That line of thought both amazed and terrified him. Kurt had gotten so used to being alone and holding things back. That Blaine made him let go and feel, *just feel*, was exhilarating.

Kurt rubbed the hand he held softly. "Blaine. Tonight has been one of the best nights of my life. I want you to know that."

Blaine watched Kurt apprehensively. He wasn't sure where Kurt was trying to go with this. Kurt seemed so serious. He felt his stomach drop as nerves tried to kick in. Was Kurt going to break up with him? Oh, God, what if he did?

Kurt continued. "What we did earlier, together, was amazing. It felt so good."

Blaine's inner thoughts were nearing panic mode. Had he done something wrong? Had he disappointed Kurt somehow? Did he go too fast? Were his kisses too sloppy and needy? He grabbed one of Kurt's pillows with his free hand and hugged it to him, wondering what the likelihood of Kurt letting him have it as a memento of their brief time together might be. The best time of his life. He struggled to bring air into his lungs as his chest felt weighted. When he finally breathed in, the scent of Kurt that permeated the pillow filled his lungs. He almost burst into tears right then. He frantically wondered what he would have to do to convince Kurt not to end things with him.

Kurt was looking down at their hands, unaware of the turmoil of emotions swirling around Blaine as he tried to gather his thoughts. "Blaine, was it too much? Are we moving too fast? Am I pushing you?"

Blaine wrenched himself from his desperate inner musings to focus clearly on Kurt. "What?"

Kurt finally looked into Blaine's eyes, wondering why they looked to be sparkling with unshed tears. He bit his lower lip nervously and then said, "I want us to be on the same page. I want to know that we want the same things. I want to know that if we don't want the same things that we will talk about it and work it out. Because you are important to me and I want to be sure I get this right and don't screw up."

Blaine blinked rapidly, unable to stop tears from running down his cheeks. "So does that mean you aren't about to break up with me?"

Kurt looked horrified as he quickly reached out to gently wipe the tears off Blaine's cheeks. "Break up with you? Is that what you think this is about?" He groaned and quickly got off the bed, beginning to pace the floor. "Just fantastic, Kurt, way to screw everything up. Here you are trying to make sure you aren't moving too fast and making a mess of things, and instead you make him think you want things to end," he ranted at himself.

Blaine watched Kurt walk quickly back and forth as he berated himself. He felt his heart start beating again as he comprehended that Kurt did not intend to break up with him. Reaching out a hand, he stopped Kurt's frenetic pacing. He pulled Kurt back to the bed to sit down next to him. Taking a deep breath, he turned Kurt's face so that he could look into the vivid colors of Kurt's eyes. "Please talk to me. Tell me what you want to say. I will understand, I promise."

Kurt looked a bit miserable as he tried to regroup his thoughts. "I want to make sure that we both want the same things. I want to know that tonight didn't happen because I pulled you on top of me, or rather told you that's what I wanted. I want to know that you wanted what I wanted and that's why things happened, not just that you did what I wanted just to please me." He ran his fingers through his hair in frustration. "I am fubar-ing this completely, aren't I? Didn't take me long to make a mess of things."

Blaine laid his head on Kurt's shoulder. "No, I think I understand. Tonight was, well, it was *intense*. And neither one of us actually planned it, it just happened. And when you think about it, we still don't know each other very well, at least not so well as to be on an intimate level already. I think I get what you are saying. But Kurt, I want you to know that nothing happened tonight that I haven't dreamed of about you a hundred times. Nothing happened that I was not a complete and willing participant." He nuzzled Kurt's neck and continued, "Feeling you against me was incredible. The way you moved in your sleep. I was a goner before I was even awake. I think deep down I was terrified you would wake up and kick me off your

bed for perving on you in your sleep. I was just hoping you would wake up and kiss me. What happened was even better than I dreamed of."

Kurt pressed a kiss into Blaine's curls. "Waking up to you holding me was astounding. It was one of the best things I have ever experienced. If I could bottle that feeling up and keep it I totally would." He felt Blaine smile against his shoulder. "I'm really sorry, Blaine. I didn't mean to make you upset and I didn't mean to make you think I wanted to break up with you. And I don't want you to think that I regret what happened because I promise that's not true." Kurt sighed. "I have seen so much drama in New Directions and I don't want that. I don't want what happened with Karofsky to affect what I have with you. I just want everything to keep being perfect."

Blaine felt his heart expand with feeling. "I want everything to be perfect too, Kurt. And if there is ever a time either of us is uncomfortable or unsure with anything, I want us to talk about it. Whether it is something from our past or something in our present. I want to not only be your boyfriend but also be your best friend. I want us to trust each other and laugh together when we're happy and cry together when we are sad and all the emotions in between." He sat up so he was looking at Kurt again. "Too much?" he asked hesitantly.

Kurt shook his head. "No. Just right." He placed his forehead against Blaine's and caressed his cheek softly. "Okay, now that we have the drama and teen angst out of the way, can we watch another movie?"

---

The next morning, Wes stood outside his room, the room he now shared with Kurt. He had decided the night before to just let Blaine stay the night. Kurt needed comforting, and Blaine was obviously the better choice for that. Wes just wondered what comforting Kurt entailed. He really needed to get into his room to get the charger for his phone, yet he was nervously standing outside, wondering what exactly he might find inside.

Wes doubted that Blaine was having sex with Kurt yet. But that didn't mean they might not be doing...other things. And although Blaine was one of his best friends, and frankly, he had rather high hopes for Kurt as well, there were things Wes just wasn't ready to be witness to. He decided that at some point in the near future he and Kurt needed to figure out some sort of system for their room. Wes had no problem clearing out so Blaine and Kurt could be alone. Hell, he would want them to do the same for him. But there were definitely some ground rules to be set.

In any case, all this thinking was great but still didn't solve the problem at hand, which was his slowly dying cell phone. Taking a deep breath, he knocked gently at the door before slowly cracking it open. To his relief, although Blaine and Kurt were in the same bed, they were obviously dressed, the blankets kicked to the bottom of the bed. And the room did not look like any crazy sexcapades had gone down. Not that Wes minded, not at all, but he just didn't want to have it proven to him.

Quietly, Wes slipped into the room and shut the door. Kurt was sleeping on his side, snuggled into his pillow. Blaine was spooning him from behind, one arm around Kurt's waist. Wes had the odd thought that he was glad that Kurt didn't snore. His last roommate had and it was a real pain in the ass. Tiptoeing across the room, he found his charger and grabbed it. He went to leave the room and was congratulating himself on his stealth when suddenly he caught one foot in the bottom of the bedspread as he passed Kurt's bed. Losing his balance, he fell with a curse and a thud.

Both Kurt and Blaine jolted awake at the unexpected ruckus. Blaine jerked upright while Kurt groaned something that sounded like "Damn it, Finn." Two sets of sleepy eyes scanned the room looking for the cause of their interrupted sleep. Blaine was the first to see Wes kneeling on the floor, rubbing his backside ruefully.

"Wes? Why are you on the floor?" Blaine asked with a yawn.

Wes rolled his eyes. "Well, it seemed like such a good idea at the time," he said sarcastically.

That caused Blaine to frown a bit. "Hey, no need to get all nasty with me, I'm not the one who woke everyone slamming myself into the floor."

Kurt sat up and stretched. He smiled sleepily at his roommate and said, "Hi, Wes. I hope this isn't the way you intend to make sure I am awake every morning."

Wes managed to grin at Kurt, standing gingerly. "Well, it actually wasn't my intention to wake you guys at all. I forgot my phone charger and came to get it. I wasn't paying total attention to where I was going and got tangled up in the comforter. The rest is history."

Kurt realized that the comforter was askew at the bottom of the bed and pulled where Wes had been. He gave Wes an apologetic glance before pulling the comforter up over his and Blaine's laps. "I'm sorry Wes, I hope you aren't hurt."

Wes laughed and said, "No problem, Kurt, I just hope it won't always be a risk of life and limb coming in here."

Kurt blushed at that. "No, no, I assure you I am a neat individual and don't normally have traps set for unsuspecting people. If I did, Finn would have been in trouble long ago." He smiled as both Blaine and Wes laughed at that, then turned curious eyes to Wes. "Ummmm, not that I'm *not* glad to see you or anything, but how did you get in? I thought the door was locked?"

Wes snickered. "I have my ways, Kurt, I have my ways." Seeing Blaine frowning at him and Kurt looking a bit confused, Wes hurried to clarify. "But no, the dorm rooms have keys. I'll get you yours later today. You'll find it pays to have the dorm student prefect as your roommate. Gets you special things like getting to spend the night with your boyfriend." Wes gave the two boys sitting on the bed a wink, watching with amusement as Kurt turned even redder and looked questioningly at Blaine.

Blaine cleared his throat. "Right. Well, thanks a lot, Wes, it sure was good to see you, hope you don't hurt yourself on the way out of here."

Kurt looked at Wes again. "Wait, what exactly do you mean, student prefect?"

Wes twirled his charger around his hand, smiling at Kurt. "I am basically a glorified hall-monitor-slash-babysitter. One of the things I do is help enforce curfew and do random dorm checks. As my best friend and soon to be best friend, you guys know I will keep you on the down low so long as we keep each other in the know. We can discuss our rules for each other and exchange numbers and all that later, Kurt, but right now I am supposed to be going back to Blaine's room to charge my phone so David and I can hit the mall."

Kurt mused out loud. "Prefect. Wes is the prefect. Good to know." He shot Blaine a scolding look for not already explaining that part. "So, I think I might owe you at least some cookies for letting Blaine stay with me last night."

Wes looked delighted. "Kurt, that would freakin' rock. But seriously, though, you don't owe me for last night. We all have had our first night here away from family. I knew that Blaine would be the best one to be there for you last night."

Kurt nodded. "Yes, last night was just what I needed." Under the comforter where Wes couldn't see, Kurt put his hand on Blaine's thigh and gave it a meaningful squeeze.

Blaine jumped slightly, his eyes closing for a brief moment. Kurt's mischievous touch was encouraging things that he wasn't ready to have appear with Wes standing there.

Fortunately, Wes didn't seem to notice. He was nodding at Kurt. "I figured so. Anyway, guys, I gotta get going. I'm sorry I woke you falling. It's still kind of early, maybe you should go back to sleep for a while.

Kurt was yawning and made some sort of noise that sounded like agreement. "Later, Wes," he said, snuggling back down under the blanket.

Wes flashed them both a smile from the door. "Bye Blaine, bye Kurt, see you guys later." He made a production of making sure the door was locked, getting an amused smirk from Kurt and an eye roll from Blaine. He then shut the door behind him.

Blaine looked down at Kurt lying on his pillow with his eyes closed and a smile on his face. He rubbed his shoulder tenderly, causing Kurt to open his eyes to look at him. Blaine smiled down at him. "You still tired? Did you want to sleep more?"

Kurt yawned again and nodded. "Yeah, if that's okay. Maybe it was the emotional upheaval of yesterday, but I still feel pretty tired." He gave Blaine a hopeful smile. "I will understand if you have things to do or just want to get up, but maybe you want to try to sleep some more, too? Let me be the big spoon this time?"

Well, Blaine knew he couldn't refuse that if he tried. He arranged himself against Kurt, sighing contentedly when Kurt wrapped an arm around his waist and snuggled close.

"Do I get to wake you up later the same way you woke me up last night?" Blaine teased his boyfriend. He jumped when Kurt smacked him on the ass, both boys starting to giggle.

"Quiet, you, I'm trying to sleep," Kurt teased back. Rearranging the covers, they snuggled against each other. Blaine took Kurt's hand in his and soon the room was filled with the quiet sounds of sleep.

## Chapter Nineteen

It was Sunday.

The next day was Monday. Monday being the first day of the week. The beginning of a new school week.

The day Kurt Hummel would be starting his student career at Dalton Academy.

Kurt tried not to think about it too much. When he did, nerves started to get the best of him and he felt like he would go into a full blown panic attack. He wasn't sure, exactly, why he was as nervous as he was. After all, there had been no trouble transferring his records and credits to Dalton from McKinley. There was no Karofsky lurking in the shadows waiting to attack him. There wasn't even a slushie machine on school premises.

But Kurt still felt nervous as he checked his new uniform for imaginary lint and creases yet again. He was alone in his dorm room. Blaine was at a Warblers meeting along with Wes, David, Nick and Jeff. All of the boys had been encouraging Kurt to audition for the Warblers. Kurt was amused and flattered all at the same time. As Wes had pointed out the day they helped Kurt move, they didn't really know much about his singing. Of the videos they had seen, only Born This Way had him singing where he wasn't just a part of the background group. And that had been sung in his lower register at that. Kurt sighed to himself. He really did want to audition. Singing was so much a part of him at this point in his life.

Yet, he felt mixed emotions about it all. If he joined the Warblers, he would be a part of something he had never experienced. The Warblers had so much support and pride from the student body. That much was obvious. But if he joined the Warblers, he would be competing against New Directions at sectionals. That gave Kurt a slightly hollow feeling. His friends in New Directions were by no means perfect, but he had been a part of them and loved them, and been loved in return. He knew how important it was to New Directions to win, their very existence in the school depended on it. Figgins had made that much clear. But Kurt knew that the Warblers would provide very stiff competition. It was all rather maddening. But when Kurt thought about it, the idea of not singing with the Warblers didn't make any sense. He was a Dalton Academy student now, and he needed to try to fit in and be a part of it.

Kurt decided that all this heavy thinking called for some music. Singing did, after all, make him feel better most of the time. He grabbed his iPod and plugged it into the speakers he had brought from home. Hitting the shuffle button and figuring he could sing come what may, he was a bit delighted to have What's Left of

Me by Nick Lachey come on. It was a few years old, but Kurt rather liked it. The lyrics were good and it displayed some vocal range. Kurt sang along with the iPod as it played.

---

Wes and Blaine walked together towards the room Wes shared with Kurt. Today's meeting had been rather frustrating with lots of bickering between members. No one could agree on anything when it came to trying to select a song for competition. David had sarcastically suggested playing on kazoos instead and Wes had finally given up on accomplishing anything. Banging his gavel with more force than necessary, he had dismissed the meeting. David had stayed behind to try to make sense of the meeting minutes, so Blaine and Wes went on ahead. The two boys chatted as they walked, discussing the fruitless meeting.

Wes looked at Blaine from the corner of his eye. "So, B, do you think Kurt is going to audition?"

Blaine looked thoughtful. "He hasn't really said much about it, to be honest. I think it bothers him some that he would be going against his old glee club."

Wes snorted. "Sure, the same ones who knew he was getting bullied and did nothing. The boy was changing clothes from having shit thrown on him on almost a daily basis, for fuck's sake, and none of them even tried to help him. I would want to join the competition, beat their asses and gloat about it in front of their faces. But then, maybe that's just me."

Blaine laughed at that, although privately he rather agreed with what Wes was saying. He started to make a comment when Wes suddenly stopped and grabbed Blaine by the shoulder.

"Shhh, listen! What is that?" Wes said in a whisper.

The two boys listened as music could be heard from the end of the hall along with stunning vocals. Quietly, they approached the door to Wes and Kurt's room. Inside, they could hear a song playing, and *holy shit, was that...?*

Kurt was *singing*.

***I've been dying inside, little by little***

***Nowhere to go but going out of my mind***



*In endless circles*

*Running from myself until you gave me a reason for standing still*

*And I want you, and I feel you*

*Crawling underneath my skin*

*Like a hunger, like a burning*

*To find a place I've never been*

*Now I'm broken, and I'm faded*

*I'm half the man I thought I would be*

*But you can have what's left of me*

*Falling faster, barely breathing*

*Give me something to believe in*

*Tell me it's not all in my head*

*Take what's left of this man*

*Make me whole once again*

Wes and Blaine stood outside the door, transfixed. Kurt's voice was amazing. When he hit the higher notes at the end of the song, Blaine would swear Wes drooled. He was drooling himself, honestly, just listening to the words Kurt was singing. It was a perfect song for them. Sung in Kurt's perfect voice. Wow.

Wes ruined the moment by throwing the door and yelling, "KURT!"

Kurt yelped and dropped the uniform jacket he was trying to put on a hanger. He whipped around to face the door, hand on his heaving chest. "What! What's wrong?" he asked, anxiety crossing his face as he quickly turned the music off.

Wes entered the room at a run, stopping in front of a shocked Kurt and grabbing him by the shoulders. "Kurt! You... That was... Oh, my freaking God, Kurt, you *have* to audition for Warblers. You just have to! Your voice! Your range! You! Please, *please* tell me you will audition. You have no chance of NOT making it, you are a shoo in. Do you know how long it's been since we had a countertenor like you in the Warblers? I mean, David would probably have to look it up or something, but it isn't recent. Kurt! We *NEED* you! With you there's no way we don't kill this competition!"

When Wes stopped his babbling to take a breath, Blaine gently pried his hands off Kurt's shoulders. "Down, boy, I think you are scaring him. You chase him back to McKinley, you lose your chance."

Kurt smiled gratefully at his boyfriend as Wes stepped back a step to compose himself.

"Sorry, I guess I got carried away. But Kurt, if you only understood what it would do for the Warblers to have you. Seriously. With your range and your tone, God, the possibilities are just so many." Wes put his hands on his head and blew out a breath. Then he gave Kurt a sly smile. "And just think, more time to spend with Blaine. Warblers is pretty demanding, if you were in with us, all that time would be spent together in at least some sort of capacity, rather than you alone in our dorm or the library or something. Just saying!" he said, holding his hands up in mock surrender as both Kurt and Blaine were eyeing him with matching expressions, eyebrows raised.

Kurt smirked at Wes. "So you want me to sing with you enough that you would try to convince me it's to my benefit because I will be in the room with Blaine?"

Wes protested, "I'm saying it's a win for everyone in this room. You two get more time to make googoo eyes at each other, I get your voice. I am not seeing any negatives here."

Kurt heaved a dramatic sigh and said, "I may as well audition, Wes, somehow I don't think you will give me a moment's peace otherwise. I don't want you following me around the school begging or anything. God forbid you end up following me into the shower or something."

"Yeah, he'd better not," Blaine said, only half joking.

Wes was too excited that Kurt had agreed to audition to bother snarking back at Blaine. "Kurt, you won't regret this. The Warblers are going to be unstoppable. *Un-fucking-stoppable*, I tell you! I have to go tell David and Thad!" And with that, Wes ran out the door, slamming it behind him.

Kurt sat down on his bed and shook his head. "Somehow I feel like I just survived a hurricane."

Blaine sat next to him, laughing as he threaded his fingers through Kurt's. "You get used to it, I promise. Wes can be all business in one second, in need of ADHD meds the next. It varies between vastly entertaining, annoying as hell, and downright frightening."

Kurt laughed as he put his other hand on the back on Blaine's neck to pull him close. He rubbed his nose against Blaine's before capturing Blaine's smiling lips in a kiss. Leaning back slightly, he nibbled on Blaine's lower lip before swiping his tongue across it, then pressing forward, tasting the sweetness of Blaine's mouth.

Blaine made a noise of protest when Kurt leaned back and stood up. Kurt could be such a tease with his kisses, giving him just enough to leave him wanting so much more. He watched Kurt walk across the room, his fascinated gaze taking in the sway of Kurt's hips and the alluring curve of his ass. He swallowed heavily as Kurt bent over to pick up the blazer he had dropped when Wes barged in, the movement making his tight jeans pull even more snugly over his bottom. Although he felt sure Kurt would still be hot in the Dalton uniform, Blaine was mourning the fact that he would not be seeing Kurt in jeans on a daily basis anymore. Kurt hung the blazer neatly on a hanger and put it in the closet, then reached up to pull a shoebox down from the shelf above. The movement caused his shirt to crawl up, flashing Blaine a tantalizing glimpse of pale skin. Blaine closed his eyes and stifled a groan. He had known from the start that having Kurt at Dalton was going to be a combination of the most amazing and the most torturous time ever.

Struggling to distract himself somewhat, Blaine smiled at Kurt and said, "I really did enjoy your singing. That song was pretty meaningful."

Kurt smiled in appreciation. "Thanks. I like it. I have such a wide variety of music on my iPod, you just never know what will pop up."

Blaine thought he knew exactly what was going to pop up if Kurt kept looking so sexy and saying things that could be turned suggestive in his dirty mind. Trying to keep a level head, he decided to change the subject again. "Are you nervous about starting classes tomorrow?"

Kurt nodded. "Yeah. I am. It's going to be hard to be the new kid that no one knows."

Blaine smiled at him encouragingly. "Well, you have Wes and David. And Nick and Jeff too. And then there's a rumor you have yourself a boyfriend that goes here, too."

Kurt grinned. "That's true, I do have a boyfriend that goes here. And I just so happen to know from my roommate, who is advantageously connected, you see, that I have a couple of classes with my boyfriend."

Blaine's eyes brightened with excitement. "Wes got you your schedule? Let's see it! I want to know which classes just became my favorites."

Kurt got the computer printout off his desk and went to sit down next to Blaine again. Blaine took the paper and scanned it quickly. "It looks like we have biology, lit and history together. Plus we have the same lunch and free period. Awesome!"

Kurt felt relieved. Having Blaine in class would make it much easier. He wondered if he would know anyone in French or math class. Thinking again about the Warblers, Kurt decided then that he would definitely audition. Not only would it give him the chance to do what he loved and be with his boyfriend even more, it would be a way to try to fit into this new school.

Giving Blaine a nervous smile, Kurt said, "Blaine, I'm gonna do it. I am going to audition for the Warblers."

---

Blaine hurried across campus from his calculus class. Today had gone smoothly so far. He and Kurt had walked to their classes together, walking close but not holding hands. Blaine sighed a bit, trying not to feel disappointed. He knew that Kurt was not quite comfortable enough yet to hold his hand in the hallway. Considering how things were at McKinley, he could hardly blame Kurt for being anxious. Hell, when he first got to Dalton he barely could look anyone in the face, much less make physical contact. Mentally chiding himself to be patient and understanding, Blaine walked into the commons.

And came to a dead stop.

Kurt was there already, sitting at a table with his books out for doing homework. But he wasn't alone. Sitting on the edge of the table chatting animatedly with Kurt was Jake Turner. Jake was a fantastically good looking senior and captain of Dalton's soccer team.

He was also one of Dalton's openly gay students.

And he was looking *far* too happy to be talking to Kurt.

Blaine slowly breathed in as an unfamiliar sensation washed over him. He finally recognized it as jealousy, rising up hot and gnawing at his stomach with sharp fangs. He strode forward to the table where Kurt was sitting and tossed his bag into an empty chair, a little harder than was necessary. Kurt jumped in surprise, then smiled in welcome.

"There you are! I was wondering what was keeping you." Kurt moved some of his papers to make room on the table.

Blaine tried to smile as he struggled to not jerk Kurt up into a passionate kiss that would leave no doubt in anyone's mind who he belonged to. He saw Jake giving him an appraising look.

"Anderson," Jake said by way of greeting, nodding slightly.

"Turner," Blaine said in a similar tone of voice, sitting down and crossing his arms, managing not to glare at Jake.

Jake gave an easy smile and said, "I was just talking to Kurt, here. Seems we have free period and French together."

Blaine raised an eyebrow. "Do you, now?"

Jake nodded. He turned back to Kurt with a smile. "You'll like Monsieur Benoit, he's really good. We don't just conjugate or watch movies with subtitles, it's actually a really awesome class."

"It sounds fantastic, so much better than my old school. I can't wait," Kurt said, his eyes sparkling as he smiled.

Blaine gritted his teeth. He didn't want Kurt looking at anyone else but him like that. Especially not *Jake fucking Turner* and all his good looking French speaking self. He grabbed his bag and turned to Kurt. "Can we go?"

Kurt looked at him in surprise but nodded. "Sure. Just let me get my things together." He repacked his bag and turned to Jake. "So I guess I will see you in French class."

Jake grinned back at Kurt and said, "Cool! I'll see you there! Je serai alors attendre." He gave Kurt a wink as he waved goodbye.

Blaine thought his head was going to explode. All he wanted to do at that second was slam his fist into Jake's smug face. He stalked away, not realizing how quickly he was walking until Kurt jogged up to him and put a hand on his arm.

"Blaine! Blaine, what's wrong? What was all that about?" Kurt didn't know what to think. He had never seen Blaine be like this before. He was always friendly and got along with everyone.

Blaine raised his hand to run his fingers through his hair, then grimaced as the gel caught and pulled. "He was flirting with you."

Kurt's eyes widened. "What?"

Blaine's hands tightened into fists as he replayed the whole scenario in his head. "He was flirting with you. Jake's gay. And single. And he was totally coming on to you."

Kurt looked at Blaine a little dumbfounded for a second. Then he raised one eyebrow. "No, he wasn't. He was being friendly. I thought it was really nice for him to introduce himself to me."

Blaine frowned. "Of course. Scoping out the new guy. Seeing if he has a chance."

Kurt looked a little hurt. "Blaine, don't you remember what it's like to be the new kid? To not know anyone? I want to make friends here."

Blaine huffed and said sarcastically, "How, by flirting back with guys who flirt with you?"

As soon as he said it, Blaine wanted to kick himself. Kurt's hand dropped from Blaine's arm to fall limply to his side. He paled then flushed as anger flashed in his eyes. "You think I was flirting with him, Blaine? Do you think that's how I am?"

Blaine swallowed thickly, "Kurt, no, I just-"

Kurt stepped back, shouldering his bag. He opened his mouth to say something, then simply turned on his heel and walked out the door into the court yard.

Panicked, Blaine ran after him. "Kurt! Kurt, please wait. *Please.*"

Blaine caught up to Kurt and grabbed his hand to stop him. He pulled slightly, saying "Please, Kurt, don't walk away from me. I'm sorry."

Kurt pulled his hand away and crossed his arms. Well, at least he wasn't walking away anymore. "Blaine, why are you so angry when I am only being friendly?" He cocked his head to one side and looked at Blaine, realization coming over his face. "Oh, *shit*. You were jealous."

Blaine fidgeted miserably, looking down. "Well, I-"

Kurt continued, his voice full of surprise. "No, you were jealous! Oh, my God. You totally were." Taking Blaine's face in his hands, Kurt leaned towards him. "Blaine, don't you know no one else even has a chance? *You're* my boyfriend."

Blaine blushed, feeling a bit embarrassed for reacting the way he did and like a total ass for taking it out on Kurt. "Kurt, I am so sorry. Are you still mad at me?"

Kurt shook his head. "No, no, I'm not mad."

Blaine looked at him closely. "Are you sure? You look mad still."

Kurt sighed, walking towards the steps. "Blaine. I'm not."

Blaine said, "Yes, you are. Here." He pulled Kurt into an empty classroom and shut the door. Taking Kurt's face in his hands, he pulled him down to press their lips together, licking at Kurt's lips gently until they

opened to let him slip his tongue inside. Blaine coaxed Kurt's tongue into his mouth and gently sucked on it. Finally, they parted, breathing a little unsteadily, mouths still close together.

"Still mad," Kurt mumbled against Blaine's lips. "You're gonna have to try harder."



## Chapter Twenty

Kurt rubbed his forehead tiredly. He had been working on homework since he got to his dorm room and was finally finished. One thing was for sure, the work load at Dalton was definitely more stringent than that of McKinley. It would take a bit of getting used to. Kurt had been able to coast classes at McKinley and maintain a straight A average. If he wanted to do the same at Dalton, he was going to have to work a little harder. Kurt didn't mind, though, he felt that he was going to prefer the more challenging curriculum to drowning in boredom while surrounded by students who really didn't care.

Kurt stood up and stretched, feeling bones in his back pop in protest. Checking the time, he knew that he could expect Blaine and Wes before too long as Warblers practice would be ending. Kurt had given Wes a definite affirmative to auditioning for Warblers and Wes had agreed to give him a few days to decide on a song to perform, although he assured Kurt that auditioning was pretty much just a formality at this point. Kurt had teased Wes about not taking no for an answer once he had his heart set on something, but secretly, he was pleased. New Directions had never been this excited and enthusiastic about him and his voice, and Kurt decided he rather liked being sought after and appreciated. He found himself getting more excited about it the more he thought of it, and though competing against his friends did suck, he felt the Warblers stood an excellent chance of winning. With or without him, in fact. But that they seemed to want him to be a part of them, well, Kurt could hardly turn that down, could he? And besides, he would never admit to Wes that he was right, but Kurt really liked the idea of having another way to spend time with Blaine. He wanted to hear Blaine sing more. And maybe have the chance to sing with him.

The sound of his phone going off with a text message took Kurt from his thoughts. He walked to his desk and checked his phone, then smiled widely.

**Hi, boo, miss you so much! Can you Skype in a few? I got all the girls here! –Mercedes**

Kurt opened his laptop and set it on his desk, opening up Skype. He then sent Mercedes a text back.

**I'd love to! Whenever you're ready! –K**

Kurt sent the text off and sat in the desk chair, tapping his fingers impatiently. He did miss his girls a lot. When his Skype buzzed, he quickly answered with a happy smile. He was greeted by giggles and girlish voices as Mercedes, Tina, Rachel, Quinn, Brittany and Santana all tried to crowd into the camera view, all of them smiling and waving.

"Kurt! We miss you like crazy, boy. How did the first day of private school classes go?" Mercedes smile lit up her face as she took in Kurt's face on the webcam.

Tina had a broad smile on her face. "Damn, Kurt, you look pretty hot in that uniform. Do all the boys at your school look as hot or is it just you that makes it look good?"

Kurt grinned back, delighted. "Hi, girls! I miss you all, too. Classes are going to be good, I think. Definitely more challenging but I think I can handle it. And thanks, Tina, you thinking this uniform looks good almost makes up for me having to wear it. I would just about sell my soul for my jeans and McQueen sweaters right now. But as far as uniforms go, it's okay I guess. And yeah, there are several guys who look good in it."

Quinn winked at him and said, "And I suppose Blaine is one of those guys?"

Kurt blushed and smiled. "Yeah, he looks good in it, that's for sure. But I think I like him better out of it." He realized what he said and what it implied a second too late as squeals came across from all the girls on the other end.

Santana looked close to tears as she said, "Porcelain, I have never been more proud of you in my entire life. My gayby's not a baby anymore! You totally got into your teenage dream's skintight jeans! How was it?"

Kurt briefly wished he had never told them about watching Blaine sing Teenage Dream and how much he had liked it. "No, no, Santana, it's not like that. I just meant I like him in more casual clothes! We haven't done...*that*."

Rachel nodded. "Good for you, Kurt. As a member of the Celibacy club, I believe it is important to abstain-"

Santana put her hand over Rachel's mouth, muffling her. "Shut up, man hands, no one cares what you think."

Brittany smiled brightly at the camera. "But Kurt, you are getting lots of boy kisses from your dolphin, right? That's what private school is all about in all those movies I've seen."

Kurt tried to maintain a serious face even though he was blushing wildly. "Well, Britt, there's more to private school than that."

Rachel finally freed her mouth from Santana's hand. "What about the Glee club there, Kurt? What are they called again?"

Kurt looked at her suspiciously. "The Warblers. Why?"

Rachel tried to look innocent. "Oh, no reason, I just wondered about them. We are supposed to compete against them at sectionals. I thought maybe you could tell us-"

Kurt interrupted her. "No. I am not going to tell you anything about the Warblers. Nor am I going to tell them anything about New Directions. I am, however, going to audition to join them later this week."

This was met with more squeals of delight from everyone except Rachel, who looked horrified. "But, Kurt, that means you will compete against us! Would you really do that to New Directions?"

Mercedes scowled at her. "Rachel, what the hell are you talking about? Kurt is at Dalton now, why shouldn't he join their glee club? You don't like to admit it, but Kurt is just as good a singer as you, if not even better, and if he can sing with them, then good for him. Expecting him not to join the Warblers just because they are New Directions' competition is stupid. It's not personal."

Kurt nodded his head. "Don't be mad, Rachel. You would do the same if you transferred to another school. I was really hoping you girls would help me choose a song to audition with. I am having trouble deciding on my own."

Quinn looked thoughtful. "We will all think about it for you Kurt, and figure out something awesome. You will blow the Warblers away!"

Kurt heard the door open behind him and smiled as Blaine and Wes walked in the door. "Hey, guys."

Behind Kurt, he heard Quinn ask, "Who's there? Is that Blaine?"

Tina giggled. "Get him over there, Kurt, we need to see this guy!"

Kurt smiled at Blaine and said, "My girls want to see you."

Blaine grinned and walked over to the desk. Kurt slid over on the chair to make room for them to share the seat. Blaine smiled and waved at the camera and was greeted with giggles and coos as the girls got their first look at him.

Tina sighed. "Oh, Kurt, he's hot!" Mercedes and Quinn nodded agreement, looking at the two boys on the screen with wide smiles.

Santana smirked and said, "And you aren't tapping that yet? What are you waiting for?"

Brittany nodded and said, "See, Kurt, I told you all dolphins were sexy."

Rachel brushed her hair over her shoulder and said, "Hello, Blaine, I'm Rachel, and I just want to say-"

"Yeah, yeah, Rachel, let's just get to the point here in less than a thousand words. Blaine, Kurt is our boy. We love him. You keep that smile on his face, we have no problems, but I promise you, if you hurt him..." Mercedes let her sentence trail off as she looked meaningfully into the camera. The other girls all nodded.

Kurt sighed, "What is it with all my friends threatening my boyfriend? First Finn and Puck, now even you girls."

Blaine took Kurt's hand and kissed it, earning sighs from more than one of the assembled girls. "It's okay, Kurt, I think it's awesome your friends look out for you. And I want you all to know that hurting Kurt is the very furthest thing from my mind."

Wes came up behind them at that point. "No worries, ladies, Kurt has friends here looking out for him as well. We promise if Blaine misbehaves we will take him to task severely. Or beat him, should he merit it."

There was more flurry of activity on the other end as the girls tried to get a good look at the third boy on screen. Wes gave his most charming smile to the camera.

Tina smiled appreciatively and said, "Wow, Kurt, so who's the hot Asian guy?"

Kurt grinned back at her and said, "That's Wes, my roommate. And I won't tell Mike you were checking him out."

Wes grinned and said to Kurt, "I'm gonna hit the shower. Enjoy the rest of your conversation, okay?"

Santana practically purred, "Shower time. Me gusta." Kurt managed not to laugh as Wes did a double take on the way into the bathroom, finally shaking his head.

Kurt smiled at his friends and said, "Girls, it was so nice to get to talk to you. I need to get going, but I hope I hear from you all soon." Kurt didn't want to seem too anxious, but he was very aware of the warmth of Blaine's body in the chair next to his and the fact that Wes was out of the room. "I love you all, okay?"

"And we love you too, Kurt! Talk to you later!" said Mercedes as all the girls waved and blew kisses to the screen. Santana said quickly, "Go get your wank on, Porcelain!" as the screen went black with the ended call.

Blaine laughed and said, "Do what?"

Kurt didn't answer, he just stood up and pulled Blaine up out of the chair. Maneuvering him backwards towards the bed, Kurt pushed Blaine back gently until his legs hit the edge of the bed. Wide eyed, Blaine sat on the bed, then scooted back a bit with some encouragement from Kurt.

Kurt smiled coyly at Blaine as he straddled his lap and pushed him back so that he was lying across the bed. Leaning forward, Kurt caught Blaine's mouth in a scorching kiss that had Blaine's toes curling in his shoes. Kurt sucked on Blaine's lower lip briefly before moving across his jaw line in soft nips. When he got to Blaine's ear, Kurt blew gently in it before tracing the outline lightly with his tongue. Blaine gasped as heat scorched through him, straight to his groin. He tilted his head back to give Kurt better access as Kurt nuzzled below his ear. Blaine's hands flew to Kurt's hips in a tight grip as Kurt began to alternately bite and lick at his sensitive neck.

Kurt could feel Blaine's hardness against him and resisted the urge to grind down with his own. He could still hear the shower running but didn't want to risk Wes walking in on them. Kurt noted with appreciation that Blaine had taken off his tie and undone the top buttons of his shirt. He concentrated on Blaine's neck, nosing the shirt to the side and licking down to the juncture of neck and shoulder, delighting in the slightly salty taste. Blaine moaned when he felt Kurt start sucking at the base of his neck. Kurt decided that anything that caused those delicious sounds to come out of his boyfriend was worth doing and doing often. He sucked a little harder, feeling Blaine shiver as the blood rose to the skin surface under Kurt's insistent mouth. Kurt eyed the dark spot with satisfaction and ran his tongue across it, then blew gently on it, causing Blaine to writhe under him.

Blaine felt like he might fly into a thousand pieces. He willingly subjected himself to the ministrations of his sexy boyfriend, unable to prevent the soft moans from leaving his throat. Kurt finally raised his head from Blaine's neck to look into his eyes, both boys panting and eyes dark. Blaine put a hand on the back of Kurt's neck and pulled him roughly to him, kissing him with all the hunger Kurt had made him feel. His other hand moved around to cup one of Kurt's ass cheeks, giving it a possessive squeeze. He tried to pull Kurt's hips closer for some much needed friction, but Kurt resisted. Blaine then tried to grind his hips upward but felt Kurt's thighs tighten on him, preventing him from rubbing against Kurt. He made a frustrated growl against Kurt's lips.

Kurt threaded the fingers of one hand in the hair at the base of Blaine's neck. "Shh, baby, we can't do that, not with Wes only in the bathroom and coming back any minute now."

Blaine pouted. "But Kurt, why are you teasing me? Can't you feel what you do to me?"

Kurt pressed his lips to Blaine's again, giving the hair he was holding a gentle tug and smiling against Blaine's mouth as he moaned in response. "Can't you feel what you do to me? This is just as hard for me, Blaine, no pun intended. But I couldn't let this chance pass me by. And in light of earlier today, I wanted to remind you again that *you are my boyfriend*."

Blaine colored a little, remembering his jealous display from earlier. He gave Kurt a small smile and said, "If I forget on a daily basis, do you remind me like this every time?"

Kurt giggled. Hearing the shower turn off, he quickly got off of Blaine, earning a disappointed whimper from his boyfriend. Flushing slightly, Kurt turned his back slightly to adjust himself in his pants. He could hear Blaine doing the same thing as he sat up and smoothed his shirt a bit. Kurt sat down cross legged against the head board and Blaine turned on his side so that he was still across the bed but facing Kurt.

The bathroom door opened a crack and Wes called out, "Okay, I am coming out of the bathroom now, I am begging that you cease and desist any making out at this time."

Kurt rolled his eyes and called back, "You're safe, Wes, come on out."

Wes opened the door cautiously and saw Kurt and Blaine together on Kurt's bed but obviously not tangled up together or anything. He sighed in relief and then smiled as he walked over to his bed. He threw himself

across the bed and grabbed a pillow to prop up on. He gave Kurt an encouraging smile and said, "So, how did it go today?"

Kurt smiled back at Wes. "It went pretty well, I think. It's going to take some getting used to, of course. Dalton's curriculum is tougher than McKinley's, but I think I am going to like it." He beamed at Blaine and leaned forward to take one of his hands. "It helps having Blaine in some of my classes."

Wes nodded. "Sure. Built in study buddy, so long as you don't get distracted by ummm...other things." He grinned wickedly as both boys on the other bed blushed. "So, other than classes, you did okay? Did you get to meet new people?"

Kurt gave Blaine a sideways glance before answering. "Yeah, I got to talk to several guys today. They all seemed nice."

Wes didn't miss Blaine shifting uncomfortably or the glance that passed between them. He frowned slightly. "Did someone bother you? Because if they did, I will-"

Blaine cut him off. "More like it bothered me, Wes. Jake Turner was talking to Kurt during free period and let's just say I didn't take it too well."

"I see," Wes said, chewing on his thumbnail reflectively. *Jake Turner*. Wes knew Jake, of course, they had gone to school together for years and got along well enough. Wes knew Jake was gay, and a flirty one at that. If he was taking an interest in Kurt, Wes wasn't surprised that Blaine had lost his cool. This was a situation that definitely bore keeping an eye on. Wes knew that it wasn't that he didn't trust Kurt, but he did not trust Jake. He would not put it past Jake to make a play for Kurt. He was straight, but even Wes would admit that Kurt was pretty fantastically good looking. Wes decided he would fill David, Nick and Jeff in on this situation so they could intervene if needed.

Deciding to change the subject, Wes offered Kurt another smile. "So, have you thought any about what song you are going to audition with? David, Thad and I are stoked, I tell you."

Kurt blew out a breath and said, "I have been thinking but I'm not sure yet what I will sing. My girls said they would try to help me, though, so I promise you, I will be ready for my audition."

Blaine squeezed his hand and gave him an encouraging smile. "Anything you do will be amazing, Kurt."

Wes nodded in agreement. "We have heard you and seen you perform with New Directions. I have absolutely no doubt that you will blow the Warblers away and be voted in unanimously. And the Council is already in agreement."

Kurt looked a bit anxious. "It's a vote? By everyone, not just the Council?" He had mentally prepared himself to perform for the three Warbler leaders but felt anxiety at the thought of singing in front of all the Warblers. "What if I'm not voted in?"

Wes waved that off. "Kurt, once they hear you, they won't be able to vote fast enough. Don't underestimate the power of your voice. And besides, we need you. You are going to give us an entirely different level than we have been able to hit before." He smiled smugly. "And I for one can't wait."

Kurt smiled shyly. "It's nice to be appreciated for my voice. I often felt that in New Directions I could scream and no one would listen."

Wes rubbed his hands together. "Their loss is our gain, Kurt. Believe me, we have plans for you that don't involve swaying in the background." He checked the time and smiled apologetically at Blaine. "You'd better get going, B. It's nearly curfew. I'll let you two say goodbye." With that, he turned over on his bed and grabbed the TV remote, turning the TV on.

Blaine groaningly got up off Kurt's bed. He nudged Kurt over a bit and sat down next to him. Kurt met Blaine's smile with one of his own. Blaine cradled Kurt's cheek in one hand, stroking lightly with his thumb. Gently, he pulled Kurt into a soft kiss, taking just a moment to coax Kurt's lips open with his own. Blaine swiped his tongue over Kurt's soft lips before sliding in to taste him again. His tongue lazily explored the warmth of Kurt's mouth, enjoying the sensation of their tongues moving against each other in delicious harmony. Regretfully, Blaine ended the kiss, knowing too well that he wouldn't be strong enough to stop if he continued. Kurt's eyes sparkled at him as they leaned forward with their foreheads touching.

"Goodnight, Kurt," Blaine said, softly, loving the feel of Kurt's warm breath against his mouth.

"Goodnight, Blaine. Sweet dreams, yes?" Kurt said, giving Blaine's hair a light tug.

Blaine shivered slightly. "You know it. But first I think I will take a shower. I need some alone time, if you know what I mean."



Kurt nodded. "Oh, believe me, I know."

They kissed one more time and Blaine reluctantly left, telling Wes goodbye as he shut the door.

Wes grinned at his blushing roommate. "Hey, why don't you hit the shower, do what you gotta do, then come watch TV with me?"

Kurt had blushed, knowing full well that Wes knew exactly what he needed to do in the shower. But he felt a happy warmth at the invitation to hang out afterwards.

"Sounds like a plan," Kurt said, gathering up his things and heading for the bathroom.

"Hey, Kurt?" Wes called.

Kurt turned around with question in his eyes. He then wondered if he could possibly blush any harder when Wes wiggled his eyebrows and said, "Nice job on that hickey you gave Blaine. With his shirt buttoned and tie on no one will ever notice."

## Chapter Twenty-One

Blaine sat on his bed, freshly showered after leaving Kurt in his dorm. He was idly towel drying his damp locks as David gesticulated wildly from his bed, tie loose and looking rumpled.

"So, I said, 'I'm merely suggesting that instead of wearing blue ties with red piping, we wear jackets with red ties and blue piping for the competition.' And wouldn't you know that fool Trent starts yelling about Warblers being a kangaroo court?" David was ranting to Blaine, obviously quite irritated.

Blaine nodded and said, "Yeah."

David continued, "Can you believe him? Does he think he somehow woke up on the Council or something?"

Again, Blaine nodded and said, "Yeah."

David crossed his arms and said, "I'm gonna get a tattoo on my face just like Mike Tyson has. Maybe get my dick pierced. I hear it's supposed to make sex really awesome."

Blaine nodded and said, "Yeah." He then yelped in surprise as one of David's pillows hit him square in the face. "What the hell, David?"

David was laughing. "Well, maybe that will teach you to pay attention to your roommate when he talks to you about important things. Would you do me the honor of listening to me while I talk with you instead of daydreaming about Kurt?"

Blaine tried not to blush as he said airily, "How do you know I was daydreaming about Kurt?"

David looked at Blaine skeptically. "B, please. Not only do you look like mentally you are tangled in the sheets with your boyfriend, you actually stroked yourself a couple of times. I know you have love for the blazer, but I'm not stupid. And if it's just the same to you, we don't have to share your self love. We are close but maybe not quite *that* close." He then laughed at the look on Blaine's face, which was so red it was nearly purple.

Blaine wondered if it was possible his bed would swallow him like the one in Nightmare on Elm Street. Except maybe not kill him. He needed to stay alive and be able to make out with Kurt and...*damn it, wrong line of thought for this conversation.*

"Well, it sounds like I missed a fascinating Warblers meeting," Blaine said, trying to recapture what was left of his dignity.

David nodded. "Always something. Such drama. Where were you, anyway, B? It's not like you to miss a meeting."

Blaine looked a little uncomfortable. "I know. Wes wasn't that thrilled but it couldn't be avoided. I had to meet with the Dean."

David was surprised. "What for? Is everything okay?"

Blaine nodded, "Yes, it was just family type stuff. My parents are both going to be busy over Christmas break and they want me to just stay at school rather than be at the house alone." Blaine tried to keep the disappointment out of his voice but wasn't very successful.

David sighed quietly. He walked over to Blaine's bed and put a comforting hand on his shoulder. "That's rough, man. You know, you are always welcome to come home with me."

Blaine smiled slightly, though it didn't reach his eyes. "Thanks, D, I appreciate it."

David sat down next to his friend, concerned. "Have you told Kurt yet? I bet he won't stand for you being here over the holidays."

Blaine shook his head. "No, we haven't really discussed it yet. I mean, he's got a lot on his plate right now and the holiday is still a little ways off. There's time to talk about it later."

David elbowed Blaine in the ribs. "You two might talk better if you kept your tongues in your own mouths, you know."

Blaine elbowed David back. "What's the fun in that?"

David shook his head in mock irritation. "Whatever. I'm going to take a shower, assuming it's safe?"

Blaine looked at him with confusion. "Safe? Why wouldn't it be safe?"

David winked at him mischievously, saying, "You think I don't know what you do when you are in the shower after leaving Kurt?"

Blaine groaned and fell back on his bed, covering his face with a pillow. "David, I swear sometimes I really hate you. Was I ever this evil to you when you were dating Grace? Did I ever make fun of you having to deal with blue balls? Did I ever go out of my way to embarrass you?"

David just laughed at Blaine's discomfiture. "B, you know I do it with the most affection humanly possible."

Blaine moved the pillow away from his face to glare at his friend grumpily. "I wonder at times if I will survive the affection of my friends. It's lucky for me you don't hate me."

David was still laughing as he went to pick up his phone, which had just buzzed. It was a text message from Wes.

***Seems Jake Turner has taken a liking to Kurt. Figure we should all try to keep an eye on him just in case. Blaine about lost his mind over it today. Mums the word. No talk just yet, only watching. Carefully. -W***

David frowned slightly and cast a quick look over at Blaine. Between that and the whole deal with his parents, no wonder he was a bit out of it. David resolved to not tease Blaine anymore for the rest of the night.

Of course, tomorrow was another story.

In the meantime, David would help keep an eye on one Jake Turner and make sure that didn't screw up the best thing that had happened to his best friend.

---

Wes and Kurt lay across Wes' bed, watching World's Dumbest on TruTV. This episode was one of dumb daredevils and both boys were laughing hysterically at the antics on the screen.

Kurt sighed happily and said, "I swear, the best part of this show is these D list celebrities and their commentary."

Wes nodded in agreement. "I gotta tell you, Brad Loekle is fucking hysterical."

Kurt giggled. "Yeah, that is one gay guy that is completely unashamed. He cracks me up." Both boys cringed and sucked in air as the skateboarder on the screen landed awkwardly, straddling the stair rail he was attempting to slide. "Holy crap. Ouch! On that note, I am gonna run to the bathroom real quick." Kurt got up and went into the bathroom and shut the door.

Wes grabbed his phone quickly and sent a quick text to David, Nick and Jeff. He wanted all of them aware of the whole situation with Jake Turner. After Blaine left and Kurt had showered, Wes got Kurt to talk to him about what had happened. He was glad that Kurt and Blaine had worked through their argument, but Wes would be damned if Jake would cause his friends that kind of grief. They wouldn't say anything to him yet, but if Turner even stepped a *toe* out of line and any of them found out about it, it would be on. Hopefully it never came to that.

Kurt came back and they commenced watching TV again. Fortunately Kurt was fascinated with the guy trying to jump off his roof through a basketball net and didn't notice Wes' phone buzzing with replies from the other three.

***Well, shit. Will do. -N***

***I never liked that fucker anyway. -J***

***If he causes trouble for K and B he will regret it. I mean that. -D***

Wes wondered if he should try to talk Kurt out of getting too friendly with Jake. It wasn't so much that Jake was a bad guy, exactly, but he had been known to go after guys in relationships before. More than one couple had been broken up when the popular soccer player made a play for one of the guys involved. Jake went after what he wanted and usually got it. Wes was pretty sure if Blaine lost Kurt it might just destroy him on a level they couldn't reach to fix. Unfortunately, Wes wasn't sure how to approach the subject with Kurt without coming across as not trusting him or trying to somehow keep him from making friends. *Crap*. Things could be complicated at times. Best for now to just watch closely and intervene only if necessary, Wes decided, and hoped fervently it never came to that. Turning once more to the television, he joined

Kurt in enjoying the stupidity on display and the snarkiness of the celebrity commentary. This was a pretty awesome show, after all.

---

The next day in French class Monsieur Benoit decided to have the class partner up for the day's assignment. Kurt found himself partnered up with one Jake Turner. Kurt was aware that Blaine didn't like the idea of him being on friendly terms with Jake, but he could hardly expect him to avoid class assignments. Besides, Kurt was sure Jake was only being friendly. He still didn't quite understand all the fuss Blaine had put up, although, if Kurt was being honest, he had experienced a slight thrill at Blaine showing such possessiveness. That probably made him a bad person, but still. Kurt had never had anyone be like that over him before, ever. It was really nice to feel adored and like he belonged. And with each passing day, Kurt was really starting to feel that he belonged to Blaine.

This rather pleasant thought process was interrupted by his blonde assignment partner starting up a conversation with him.

"Parle-moi de toi." *Tell me about yourself.*

"Il n'y a pas grand-chose à dire, vraiment." *There's not much to tell, really.*

"Tu es transféré en milieu d'année, donc je pense qu'il y a une histoire derrière." *You transferred in the middle of the semester so I thought there must be a story behind it.*

"Pourquoi veux-tu savoir?" *Why do you want to know?*

"Parce que je suis intéressé. Je pense que tu es intéressant." *Because I'm interested. I think you're interesting.*

"Crois-moi, je ne le suis pas." *Trust me, I'm really not.*

"Laisse-moi juger par moi-même, je pourrais te surprendre." *Let me be the judge, I may surprise you.*

"Bien, j'ai été transféré pour être éloigné d'un harceleur qui en avait après moi." *Well, I transferred here to get away from a bully that had it out for me.*

"Pour quoi?" *What for?*

"Sérieusement ? N'est-ce pas évident?" *Seriously? It isn't obvious?*

"Eh bien, je ne veux pas m'avancer." *Well, I didn't want to assume.*

"D'accord, si tu penses que c'est parce que je suis gay, tu as raison." *Well, if you are thinking it's because I'm gay, you're right.*

"C'est vraiment épouvantable. Je suis navré que tu aies dû traverser ça." *That's really awful. I'm sorry you had to go through that.*

"Ouais, et bien j'essaye de ne pas trop y penser. Je suis là maintenant, donc c'est du passé. Table rase, pour ainsi dire." *Yeah, well, I try not to think about it much. I'm here now, so it's in the past. A clean slate, so to speak.*

"Donc, nouvelle école, nouveaux amis, nouveaux intérêts?" *So, new school, new friends, new interests?*

"Eh bien, nouvelle école, nouveaux amis mais même intérêts je suppose." *Well, new school, new friends, same interests I guess.*

"Comme quoi?" *Like what?*

"Je chante. Je vais auditionner pour les Warblers en fin de semaine." *I sing. I'm auditioning for the Warblers later this week.*

"Je vois. Donc tu es ami avec Anderson et ces gars?" *I see. So you are friends with Anderson and those guys?*

"A peu près. Je suis ami avec Wes, David, Nick et Jeff." *Well, sort of. I am friends with Wes, David, Nick and Jeff.*

"Mais pas Blaine?" *But not Blaine?*

"Oh non. Blaine est mon petit-ami." *Oh, no. Blaine is my boyfriend.*

"Vraiment. C'est dommage." *Really. That's too bad.*

"Que veux-tu dire, dommage?" *What do you mean, too bad?*

"Juste que c'est dommage pour moi, de ne pas t'avoir connu en premier." *Just that it's too bad for me in that I didn't meet you first.*

Kurt felt a little uncomfortable with this turn in the conversation. He was grateful for the bell signaling the end of class. Giving Jake a brief smile and waving goodbye, Kurt quickly went in the direction of his dorm. He took out his phone and sent a text to Blaine, feeling the sudden need for boyfriend time.

***Can you come to my dorm by any chance? Or do you have Warblers or track or something? -K***

He waited for his phone to buzz and grabbed it quickly when it did. He was a bit disappointed at Blaine's reply.

***I'm so sorry, babe, but I am headed for track practice. No Warblers today, though, so it will just be maybe an hour and a half? Will that be okay? What about afterwards? -B***

Kurt was a little disappointed. Sighing, he sent back a return message.

***What about homework? -K***

***Got most of it done over free period today. After track, I'm yours, I promise. Movie? -B***

***Sure. -K***

---

The Sound Of Music was one of Kurt's favorite musicals. He could practically recite along with the entire movie, sing every song, and dance along to every dance. Whenever it was on his screen, he was entranced and paid attention to nothing else.

Well, usually, that is.

The musical played on with all its cheer and singing, but Kurt and Blaine had long ago ceased to pay it any attention. Instead, they were exploring some of the things about each other that before now were unbeknownst to them. Kurt had already figured out that Blaine responded deliciously to having his hair



pulled. But he was delighted to learn that kissing the hollow of Blaine's throat caused shivers, and a slight pressure at the hipbones made him practically melt. And Blaine found that biting lightly on Kurt's neck made him stutter and blowing gently in his ears caused goose bumps to raise on his skin. Neither one cared the least bit about Maria's struggles with her love for Captain Von Trapp, not while their tongues were wrestling for dominance, their hands wrapped in each other's hair, their breathing heavy. Both boys had long ago lost their blazers and ties, and while they still wore their shirts, the top few buttons were undone.

Blaine was very aware of Kurt's hands. They kept randomly rubbing his thighs slowly upward, then quickly down again as if Kurt were panicked at being so close to the area Blaine would give *anything* to have him touch. Blaine had a sudden crazy thought of that silly childhood game You're Getting Warmer. He was half tempted to tell Kurt he was getting warmer with every upwards caress, then when Kurt moved away tell him he was getting colder. That would involve taking his tongue out of Kurt's mouth and stop kissing, but Blaine was starting to think it might just be worth it to have his boyfriend's hands on him there.

*Oh, God, yes.*

Kurt was hyperaware of Blaine's reactions to his touch. His breathing hitched and his kisses a little more sloppy every time Kurt's hands wandered close to his crotch. And when Kurt moved away, Blaine would sigh imperceptibly, managing to breathe in a bit. Kurt's mind was racing. He thought that he really, *really* wanted to touch Blaine *there*. To feel him, feel the effect he had on him with his hands and not just pressed against him. Kurt felt nervous and unsure. He knew that Blaine was not averse to the idea, far from it as another quick upward sweep caused Blaine to moan slightly in his mouth. Still lip locked with Blaine, Kurt gave his boyfriend's tongue a gentle suck as he slid his hands a little higher than he had previously. He dug his thumbs into Blaine's inner thighs slightly, causing Blaine to gasp and shudder. Kurt paused in indecision, unsure what he should do next, when a sudden movement from Blaine made the choice for him.

Unable to help himself any longer, Blaine took one of Kurt's hands and placed it on his hard cock. He tore his lips away from Kurt's with a gasp when he felt Kurt start to palm him firmly. Unable to sit upright anymore, Blaine fell back, quivering as Kurt's uncertain touch grew more confident.

"Oh, holy Jesus," Blaine moaned, his voice low and gravelly.

Kurt wrapped his hand around Blaine as best as he could over his pants, squeezing and then sliding up and down. He watched in fascination as Blaine tossed his head back and arched his back, thrusting into Kurt's hand and moaning. His eyes fluttered open and shut, a fine sheen of sweat covering his upper lip.

Kurt was entranced. "Does that feel good?"

Blaine groaned as Kurt squeezed slightly, then made a soothing rubbing motion. He was going insane. "God, yes, Kurt, so amazing."

Kurt's eyes were bright, pupils slightly dilated as he watched his boyfriend writhe at his touch. It was intoxicating. Feeling suddenly brave, he moved his hand upward.

Blaine whined at the loss of Kurt's magical touch, until he realized Kurt had moved his hand to the belt at his waist. Kurt looked into Blaine's eyes, suddenly shy and unsure again.

"Can I... Do you want me to... Would it be okay..." Kurt stuttered a bit, wondering if this was too much.

Blaine licked his lips, forcing himself to focus. He had to do this right. If he moved too fast or made Kurt feel too nervous, he might stop what he was doing and Blaine wasn't sure he would survive it. Jerking himself off in the shower didn't seem very appealing if he could get his hot boyfriend to do it instead. Nodding his head encouragingly, Blaine pulled Kurt to him and started kissing him softly.

Kurt's eyes fluttered closed as he lost himself in the gentle touch of Blaine's lips. Deciding that it was now or never, Kurt unbuckled Blaine's belt and managed to undo the button of the slacks Blaine still wore. Fumbling with the zipper slightly, Kurt broke the kiss with a sound of exasperation. He met Blaine's eyes and they both laughed a bit at their awkwardness. Biting his lip nervously, Kurt slid the zipper of the slacks downward, exposing the black boxer briefs Blaine wore. He looked at Blaine, whose darkened eyes watched him intently.

Blaine held himself still, hardly daring to breathe. He wanted this to happen more than he needed air at the time. Feeling Kurt's tentative touch again, Blaine threw his head back. A breathless moan left his parted lips as Kurt stroked his hardness through his briefs. With the material of his slacks out of the way, Kurt was able to grasp the outline of Blaine's hard on firmly, moving his hand up and down in a jerking motion. He alternately slid his hand back and forth, squeezing every so often. Encouraged by the amazing

sounds leaving his boyfriend's mouth and the fact that he was watching Blaine crumble before him, Kurt increased his rhythm.

Blaine was tossing his head, heels digging into the mattress. A flurry of words left his mouth, interspersed with moans.

*"Fuck, Kurt, oh my God, so good, so fucking good, yes baby, more of that..."* Blaine felt the telltale tightening sensation gathering in his balls as he teetered on the edge, his body tensing. A firm squeeze and light twist from Kurt was all it took. With a hoarse shout, Blaine came in hot spurts, soaking his briefs. He fell back on the pillow, gasping slightly as he tried to catch his breath.

Kurt was breathing heavily, a heady feeling of triumph buoying him. *He* had done that to Blaine. *He* was the reason for the flush on his cheeks, the hitch in his breath and the dampness in his shorts. It was exhilarating.

Blaine became a little more aware of his surroundings as he came down from his high. He gave Kurt a slow and sleepy smile. "Wow."

Kurt smiled back, a bit saucily. "It was okay, then?"

Blaine laughed a little breathlessly. "Words can't even describe, Kurt." He sat up slightly, his eyes becoming a little concerned as he took in his boyfriend's flushed cheeks. "What about you, though? Are you-"

Kurt blushed a little harder. Seeing Blaine fall apart like that had driven him over the edge, causing him to experience his own release. He shifted slightly, grimacing a bit as he tried to get comfortable.

Blaine's eyes widened a bit in comprehension. Taking Kurt's face in his hands, he kissed him hungrily, tongue demanding entrance and receiving it. Leaning back from the kiss, he looked into Kurt's beautiful eyes, eyes he would *never* get tired of gazing into, and smiled. "Next time, it'll be your turn."

Kurt smiled back at him, nuzzling into Blaine's hand. "Deal."

## Chapter Twenty-Two

Kurt lay across his bed surrounded by books and papers, shunning the desk entirely. He was nearly finished with his studies for the night, which made him immensely thankful. He had other things that he also needed to concentrate on.

His Warbler audition was coming up and Kurt had not been able to come up with anything he liked. This was an important audition, one that would display his vocal talents and hopefully open the door for performance opportunities. Kurt had been singing in the background for Rachel and Finn for so long. All he really wanted was a chance to shine. And Wes seemed so sure that the Warblers would offer him that chance.

All he had to do was choose a song. It couldn't be that difficult, could it?

Yeah. It totally could.

Kurt had wracked his mind, trying to think of something that would appeal to the pop mentality of the boys that made up the Warblers. They were usually so Top 40. Rachel, in true dramatic fashion, had suggested that he perform Don't Cry For Me, Argentina, along with vague ramblings about planning her funeral and Finn throwing himself in the grave in grief. Kurt had tuned her out rather quickly. He felt if he tried to do Broadway, he might blow his chance. While vocally stunning, he wasn't so sure that songs like Don't Cry For Me, Argentina or Defying Gravity would touch the hearts of the teenage boys that would be judging him. Tina had suggested Blackbird by the Beatles. Kurt rather liked that, actually, but maybe not so much as an audition song. Mercedes had suggested he do Le Jazz Hot again, but Kurt just didn't feel it was the right thing to do. Brittany had thought he should do 4 Minutes, but Kurt definitely wasn't going to sing a song that was a duet. Quinn liked I Wanna Hold Your Hand, but that particular song had really emotional connotations that Kurt didn't want to dredge up, thank you very much. He would never pass muster at an audition if he was in tears for most of the song he was singing. Kurt wanted to slam his head on something in frustration. He took a brief moment to be thankful he actually was not at his desk.

Suddenly, Kurt's phone went off with a text message. He grabbed it happily, thinking it must be Blaine. Looking at the name on the display, he was rather surprised to see instead it was Santana.

***Hi, Porcelain. Call me? -S***

Kurt was puzzled. This was not exactly normal for him and Santana. They got along well enough, of course, but were not what one would call the best of friends. Curious as to what this was about, Kurt dialed Santana's number and waited for her to pick up.

"Hello? Kurt?"

"Hi, Santana. Is something wrong? You don't normally text me, and now you are calling me by my name instead of Porcelain. Is everything okay?"

Santana sighed audibly on the other end. "Nothing that years of therapy down the road won't cure, I imagine. Listen, I don't have a whole lot of time here, but I thought of a song you might like to consider for your audition. It's one that kind of speaks for itself."

Kurt was interested now. "Do tell."

Santana hesitated a moment. "You have to promise not to give me any crap about this."

"I won't," Kurt promised, "Pinky swear." He listened as Santana gave him the name of a song, his eyes widening. It was an older song, but definitely one that had an awful lot of potential. "Santana, " he breathed, "I think you just found my audition song. How do I thank you?"

"Yeah, sure, Porcelain, go and get all mushy on me, won't you?" Santana tried to sound bored but was obviously pleased. "Just go kill that audition. You know you can do it."

Kurt smiled and said, "Thanks. Believe it or not, that means a lot to me for you to say that."

"Yeah, well, don't get used to it or anything," Santana snarked back at him.

Kurt couldn't help but laugh. "You actually have a heart, huh? Don't worry, I won't tell anyone. Your secret is safe with me." He waited for her to say something back and frowned at the silence from the other line. "Santana?"

There was a small snuffle and then Santana said, "You might be surprised at my heart, Porcelain. Knock 'em dead, okay? I gotta go." And with that, she quickly ended the call.

Kurt stared at his phone in astonishment. What was that all about? What was Santana talking about? He wondered if this had anything to do with the lingering looks he often saw her giving Brittany when she thought no one was looking. Oh, the drama of McKinley High. Kurt wasn't sure if he missed it or not. His friends, yes. The insanity? Maybe not so much.

In any case, Santana had given him a rather brilliant song suggestion, and he needed to find somewhere private to practice.

---

Wes and David sat at a table in the senior commons. They were trying to balance Warbler discussion with homework and actually managing to be somewhat successful. Wes was excitedly telling David about getting Kurt to audition.

"D, you won't *believe* this guy's talent. I mean, Jesus, just his range alone is going to open doors for us we only glimpsed at before. I'm not talking a falsetto here, but a true countertenor. We will be able to incorporate him so many ways it'll make his head spin." Wes was grinning ear to ear.

David smirked at him. "I thought that was Blaine's job."

Wes rolled his eyes at David. "If it's just the same to you, I really don't want to think about the things those two get up to when they are alone. I am just fine being blissfully ignorant."

David snickered. "Is Kurt as disgustingly lovesick as Blaine is? I swear he is in a trance half the time. And his bathroom time has gone way up. I never know if he is in there jerking off or having to take a cold shower. I just sleep with my headphones on now so if he starts moaning in his sleep I don't hear it anymore."

Wes cracked up at that. "He moans in his sleep?"

David shuddered slightly. "You don't know how traumatic that was. 'Oh, God, Kurt, right there!' Way more than I wanted to hear. Just, seriously. And did you know he changed his ringtone for Kurt to Teenage Dream? I think if I hear it one more time you guys will find me on the rooftop, quite possibly in the fetal position."

Wes attempted a solemn look but couldn't quite keep his lips from turning up in a grin. "Well, I will hope it never comes to that. Be strong, David, we need you. Think of your friends. Think of the Warblers."

David raised an eyebrow as he looked at Wes. "Why do I think of those two it's the Warblers you are most worried about?"

Wes gave David an affronted look. "I have no idea what you are talking about."

David snorted. "Whatever, dude. So, you and Kurt are getting along well, then?"

Wes smiled happily. "Actually, yeah, we are. He is pretty damn awesome, in fact. He keeps the room clean, doesn't snore, and will watch cool stuff on TV with me. He doesn't necessarily look like the type who will watch Harold and Kumar Go To White Castle, but not only did he watch it with me, he freakin' quoted along with it! I about fucking pissed myself. You don't know hilarious until Kurt focuses crazy eyes on you and yells 'Have you boys accepted Jesus as your Lord and Savior?'"

David was laughing hysterically at the mental image. "No way. No way! *Kurt* did that?"

Wes nodded. "Yup. Not what you would expect. And since he has this insane moisturizing routine he does, he practically schedules bathroom time. You wanna talk in depth, you watch him sometime. Holy cow. But he sings a lot in the room too, and that's pretty cool. Some of the things he has sung, just damn."

David was about to question Wes on that when another voice joined the conversation.

"What do you mean by that?" Blaine asked as he tossed his bag on the floor, followed closely by Jeff and Nick.

Jeff grinned happily as he and the other two boys pulled chairs up to the table to join Wes and David. "You're talking about Kurt singing? What is it like? Do you know what he is gonna audition with?"

Wes let the smile slip off his face a bit. "Well, no, he hasn't said what he plans to sing at his audition. But that iPod of his is freakin' *awesome*. You wouldn't think Kurt would sing Jay-Z, would you? I mean, sure there's the Broadway stuff and all, but let me tell you, you haven't lived until you've witnessed Kurt dance in a towel singing Jessie J's Do It Like A Dude." Wes flashed a devilish look at Blaine, whose mouth had dropped open slightly.

Nick was laughing as he chided Wes, "Now, now, no need to try to make Blainey jealous, Wes. He might just yank your head off. Besides, I think he might actually have drool on his chin."

Wes smirked slightly. "Well, if it's any consolation, B, I just happened to see him in the mirror in the bathroom this morning when he left the door cracked. He doesn't parade around the room half dressed or anything. In fact, I was just telling David that he's pretty much a fantastic roomie."

"Who can quote Harold and Kumar. We are talking epic here. Wes may be on the verge of a new bromance," piped up David, pretending to be jealous.

Wes snickered and patted David's hand soothingly. "Now, Davey, don't be jealous. You are my bestest friend forever and ever so don't think I am replacing you. It's just nice to have a roommate I get along so well with. Kind of like you and B."

Jeff laughed, "So, B, when are you gonna sing Jay-Z for David? Your boyfriend has set the bar, seems you have a lot to live up to."

Nick leaned back in his chair, hands locked behind his neck. "I can't wait to hear what he sings for audition. The way Wes has carried on, hearing Kurt sing is like sex for your ears."

Blaine looked at his friends with eyebrows raised in mock indignation as Wes sputtered, "That's not how I put it at all!"

Nick nodded agreeably. "Of course it isn't. And we all know who gets sexy ear sounds and stuff from Kurt, right?"

Jeff chuckled and said, "Well, right now it could be a toss up between Wes and Blaine, right? One hears him singing sexy songs, the other hears...well, we don't really need to know."

Blaine facepalmed and shook his head. "Remind me yet again why I put up with all of you?"

The group of friends laughed as they gathered their things to go back to their dorm rooms to get ready for dinner.



Kurt hurried towards the dormitory, shivering slightly. He had found a quiet copse of trees on school property where he could plug his iPod into his speakers and practice his audition song. He had been out for a few hours and the sun was starting to go down. The weather had already taken a turn for the colder and without the sun's warmth it was even more chilly out. Kurt was wishing he had grabbed his warmer coat, but he had been so excited about his song choice he had not even thought about it.

He felt his phone go off in his pocket. He took it out of his pocket to look at it and smiled.

"Hi, Dad," he answered happily. "How're things going at home?"

"Hi, kiddo, I'm glad to hear you sounding so good. We sure do miss you," Burt said, his voice a little gruff.

Kurt blinked hard, suddenly feeling a bit emotional. "I miss you all too. So much."

Burt cleared his throat. "So, how's everything going? Are you liking Dalton so far? Tell me about your classes."

Kurt chuckled lightly. "Everything is going just awesome, Dad. I really like it here so far. The classes are more demanding than McKinley, but I think I will be able to hang. It's kind of cool to have classmates that are as serious about their academics as I am."

Burt made a noise of approval. "Good. I'm glad to hear it. Are you...are you making any new friends?"

Kurt smiled as he answered, "Yeah, Dad. Everyone is really nice. The first day of classes some guy I don't even know gave me a high five in the hallway. Much more pleasant than getting hit in the face with a slushie."

"So no one is giving you any trouble then?" asked Burt seriously.

Kurt answered quickly, "No, Dad. Really, everyone is friendly. There are other guys here who are out, it isn't just me and Blaine."

Burt made a grunting noise. "How is Blaine, anyway? You two getting along okay?"

Kurt felt his cheeks heat up as he thought of exactly *how* well he and Blaine were getting along. "Yes, Dad, we're doing just fine. Better than fine, actually."

Burt coughed slightly and said, "You know, Kurt, we didn't really get to talk about this before you left. I mean, the whole Blaine and dating thing. Sex."

Kurt's eyes flew open and he came to a standstill outside the dorm building. "Wait, what? You're kidding, right?"

Burt was clearly feeling awkward. "Kurt, I would not normally do this over the phone, but it's important. Especially now with you being away from home in a dorm at a school where you have easy access to your boyfriend."

Kurt was mortified. "Dad, I don't want to listen to this."

Burt chuckled. "At least you can't put your fingers in your ears and sing to shut me out."

Kurt swallowed nervously. "Dad, seriously, I don't want-"

Burt interrupted him. "Kurt, this is *important*. I know that it's just a matter of time before you and Blaine start...experimenting, if you haven't already. For most guys, sex is just this thing we always want to do. It's fun. It feels great. But we're not really thinking too much about how it makes us feel on the inside or how the other person feels about it. When you're intimate with someone in that way, you gotta know that you're exposing yourself. With two guys, you got two people who think that sex is just sex. It's gonna be easier to come by. And once you start doin' this stuff, you're not gonna wanna stop. You gotta know that it means something. It's doing something to you, to your heart, to your self-esteem, even though it feels like you're just havin' fun."

Kurt's thoughts were reeling. "Are you trying to say I shouldn't have sex?"

"Kurt, when you're ready, I want you to be able to...do everything. But when you're ready, I want you to use it as a way to connect to another person. Don't throw yourself around like you don't matter. 'Cause you matter, Kurt. And of course, I think sex would be a great gift to yourself...when you turn thirty. But I'm also realistic."

Kurt blew out a breath. "Well, this has been one of the most awkward phone conversations I have ever had."

Burt let out a heavy sigh. "I could say the same. And I wish I had been able to do this face to face rather than over the phone. But it was important enough to me that I do it now. It's because I love you, Kurt, and I want everything to be perfect for you in every facet of your life. I don't want Blaine pushing you into anything you aren't ready for," Burt ignored the noise of protest from Kurt, "and I don't want you pushing him either." Burt made a huffing noise and said, "Is any of this making sense?"

Kurt closed his eyes and leaned against the building wall. "Yeah, Dad. I hear you."

Burt grunted again. "Good. On another note, the lawyer says we are probably going to start proceedings coming up here soon against the school and school board."

Kurt made a noise that he hoped conveyed interest. He wasn't sure his brain hadn't been scrambled by the whole sex-talk-over-the-phone fiasco of the last few minutes, but he was curious about this legal proceeding.

Burt had continued, "We hope to know something soon as far as dates and all that. The lawyer seems to think we can get the maximum amount of \$200,000 though."

That managed to break through Kurt's befuddlement. "How much?"

Burt said, "You heard me. The max amount in these cases is 200K. The lawyer thinks our case is strong enough that we stand a good chance of getting most if not all that amount."

Kurt was stunned. "Wow."

Burt chuckled slightly and said, "Yeah. Anyway, kid, I need to get going, Carol has dinner almost ready and you know your brother doesn't appreciate delays to meal time."

Kurt managed a laugh at that and said, "Very true. Tell Finn I will either call him or text him soon. I have been busy getting settled in but I don't want him thinking I have forgotten about him."

Burt said, "I'll let him know, kid."

Kurt suddenly remembered something important he hadn't mentioned yet. "Wait, Dad! Before I forget, I'm auditioning for the Warblers."

Burt paused for a moment. "That's the Glee club there, right? The one all your friends are in?"

Kurt grinned and said, "Yeah, Dad, that's the one. I'll keep you all posted, okay? Wish me luck?"

Burt answered quickly, "You bet. Good luck, son. I know you are going to blow them away." Kurt heard a shuffle and voices on the other end, and then Burt continued, "Carol sends her love and she wishes you good luck too. As does Finn. We are all rooting for you, kiddo. I love you, Kurt, and I am so proud of you."

Kurt felt his throat tighten with emotion. "Thanks Dad. I love you too. Talk to you all soon. Give Carol and Finn my love back. Bye, Dad."

"Bye, Kurt." The phone call ended and Kurt stood outside, still leaning against the wall. He was suddenly very aware of the chill of the air and of the bricks through his clothing. He had been able to ignore it while talking to his dad, but he needed to get inside and get warm before he got sick. Besides, he was later than he expected and was sure Blaine was looking for him.

---

Kurt went quickly inside, shivering slightly. He was headed for his dorm purposefully when a hand on his arm stopped him.

"What's your hurry, Kurt?" Jake gave him a big smile before registering the coldness he was touching. "Good lord, have you been outside for hours or something? You're freezing!"

Kurt looked at him, a bit impatiently since all he wanted was to get to his dorm. "Yeah, Jake, I was outside on the phone with my dad. I really need to go now, I can't stay to talk." Kurt's teeth were chattering and his lips were pale with cold.

Jake put a hand on one of Kurt's cheeks. "Your cheek is like ice, Kurt. You should-"

"Kurt!"

Kurt winced as Blaine's anxious voice interrupted Jake. He quickly stepped away from Jake, breaking contact.

Blaine quickly joined them, glaring suspiciously at Jake. He turned to Kurt and gasped at his boyfriend's pale face and obvious shiver. "Where have you been? God, Kurt, we have to get you warm, now! You're going to be sick if we don't." Taking his blazer off and wrapping it around Kurt to give him another layer, Blaine put his arm around Kurt to lead him to his dorm. He gave another glare at Jake and made a production of rubbing Kurt's arms as they walked away, trying to warm him and be possessive at the same time. He was aware of Jake's eyes following them as they went down to hall towards Kurt's room.

Blaine burst into the dorm room with a shivering Kurt. Wes took one startled look at them and jumped up. "Kurt? Blaine? What the hell is going on?"

Kurt answered through chattering teeth, "It's no big deal, Wes, I promise. I've been outside practicing and my dad called. I just stayed outside too long, that's all. I need to go take a warm shower, though, I don't want to get sick and ruin my audition."

Wes nodded fervently. "Sure, sure, go now and get warm. I don't wanna lose my countertenor before I even get him."

Kurt chuckled and said, "You only love me for my voice. I feel so used."

Wes laughed and said, "Not true! I love you for your nice ass, too!" Both Wes and Kurt laughed.

"Hey, now," Blaine said, only semi-joking, "Wes, you need to back off my boyfriend."

Wes said airily, "Whatever, B, you know you agree with me."

Blaine nodded. "Oh, absolutely. But let's remember, dat ass belongs to-"

Kurt rolled his eyes and said, "Honestly, you two are terrible. I'm getting in the shower. Try not to kill each other or anything, okay?" He turned and went into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him. The shower water sounded immediately afterward.

Blaine sat on Kurt's bed and let out a deep sigh. Wes frowned at him and said, "B? What's wrong?"

Blaine looked at Wes seriously. "Jake. When I found Kurt in the hallway Jake had stopped him. He had one hand on his arm and the other on his face. I swear to you, Wes, I wanted to just punch him right in his fucking face. If he doesn't keep away from Kurt I don't know what I will do."

Wes rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I don't think you have anything to worry about, B, at least not where Kurt is concerned. But we will help you keep an eye on things if you want." He wasn't about to tell Blaine that he and their other friends were already doing just that.

Blaine nodded slowly. "That is probably a good idea. I really don't trust Jake not to try to screw this up somehow."

"Consider it done, B." Wes held out a fist to Blaine, who bumped it back.

---

When Kurt came out of the bathroom, his skin was slightly flushed from the warmth of the shower. His lips had regained their normal pink and no longer trembled with cold. Smiling, he laid on his bed next to Blaine, who immediately cuddled up to his back. Making a purring noise of contentment, Kurt snuggled into Blaine's arms. Wes had the TV on and was laughing at a rerun of Two and a Half Men that was on. Kurt closed his eyes and relaxed as Blaine pressed his lips gently to Kurt's cheek, thankful it was now warm and not icy cold as it had been previously.

Kurt leaned back slightly to smile at his boyfriend. "My dad called me. I was on my way back and when he called I just stood outside talking to him."

Blaine smiled back. "That's good. I know you are missing him. What did he have to say?"

Kurt grimaced slightly and chuckled a little in embarrassment. "Well, he gave me the sex talk."

Blaine froze, eyes wide as he stared at Kurt. "What?"

Kurt nodded. "Yeah. It was...interesting. Maybe mortifying is a better term."

Blaine looked thoughtful. "I'm sure. But, Kurt, it's really awesome that your dad cares enough to talk to you about it. I can't see my dad ever doing anything like that. I mean, everything I know I had to find on the internet. By myself."

Kurt sighed. "I know. And I love him for it, I just wasn't expecting it. He said he didn't want either of us pushing the other before we are ready for things to happen."

Blaine nodded slowly. "Have we been pushing each other? I don't feel that way, but do you?" He looked nervously at Kurt as he waited for his answer.

Kurt reached up a hand to touch Blaine's cheek lightly. "I'm comfortable with everything we've done, Blaine. I just needed to know that you were, too." The boys leaned into each other to exchange a light kiss. Kurt smiled mischievously and said teasingly at Blaine. "He did say that first time sex would be an excellent gift to myself...on my thirtieth birthday."

Blaine wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry at that. They hadn't really talked about sex, not really. The actual act. Blaine felt sure, though, that one day it would happen. He looked into Kurt's eyes, losing himself like he always did, and felt his heart give a twist. Yes, one day. This is the boy he would eventually have sex with. He knew it as surely as he knew his name.

Kurt was staring back at Blaine, his thoughts running along the same vein of thought. It was altogether exhilarating and frightening all at once. He bit his lip as he looked into the dark colors of Blaine's eyes, unsure how to describe the color at this time. He recognized the look of fear, tenderness and promise shining from Blaine's beautiful eyes, because he was sure the same look was in his own. He turned slightly to be able to reach better, and ran his fingers into the hair at the nape of Blaine's neck. Pulling him closer, they pressed their lips together. This kiss was sweet and pure, carrying with it the declaration that one day, they would learn everything there was to know about each other. And they would do it together.

---

Blaine fidgeted on the couch in the Warbler room. Wes had called the meeting to order and was announcing to the assembled boys that they had a new student auditioning to be a part of the group. Blaine took a deep breath. He knew Kurt was nervous. He had had only had a brief minute to give Kurt a quick kiss for luck before Kurt had hurried away to run through his song once more. Blaine was dying of curiosity, as were David, Wes, Nick and Jeff. Kurt had kept mum on his song, saying they would hear him when he sung for everyone else, that way their judgment would be unbiased.

Kurt walked into the music room, looking slightly pale. He went to the front of the room and looked at the assembled group nervously. Nodding his head, he acknowledged Wes giving him the signal to start. Kurt closed his eyes and started to sing. Blaine's eyes widened and his mouth dropped open slightly, his heart pounding.

*Love, I get so lost, sometimes*

*Days pass and this emptiness fills my heart*

*When I want to run away*

*I drive off in my car*

*But whichever way I go*

*I come back to the place you are*

*All my instincts, they return*

*And the grand facade, so soon will burn*

*Without a noise, without my pride*

*I reach out from the inside*

At this point, the other Warblers joined in, harmonizing in background for a startled Kurt, who opened his eyes quickly but didn't falter in his singing.

*In your eyes*

*The light the heat*

*(In your eyes)*

*I am complete*

*(In your eyes)*

*I see the doorway to a thousand churches*

*(In your eyes)*



*The resolution of all the fruitless searches*

*(In your eyes)*

*Oh, I see the light and the heat*

*(In your eyes)*

*Oh, I want to be that complete*

*I want to touch the light*

*The heat I see in your eyes*

*Love, I don't like to see so much pain*

*So much wasted and this moment keeps slipping away*

*I get so tired of working so hard for our survival*

*I look to the time with you to keep me awake and alive*

*And all my instincts, they return*

*And the grand facade, so soon will burn*

*Without a noise, without my pride*

*I reach out from the inside*

*(In your eyes)*

*The light the heat*

*(In your eyes)*

*I am complete*

*(In your eyes)*

*I see the doorway to a thousand churches*

*(In your eyes)*

*The resolution of all the fruitless searches*

*(In your eyes)*

*Oh, I see the light and the heat*

*In your eyes*

*Oh, I want to be that complete*

*I want to touch the light,*

*The heat I see in your eyes*

*In your eyes in your eyes*

*In your eyes in your eyes*

*In your eyes in your eyes*

The room exploded in applause and shouts from the boys gathered there. Kurt's smile reached from ear to ear as he glanced around the room. He looked shyly towards Blaine who stopped clapping long enough to raise his fingers to his mouth and blow a kiss. Kurt's cheeks pinkened but he pursed his lips in his own kiss.

Wes banged his gavel loudly to get everyone's attention and regain order. His smile was easily as big as Kurt's. David and Thad were both still applauding, both looking slightly stunned. When the room finally quieted, Wes stood up.

"Okay, Warblers, now we vote. Everyone in favor of Kurt Hummel joining the Warblers as a full fledged member with all rights and privileges that come therein?"

Every hand in the room raised immediately, smiles and impressed looks on all faces. Wes banged his gavel, making it official, and Kurt was surrounded by everyone, congratulations and praise flowing freely. Kurt smiled gratefully and murmured thanks to all. Blaine pushed his way through the throng surrounding Kurt. He took Kurt's face in his hands and gave him a hard kiss, trying to convey how very proud he was.

"You move me, Kurt," he whispered.

The Warblers erupted in cheers, shouting words of encouragement and suggestion as Kurt smiled against Blaine's lips, both of them giggling slightly.

Wes banged his gavel again, bringing the meeting to an end. Boys filed out of the room, still talking excitedly about Kurt and what an awesome addition he was going to be. Blaine and Kurt got their school bags and walked out, Blaine holding Kurt's hand tightly. With his free hand, Kurt took out his cell phone and called his father's number. When Burt answered, Kurt smiled a blindingly beautiful smile.

"Dad? I made it. I'm a Dalton Academy Warbler!"

## Chapter Twenty-Three

Several weeks had passed, and Kurt was finding it quite easy to fit into Dalton and its daily regime. He was doing well with his studies and had made several friends in his classes. He finally felt challenged in classes and pushed himself harder than ever before, feeling a sense of satisfaction as he managed excellent grades that drew praise from the teachers. He finally knew what it was like to walk into a class and have others smile in welcome and yell conversationally before class began instead of slinking to the back where he could sit hopefully unnoticed and unmolested. No one glared menacingly at him or threatened him. No one threw anything into his face or shoved him into the lockers.

Kurt knew that a large part of that went to being in the Warblers. Blaine hadn't been kidding when he said that the Warblers were like rock stars. The first time Wes had insisted on an impromptu performance of Misery in the commons, Kurt had inwardly cringed in the beginning. He performed a little lackluster, not truly getting into it until he realized that all the students surrounding them were truly into the performance, dancing and singing along. There wouldn't be any food or books thrown at them, no Sue Sylvester to pull the fire alarm, no Figgins to mispronounce anything. When Blaine threw sheet music in the air and jumped on a chair, a loud cheer went up amongst the gathered crowd. When he threw his arm around Kurt and danced him around, no one gave them dirty looks or yelled obscenities. When David, Nick and Jeff led the dancing in the corridor, no one tripped them. When the Warblers gathered around tables to pound on them to the beat, no one complained. And when at the end of the song Blaine pulled Kurt to him in a hard and enthusiastic kiss, instead of boos and threats, there were loud cheers and whistles.

After that, much to Blaine's delight, Kurt started holding his hand in the hallway and being a little more openly affectionate.

Wes hadn't been kidding about putting Kurt to work in the Warblers. His first duty as a new member was to care for Pavarotti, the Warbler mascot. Most new members weren't all that enthusiastic, but for Kurt it was love at first sight. In no time at all, he had fashioned a Burberry cage cover for Pavi, as he called him, and spent time daily whistling back at the little canary and talking to him in baby talk. Wes just shook his head good naturedly at his friend for this, and Blaine made jokes about losing out to a bird. Kurt dismissed them both with shushing noises and continued to chatter away at his little friend.

And then there was the singing. Kurt had never had more fun in his life singing than he was having with the Warblers now. Contrary to his fears, the Warblers actually encouraged him and utilized his vocal talents. Kurt had been swaying in the background for so long he sometimes found it hard to believe that he

was actually appreciated for what he could contribute. As a Warbler, not only was he often spotlighted in some way, form, or fashion, but he was often included in discussions and asked for his opinion. As his confidence grew, Kurt began to take more initiative in practice, something that did not go unnoticed or unappreciated.

To the surprise of many, Kurt and Wes had become fast friends. Kurt had a way of bringing out the less serious side of Wes that even David sometimes had a hard time reaching. One day Blaine and David had been walking from class to meet the others when they heard singing and cheering coming from the courtyard. David stepped out from the door and came to a dead stop, causing Blaine to run into him. They both stood wide eyed in a bit of shock as they took in the sight of Wes and Kurt dancing along the courtyard, singing I'll Cover You from Rent, Kurt of course doing a stellar job singing the higher part of Angel while Wes chimed in as Collins in his slightly deeper voice. The two boys swung each other around, reenacting the well known scene from the movie while the gathered crowd cheered them on. David had a look of utter shock on his face while Blaine looked on rather bemusedly. The song came to an end with Kurt and Wes face to face with Wes holding Kurt's face, both smiling hugely as the crowd whooped and hollered their approval.

Blaine cleared his throat audibly and said, "Kiss him, Wes, and you're a dead man."

Everyone there broke out into laughter as Wes released Kurt and held his hands up in mock surrender. Kurt gave Blaine a flirtatious glance and gestured him forward with a beckoning finger. Blaine's grin split his face as he pretended to look behind him for someone else Kurt might be motioning to. Kurt huffed in pretend annoyance and grabbed a laughing Wes, saying, "Well, if Blaine doesn't want to kiss me, Wes, I guess you'll have to do."

Needless to say, Blaine had gotten over there pretty quickly.

As for Blaine and Kurt, their romance was blossoming. They spent all their free time together in some fashion. As Kurt grew more comfortable with PDA, their relationship grew more open. It was now a common sight to see the two boys walking together between classes with hands joined and smiles on their faces, eyes only for each other. Study time was strictly adhered to at Kurt's insistence, though they managed to be within touching distance so their feet could intertwine or a soft touch to the arm could be placed just because. They were usually snuggling with hands interlinked if in the company of their friends or connected at the mouth if they were alone. They had slowly become more comfortable with each other

and hands that had once hesitantly touched the other now roamed more freely and with a bit more purpose. Always over the clothes, mind you, but definitely more ardent as time passed.

---

It was a Thursday night and Kurt and Blaine were in Blaine's room, David having gone to Nick and Jeff's room with Wes to play Call of Duty. Kurt was to leave Friday after classes to go home for the weekend and Blaine was missing him already. Not wanting to waste any time, they were both out of uniform and dressed in much more casual clothing. Blaine was in a gray tshirt and dark sweats while Kurt wore a light blue shirt and black yoga pants. Normally Blaine would have taken time to appreciate how the color reflected Kurt's eyes, but tonight he had other things on his mind. Namely being separated from Kurt for two days, *two days*! That meant no cuddles or kisses or time spent together. Blaine was trying not to pout but he really wanted to throw himself at Kurt's feet and hold onto them so that he couldn't go anywhere, all the while begging him not to leave him. It was probably rather pathetic, Blaine decided, but be that as it may, it was how he felt. There were times that being an emotional and rather hormonal teenager definitely had its drawbacks. Blaine sighed, thinking that Kurt probably was not nearly as broken up over their impending separation.

That was, until Kurt suddenly threw himself into Blaine's lap with his arms around his neck and wailed, "Blaine! I'm gonna miss you so much this weekend!"

Blaine was startled for a second, then wrapped his arms around Kurt and nestled his face into Kurt's neck, breathing in the delicious scent that was so ultimately Kurt. Unable to help himself, he started pressing soft kisses to Kurt's neck, relishing the shiver he felt go through Kurt as he scraped his teeth lightly across it. Blaine shifted his position on his bed so that Kurt was now laying across him somewhat. Kurt crossed his arms over Blaine's chest and rested his chin on them, smiling a bit sadly while Blaine rubbed his back soothingly.

"I know. I am going to miss you, too. I confess I have been sulking just a bit about having to let you leave me here this weekend," Blaine said, meeting Kurt's eyes.

Kurt giggled as Blaine's chest raised in a deep sigh, causing him to move up and down with the movement. "Thank God we have unlimited texting and plenty of cell minutes. My dad might kill me otherwise. What are you and the guys doing this weekend while I'm gone?"

Blaine thought for a moment. "Well, I know that David has a date tomorrow night and Wes has one Saturday."

Kurt nodded. "I have already conferred with both of them on what to wear and given some suggestions on things they might do." He had been quite surprised but pleased to be approached by both Wes and David for his help. Both had been enthusiastic and grateful for his fashion know-how and ideas. Kurt felt like he could definitely get used to that sort of appreciation.

Blaine glanced at Kurt in a bit of surprise. He hadn't known that they had approached Kurt, but he felt a warm sense of satisfaction that his boyfriend fit in so well with his friends and that they in turn welcomed him with open arms. He continued, "Nick and Jeff are going to a party with some girls from our sister school Saturday, so David and I have plans to do something, just not sure what yet."

Kurt tilted his head and grinned at Blaine impishly. Blaine tried not to get distracted by the adorableness as Kurt said, "So that means you won't be pining for me?"

Blaine widened his eyes in mock horror. "I never said that! In fact, I had plans to spend the weekend being totally distraught and counting the minutes until your return, but the guys refuse to let me."

Kurt eyed Blaine for a second, then swept one hand down his side to the ticklish spot just below his ribs and started tickling him mercilessly. Blaine laughed wildly and thrashed, trying to stop the playful torture. Finally, he grabbed Kurt and flipped him so that he was on his back with Blaine pinning him to the bed by his wrists. Their laughter stopped as they looked at each other breathlessly for a moment. Then their mouths crashed together, teeth and tongues moving together furiously and hungrily, the separation of the weekend looming in their minds.

Blaine kept a loose grip on Kurt's wrists and moved so that he covered Kurt more completely. Kurt felt his brain start to fizzle as Blaine slowly ground into him, both of them starting to get hard. They had limited themselves to mainly kissing and brief touching but tonight was to get them through the weekend apart. Kurt spread his legs a little wider to accommodate Blaine, both of them shuddering a bit at the contact. Acting on instinct, Kurt raised one leg and wrapped it around Blaine, lightly pressing him closer. Deciding he quite liked having his wrists being held, Kurt made no attempt to free himself, opting instead to simultaneously press Blaine towards him and thrust upward himself. The resulting friction caused both boys to moan in unison.

Blaine moved Kurt's hands above his head and held them there. He held himself slightly above Kurt so he could look at him, deciding that there were few things in life as gorgeous as Kurt when he was in the throes of passion. Kurt's eyes were a dark shade of blue, pupils dilated to the point that the color was barely visible. His cheeks were flushed, his lips swollen and reddened and parted slightly. Kurt gasped slightly as Blaine began to slowly move his hips in a figure eight pattern, alternately pressing down then rubbing against him. Blaine leaned down to nibble lightly at Kurt's lips, teasing him. Kurt let out a low frustrated whining noise as Blaine nipped and licked his lips but wouldn't deepen the pressure for a thorough kiss. He tried to free his hands to pull Blaine in to demonstrate a proper kiss, but Blaine tightened his grip, refusing to let him free. Kurt's eyes rolled back slightly when Blaine switched his hip pattern from side to side to up and down. Blaine caught his own breath at the change in the friction on their cocks.

"Mmmmmm, Kurt, so good," Blaine growled in a low voice. He again moved his mouth lightly over Kurt's before deepening the kiss, pressing Kurt's lips apart with his own and plunging his tongue into Kurt's mouth. Kurt moved his tongue against Blaine's at a frantic pace, moaning into his mouth when Blaine pressed against him just right. Blaine tore his mouth away with a gasp as Kurt suddenly brought up his other leg and wrapped both legs around his waist and increased the pressure between them. Blaine buried his face in Kurt's neck with a loud groan, spreading kisses over the pulse point where he could feel Kurt's heart pounding. He worked his way down to the collar bone, biting gently and loving the broken sound Kurt made in response. Licking the bite mark in a soothing motion, Blaine then pressed his open mouth to the point, sucking at the delicate skin and feeling the heat rise in that spot as it purpled and bruised.

Satisfied that he had marked his boyfriend as his own, Blaine returned his mouth to Kurt's. Adjusting his hold on Kurt's wrists, he maneuvered them so that one hand was holding both of them. Sliding his other hand downward, he moved it between them. He had been dreaming of finally getting his hand on Kurt ever since Kurt had done such amazing things to him with his touch that time. Blaine moved his hand lightly over Kurt's crotch, palming him over the soft yoga pants he had on. He softly ran his fingertips over the outline of Kurt's hard cock before grasping it firmly.

Kurt tore his mouth away from Blaine's and threw his head back. "*Blaine!* FffuuuuuuUUCCKKK!"

Okay, so hearing Kurt swear like that was ridiculously hot. Blaine was intoxicated by the effect he was having on Kurt. He tightened his hold on Kurt's wrists as he moved his other hand between them faster, the movement stroking them both. Kurt tossed his head back and forth, his hands opening and closing in



fists as his breath came in audible pants. Blaine tightened his hold on Kurt and squeezed his hardness firmly, feeling Kurt's thighs tighten around his waist in a way that made his own breath stutter.

Kurt could feel heat coursing through his veins like fire, circling inward to coil in his lower belly. Blaine cupped Kurt's balls gently, rubbing lightly with his palm, then took Kurt's cock in a firm grasp and made a twisting motion upward. Kurt stiffened and jerked upwards, a low keening noise escaping him as he felt his release. He went limp as bliss overtook him, barely noticing as Blaine stiffened above him with a shout as he too came hard.

Blaine collapsed on top of Kurt, limbs shaking both from his climax and from holding himself up. He pressed breathless kisses on Kurt's throat as he loosened his hold on his wrists. Kurt flexed his hands with a low chuckle and wrapped his arms around Blaine, cuddling him close. They lay like that for a few minutes, exchanging lazy kisses as they caught their breath and felt their heart rates return to normal. Blaine hummed contentedly as Kurt gently ran his hands up and down his back. He felt sated and complete, and had almost dozed off when Kurt shifted under him. Lifting his head to smile softly at Kurt, he said, "Time for me to move so we can clean up, huh?"

Kurt smiled a bit ruefully and said, "Yeah, sorry. I think I'm starting to congeal."

Blaine burst out laughing and said, "Um, yeah, that's gross, Kurt." Groaning a little as he moved from his comfortable position, Blaine rolled off of Kurt and sat up. Running his possessive gaze over Kurt, he took satisfaction in how utterly debauched he looked. Swollen lips glistened and a flush remained on Kurt's cheeks. His eyes were a soft sleepy blue with heavy lids and his hair was tousled rather sexily. Kurt's shirt had risen slightly at his waist, showing a strip of pale skin above where his pants now clung to him damply. Blaine eyed the exposed skin with interest until Kurt rolled his eyes and gave him a playful slap on the arm before pulling his shirt back down.

Kurt was enjoying looking at Blaine, too. His sweat dampened curls framed his face enticingly, his dark eyes sparkled. There was a slight scruff on his face that had scratched Kurt's skin in a most amazing way and his sensual lips were lifted in a pleased grin. Kurt felt sure he had a similar smile on his own face. At least until he shifted slightly and was reminded rather unpleasantly of the state of his shorts. With a grimace, Kurt got up off of Blaine's bed and grabbed the extra boxers and sweats he had fortunately remembered to bring in hopes that something like this would happen. Excusing himself to the bathroom, Kurt quickly cleaned himself and changed, eager to get back to Blaine to take advantage of what time they had left before curfew. He hurried out of the bathroom and came to a stunned halt.

Blaine stood with his back to Kurt. He had stripped off his own soiled briefs and sweats to change. The hem of his shirt was not covering his ass completely, giving Kurt a titillating glimpse of Blaine's firm and nicely rounded bottom. Kurt managed not to make a noise of disappointment as Blaine pulled form fitting briefs up, concealing himself from Kurt's view. Flannel pajama pants followed as Blaine finished dressing and turned around. He jumped slightly, not having been aware of Kurt's presence. Kurt smiled brightly at him and crossed the room to pull a very willing Blaine into his arms for a hard kiss. Kurt ran his hands lightly down Blaine's back to grab his ass in a firm grip and squeeze, giggling as he felt Blaine breathe in quickly in surprise.

"You have an amazing ass," Kurt murmured against Blaine's lips, biting his lower lip gently.

Blaine made a noise of approval before saying to Kurt, "I am rather partial to yours myself."

They continued to stand together, holding each other and kissing, tasting of each other and unaware of the passing time. The door to Blaine's room opened suddenly and Kurt and Blaine jumped apart as a startled yelp from David made his presence known.

David looked a bit embarrassed. "Um, sorry, guys, I forgot you were going to be here. So, yeah. How's it going, good I guess? Uh, it's curfew, you know."

Kurt checked the time and saw that he had roughly two minutes to get to his dorm. Swearing under his breath, he turned back to Blaine. "I gotta go, Blaine."

Blaine smiled at his boyfriend and gave him one final kiss. When it seemed Kurt might linger Blaine smiled against his lips and gave him a smart smack on the bottom. "You don't want to be late, Kurt." He pressed his lips to Kurt's one last time and said softly, "Goodnight."

Kurt smiled sleepily and said, "Goodnight." Then in a louder voice said, "Goodnight, David!" And with that, he left the room.

Blaine rubbed the back of his neck and gave his roommate a small smile. "David-"

David quickly held up a hand and said, "No, no, it's okay. My bad." He glanced at Blaine quickly and said, "Wait, weren't you wearing...never mind, no need to say anything. I am just going to go get ready for bed, okay?" Shaking his head slightly, he went into the bathroom.

Blushing hotly, Blaine crawled into his bed with his book. Snuggling into his pillow that still smelled mouth wateringly like Kurt, he settled down to read a while before sleep.

Inside the bathroom, David sent a text to Wes:

***Walked in on K&B making out. Thank Christ I missed the full on, they were standing upright and nothing too crazy going on. But they are both wearing different clothes than they started in. Oh, my head. -D***

***Haha, asshole, that'll teach you to either knock or give them some warning first! LMAO And I don't wanna know about their clothing changes. Just, no. -W***

## Chapter Twenty-Four

"I cannot *believe* you gave me a hickey," Kurt huffed indignantly for what had to have been the sixth time as he tied a scarf around his neck to match his outfit and hide the rather obvious mark. He gave a scolding glare in the mirror at the reflection of his unrepentant boyfriend who was standing behind him.

Blaine shrugged nonchalantly and smiled his most charming smile. He came to stand beside Kurt to look at the two of them in the mirror.

"What can I say? You were irresistible and I couldn't help myself." Rather smugly, he moved the scarf to expose the dark mark that stood out prominently against the smooth paleness of Kurt's neck. Pleased, he leaned forward and licked it, whispering "I like it. It tells everyone that you're mine."

Kurt shivered slightly, then turned and glared at Blaine. He moved the scarf back into place and stepped back to put some space between them. Crossing his arms, he raised an eyebrow and began chiding Blaine.

"Don't try to distract me, it won't work. Of all times to give me a hickey, Blaine, of *all* times you decide to do it *right before I go home*? Not some time where it would have time to fade? My dad might have another heart attack over this. And I can hear Santana in my head already, her *and* the rest of my friends." Kurt shook his head.

Blaine bit his bottom lip, unsure now if Kurt was really mad at him or not. "Will they give you a hard time about it? I just wasn't thinking, Kurt, you were just *so* hot and you smelled *so good*, and *God, you felt-*"

Kurt stopped Blaine's rambling with a finger placed gently on his lips. "Shhhh, Blaine. I can handle my friends. And I can handle Dad. I may be able to conceal it from him one way or another. If he sees it, then I will deal with it." He gave a small shudder and frowned. "I just hope he doesn't see this as another opportunity to give me the sex talk again."

Blaine gave Kurt a hopeful smile and batted his eyelashes. "So you aren't mad at me?"

Kurt looked into Blaine's eyes for a moment before leaning towards him and nibbling on his lower lip. He nuzzled across Blaine's cheek towards his ear, smiling as Blaine made a contented sound low in his throat. Kurt whispered, "I wasn't stopping you at the time, was I? When I look in the mirror and see it, I know it was *you* who put it there and *you* who turns me on. It's actually pretty hot, and when I am all alone in my

room this weekend I can look at it and feel it and know I'm yours." He then blew a gentle breath into Blaine's ear before licking it.

Blaine made a strangled sound and felt his knees weaken. *Damn it*, it wasn't fair for Kurt to do this to him when he was about to leave campus for the weekend. Taking a shaky breath, he struggled to stay upright and not drag Kurt over to the neatly made bed to muss it up in a deliciously thorough manner. Kurt placed a hand on Blaine's ass and gave it a mischievous squeeze before turning casually and placing the cover over Pavarotti's cage in preparation to leave.

There was a sudden movement behind him and Kurt suddenly found himself propelled towards his bed and on his back with Blaine straddling his hips. Blaine leaned down to look into Kurt's eyes, his own eyes darkening. He licked his lips slowly and growled in a low voice, "It isn't nice to tease. You are teasing me and you are about to leave me and it *just isn't right*."

Kurt did his best to keep breathing normally, but he had to admit he really, *really* liked this. Blaine's warm body on his just felt so damn good, and it would be so easy to lose himself in the warm browns and greens that made up Blaine's soulful eyes. Lose himself in the sensations Blaine always evoked in him. Lose himself in Blaine's delicious kisses and caresses. Kurt was just about to throw it all to the wind and pull Blaine down on top of him when his phone started to ring. Both boys jumped, Kurt struggling to sit up and Blaine scrambling off him awkwardly. Both of them had to quickly adjust themselves, looking away from each other briefly.

"Hi, Dad," Kurt answered the call, feeling his face flushing even hotter at being 'caught' making out.

"Kurt? Haven't you left school yet?" Burt sounded surprised.

"Ummm, sorry, Dad, I had to make sure I had everything I needed for Pavi," Kurt made up a hasty excuse and hoped his father bought it. He smoothed his clothing and motioned for Blaine to follow him as he gathered his things together to head out to his car.

"What's a Pavi?" Burt sounded confused.

Kurt tried not to roll his eyes. "Da-a-ad, Pavi! Pavarotti? The Warbler bird?"

"Wait, you're bringing a bird home?" Burt did not sound enthusiastic.

"Honestly, Dad, you can't expect me to leave him here for the weekend and me not here. I am responsible for him! He's a bird in a cage, not a dog or a pig or something. He'll be no bother at all. Will you, Pavi?" Kurt cooed.

Blaine couldn't contain the snort of laughter that escaped him. He struggled to look contrite as Kurt shot him a warning glance. He followed behind Kurt, carrying the small duffel bag containing Kurt's clothing for the weekend. His attention veered from Kurt's conversation with his dad as his appreciative gaze traveled down his boyfriend's backside. When they got to Kurt's Navigator, Kurt opened the passenger side door, took the bag from Blaine and tossed it into the back seat. He then leaned down to carefully place Pavarotti's cage in the floorboard, still talking to Burt. Unable to resist, Blaine gently grabbed Kurt by the hips and grinded into his ass teasingly. Kurt jerked slightly in surprise, nearly dropping his phone. He whipped his head around to glare at his boyfriend, who was enjoying this far more than was necessary.

"Listen, Dad, I am about to leave and I forgot to charge my Bluetooth, so I will see you when I get home, okay? Love you too." Kurt hung up the phone and turned around. Blaine prepared himself for a well deserved reprimand and was stunned when Kurt flipped their positioning to pin him against the side of the vehicle. Kurt put his hands on Blaine's face and held him immobile while ravaging his mouth and grinding into him. Blaine moaned in the back of his throat, losing himself completely when suddenly Kurt pulled his mouth away.

"Payback, Blaine, payback," Kurt whispered saucily. He pulled Blaine away from the car and smacked him playfully on the ass. Blaine stood there, stunned as Kurt closed the passenger door and sauntered to the driver's side. His eyes sparkled playfully at Blaine as he gestured him over. "I have to go now, Blaine, are you gonna come kiss me goodbye or are you going to just stand there?"

Blaine shook himself out of his hormonal stupor and walked over to the driver's side. Kurt had already gotten in the vehicle and had the window down. The two regarded each other a little sadly, both feeling the heaviness of impending separation yet feeling silly about being so down over two days apart. Blaine gave Kurt his best puppy dog eyes, lips turned down slightly in a pout. He leaned his head down, touching Kurt's forehead with his own, both of them closing their eyes and breathing deeply of each other.

Kurt nuzzled Blaine's nose with his own and placed a gentle and chaste kiss to his lips. "I have to go now, Blaine. I am running late and Dad and Carol have family plans for tonight. So I will text you when I can but I probably won't get to call you until late. Is that okay?"

Blaine's small smile was sad. "It's fine, Kurt. You know I'll be waiting to hear from you. Be careful on the road and let me know when you get home so I know you are okay, alright?"

Kurt nodded. "I will. See you in a few days, okay?" Kurt put the car in reverse and pulled out of the parking place. He blew Blaine a final kiss before getting on the road.

Blaine stood there a moment longer, feeling a bit lonely. He ran his fingers roughly through his gelled hair and sighed. It was almost frightening how much a part of his life Kurt had become. Blaine wasn't ready to consider what that might mean. He walked slowly back to the dormitory where he was met by Wes, Nick and Jeff, all of them looking at him sympathetically.

"So, I take it Kurt's on his way for the weekend?" questioned Jeff, taking in Blaine's glum countenance.

"Yup," Blaine said, putting his hands in his pockets. "He'll text me when he gets home."

"That's cool. He said he was bringing back cookies so make sure you hold him to it, okay?" Wes gave Blaine a soft punch to the shoulder.

Nick flashed a winning grin at Blaine. "Come on, B, let's go to your dorm. David is getting ready for his date and we need to support him like we did you!"

Blaine rolled his eyes good naturedly and said, "You mean scare him to death and make him question his sanity?" The four boys joked amongst themselves as they walked towards Blaine and David's room, already planning an evening of video games.

---

Kurt stretched before throwing himself across his bed, sighing in comfort and pleasure at being in his own bed. It had been a great night. He had texted Blaine when he got home and his boyfriend had answered that they had seen David off and were now playing Halo, so Kurt knew that Blaine was being entertained. He had been greeted with enthusiasm when he walked in, his dad hugging him tight enough to make him squeak and Carol smothering his face in kisses before running her fingers through his hair to hold him while she looked at him. She swore he looked different somehow and her knowing gaze brushed over the scarf knotted around his neck, causing his face to heat up. Finn grinned from ear to ear and pulled a very surprised Kurt into a bone crushing hug, lifting him up off the floor.

Carol had cooked an amazing dinner and Kurt was pleased that it was a healthy one that his father seemed to enjoy. Conversation had flowed freely, Kurt telling them all about the ins and outs of an all boys private school, which had Finn listening in amazement as he ate his way through three helpings. The brothers had agreed to keep their respective Glee clubs off topic so as not to create any awkwardness or inadvertent revelations, so they stuck to safe topics. Burt's shop was doing well, Carol was keeping busy at the hospital, and the lawyer had called Burt to let him know their suit against the school was moving forward. Even after dinner was finished, they all sat at the table, just enjoying the company and feeling of family. Kurt helped Carol clear the table and told her about his plans to spend some time with his friends while he was home, while Burt and Finn chatted about the upcoming football game they planned to watch the next day.

Finn had excused himself to go to his room to log on and play Xbox live with Puck, and Burt and Carol had gone to the living room to watch a movie. Kurt lay across his bed, feeling relaxed. His thoughts wandered to Blaine, as they tended to do. Kurt sighed, missing Blaine yet feeling ridiculous since they had said goodbye to each other only a few hours ago. It was important for them to be able to maintain their sense of self and do things apart from each other, but Kurt felt a little hollow in his chest and knew it came from missing having Blaine next to him. Kurt closed his eyes thoughtfully. They were still so young, but Kurt knew he had never felt anything like this before with any of the crushes he had prior. What did age have to do with it anyway, he wondered. He was 17, less than a year away from being able to vote and having to register for the draft. If he could do those things, who was to say he was too young to know what he felt? What did age have to do with knowing his own heart? Would he really have that much more self knowledge in a few years as opposed to now? Kurt rather doubted it. All he knew is that Blaine made him happy, happier than he had ever felt outside of his family. Blaine made him feel comfortable, safe and complete. When he was with Blaine, he felt like there was nothing he couldn't do if he wanted to. It was far too early to use the L word, but Kurt felt like he was well on his way.

It was terrifying and amazing all at once.

Kurt flipped over onto his side and grabbed his laptop, powering it up. He had thought a lot lately of the physical aspect of his and Blaine's relationship. Other than each having given each other one over the underwear hand job, they hadn't really gone much further. Their shirts had always stayed on, he had never seen Blaine's bare chest, though if what his hands were feeling was any indication he was going to probably be incredibly turned on once he laid eyes on it. Blaine had broad shoulders, something that Kurt had always liked. His waist was trim and his stomach felt muscled. Kurt knew he had seen a light dusting of hair when he had undone the top three buttons on Blaine's shirt that one time, and though he hadn't



looked at Blaine's stomach when he had palmed Blaine's dick that time, he felt pretty sure there had been a trail of fine hair there. Kurt felt himself drooling. The brief glimpse of Blaine's ass the night before had been a tease. Kurt admitted to himself he was more than a bit interested in seeing more. Blaine had muscular legs, too. Kurt had often found himself distracted in class or at Warblers practice by the sight of Blaine's thighs stretching the material of his slacks.

All in all, Blaine was perfection wrapped up in a yummy form.

Kurt started surfing the Internet thoughtfully. He felt like maybe, *just maybe* he was ready to go a little further with Blaine. Not actual sex, not just yet, but that didn't rule out other things they could do. Blaine had mentioned one time that he had learned things from the Internet. And Kurt knew there had to be things he could learn about as a gay teen. A man on a mission, he went to Google and started his search. An hour and a half later it was a wide eyed and semi aroused Kurt that finally closed his laptop.

Wow.

Kurt decided that he wanted to know a little more. He grabbed his cellphone and sent a text to Brittany.

***Hi, Brit! I'm home for the weekend and I was hoping that maybe I could see you and Santana tomorrow. Would that be okay? -K***

***Sure, boo! Can you come to my house? Santana is already supposed to come over, she promised to help me put a new password on my computer since Lord Tubbington changed mine and I can't get into it. -Brit***

***No problem, what time? -K***

***3:00? -Brit***

***Sounds good. See you then! -K***

***Okay :) -Brit***

Kurt smiled. That gave him time to go shopping and have lunch with Quinn, Mercedes and Tina at the mall. He could go by Brittany's after that. And once he left Brittany's house he could meet Rachel at the Lima Bean before going home. Finn had already said that Puck, Sam, Artie and Mike were coming by Saturday

evening and Sam and Puck would be staying the night. Finn had made Kurt promise to play Call of Duty with them for at least a little while. So Saturday was shaping up to be a busy one indeed.

Kurt closed his eyes and let his mind drift. What he had found online began to play across his thoughts and he shifted slightly as he started to feel himself getting hard. He hummed lightly to himself as he pictured having Blaine beside him, exploring and touching as they immersed themselves in each other. His breathing hitched as he rubbed himself, picturing Blaine's hand on him.

Maybe it was the fact that he had spent time researching sex tonight, or maybe being turned on made him a bit more daring, but Kurt suddenly decided that he absolutely *needed* to hear Blaine's voice. He crossed the room and quickly locked his door, then plugged in his iPod so the music would block any noise he might inadvertently make. He quickly shed his clothes and changed into loose fitting flannel pants. Climbing onto his bed, he dialed Blaine's number and waited for him to answer.

---

Blaine leaned back against the couch, watching in amusement as Wes, Nick and Jeff concentrated on their game. He had played with them but had opted to sit out this one, preferring to relax in his own thoughts. He was definitely missing Kurt. It felt different now, being here without having Kurt's hand in his and laughing at Kurt's snarky commentary. Idly he wondered if David was having a good night and what Kurt was doing right now. When his phone rang, he felt his heart lift and a smile crossed his face when he saw Kurt's name on the callID.

"Hey," he answered, "how's everything? Your family doing okay?"

"They're fine. I was missing you and wanted to hear your voice." Kurt's almost breathless answer caught Blaine's full attention. He sat up straighter on the couch, concerned.

"Are you alright?" he asked, wondering what was going on. Suddenly Kurt made a noise on the other end that made goosebumps raise on Blaine's arms.

*Oh.*

"Blaine. Are you alone or still with the guys?" Kurt's voice had a gravelly tone to it that had Blaine scrambling off the couch and making his way towards the door.

"Hold on a second, okay?" Blaine turned back to his friends who had paused the game and were looking at him in concern. "It's Kurt, guys, and I am gonna go to my room so I don't distract you or anything, okay? See you tomorrow?"

Jeff and Nick both waved and turned their attention to the game. Wes snorted and made a comment under his breath about 'Distraction, yeah I just bet' before he, too, went back to shooting on the screen.

Blaine practically ran to his dorm and locked the door behind him. "Okay, I'm in my room now. So, talk to me."

"Mmmmmm, Blaine. I wish you were here. I miss you right now." Kurt sounded breathless, the sound going straight to Blaine's groin. He suppressed a groan as he lay down on his bed, one hand reaching down to palm himself.

"I miss you, too. What have you been doing?" Blaine licked his lips as he listened to Kurt's breathing on the other end.

"I spent the evening with my family. But I decided that I was curious about a few things so I went online."

*Oh, Jesus.* Blaine's eyes snapped shut as he imagined Kurt looking up *things*, eyes sparkling in curiosity and arousal, touching himself like Blaine dreamed of one day touching him.

"Kurt. You're killing me."

"Mmmmm, Blaine, I definitely don't want to kill you, should I let you go and I can just-"

"If you dare hang up I swear I will call you right back. There is no way I am missing this. Tell me, Kurt. Tell me what you thought about what you saw online. What did it make you feel?"

"It made me-*God, Blaine*-it got me so hard, thinking what it must feel like. What it would be like with you, touching you and you touching me."

"*God*, Kurt, you're driving me crazy here. Are you touching yourself right now?"

Kurt's breath stuttered. "Blaine, are we really doing this? And yeah, I am."

Blaine made a noise that was between a moan and a laugh and said, "Begging your pardon, sir, but as I recall, *you* called *me* and started all this. I'm only human, how am I supposed to resist when my hot boyfriend that's in another city tonight calls me and basically tells me he's horny from the Internet and I can tell he's jerking off?" Kurt moaned at this and Blaine stifled his own moan. He was *not* letting this opportunity pass him by. "Tell me what you're doing. How are you touching yourself? What gives you pleasure?"

"I am running my hand down my chest right now, just light touches with my fingertips that almost tickle but instead feel incredible."

Blaine copied Kurt's description, running his hand down his own chest. "Go on."

"Now I'm feeling under the edge of my pants. I really want to touch my cock but the anticipation feels good." Kurt's breath hitched and he continued, "I've got it in my hand now, Blaine. I'm *so* hard right now and I'm just barely running my fingers up and down it. Feels so good. Ahhhh..."

Blaine was pumping his own cock firmly, feeling insanely turned on at hearing his boyfriend describing pleasuring himself and the mental images it caused. "What else?"

"Now I'm moving my hand up and down. Slow, and now faster, now I'm squeezing a little and *Jesus, Blaine*, it feels fucking awesome and I wish it was *you* touching me, I wish it was you because I'm not gonna last much longer."

Blaine was breathing in harsh gasps now, much like Kurt was. He wasn't going to last much longer, either. His rhythm sped up and he said in a low voice, "Come for me, Kurt. Come *with* me. Let me hear your sexy noises while you make yourself come."

"Yes, Blaine, yes, *unnnffff*, feels good, ahhhh...*Aaaahhhhhhhh*, *Blaine!*"

Hearing Kurt was all it took to put Blaine over the edge as well. His grasp on himself tightened and his body shook as he came. Panting, he lay there, feeling boneless and spent. He could hear Kurt on the other end, breathing in quick gasps. They both were silent as they caught their breath.

Blaine spoke first. "So. Wow."

Kurt laughed breathlessly and said, "Yeah."

"That was interesting," Blaine said, sure he was grinning foolishly.

"Mmmhmm. And fun," agreed Kurt. "Did I mention I miss you?"

"Miss you, too. A lot."

Kurt said, "Crap. Hold on a second." Blaine could hear him calling to someone who was apparently knocking on the door. He came back on the line and said, "Blaine, I gotta go. I'll talk to you tomorrow, okay?"

"Okay. Goodnight, Kurt. Sweet dreams."

"Sweet dreams to you, too." Kurt blew a kiss into the phone before hanging up.

Blaine breathed deep of his pillow that still smelled faintly like Kurt, then jumped up to change clothes for bed before David got back.

---

Kurt ran up the steps leading to Brittany's front door. He had spent part of the morning and the early afternoon shopping with Quinn, Mercedes and Tina. They had had a fun time, giggling and gossiping. They had all had questions about Blaine. Fortunately none of them involved the scarf tied around his neck. Kurt had been waiting for the inevitable question, but it never came. The girls had been too excited to see him and too involved in their shopping. When he finally left them Kurt had breathed a sigh of relief. He rang the doorbell and waited for Brittany to answer.

The door opened and Santana looked at him with a smirk. "Hi, Porcelain. Nice scarf."

Kurt looked at her, dumbfounded. "How did you...how did you *know*?" Jesus, did she *smell* it or something?

Santana's smile grew wider as she stepped aside to let Kurt in. "I didn't, actually. But seeing as you just confirmed it for me without me asking directly, I would say it was a hell of a lucky guess." She pushed the scarf aside with a quick movement, catching Kurt off guard. He felt a flush cross his cheeks as her eyes widened slightly and she gave a low whistle.

"Holy cow, Kurt, does that thing go through to the other side? Nice one!" Santana motioned for him to follow her and they walked towards Brittany's room. The door opened and Brittany rushed out, throwing herself into Kurt's arms. She squeezed him hard and pressed her lips to his in a quick smack.

"Kurt! I'm so glad to see you! I miss you so much now that you've gone to Hogwarts." Brittany beamed at him.

"Dalton, sweetie, my school is Dalton. It's a little different. And I miss you, too," Kurt smiled fondly at her.

Brittany grabbed Kurt by the hand and pulled him into her room. She looked around in some confusion, saying "I told Lord Tubbington you would be here. He was excited to get to see you again, but I don't see him. He's probably off smoking again," she sighed in exasperation. Santana smiled at her gently and patted the bed next to her. The two girls linked pinkies and looked at Kurt expectantly.

"So, Kurt, talk to us. As glad as I am to see you, and I do mean that, I know there is something more to this little rendezvous. What can we do for you?" Santana looked at Kurt shrewdly.

Kurt sat down on the bed, taking a deep breath. It was now or never. "I want you to teachmehowtogiveablowjob," he said in a rush, his face flaming.

The two girls looked at him, stunned for a moment. Then Santana crawled over to him and took him in her arms, crushing him to her chest. "Oh, my God, Kurt, just let Auntie Tana love you for a minute here." She grabbed his face and placed a kiss on both off his cheeks. "I didn't think this day would ever come." She scrambled back to Brittany's side, a wide smile on her face. "You've come to the right place. What do you want to know?"

Kurt threw his hands up helplessly. "Well, I mean, I think I get the gist of it, but how exactly do I do it? I mean, how do I do it *right* where it feels good and I'm not dying of embarrassment?"

Santana held up a hand to silence him. "Stop right there. You are talking about taking a guy's dick into your mouth. You are going to have to get the idea about it being embarrassing out of your mind. Otherwise it is going to be awkward and neither one of you will be able to enjoy it."

Brittany smiled at him. "You know what feels good. It'll be easy. Just think what you would want for yourself, you know?"

Santana nodded. "It's pretty straight forward, actually. You start by-" she stopped, looking thoughtful. "Brit, don't you have popsicles?"

Brittany smiled and clapped her hands. "I do! Cherry ones! Want one, Kurt?"

"He sure does, Brit," Santana answered for Kurt, looking at him mischievously. Kurt gulped and nodded.

Brittany quickly ran downstairs and returned with three popsicles. She handed one to both Kurt and Santana and unwrapped her own.

Santana looked seriously at Kurt. "Okay, Porcelain, what do you do?"

Kurt looked at her, eyes wide. "I- well, I don't-"

Santana shook her head at him. "Don't overthink it. What do you do?"

Kurt gulped nervously and gave the popsicle a quick lick. Santana nodded approvingly.

"That's actually good. Building up to it makes it even more intense. That's not saying that there won't be times you just start off full deep throat, but licking around the end is a good start. Observe."

Santana started licking the end of her popsicle suggestively, running her tongue around the end in a circular motion before pushing the end into her mouth. She moved her mouth down the frozen confection, then back up again. She smiled at him encouragingly. "Now you try."

Kurt thought he might just die of embarrassment, but he imitated Santana. She nodded and resumed with her own popsicle, demonstrating different tricks and techniques. Kurt relaxed and got more into it, working his popsicle with a little more enthusiasm. Santana showed him how to open up his throat and how to work his tongue, and by the time Brittany supplied them with new popsicles Kurt was really starting to get into it. He and Santana both expertly at this point were moving the popsicles in and out of their mouths and neither one noticed Brittany taking a picture of them. The blonde posted the picture to her Facebook page, tagging both Kurt and Santana and captioning the picture as "Cheerios practice," smiling delightedly at her own wit.

## **Chapter Twenty-Five**

"That's it, Porcelain, work it. Your boy isn't going to know what hit him."

Santana watched approvingly as Kurt pushed his popsicle in a bit further. When he gagged slightly, she snickered and said, "Stick your tongue out just a bit. Relax it like you're having your tongue depressed at the doctor's. You're a singer, open that throat!"

Kurt gave her an exasperated look. "I thought you said relaxing my throat would make me gag worse. Make up your mind!"

Santana shook her head. "There's a difference between relaxing and opening the throat. You need to open the throat and make room. Think of how you open it to hit those notes. Try it. If you start to gag, stop pushing and try again. You'll get it."

Kurt licked his freezing lips. "The popsicle is melting, Santana."

Santana said, "What's that got to do with-oh wait, I see what you're saying. Well, we will get another one after this. And at least you won't have to worry about that happening in real life."

Kurt sighed, "This is already my fifth popsicle. I don't know how many more I can eat. We owe Brittany a new box as it is."

"I have banana pops, too, if you want something different," Brittany said helpfully as she took another picture of Kurt and Santana with her phone.

"What are you doing?" Kurt looked at her with a slightly horrified expression on his face.

"Taking your picture, silly," Brittany responded with a smile. "I posted one on Facebook and already twenty four people have liked it!"

Kurt felt a little faint. "Are you kidding me?"

Brittany beamed at him. "Nope! Look! I called it Cheerios Practice and everyone seems to like it!"



Kurt took the phone Brittany held out to him. He nearly sagged with relief that the picture was fairly innocent looking, just of him and Santana looking at each other with popsicles in their mouths and not a blatantly obvious lesson on oral sex.

Brittany giggled when he handed her phone back to her. "Your lips are red, Kurt. You look kind of hot like that! Can I take some more pictures and post them?"

Kurt hesitated for a moment and Santana nudged him slyly. "Come on, Kurt, let's have some fun with popsicles and a camera. Do it, Porcelain. Let's share the sexy. We helped you prepare for going down on your boyfriend, you can play with us for a little while now, right?"

Kurt thought about it for another moment then threw his hands in the air. "Why the hell not? Santana, we need new popsicles!"

---

David and Blaine were relaxing in their dorm room. Blaine was lying on his stomach with his handy copy of *Lord of the Flies* in front of him, cuddled up with his pillow that smelled most like Kurt. David was lying across his own bed with his laptop, surfing the internet. They had decided they would go out later and find something to do, whether it was taking in a movie or playing mini golf. But for now, they just relaxed in companionable silence. David had come in from his date the night before feeling pleased and they had talked about how it went and how Blaine was doing without Kurt before going to sleep. Both had slept in a little later than usual and since they were feeling lazy, they opted just to stay in pajamas for the meantime.

Blaine had almost dozed off again when David cackled with delight and said, "Blaine! Come here! I know you will want to see this!"

Blaine stretched slowly and closed his eyes. "*Da-a-a-vid*, I'm *soooo* comfortable right now!" he whined.

David scoffed at him and said, "Fine. I thought you would be *happy* I found video proof that your boyfriend was once a cheerleader, but if you're too tired I can go ahead and close-" David closed his mouth with a nearly audible snap when Blaine's eyes flew open and he literally jumped from his bed to David's.

"What! Where?" Blaine pushed David aside slightly and plopped down next to him. David gave a long-suffering sigh before hitting play on the video. It started to play and at first all they could see was the McKinley High pep band on the court. Cheerleaders were dancing in from the sides and Blaine scanned for

someone resembling Kurt. Suddenly a confident voice said, "Come on! Kurt Hummel!" Blaine recognized one of the girls he had seen when Kurt had been Skyping with his friends and *-hold the fuck up...*

A slightly younger version of Kurt slunk into view from the side, wearing a headset and a well fitting cheer uniform. *With a fucking armband.* Side by side with the girl, he moved to the forefront of the band, singing 4 Minutes by Madonna and Justin Timberlake. He didn't walk so much as he sashayed, gracefully dropping to the ground in a squat motion punctuated with an "Uhh!" The girl, *Tina? Mercedes?* Blaine couldn't remember at the moment, sang as Kurt coquettishly sidled towards her with a sexy expression on his face. The two singers whipped around and were surrounded by cheerleaders, dancing along with them, moving their arms in cheerleading movements. For a frustrating moment Kurt was out of the picture as the camera trained on the gyrating cheerleaders, then he suddenly appeared again. The squad squeezed inward in a tight circle, Kurt and his friend bending low and slowly rising as they looked at each other. The entire group started moving their hips in a slow grinding motion, then moved outward as the circle dispersed. Kurt and the girl moved to the outside and spun as the cheerleaders continued to dance at center. They met in front of them, back to back and Kurt slid down her back and back up again. As the cheerleaders continued to dance in the background, Kurt and the girl (*What **was** her name?*) danced around each other in a circle, all of them suddenly looking over their shoulders and shaking their bottoms back and forth to the beat of the song. As the routine came to an end, Kurt and his friend leaned back and forth towards each other and swung around at the waist. They ended up face to face, Kurt shaking one finger. When the music stopped, Kurt and his friend stood there, both of them breathing heavily and small smiles on their faces.

Blaine sat there for a moment after the video ended. He was shaken out of his stupor when a hand pressed his chin upward and made a wiping motion.

"Pretty sure you were drooling," David said teasingly. "But did you just see that? Boy's got some *moves!* It's about time we had someone in Warblers who could move like that."

Blaine blinked a couple of times and finally got his brain to focus. The moves he was imagining had little to do with cheering or dancing and weren't the kind David would want the Warblers showcasing. "I need you to send that to me. Like five minutes ago."

David laughed and said, "Don't you mean four minutes?"

Blaine rolled his eyes. "Haha, so very funny. The fact that you laugh at your own bad jokes should tell you something. Can I check Facebook real fast on your laptop so I don't have to get mine and turn it on?"

David nodded agreeably. "Sure. After all, your Macbook is all the way across the room. I don't want you to hurt yourself trying to walk after watching that."

Blaine elbowed David in the ribs, trying not to laugh as David let out a surprised grunt. He moved the laptop into his lap and pulled up Facebook to log in. Once he opened his page he saw he had a few notifications where people had written on his wall or had supposedly answered questions about him or whatever. Suddenly a picture caught his attention and his eyes widened. The photo was noted 'Kurt Hummel was tagged in Brittany Pierce's photo album' and was of Kurt and a dark haired girl. Blaine clicked on it to open it in a bigger form. The caption below it said Cheerios Practice and tagged Kurt and Santana Lopez. So that was Santana. More interesting, though was the picture itself. Kurt and Santana were both eating red popsicles. Blaine felt his stomach clench slightly at the sight of Kurt with his soft lips wrapped around something with such a suggestive shape. He rubbed his forehead and sighed. Being separated from Kurt was not helping his perpetual horniness, that was for certain.

He clicked the Next button. The next picture had Kurt and Santana with their mouths open, sticking their tongues out at each other, both of them with lips and tongues stained red from the popsicles. Blaine smiled at this. He was glad Kurt was spending times with his friends and having fun. Of course he couldn't help but take note of how delicious the red stain made Kurt's lips and tongue look. The next picture was a little more suggestive, Santana laying on her back with her head in Kurt's lap. Her mouth was slightly open and he was holding a popsicle to her lips, looking like he was rubbing the end of it around them. Her eyes were half way closed and Kurt had a slight smirk on his face. Blaine felt a little twinge of envy at Santana. The next picture made Blaine smile widely. Kurt was between Santana and a blonde girl identified as Brittany. Kurt had his eyes closed, his nose wrinkled in a cute way and his lips twisted in a little smirk as each girl kissed him on the cheek. Blaine sighed. His boyfriend was just so freakin' adorable. He clicked the Next button again. And felt his breath leave with a whoosh.

*Well, damn.*

The picture was again of Santana, Kurt and Brittany. But this time, they all had popsicles. In their mouths. All three looked at the camera with wide eyes and cheeks hollowed around the popsicles. It was pretty clear what they were imitating.

"Well, *that's* not obvious or anything."

Blaine nearly jumped out of his skin. He had been so wrapped up in looking at the pictures he had completely forgotten David was sitting next to him. David was staring at the screen in fascination.

"I didn't know Kurt had such hot friends. Is what they're doing even legal?"

Blaine shook his head slightly. If it wasn't illegal it probably should be, that might just increase his chances of survival. He wondered briefly if he should save this picture as his wallpaper on his MacBook, then mentally vetoed the idea since that might mean he never got any further than powering up.

"Dude, look how many likes and comments this picture has already!" David was cracking up as he clicked to show all the comments posted. He read a few out loud that were from Kurt's friends from McKinley.

***'Fuck, yeah, ladies!' Noah "Puckzilla" Puckerman***

***'Kurt, you naughty, naughty boy!' Quinn Fabray***

***'Is it weird that I suddenly find Kurt really hot somehow?' Sam Evans***

***'When did Kurt Hummel get so hot? ;D' Tina Cohen-Chang***

***'Dude, I am never gonna be able to look at you the same way, ever.' Finn Hudson***

Suddenly, Blaine stiffened as he noticed a familiar name listed among the Likes.

*Jake Turner.*

Blaine quickly scanned the comments, looking to see if Jake had made any comment. He hadn't even known Kurt and Jake were friends on Facebook, and he was definitely not crazy about the idea. Especially if it meant Jake could see things like this. Blaine knew he was being irrational, after all, the pictures were on Facebook, for crying out loud. But knowing Jake was ogling pictures of Kurt being sexy made Blaine want to break something. Preferably Jake's perfect face. Especially when he saw the comment Jake had put under the picture.

***'I would say pics or it didn't happen, but obviously it did. Yum... ;)' Jake Turner***

David gave a low whistle, having just seen Jake's comment as well. "He's a ballsy bastard, isn't he."

Blaine raked a hand through his hair and growled. "Yeah. Kurt's convinced he is just being friendly. I'm convinced I need to kick him in the balls every time I see him so he will quit lusting after my boyfriend. If I do, Kurt will probably get pissed at me. But I promise you, D, I will end that asshole if he ever tries anything with Kurt. It will be the last thing he ever does."

Blaine then made sure he hit Like on all of the pictures. Then he posted on the picture and hoped Jake saw it.

***'I am really missing those yummy lips right now.' Blaine Anderson***

*Take that, asshole,* he thought.

---

Kurt was in Brittany's kitchen, telling Brittany and Santana goodbye so he could get going. They had spent a little more time working on finesse, and had all laughed at the reactions to their pictures. Seeing Blaine's comment had made Kurt miss him even more, especially now that he had a new skill, well, under his belt, so to speak. He was both excited and nervous, wondering when he would be able to test himself. The mere idea made him feel overheated and just a little dizzy.

"Now, remember, Kurt, you don't have to swallow if you don't want to," Brittany said, and Santana joined in, "But most guys seem to think it's hot, Porcelain. The taste might take some getting used to, but don't knock it til you try it. You might just like it. They say that eating fruits and mints can make it taste better, so just keep that in mind. I've heard using spearmint oil can be pretty awesome since it has a cooling sensation along with the minty smell and taste. If you try that, I want feedback, okay? And don't forget the tricks I mentioned."

Kurt nodded and licked his lips. "Switching between hot and cold. Teeth are good in small doses. Cup the balls or play with..." Kurt felt his face heat up.

Santana looked at him evenly and said, "Kurt, you might as well get used to talking about it if you are going to do it. Play with his ass. But remember, lubricate, lubricate, lubricate. You try sliding a finger where the sun don't shine without proper lube and...well, it won't be fun, that's for sure. It will be strange to begin with anyway, but you want to do it right."

Kurt closed his eyes for a second and tried to relax. He opened his eyes again and smiled at the two girls looking at him. "Santana. Brittany. Thank you both so much. Seriously. I don't know that I could have done this without you."

Brittany wrapped her arms around him and laid her head on his shoulder. "Kurt, you would have figured it out. Your animal instincts would have helped you. Dolphins just know what to do."

Kurt managed not to giggle hysterically. While animal instincts were definitely coming into play, he was pretty sure his idea and Brittany's idea of animal instincts were a little different. He gave her an affectionate squeeze and smiled as she pressed her lips against his in a quick kiss before letting him go.

Santana gave him a smirk and said, "Come here, gayby, give me some love before you go. I won't say pics or it didn't happen, but if you *do* decide to take pictures you know my number." She winked at him before hugging him.

Kurt shook his head at her, grinning. He returned her hug and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. Waving at them, he ran to his Navigator and headed in the direction of the coffee shop. Arriving at his destination, he pulled into a spot. Glancing around and not seeing Rachel's car yet, he decided it had been far too long since he had texted his boyfriend.

---

Blaine was watching 4 Minutes for what was probably the dozenth time, looking at the laptop screen in rapt attention. He was faintly annoyed when his phone buzzed with a text until he saw it was from Kurt.

***Hi there, gorgeous, miss me? -K***

***Much more than you realize, beautiful. What are you up to right now? -B***

***Waiting for Rachel to arrive at the coffee shop. -K***

***Cool. So, ummmm...about those pictures? -B***

***Oh, have you seen them? Aren't they hilarious? -K***

Blaine wasn't so sure hilarious was the term he would use.

***Yeah, hilarious. Everyone seems to like them. -B***

***I know. It's weird. What about you? Did you like them? -K***

Blaine managed to suppress a groan. God, did he *ever* like them.

***I thought they were hot. -B***

***Good. Because I thought of you the entire time... -K***

Blaine was pretty sure he may have whimpered out loud. He fucking *loved* when Kurt got sexy flirty.

***Tomorrow evening is so not getting here quick enough. -B***

***Agreed. My lips are missing yours :( -K***

Blaine decided two could play the sexy flirty game.

***Just my lips? :P -B***

And then he was pretty sure his jaw dropped with Kurt's answer.

***Among other things... :P -K***

Blaine just hoped he survived until tomorrow.

## Chapter Twenty-Six

"-so I am probably going to be arriving back to the school around sixish or so. And I was kind of wondering...I mean, would it be okay...that is, if you don't mind-"

Wes interrupted Kurt's halting voice. "Are you asking me to make myself scarce in our room tonight so you can get your freak on with Blainey?"

Kurt winced, knowing that Wes had that shit eating grin on his face without even seeing him. He grasped his cell phone a little tighter and sighed. "Yeah. I would definitely like some alone time for Blaine when I get back."

Wes laughed, knowing Kurt's face just had to be on fire right now. "It's cool, it's cool. I can go to David and Blaine's room and David and I can do other things than think of our roommates making out in another room."

Kurt cleared his throat embarrassedly. "Right. Well, I guess I will see you at curfew, then?"

Wes snickered and said, "Unless there's a tie still hanging on the door knob or something."

Kurt made a face and said, "Eww, no, Wes! Why would I do that? I am *not* announcing this to everyone, a tie on the door means, well *everybody* knows what that means! I mean, I might as well just put a neon sign on the door or something at that point. And we *aren't* having sex!"

Wes gave a little cough and said, "Hey, you know what? I don't care *what* you do, so long as you keep it off *my* bed. Anything else, that's between you and Blaine and you don't have to tell me anything. I may prefer *not* to know. It's cool, Kurt. You and I respect each other and it's cool. Thanks for giving me a heads up and I'll see you at curfew, yeah?"

Kurt breathed a little easier. "Thanks, Wes. You may be the most awesome roommate in the history of roommates."

Wes grinned delightedly. "Really? I always thought so, but it's nice to have it confirmed by someone else." He laughed when Kurt made a noise that sounded like a snort. "And since I am so awesome, does that mean you remembered to make cookies to bring back?"



Kurt smiled and shook his head. Maybe there was some truth to the way to a man's heart being through his stomach. "Yup. On the cooling rack now."

"Awesome. Cookies will buy you a blind eye to future sexy times, if you catch my drift," Wes said mischievously.

Kurt pretended to gasp in shock. "Are you saying you can be bought off, Mr. Student Prefect? Because I have a great recipe for cheesecake, as well as-"

Wes groaned and said, "I am gonna end up gaining fifty pounds by the end of the year, I just know it."

Kurt giggled and said, "Well, you could always do yoga with me, you know. Work it off and all."

"Oh, sure, easy for you to say. Besides, you have a boyfriend to help get your heart rate up and ummmm...'work it off' with," Wes said sarcastically.

"Don't go there. Besides, I rarely ever eat the things I make, Wes. It would go straight to my ass and I refuse to have that happen," Kurt said airily.

"Like that would be a bad thing. More cushion for the pushin' and all that, right?" Wes said, cracking up when he heard Kurt make a strangled noise on the other end.

"Oh, *my God*, Wes. In the best interest of our friendship I am going to pretend you never said that. And on that note I am going to hang up and go get my stuff ready. See you later," a flustered Kurt hung up before Wes could say anything else.

---

Kurt carried Pavarotti's cage downstairs to the kitchen, whistling to the little bird. He set the cage on the counter and poured fresh seed and water into the feeding compartments. He continued chatting at the canary while packing up the cookies he had made that morning. He had baked an extra large batch this time since Finn had been disappointed he wouldn't be getting any, so he made sure to make enough to be able to leave some and have some extra for his friends at school.

Kurt smiled as Finn himself wandered into the kitchen, followed by Puck, both yawning despite the late hour of day. There had been a houseful of boys last night with Mike, Artie and Sam joining them, and they

had all sat around playing video games and eating junk food. Kurt had let himself indulge in some popcorn once he had been able to talk Finn out of drowning it in an entire stick of melted butter. His newly acquired gaming skills had surprised them all, and for probably the first time, Kurt had felt like he was a part of this group of boys. It ended up being just Puck that stayed the night, and he and Finn had stayed up playing long after Kurt had excused himself to moisturize and call Blaine before going to bed. Kurt flushed a little, remembering how grateful he had been for Finn and Puck being otherwise occupied when his innocent goodnight call turned into another session of phone sex with Blaine that had left him sweaty and trembling. This time it had been Blaine to initiate it, his voice dropping to a low and sexy tone as he whispered commands to Kurt over the phone about how to touch himself, then telling Kurt exactly how it made him hard to hear him. Kurt was pretty sure if he hadn't hidden his face in his pillow when he came, everybody in the house would have heard him.

That would have been awkward to explain to his father for sure.

Kurt put a large container of cookies in front of Finn and smiled as his brother's face lit up. Finn quickly opened it and grabbed a cookie out, stuffing half of it into his mouth in one bite. He smacked Puck's hand as he reached for one.

"Ow! Dude, what the fuck?" yelled Puck, shaking his hand.

"Hands off my cookies, Puckerman. See if Kurt made enough for you to have one, but these babies are mine," Finn said, protectively carrying the container with him to the refrigerator while he got himself a glass of milk. He sat back down and grabbed another cookie, dunking it in the milk. He eyed it hungrily, saying, "Get in my belly," in his best Fat Bastard imitation.

"Kurt, did you see that? He fuckin' hit me and won't share the goods. You don't happen to have enough for the Puckmeister to have a few, do you?" Puck said aggrievedly. His eyes lit up as Kurt placed a plate of cookies in front of him with a wink and a flourish. Puck stuck his tongue out at Finn, giving him the finger as he got his own glass of milk.

The two boys ate hungrily, watching as Kurt packed up more cookies to take to school. Puck eyed the scarf around Kurt's neck as he took a huge gulp of milk. "So did you manage to make it through the weekend without Burt seeing that hickey you're hiding?" he asked, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

Finn stopped in mid-chew, looking at Kurt with a confused look as he slammed a container on the counter top.

"What the hell is it with you and Santana, anyway? Do you guys have some sort of sixth sense that tells you these things?" Kurt asked, throwing up his hands in exasperation.

Puck gave Kurt a superior smirk. "Princess, even *you* don't wear scarves three days in a row without good reason."

Finn frowned at Kurt as comprehension hit him. "Wait a minute, Kurt. Blaine gave you a hickey? Do I need to kick his ass or something?"

"*What?* No! No, of course not! Why would you even *ask* that, Finn?" Kurt squawked indignantly. He narrowed his eyes at Finn in an icy glare, crossing his arms. "I am *not* a girl, Finn. I don't need you protecting my virtue."

Puck cackled delightedly. "So you let Blaine tap that ass, Princess? I always figured you'd-"

Kurt raised his eyes heavenward and cut Puck off with a snarl. "Not another word, Noah, if you know what's good for you. No, I haven't let Blaine 'tap that ass,' not that it is any of your business." He shook his head at both boys, who were looking at him in astonishment. "I refuse to believe that neither one of you has ever had a hickey before. In fact, I know better." He smirked triumphantly as Puck and Finn both looked down at the table. "So is it such a big deal for me to have one? Would you be shocked to know I gave Blaine one first?"

Puck recovered from his shock first. He shot an amused glance at Finn, who was looking at Kurt like he had suddenly sprouted another head or something. "Wow. I didn't know you had it in you, Princess." Puck held a fist out to Kurt, who gave him a dubious look before bumping it with his own.

Finn frowned slightly at Kurt. "I know you aren't a girl, Kurt, but you're my brother and I still worry about you. I won't kick Blaine's ass since you don't want me to, but you guys better be sure to use protection and all that, because-"

"Oh, gee, look at the time," Kurt said almost desperately, wanting to end this awkward conversation before it got any more humiliating. "I have a ton of things to do before I leave to go back to school. You guys enjoy those cookies. Keep out of the rest of them, though. *I mean that*, Finn." He hurried towards the stairs and

then turned back to look at Puck and Finn with a slightly pleading look. "And guys, don't say anything to my Dad, okay? I don't want him worried. Or giving me another sex talk."

When they both promised to not say anything, Kurt scurried to his room. He fell on his bed with a huge sigh, wondering when life got so freaking crazy. He finished folding the clean clothes (and sheets) he had washed and got his car packed. When Burt and Carol got home, he sat in the kitchen with them, chatting and just being together for the time remaining until he went back to Dalton. When it came time for him to leave, Kurt hugged his Dad tightly.

"You be careful on the road, kiddo. Let me know when you get there, okay? And it was real nice having you home. I love you, and I miss you, son," Burt said gruffly as he returned Kurt's hug with equal tightness.

Carol hugged Kurt just as tightly, brushing his hair gently back from his forehead to kiss him. "I love you, too, Kurt. It's not the same without you. Say hello to Blaine and the other boys for us, alright?"

Kurt smiled and said he would do so. He got himself arranged in his car, plugged in his iPod, and sent Blaine a text.

***I'm on my way back. Meet me in my room when I get there? -K***

***Absolutely. Send me a text. -B***

---

Blaine paced back and forth in his dorm room. He kept checking the time, alternating between disappointment and disgust when mere minutes had passed every time he looked. Kurt was coming back! He was coming back and Wes had already informed Blaine that he was giving them time to be together alone before curfew. Blaine felt nervous anticipation in the pit of his stomach. After having phone sex the last two nights, he wasn't sure if he would be able to keep his hands off of Kurt. Combining that with Kurt's sexy pictures on Facebook and Blaine watching 4 Minutes over and over, his hormones were in an absolute uproar. He was half hard now, just thinking about the noises Kurt made over the phone when he was touching himself and telling him how it felt. Blaine reached down to adjust himself in his jeans and moaned. He closed his eyes, picturing Kurt's perfect lips and tongue in his mind, stained cherry red as they were wrapped around a popsicle. He just knew they would taste incredible, sweet coldness that he would warm with his own lips and tongue. His hand tightened its grip on his hardness, starting to move of its

own volition as Blaine thought about Kurt, how he looked in a cheer uniform, how he looked with his cheeks hollowed around something so phallic, eyes wide and bright. Unable to contain himself any longer, Blaine locked himself in the bathroom. Quickly divesting himself of his jeans and briefs, he stroked himself harder and faster, panting in quick breaths.

"Uhhhhh, Kurt, *nnnggghhhhhh, Kurt...*" Blaine bit his lip to keep from shouting as he came over his hand in warm spurts. Legs shaking slightly, Blaine sat on the closed toilet lid to catch his breath. When he felt like he could move again, he quickly cleaned up after himself and got redressed. Well, maybe that bit of relief would keep him from jumping on Kurt the very first thing when he got back. Blaine checked the time again and sighed. Had time ever moved so slow before? Resolutely, Blaine grabbed his book and sat on his bed, determined to distract himself until Kurt texted him. He reclined on his pillow, a little sad that the Kurt smell had faded considerably. Since he had cuddled with it all weekend, it now smelled more like him again. Blaine decided to take it with him to Kurt's room and trade it for one of Kurt's pillows. That way they each had a pillow that smelled like the other. The thought made Blaine smile as he opened his book.

Kurt parked in his spot and quickly grabbed his bags, the bag of cookies and Pavoratti's cage. He locked his car and practically ran into the dorm. When he got to his room, he looked around quickly, pleased to see that Wes had been true to his word and vacated the room. He placed Pavi in a secure place on his desk, lifting the cover to make sure the bird had traveled well. Smiling at the sleeping bird, he replaced the cover. He put the cookies on Wes' desk and quickly unpacked his bag. He put away his clean clothes and pulled out the vanilla scented candles he had brought from home. He was grateful for the sun going down at an early hour this time of year, because as badly as he wanted to explore Blaine further, he wasn't sure if he could do it in broad light just yet. Candlelight would make it where they could see, but not in full on lighting, and it would add a touch of sensuality. Kurt wiped his sweaty hands on his jeans, both nervous and excited. He quickly texted his dad to let him know he had made it okay. Then, taking an anxious breath, he texted Blaine.

### ***I'm waiting for you...xoxo -K***

Blaine jumped when his phone went off, looking frantically for where he had thrown it. Finally locating it, he quickly opened the text message from Kurt. His heart beat quickened when he read text message Kurt sent. He quickly ran out his door, locking it behind him and dashing down the hallway to Kurt's room. He knocked a little hesitantly, not seeing any light coming from below the door. The door opened slightly and Blaine walked in slowly, looking around in amazement. There was music playing softly. Kurt had lit candles, the soft light giving the room a gentle glow, and the vanilla smell sweet in the air. Blaine heard the

door close behind him and he whipped around. There stood Kurt, smiling shyly at him, a pink rose in his hand. Blaine felt a small whimper leave his throat as he rushed forward, capturing Kurt's lips in a hungry, bruising kiss. The two boys wrapped their arms around each other tightly, desperately, feeling each and every minute they had been apart. Blaine tightened his grip on Kurt's hips, sure his fingers were digging in painfully but neither of them caring. Kurt tangled his hands into the curls at the nape of Blaine's neck and tugged on them, relishing the growling moan Blaine released into his mouth.

They stumbled towards Kurt's bed, falling onto it in a heap of limbs, their lips not separating for even the shortest moment. Kurt was on his back with Blaine on top of him. His hands traveled down to Blaine's waist, grabbing at the hem of his shirt. He tugged on it, whining in his throat to try to convey to Blaine what he wanted. Blaine leaned up, trembling slightly, eyes glowing in the candlelight.

"Kurt?" he questioned softly, both of them panting.

Kurt tugged at the shirt again. "Off," he said in a low and sultry tone that didn't sound like himself to his own ears.

When Blaine sat up to remove his shirt, Kurt moved to help him. Kurt's eyes widened and he took in a sharp breath as he gazed upon Blaine's bare chest for the first time. Blaine's shoulders were broad, his chest defined and covered with a light dusting of hair. His flat stomach was toned and muscular with a line of dark hair below his navel that disappeared into the waistline of the jeans Blaine wore. Wonderingly, Kurt put his hands on Blaine's chest, feeling the heavy thud of Blaine's heart and the texture of hair covering the warm skin. He rubbed his hands downward, hearing Blaine's breathing hitch as he rubbed over the slightly darker nipples. Kurt smiled slightly, feeling them pebble up and harden under his gentle touch. His exploring hands rubbed lower, brushing down Blaine's ribs lightly before moving to his belly. Kurt felt Blaine's stomach muscles tighten under his hands as they passed over his navel, one finger dipping teasingly in before circling it gently. Kurt then traced one finger down the enticing trail of hair, teasing Blaine by running a single finger lightly between the denim and his briefs.

Blaine sat as still as he could while Kurt explored him. He was certain his heart was going to beat out of his chest, his eyes closing when Kurt's hands teased him so deliciously. He was so hard he actually hurt. When he felt Kurt's finger dip below his jeans, he thought he might lose his mind. Opening his eyes, he looked down at Kurt. Kurt's blue eyes were dark but still sparkled in the candlelight. His kiss swollen lips were parted in a wondering smile. Normally Blaine would be more than happy to just look upon Kurt and his gorgeousness, but tonight he needed more. He pulled gently at Kurt's own shirt.

"You, too," he said, hoping his voice didn't sound too desperate as he pushed Kurt's shirt up to expose a tantalizing patch of pale skin.

Kurt smiled and pushed Blaine gently off him so that he was lying on his side next to him. Kurt unbuttoned his shirt at a maddeningly slow pace, chuckling lightly when Blaine's impatient hands reached up to help push the shirt off of his shoulders. Blaine's eyes devoured the sight of Kurt before him, his chest pale but perfect. Kurt was compact and toned, no doubt from cheerleading and dancing. His chest hair was more sparse than Blaine's and looked like it was softer. Dusky nipples peeked at him and his tummy was flat and firm.

Kurt pushed Blaine back and covered him, both of them gasping and shuddering as they felt their bare skin come into contact for the first time. Kurt nibbled on Blaine's lips and sucked gently on his bottom lip. Moving downward, he kissed Blaine's chin, biting it teasingly before nipping at Blaine's neck. Taking a deep breath, Kurt moved himself down a little lower, kissing across Blaine's shoulder before licking a path down his chest. Blaine gasped as he felt Kurt's warm tongue pass teasingly over one of his nipples, circling it before lavaging it and blowing cool air on it. Kurt moved over to the other nipple and did the same, enjoying hearing the gasps and moans it created. He moved even lower, biting at the tight skin of Blaine's belly teasingly and licking his belly button.

Blaine was in ecstasy, gently tossing his head back and forth and moaning with each sensation Kurt was creating with his delicious mouth. It felt like he was drowning in heat and lust. He felt Kurt's hands at his waistline again and heard Kurt ask him something. Forcing himself to focus, he raised himself up on one elbow and looked at Kurt.

Kurt managed not to giggle nervously when he realized that Blaine hadn't heard him. Blaine was looking at him now, pupils dilated and lips parted. Kurt repeated his question.

"Blaine? Can I...is it alright for me to undo your jeans?"

Not trusting his voice, Blaine simply nodded. He breathed a small sigh of relief as the pressure on his cock eased with the opening of the zipper. He lay back again and when he felt Kurt's hand on his hard on, he couldn't hold back a loud moan. He opened his mouth to receive Kurt's questing tongue as Kurt moved to capture his lips again.

Kurt moved his tongue in a circular motion in Blaine's mouth then thrust it in and out suggestively. He leaned back and put a hand on Blaine's cheek, waiting for him to open his eyes and look at him. When Blaine finally opened his eyes, Kurt whispered, "I want to taste you, Blaine. Can I? Is it okay?"

Blaine's eyes widened as he realized what Kurt meant. Swallowing nervously, he nodded and lay back, eyes bright with anticipation and nervousness. When he felt Kurt tug on his jeans and briefs, he lifted his hips slightly to help with lowering them. His breath caught as he felt the air hit his cock, knowing he was exposed to Kurt's eyes.

Kurt took in the sight of Blaine, so different yet so similar to himself. The trail of hair from his belly trailed down to where his cock rose hard and proud from a nest of dark curls. Blaine's scent here was slightly musky, making Kurt's mouth water slightly. He ran trembling fingers gently up Blaine's cock from base to tip, smiling as Blaine jerked slightly and moaned low in his chest. Kurt wrapped his hand around Blaine, relishing the satiny smoothness of the skin. Wetting his lips nervously and trying to remember all Santana had said, Kurt took a deep breath and lowered his head.

Blaine jerked when he felt Kurt lick at the tip of his cock. He groaned as he felt Kurt circle his tongue around the head teasingly, tonguing at the tip. His head fell further back on the pillow as he felt moist heat surround the head.

Kurt noted the slightly bitter taste as he teased Blaine. He felt his confidence grow with Blaine's vocal approval. Opening his mouth wider and sticking his tongue out a bit, he slid his mouth further down, taking in more of Blaine's cock. Slowly, he started moving his head in a slow up and down motion, trying to take Blaine in further each time.

Blaine managed to lean up on one elbow, watching Kurt work him with lust hazed eyes. He had never seen anything hotter in his life than Kurt's perfect mouth on his dick, lips shiny with spit and reddened from the friction. His eyes crossed and he wanted to thrust his hips when Kurt moved just right and Blaine felt his cock hit the back of his throat.

"Holy fuck, Kurt," he groaned, toes curling in pleasure, every nerve ending in his body concentrated on his crotch. When Kurt hummed in agreement, the vibrations on his cock shot straight up his spine and Blaine moaned again. His hands moved of their own volition to rest on Kurt's head, grasping at his hair. Kurt's hands gently removed Blaine's hands from his head, holding them tightly in his own as he continued to slide his mouth up and down Blaine's cock. He raised slightly to lick at the head again, then ran his tongue



lightly down the full length before licking back up again. Taking the head back in his mouth, Kurt lightly ran his teeth down the shaft this time, feeling Blaine's muscles contract as he gave a loud gasping moan.

Blaine tossed his head back and forth in ecstasy, feeling the telltale build roiling through his balls and lower belly. He licked at his suddenly dry lips, wanting to let Kurt know.

"Kurt, *Kurt*, I'm about to...I'm gonna-" Blaine's voice cracked slightly as he desperately tried to form a coherent sentence. Kurt understood what Blaine was trying to communicate and moved back up to Blaine's mouth. He kissed Blaine hungrily, feeling the vibrations of Blaine's moans as he tasted the slight essence of himself. Kurt's hand staying on Blaine, stroking him firmly until he felt the jerking of Blaine's cock and the warmth over his own hand, signaling his release. Blaine shuddered then relaxed, gasping for air. Pleasure washed over him and he hummed in approval as Kurt's tongue licked some of the sweat off his neck. Opening his eyes, he moaned again as he saw Kurt tentitavely lick one of his come covered fingers.

"*Jesus*, Kurt, that's fucking hot," he managed to say.

Kurt smiled at him impishly and teasingly licked all his fingers clean, causing another moan from Blaine. Santana had been right, the taste was different but not terrible. Kurt decided that next time he would try swallowing. He kissed Blaine sensuously, licking into Blaine's mouth and letting him taste himself, both of them shivering at the eroticism of it. While his tongue plundered Blaine's mouth, Kurt reached down to stroke himself through his pants, quickly finding his own release, his moans vibrating into Blaine's accepting mouth. He fell onto the pillow and lay next to Blaine, both of them catching their breath as their heart rates slowed.

Blaine felt a lazy smile on his lips, sure he had the silly afterglow look people always talked about. He slowly opened his eyes and looked at Kurt in the soft candlelight. Kurt's eyes were closed, his cheeks were flushed and his lips were shiny and darker than normal. Blaine reached out a hand and cupped Kurt's face gently, smiling wider when Kurt opened his eyes to look into his own.

Kurt smiled back a little tentatively. "So, it was okay then?"

"Kurt, that was, just wow. I can't even form a real sentence right now. It was incredible," Blaine said softly, tingles still shooting down his spine. He ran his thumb gently over Kurt's bottom lip before leaning over to kiss him. "I don't even know what to say. I didn't expect that, but *holy shit*, Kurt."

Kurt looked pleased now, understanding how he had affected his boyfriend. He quickly excused himself to the bathroom with a tshirt and sweats, thankful for his decision to wear older jeans. Once he was cleaned up and changed, he went back to the room. He saw that Blaine had righted his clothing and sighed a little wistfully at losing the view of Blaine's bare chest. Climbing back up into the bed next to Blaine, he snuggled up to his back and wrapped an arm around his waist, granting Blaine's unspoken request to be the little spoon. He pressed a kiss to the still damp curls at Blaine's nape.

"I missed you," Kurt whispered softly.

"I missed you, too. Welcome back," whispered Blaine in answer, snuggling back into Kurt and sighing contentedly.

## Chapter Twenty-Seven

Blaine was pretty sure that he was losing his mind.

That, or his angelic looking boyfriend was in fact the devil in disguise.

Ever since Kurt had rocked his universe with a mind numbing blow job, Blaine, who actually did *not* need another reason to be obsessed with Kurt's mouth, had become hyper aware of everything Kurt did with his lips.

*Every. Minute. Detail.*

Blaine had lost track of how many times over the next few days he had gotten distracted in class by Kurt's lips, how he licked them absentmindedly or bit them in concentration.

And at lunch, Blaine picked at his food distractedly, preferring instead to watch jealously as Kurt's lips wrapped around his salad fork. Watching Kurt eat yogurt was even more excruciating since his perfect tongue also came into play. But worst of all was the time when Kurt ate apple slices with caramel dip. Blaine would have sworn Kurt deliberately stuck his fingers in the caramel just so he could lick his fingers to drive him insane.

And now Blaine was sure he was in the Second Circle of Hell, sitting across the table from Kurt in the library during their free period. His own homework sat in front of him, untouched, while he stared at Kurt, who was absentmindedly running his pen across his lips while reading and answering lit questions.

It was maddening, really. Kurt idly rubbed his neck. Blaine wanted to rub Kurt's neck. Kurt bit his lip. Blaine wanted to bite Kurt's lip. But when Kurt started moving the end of his pen slowly in and out of his mouth, it was more than Blaine could handle. He slammed his book shut.

Kurt jumped in his seat, startled. "Jesus, Blaine! What's wrong with you?"

Blaine didn't answer. He jumped up and quickly packed his bag. He then closed Kurt's book, took the partially completed assignment and put it in his folder, and packed them quickly in Kurt's bag. He took the pen out of his surprised boyfriend's hand and threw it haphazardly in the bag as well. Blaine shouldered

his bag and Kurt's, and taking a stunned Kurt by the hand, left the library as though his life depended on it. Had anyone asked Blaine at the time, he might well have agreed that it did.

Blaine practically dragged Kurt towards his dorm room. Kurt was trying to talk to him, confused as to what was going on. "Blaine! Blaine, what are you doing? We are supposed to be studying!"

"I don't want to study right now," Blaine said, face determined as they reached his dorm room. He quickly unlocked the door and tossed their bags to the side.

Kurt opened his mouth to protest when Blaine slammed the door shut and Kurt found himself being pushed against it. He forgot what he had been about to say when Blaine started ravishing his mouth desperately, all teeth and tongue and pent up frustration and hunger. Kurt caught his breath as Blaine started grinding against him. Deciding that studying could definitely wait until another time, Kurt gave into Blaine's demanding mouth. He whimpered as Blaine moved his mouth to Kurt's neck, biting on the pulse point. Kurt's eyes fluttered and then opened wide in shock and embarrassment as they met the wide eyes of David, who sat on his bed frozen in slack jawed shock.

Kurt gasped and started pushing at Blaine's shoulders, trying to dislodge him from his neck. Blaine grunted in protest and started sucking at Kurt's neck harder. Kurt felt his eyes rolling back in his head slightly and then remembered David. He redoubled his efforts, pushing harder at Blaine.

"B-b-blaine! Blaine...*stop*. Stop, we can't... Blaine, *DAVID!*"

That seemed to break through Blaine's lust fueled haze as he finally stopped his attentions to Kurt's neck and looked at him in surprise. "David?"

Wordlessly, Kurt pointed behind him. Blaine turned around and felt all the blood that had been pooled in his groin rush straight back to his head and face as he took in the sight of his dumbstruck roommate staring at them.

"Um, hi, guys, how's it going?" David said, looking quickly at the floor, unable to meet their eyes.

"David, *shit*, *David*, I didn't think you were going to be here." Blaine sputtered, feeling completely embarrassed.

David managed an awkward smile. "Yeah, I kind of guessed that."

Blaine cleared his throat awkwardly. "Don't you normally have class this period?"

David fidgeted a little, clearly uncomfortable. "Well, normally I am but today we got out early. I came back here thinking I would study, but maybe I will just go to the library. Yeah. The library. I can study there, no problem. Sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt anything, really." David babbled a bit as he hurriedly packed his things into his bag, obviously anxious to leave. He grabbed his bag and practically ran out, slamming the door behind him in his haste and leaving a blushing Blaine and Kurt alone in the dorm.

Kurt and Blaine stood transfixed, both staring at the door for a moment, then meeting each other's eyes. Kurt's eyes sparkled with mirth as he burst into helpless giggles. Blaine stared at him open mouthed for a moment before he, too, started laughing. Kurt slid down the door, tears starting to run down his face as he laughed, trying to breathe. Blaine sat on the edge of his bed and started laughing harder as he watched Kurt try and fail to gain control of his giggles. They would start to calm down and then catch each other's eye and the laughter would start all over.

"Oh, my God, poor David! Did you see his face? He may be traumatized forever!" Kurt said, once he was capable of talking.

Blaine snickered again and said, "He seems to have the knack for catching us. This is, what, the second time he has accidentally seen us?"

Kurt nodded and raised his head loftily. "If only he knew how lucky he was to be able to watch two hot guys make out, huh? And for free at that!" He tapped his chin, eyes still sparkling with mischief and good humor. "Maybe we should charge him a viewing fee. Who knows? We could be onto something."

Blaine rolled his eyes jokingly. "And now it comes out. You are secretly an exhibitionist and the idea of watchers turns you on. Why am I not surprised?"

Of course Blaine was joking, so he was unprepared for Kurt to crawl, *fucking crawl* across to his bed and come up to his knees so that he was between Blaine's thighs. Kurt placed his hands on Blaine's thighs lightly, tracing soft circular movements with his thumbs. He gave Blaine a sultry look from under his lashes and leaned forward to whisper teasingly in his ear, causing Blaine to catch his breath.

"I would imagine there are a few things about me, Blaine, that *would* surprise you. Maybe you'll get lucky enough to discover them all some day." Kurt captured Blaine's lips in a scorching kiss.

Just as Blaine was about to grab Kurt up and fall back onto the bed for some *serious* making out, the bell signaling the end of the period sounded. Much to Blaine's utter dismay, Kurt broke the kiss immediately and jumped up. He hurriedly crossed the room to the mirror to smooth his uniform and hair. Looking cool and completely unperturbed, he grabbed his bag from where Blaine had tossed it. Kurt turned around and gave his boyfriend a quizzical glance, one perfect brow raised in question.

"Blaine? Class?"

Blaine just gaped at Kurt. Here he was, half hard and still breathing heavy from that kiss, and Kurt looked for all the world like a model student. Blaine managed to contain his groan.

Yes, his boyfriend was the devil and the universe was conspiring to drive him mad.

---

Kurt was putting the finishing touches on his French essay in class when his phone buzzed with an incoming text. Checking to make sure his teacher wasn't looking in his direction, he carefully pulled his phone out and opened the text, noticing it was from Finn.

***Rachel's dads are out of town this weekend and she's throwing a party at her place. You and Blaine in? -F***

Kurt raised his eyebrows in surprise. Rachel? Rachel Berry? She was throwing a party for a group of unsupervised teenagers, two of which were Puck and Santana, in her immaculate basement gathering area? Kurt wondered what this was all about.

***You aren't back together with her, are you? -K***

Kurt knew that Quinn was dating Sam now and that Rachel had been heavily hinting to Finn about a reconciliation. So far, Finn hadn't budged, seemingly preferring to remain single for the time being, much to Kurt's surprise.

***No, dude. I'm gonna be the designated driver.-F***

Good God, there was going to be alcohol? Kurt blew out a slight breath. After his disastrous April Rhodes experience of being drunk at school and barfing on Ms. Pillsbury's shoes, he hadn't really had much desire

to partake of any type of alcoholic beverage. But the truth was, no matter how happy he was as a Warbler, Kurt had been part of New Directions first. And he keenly felt the loss of closeness he used to have with them. He was very aware of the fact that whenever he spoke to any of them, the subject of their respective glee clubs was pointedly avoided. He also couldn't help but notice that not only was it a short notice, it was Finn mentioning the get together to him and not Rachel herself. Trying not to be hurt, Kurt made a decision.

***Sure. Count us in. Maybe Wes and the other guys can come with? -K***

This way not only was Kurt taking his boyfriend, he was surrounding himself with his new friends and glee members who would show that Kurt was accepted where he was now. And they would keep anyone from New Directions from trying to glean anything from either him or Blaine.

***Sure, dude, the more the merrier. -F***

***See you this weekend, then. -K***

Kurt then sent a text to Blaine, Wes, David, Jeff and Nick.

***Party at Rachel's this weekend. I told them we'd be there. Sound like a plan? -K***

***Sounds awesome! -B***

***I'm in! -W***

***I'm there! -D***

***PARTY! -J***

***Sounds like a plan! -N***

Feeling a little more light hearted, Kurt put his phone away. When class was over, he gathered his things together to head for Warbler practice. He would fill everyone in there. As Kurt was leaving, he failed to notice the bright blue eyes of one Jake Turner following him.

Blaine added Wes to the list of mean things in the universe that were trying to drive him insane.

It was after curfew. After their almost make out session had been thwarted, albeit inadvertently, by David, Blaine and Kurt had not had time for more than a few quick kisses between Warbler practice and homework. Now Blaine was in his room with only one of Kurt's pillows for solace and Wes, that evil fucker, sends him this text.

***You have the fucking coolest boyfriend of all time. We're watching Bad Santa and he just did the entire 'Fuck me, Santa' sequence. I think I may have died laughing. -W***

Blaine buried his face in Kurt's pillow and groaned at the mental image. Damn Wes anyway. He knew *exactly* what he was doing to Blaine. Blaine groaned again. He just wanted to get his hands and mouth on his boyfriend, was that really asking so much? He shot an aggrieved glare towards an unsuspecting David, who was listening to his iPod and typing on his laptop, totally unaware of his friend's predicament.

When his phone buzzed again, Blaine nearly threw it across the room. Mentally cursing Wes for sending something else that would no doubt add to his sexual frustration, Blaine looked at his phone. He felt as if all the breath left him when he saw the sender of the text message.

His dad.

Well, so much for sexy feelings. Now Blaine felt like he would rather throw up. Gulping slightly, he opened the message with a feeling of trepidation.

***Call me.***

Blaine closed his eyes for a moment. How like his father, to text a command rather than express a desire to talk to him or anything. Blaine winced slightly. His mind traveled, unbidden, to that awkward summer spent rebuilding a car with his father, knowing all along that his father was of the opinion that he was merely confused about his sexuality and that getting his hands dirty doing 'a man's work' would point him firmly in the direction of heterosexuality. And his mother, well, Blaine didn't think she really particularly cared either way, actually. It was more a nuisance to her than anything, some real life thing outside of her job that she would rather ignore and not deal with. Blaine could feel his whole body tensing and a dull ache forming behind his eyes. Neither of his parents even knew about Kurt, much less that he was Blaine's boyfriend. Yeah, that would go over like a lead balloon. Somehow, Blaine didn't think that they could be



bothered to consider the fact that he had never known happiness like this before, that he lo-liked Kurt so very much. Their main concern seemed to have always been what would people think of them, how they must have failed to produce a normal son. A son that wouldn't 'choose' to be gay or refuse to recognize this as a 'phase' to go through. Blaine made a bitter sound in the back of his throat.

*Normal.*

Damn it, he *was* normal! He was a healthy teenager who made straight A's in school and had the respect of his superiors as well as his peers. He was a student athlete and a leader of the vocal group that was considered the pride of the school. He had feelings and emotions and hormonal urges just like any other guy his age, and as far as him being confused, well he was no more confused than any of his straight friends were. Confusion about some things was certainly a part of growing up, but Blaine never felt confused about his attraction to guys.

At least he was pretty sure he'd never felt confused about that. Damn.

Blaine squeezed his eyes closed and groaned, this time in frustrated anger. He hated feeling this way. He hated that a two word text from his father was enough to make him feel inadequate. A failure. A disappointment. He hated knowing that no matter how many trophies he won, no matter how many accolades he earned, no matter what academic achievements he made, it would somehow never make up for the fact that he had let his parents down simply just by being who he was. They wouldn't be happy for him, that he was dating the most beautiful boy in the world and truly happy for the first time in his life since realizing he actually preferred boys to girls.

Blaine felt his shoulders slump in defeat. How he wished Kurt were here right now to comfort him. Taking a deep breath, Blaine decided to just go ahead and get it over with. He pulled up his dad's number and hit the call button. He listened as the call connected, ringing in his ear.

"Hello, Dad?"

## Chapter Twenty-Eight

Wes scoured the library, looking for David, Nick and Jeff. He had asked them to meet him there in secret, making sure Blaine and Kurt knew nothing about it. Wes was worried, and he didn't know what to do.

Something was very wrong with Blaine.

Oh, he had been fine yesterday. David had told them about being in the dorm room when Blaine had pulled Kurt in and started basically humping him against the door. And he had been fine at Warblers practice, hyper as usual. He had been smiling, especially when catching Kurt's eyes, which was often. There had been no sign of trouble whatsoever. And even Blaine's disgruntled reply to Wes texting him about Kurt's 'Fuck me, Santa' reenactment (which was fucking hilarious, no matter what, and Kurt never ceased to amaze him with the things he said or did or even *knew* about) had been normal and not indicative of something wrong.

So what had happened? The cheerful, happy, obviously lovesick boy of yesterday had disappeared and been replaced by a disheveled looking boy that looked like he hadn't slept. A boy that maintained eye contact only with the floor. A boy that was unnaturally quiet and withdrawn. In other words, the Blaine that had originally arrived at Dalton all those months ago.

Wes finally saw Jeff waving at him from a table towards the back of the library. He hurried in that direction and joined the other three boys that were already there. Putting his bag down on the floor, he looked around the table and said, "Thanks for meeting me here, guys."

Everyone nodded, every face mirroring the concern that Wes knew was on his own. He heaved a deep sigh and looked at them all. "So, I guess it's pretty obvious why I asked you all to meet me here." Nods greeted his statement. "Something is going on with Blaine. Like, something beyond a nightmare or a bad day or not getting his groove on because David decided studying in his empty dorm room during Kurt and Blaine's free period when Blaine has been eye sexing Kurt the way he has this week was a good idea."

David protested, "Hey, wait a minute, Wes, that's *my* room, too, and if Blaine wanted to swap tonsils or anything else with Kurt during free period, all he had to do was tell me. Like Kurt tells you things. I don't think that's the problem. In fact, I know *exactly* what the problem is."

Every eye was on David now as he looked around the table, a serious look on his face.

"Blaine was talking to his dad last night," David said, pausing a moment to let the other three soak that bit of information

Wes dropped his head to the table and groaned. Nick winced and rubbed his forehead tiredly. Jeff slumped back in his chair, tossing his head back so he looked at the ceiling.

"Fuuuuuuuuccccckkkkkkk," Jeff said, understanding now what was going on.

Wes nodded in agreement. "Shit. This is *terrible* news. Every time his dad deigns to bother acknowledging Blaine's existence he says or does something shitty that fucks Blaine over for days. How did you know, David?"

David shrugged. "He thought I was listening to my iPod. I saw how he looked and was acting, so I turned the music off but left the headphones in so he didn't leave the room." He shook his head sadly. "It didn't sound good. It seemed like Blaine hardly got a word in. Half the time he tried to say something his dad cut him off."

Nick looked worried. "Do you think his dad found out about Kurt?" It was common knowledge among them that Blaine's father was adamant that Blaine was merely in a rebellious phase or 'choosing' to be gay as a way to piss him off. He was sure that if Blaine would just give dating girls a chance it would change everything, and feeling intimidated or awkward with the opposite sex was no excuse to simply declare oneself gay.

David shook his head. "No, I'm pretty sure that wasn't the deal. I couldn't really tell much from what little Blaine actually got to say, but it sounded like the normal verbal diarrhea his dad spews for the most part. Blaine never mentioned Kurt, so I doubt his dad knows anything. I'm pretty sure if his dad had said anything about Kurt, Blaine would have probably been more vocal. He would defend Kurt, I think. Even to his asshole father."

Wes put a hand on the back of his neck and grimaced. "Shit. And Kurt knows something's up. He hasn't said anything, but I've seen him and let me tell you, the look on his face..." Wes trailed off and closed his eyes for a moment.

Jeff looked worried. "I know. B isn't talking to Kurt either. I mean, he held Kurt's hand, but it was nothing like what they normally do. It looked totally perfunctory, like his heart wasn't in it. And I don't think they've kissed today at all. You guys know that isn't normal."

Nick sighed deeply and shook his head. "That could end up getting ugly somehow. Kurt has never seen B like this and isn't going to know how to take it or react to it or anything. He isn't going to know why. He doesn't know anything about Blaine's dad."

Wes was gnawing on his thumbnail in deep thought. "Okay, guys, we have to try to keep this under wraps until Blaine gets his head back in the right place. We need to keep an eye on them both. We all have classes with Kurt, try to keep him distracted. We have that party tonight with Kurt's friends, with any luck that will get his mind off of things and we can try to put Blaine back together."

David shook his head sadly. "If Blaine would just talk to Kurt, they would both feel better. I don't know why he won't let him in right now."

Jeff crossed his arms and gave a little shiver. "I don't know, guys. I have a bad feeling about all this."

The four boys exchanged nervous glances as the bell rang.

---

It was a very worried and distracted Kurt sitting in French class. He knew there was something very wrong with Blaine, but Blaine wouldn't talk to him. Kurt ran his hands through his hair, frustrated. He had wracked his brain all day, trying to figure out what could be wrong. Something had to have happened last night, because when Blaine had kissed him goodnight, his eyes had sparkled with life. The Blaine that met him this morning before class had no sparkle whatsoever. His eyes were dull and lifeless, his face pale and strained. For the first time in a long time, Blaine's curls were heavily gelled back the way he used to wear it before dating Kurt.

And for the first time, Kurt had to reach to take Blaine's hand first. Blaine's hand had been cold and Kurt had the feeling that if he hadn't held onto it, Blaine would have dropped his hand altogether. There had been no intertwining of fingers, none of the gentle squeezes Blaine always gave him when they held hands.

Kurt had, of course, asked Blaine multiple times what was wrong. All he had gotten for his trouble was a wan smile and the 'I have a headache' excuse, like Blaine thought he would fall for that. After his fourth

query as to what was wrong, though, Blaine had snapped at him. *That* had never happened before. It had startled Kurt badly enough that he didn't bother asking again. Lunch had been a strained affair, and when they had gone to the library for free period, Blaine had actually put on his headphones and gone straight to work. There had been no flirting, no touching of hands, no Blaine sliding his foot across to playfully wrap around Kurt's or slide up his shin. Needless to say, Kurt was more than a little confused. And he was hurt, too, if he was to be honest.

Kurt suddenly realized Jake was talking to him. He forced himself to pay attention.

*You're far away today.* "Tu es dans la Lune aujourd'hui," Jake said softly so that the teacher did not hear him.

*It's been a long day. A long, bad day.* "Ca a été une longue journée. Une longue et mauvaise journée," Kurt said with a sad sigh.

*I'm so sorry. Is there anything I can do to help?* "Je suis désolé. Il y a quelque chose que je pourrai faire pour aider?" Jake questioned, touching Kurt's hand briefly and frowning slightly when Kurt closed his eyes and pulled his hand away.

*No, I'm sure everything will be fine.* "Non, je suis sûr que tout ira bien," Kurt said firmly, sounding as though he were also trying to convince himself.

*What's Blaine's problem today?* "C'est quoi le problème de Blaine aujourd'hui?" Jake questioned casually, not missing Kurt's flinch before he answered.

*I don't know, not that it's any of your business.* "Je ne sais pas, pas que ce soit tes affaires," Kurt said, trying his best not to sound defensive.

*I just figured he talked to you. It's important to be able to talk in a relationship.* "Je croyait juste qu'il te parlait. C'est important de pouvoir discuter dans une relation," Jake said as he held his hands up in a peaceful gesture. He knew he was hitting a sensitive point when Kurt bit his lip and looked down at his hands.

*I know that.* "Je le sais," Kurt said, frowning as Jake touched on something that had been bothering him all morning.

*I think communication is important. I always talk to the guy I'm dating about things.* "Je pense que la communication est importante. Je parle toujours avec le gars avec qui je sor," Jake said, watching Kurt carefully.

*I'm sure you do.* "J'en suis sûr," Kurt said, feeling uncomfortable.

*If we were dating, I would talk to you. About everything.* "Si on était ensemble, je te parlerai. De tout," Jake said, wanting to, if nothing else, plant a seed in Kurt's mind. Maybe he could use Blaine's sudden change in temperament to his own advantage.

*Sure. Good to know.* "Bien sûr. C'est bon à savoir," Kurt said a bit nervously. When the bell rang, he grabbed his things in undisguised relief and left class as quickly as he could, feeling a little desperate to get away from Jake's knowing eyes.

---

Rachel smiled at the sight of six Dalton boys standing on her door step.

"Hello, boys! No uniforms tonight, I see. I think it is a true sign of professionalism that our groups can meet together socially without worrying about the threat of spying or anything." She gave them all a significant look as she led them down the stairs to her dads' Oscar room.

Blaine, Wes, David, Nick and Jeff all looked at Kurt in a bit of confusion. Kurt merely rolled his eyes and said, "Rachel we don't live in the uniforms. We are technically off the clock right now, anyway. No Warblers, just guys here for the fun."

Initially, the party was very slow getting off the ground. True to her nature, Rachel had attempted to control everything at first, handing out tickets, of all things, and for wine coolers at that. Nick and Jeff had struggled to contain their laughter and Wes and David were in a corner with Puck, whispering conspiratorially. There was definitely awkwardness among everyone there as everyone was stepping gingerly around each other. Blaine and Kurt were still not really talking, and the tension was obvious. Everyone else was looking bored. Mike and Tina had just made an excuse about dinner reservations and Santana and Brittany were edging closer to the door. The only ones looking rather inclined to stay were Sam and Quinn, who were wrapped around each other on the couch as they made out and oblivious to everything else going on.

Rachel looked around desperately. Surely an overachiever such as herself could throw a simple party, right? Suddenly, Puck appeared out of no where, with Wes and David right behind him.

"Rachel, this party blows. The only way you are going to get anyone to stay is to let us break into your dads' liquor cabinet. Wine coolers are child's play, no one's gonna get a buzz off of two of them. We need to crank this to a nice respectable level." Puck gave Rachel a serious look. She looked at them hesitantly.

Wes smiled and said, "We will make sure we replace it before they know it's gone. Promise."

Rachel looked between them all, unsure of what to do. She caught Finn's eye as he came to stand near them. He gave her a slight nod with a slight tilt of his lips. Wanting to do whatever it took to please Finn, Rachel raised the hand that held on to a wine cooler like a life line.

"Let's party!" she yelled, tremulously.

Before long, the stereo was booming and the light effects in full swing. A raucous game of quarters was going on in one corner while cheers went up around another table as Santana did a body shot off of Brittany. Kurt watched quietly, shaking his head in disbelief as Rachel herself got plastered enough to shriek in her microphone after chugging a wine cooler. He saw his friends participating in the merriment, his eyebrow raised in surprise as he watched his boyfriend consume surprising amounts of alcohol. Kurt had never seen Blaine drunk before and he wasn't sure what to think. He could only suppose that whatever had Blaine so upset was probably a cause of this uncharacteristic behavior.

Kurt saw Finn moving across the floor towards him and smiled slightly at him. He danced towards him, noticing Finn's cup had soda in it and not alcohol. He remembered that Finn had said he was the designated driver.

"You're not drinking?" Finn yelled slightly to be heard over the music, noticing the bottle of water Kurt held.

"Nope. Designated driver, like you. Besides, this is the first party I've been to with Blaine, I wanted to impress him and didn't want to get too sloppy." Kurt and Finn looked over to the corner, where Blaine was dancing wildly as Nick and Jeff laughed. It was so obvious he was trashed.

"Clearly, he doesn't have the same concerns," Kurt sighed as Finn looked at him with a smirk.

At that point, Blaine stumbled over to Finn, successfully throwing one arm over his shoulder on the second try.

"Hey, Finn! You know, I think it's so cool you and Kurt are brothers. I mean, wow, *brothers!* And you are like, *so tall*, how do you do that?" Blaine slurred as Finn looked at him in slight confusion.

Kurt hoped that maybe Blaine loosening up might help him get over whatever had caused his funk of the day. He smiled hopefully at his boyfriend, who was at that time grinning foolishly at Finn.

"Are you having fun, Blaine?" he shouted, relaxing slightly.

"Yeah! This is the best party ever!" Blaine yelled, throwing his arm around Kurt and causing both of them to stumble slightly. Kurt shot Finn a look of apology that Finn accepted with a toast of his cup. Kurt noticed Rachel stumble slightly towards Finn, throwing her arms around his waist while he stood there awkwardly. He sighed, wishing he could rescue his brother but having a drunken problem of his own at the moment. He finally had a giggling Blaine leaning against a wall when Rachel, who had a befuddled and somewhat hurt look on her face at whatever Finn had just said to her, jumped up and yelled, "Let's play Spin The Bottle! Who wants to play Spin The Bottle?"

Kurt could hardly believe he was sitting on the floor of Rachel's basement, surrounded by drunk people who were cheering wildly as an empty bottle spun around on a checkerboard. Everyone was laughing, himself included. When the bottle landed on Sam and he had to kiss Brittany, things nearly got interesting as they seemed to show little inclination of stopping until Quinn pushed them apart, glaring at Brittany as she did so.

"This ain't no Big Red commercial, sister," she said huffily, pulling Sam back to her side possessively.

"My turn!" squealed Rachel, giving the bottle a spin. Everybody whooped with laughter when the bottle landed on Blaine, including Kurt.

"Oh, this is outstanding!" Kurt said, giggling slightly. His face lost its amusement, however, when Rachel pointed at Blaine.

"Blaine Warbler, I'm gonna rock. Your. World," she said, giving him what was supposed to be a sultry look. She leaned towards Blaine and kissed him firmly, both of them giggling. Then suddenly, they kissed again.



And again. Then Blaine had his hand wrapped in Rachel's hair and on the back of her neck, pulling her into a passionate kiss. All this before everyone's horrified eyes.

Kurt was dumbfounded, unsure exactly what was going on. He clapped his hands sharply a few times, saying, "Okay, I think we've had enough of that!"

To his dismay, Blaine kissed Rachel once more before leaning back and looking into her eyes. They both looked stunned.

"Your face tastes awesome," Rachel said. She then grabbed Blaine by the hand and yelled, "I think I just found a new duet partner!" Hand in hand, they ran to the stage together, leaving behind a shocked group of people. None was more shocked than Kurt, who felt a sick feeling in the pit of his belly. Wes, David, Nick and Jeff all looked at each other uneasily, watching tears build up in Kurt's eyes and Finn and Puck glaring at a totally oblivious Blaine. This was even worse than they had thought it would be.

On stage Blaine and Rachel were singing Don't You Want Me, both of them dancing around and exchanging flirty glances. When the song ended, they stood there breathlessly, looking into each others eyes. Kurt watched all this miserably, totally confused. Just what the hell was going on? Finally, Blaine stumbled off the stage and flopped down next to Kurt, who hadn't moved from his place on the floor. Kurt felt his throat clench as he saw remnants of Rachel's pink lipgloss still smeared on Blaine's lips. Watermelon. Kurt knew he would never again like the smell of watermelon lipgloss.

"Do you mind telling me what that was all about?" Kurt asked Blaine icily.

Blaine looked at him, eyes struggling to focus. "What what was about?" he asked.

"That! That whole thing with Rachel! She's a girl, in case you hadn't noticed! You can't just lead her on like that!" Kurt hissed.

Blaine frowned. "This isn't leading her on. When we kissed, it felt good."

Kurt felt his stomach drop. "You can't be serious," he said in disbelief, "it felt good because you're drunk!" What was Blaine saying? "You're gay, Blaine!"

Blaine shook his head slightly. "I thought I was. But before you I never had a girlfriend or a boyfriend before. Isn't this the time we sort of figure stuff out?"

Kurt was shaking his head in denial. "I can't believe I'm hearing this."

Blaine continued, "I mean, maybe I'm bi, I don't know!"

Kurt's eyes narrowed. "Bisexual is a term gay guys use in high school so they can hold hands with girls and feel like their own person for a change!"

"Whoa, whoa, why are you getting so angry?" Blaine asked, starting to look angry himself.

Kurt swallowed a sob. "I have always admired how proud you are of who you are. You have always been so proud and out of the closet, and now you want to tiptoe back in?"

Blaine scoffed, "Well, I'm sorry if this hurts your feelings or hurts your pride. However confusing things might be for you, it's even more confusing for me. So, you're one hundred percent sure who you are. Well, fantastic. Maybe we all can't be so lucky."

"Lucky? Blaine, I got chased out of my school by a closeted bully who threatened to kill me," Kurt said, tears threatening again.

"Right. And why did he do that?" questioned Blaine sarcastically.

"Because he didn't like who I was," Kurt said softly.

"And what you're saying to me right now is any different?" Blaine said, not seeing the wounded look on Kurt's face or hearing the intake of breath from his friends who were helplessly watching the entire situation unfold. "I am just trying to figure out who I am. And for you, of *all* people, to get down on me for that? I didn't think that was who you were."

"I'm your boyfriend, Blaine," Kurt said helplessly, tears spilling over as Blaine shook his head.

"No." Blaine stood up, stumbling slightly. He turned to walk away. "I'll see you around. I would say bye, but I wouldn't want to make you angry." He left Kurt there and walked clumsily back over to the other side of the room where Rachel was.

Kurt sat there motionless. He couldn't move, he could barely breathe. A gentle touch got his attention. He turned to see Wes kneeling down next to him, sympathy all over his face. David, Nick and Jeff were behind

him, all of them looking gobsmacked at what they had just seen happen. Although they had known Blaine was suffering the effects of dealing with his father and obviously unused to the effect of copious amounts of alcohol, none of them had expected Blaine to make out with a girl and dump Kurt within the space of just a short time.

This was *way* worse than they had thought it would be.

Wes was rubbing Kurt's shoulder soothingly. Kurt was trembling with the force of containing his emotions and the tears falling down his cheeks were starting to come at a faster rate. Wes looked around quickly and saw Puck and Finn glaring menacingly at Blaine. Things were about to unravel even more, he had to do something to stop it.

"David! Here, take Kurt's keys and bring his car around. We have to get him out of here, now." Wes tossed the keys at David, who ran up the stairs to do his part.

"Nick, you and Jeff try to keep Blaine alive. As much as he fucking deserves it right now, I don't want Finn and Puck killing him. I seriously think he is so wasted that he has no fucking idea what he just did." Wes sighed heavily. "Quite frankly, I don't look forward to dealing with the idiot once he realizes that he declared himself bi and basically told Kurt he is as bad as that asshole that bullied him at McKinley before breaking up with him."

Jeff looked at Kurt in concern. Kurt still hadn't moved or said a word, he just sat there while Wes continued to rub his shoulder. Watching Blaine do that had been like watching a car wreck in slow motion. Jeff winced again as he remembered the hateful things Blaine had said. He would be willing to bet that whatever Blaine's dad had said to him was the root of all of this. Jeff and Nick exchanged a worried look. Once Blaine sobered up and the truth hit him the shit was going to hit the fan. And judging by the broken look on Kurt's face it was not going to be an easy road back.

## Chapter Twenty-Nine

Blaine shifted slightly in his sleep and then flinched at the searing pain that went through his head. He moaned slightly and tried to bury himself deeper into the pillow. An unfamiliar pillow that didn't smell like his or Kurt's. Blaine frowned at that and moaned again as wakefulness started to come over him. His head was pounding and his tongue felt thick and swollen in his dry and sour tasting mouth. He licked his dry lips and frowned again at the unfamiliar taste of watermelon.

Kurt always wore vanilla lip balm. Always.

Blaine groaned now, his stomach clenching violently as it rebelled against its treatment the previous night. He quickly sat up straight and moaned again as the sudden movement caused his head to throb again. Suddenly, a comforting hand was on his shoulder and an empty bucket held up for him. Blaine grabbed the sides of the bucket and heaved again and again as his body purged itself of the remnants of his uncharacteristic bender. Every time Blaine thought he was finished, his stomach would clench again and his mouth would fill with saliva in that way that most assuredly meant another bout of vomiting was about to occur. He briefly wondered if there was even anything left and if his stomach itself would be next to fly out.

When it seemed that he was finally finished, Blaine accepted the bottle of water being offered to him and rinsed his mouth out. He spit the water into the dirty bucket, which was quickly removed. Two pills were pressed into his hand and Blaine took them quickly, sipping slowly on the water so as not to get sick again. He prayed they would kick in soon and alleviate some of the pounding in his head. The hand that had been tending to him pushed him back down on the bed. Blaine snuggled down a bit, hoping to fall back asleep.

"Thank you for taking care of me, Kurt. I'm sorry I got so messed up last night," he said softly, closing his eyes and trying to stay still to let the meds work.

"It's what friends do for each other," a voice said.

A voice that was most certainly NOT Kurt's.

Blaine's eyes shot open and he moaned as his head throbbed in response. He quickly closed them again and tried to regain his equilibrium. He opened one eye and looked blearily in the direction the voice came from.

"Jeff? What are you doing here?" Blaine asked in confusion.

Jeff smiled slightly. "You're in my bed, B. Nick and I brought you back last night."

Blaine slowly sat up, holding his head for a moment before looking around. He finally recognized Nick and Jeff's dorm room. But why was he here?

Blaine looked at Jeff, doing a slight double take as he saw his friend's split lip. "God, Jeff, what happened to you?"

Jeff gave him a small grin. "I got caught up in the scrum between Rachel, Brittany and Santana last night."

Blaine managed a small smile. "How did you manage that? Did Santana kill Rachel?"

"Actually, Santana was trying to pull Brittany off of Rachel," Nick said casually as he walked into the room and sat down in the desk chair.

Blaine was shocked. "*Brittany*? Really? How did that happen? What could Rachel have possibly done to set *her* off?"

Jeff and Nick exchanged a significant look, causing Blaine to frown slightly. His friends turned back to look at him, both of them looking very solemn.

"You don't remember?" Nick questioned, looking sadly at Blaine's confused face.

"Remember what?" Blaine asked in frustration, wondering what they were keeping from him. And more importantly... "Where is Kurt?"

Jeff sighed unhappily. "Blaine, Brittany beat Rachel like a cheap drum last night for hurting Kurt."

"Kurt's hurt? Where is he? Is he alright?" Blaine frantically tried to get out of the bed, despite the ache in his head. Nick pressed him back into the bed.

"Blaine! Blaine, listen. Rachel hurt Kurt by-you mean you seriously don't remember?" Nick bowed his head for a second in frustration.

Blaine was getting more agitated. "Damn it, Nick, remember *what?* What the fuck are you guys talking about?"

Jeff couldn't take it anymore. "*Jesus*, Blaine. You made out with Rachel, fought with Kurt and informed him you are most likely bi and not gay, compared him to the dude that bullied him out of his old school, then you dumped him to go make out with Rachel some more. Apparently Brittany doesn't take kindly to anyone messing with her 'dolphin.' She went berserk, yelling at Rachel to stop biting Kurt's dolphin. Then she pulled Rachel off you and started beating her down like a red headed step child." He shook his head slightly in disbelief. "And she looks so sweet and out of it."

Nick continued the story, wincing at the look of stunned horror on Blaine's face. "Santana pulled Brittany off Rachel once but Brittany got away and went after her again. Jeff caught her before she could get a hold of Rachel again and she accidently hit him in the face with her head as she fought to get away. Fortunately all this distracted Finn and Puck enough that we were able to get you out of there before they broke you down into bite size pieces and scattered you to the wind."

Blaine looked at his friends incredulously. "It's not true," he whispered brokenly, squeezing his eyes shut. "It's not true," he said louder, starting to shake his head, ignoring the ache it caused. "It's not true! It's not! Why would you say something like that to me?" Blaine's voice had risen with each word so that he was nearly shouting.

Jeff tried to calm him down. "Blaine, take it easy. You're gonna make yourself sick again if you aren't careful."

Blaine threw the covers off himself, not noticing he still wore the same clothes he had worn the previous night. He struggled to his feet, swaying slightly and feeling dizzy. He grabbed for the wall in support and pulled away from Nick as he tried to help steady him.

"No! Don't *touch* me! Where is Kurt? Where *is* he? I have to find him, I have to find him *right fucking now!*" Blaine stumbled slightly as he made his way to the door. He tore it open and took off at a painful cut down the hallway towards Kurt and Wes' dorm room. He was just a few steps away from the door when a voice behind him stopped him in his tracks.

"Oh, my God, *please* tell me it's true." Blaine turned around to glare at Jake, who had a wide smile across his face.

"Only the best rumor ever, that you decided that girls aren't so icky and made out with a girl in front of your boyfriend. And then you dumped him, just like that! Is it really true?" Jake looked utterly delighted.

Blaine's hands curled into fists. "Fuck off, Turner," he snarled.

Jake laughed, sounding a little malicious. "Do you kiss your mother with that mouth, Anderson? Or just girls who, oh, yeah, happen to supposedly be good friends of your boyfriend?"

Jeff and Nick hurried towards the two boys facing off in the hallway. Blaine started to lunge at Jake when another voice entered the fray.

"Turner! Anderson! What's going on here?"

Blaine turned to see Wes striding towards them. The flicker of hope of having another ally faded quickly as he took in Wes' angry face. This was Student Prefect Wes, not friend Wes. And judging by the glare he was directing at Blaine, friend Wes was not going to be putting in an appearance anytime soon.

Jake smirked at Blaine. "Really, Blaine, I should be thanking you on behalf of all the gay guys in school. Do you seriously think I am the only one who has fantasized about those pretty lips of Kurt's wrapped around my cock? You've done us all a huge favor, breaking up with him. Now at least one of us has a chance with him. I wonder who will get the chance to comfort him while his heart is broken?" He laughed snidely, stepping back as Blaine angrily started towards him with fists raised.

Wes quickly grabbed Blaine, pulling him backwards and shoving him towards Jeff. "Blaine, I swear I will write you up in a heartbeat if you take one more step." He turned a glare towards Jake. "Turner, you've done more than enough damage here. Get lost before I conveniently forget that you have a point in what you're saying and let him have a swing at you."

Jake gave Blaine another smirk, looking at him disdainfully.

Blaine pointed threatenly at Jake. "You stay away from Kurt, Turner. I swear to God, if you so much as even *sniff* in his direction, I'll-"

"You'll *what*? You broke up with *him*, asswipe. You don't have any say anymore. At least if I can get Kurt to give me a chance, I can definitely guarantee him that I won't leave him for a girl. I have no such questions about myself, I know for a fact I am gay. I can give him that much." Jake gave Blaine another scornful look

as he turned to walk away. Wes watched him to make sure he actually left, then he turned back to face Blaine.

"What the fuck do you want?" Wes said harshly.

Blaine looked at Wes miserably. If Wes was this angry at him, then it must be true, what Jeff and Nick were telling him. That meant...that meant...

Oh, God. No. *NO*.

Blaine gasped painfully, trying to take in enough air. "I need to see Kurt. I have to talk to him, I have to fix this. *I have to.*"

Wes looked at Blaine, a mixture of anger and pity on his face. "Somehow I doubt Kurt is going to want to hear anything you have to say. You kind of said a lot last night." Wes shook his head, anger winning out over pity now as he lost the hold he had on his temper. "What the fuck, Blaine? Just seriously, what the *fuck*? I never thought of you as a douche bag, but only a douche of the highest nature would do what you did to Kurt yesterday."

Blaine shook his head. "I'm wasting time here, Wes, I need to talk to Kurt now." Blaine struggled to get out of Jeff's grasp and started yelling desperately, "KURT! Kurt, please, *please*, I need to talk to you! Please, Kurt, please, I can explain!"

Wes looked down the hall and saw other students opening their doors and looking out, curious as to what all the racket was about. He sighed inwardly, wishing this wasn't so damn complicated. "Keep your voice down, idiot, you're making an ass of yourself," Wes hissed, trying to regain some control of the situation. "Kurt isn't here anyway."

Blaine stopped thrashing about and slumped defeatedly against Jeff. "He isn't?"

Wes rubbed his face tiredly and said, "No, he's not. He was in no condition to drive and somehow I don't think he wanted to be here. David stayed with him last night to make sure he would be okay. He said that Finn and Puck slept in Kurt's room, too, so he was being taken care of."

Wes opened the door to his room and walked in. He left the door open, knowing Blaine would follow, as would Nick and Jeff. He took bottles of water out of the mini fridge for everyone and sat on his bed.



Blaine threw himself into Kurt's bed, grabbing the pillows and curling around them. He breathed deeply of Kurt's scent, feeling tears forming. His mind was reeling, his head still hurt, and there was a dull ache in the pit of his stomach that wouldn't go away.

Wes took a deep breath and looked levelly at Blaine, who now had a death grip on Kurt's pillow. "Blaine, what the hell happened? Yesterday you walked around like you'd lost your best friend, then last night you lost your ever lovin' mind."

Blaine moaned low, hearing the harsh words and condemnation in his friend's voice. "I really don't remember what happened last night, Wes. I was that messed up. You're going to have to tell me exactly what happened."

Jeff shook his head. "No. First you tell us what happened to bring on yesterday. You had stars and hearts in your eyes at curfew the night before, then yesterday you would barely look at Kurt, much less touch him."

"Totally not like you at all, B," chimed in Nick.

Blaine hugged Kurt's pillow tighter and sniffled, wiping tears off his face. Wordlessly, Wes handed him a box of Kleenex. Blaine wiped his face and breathed in, his breath hitching slightly.

"I talked to my dad Thursday night. I won't bore you with the gory details, just this time it seemed like he really knew where to aim where it hurt the most." Blaine closed his eyes against the pain as he remembered.

*"When will you be done with this foolishness?"*

*"If you would just find a nice girl to date..."*

*"...embarrassment to me and your mother..."*

*"...disappointment..."*

*"...it's not normal..."*

*"...filthy, disgusting, immoral..."*

Blaine ran a shaking hand through his disheveled hair. "I just don't understand. I thought parents loved their kids unconditionally. Yet ever since I came out, he has changed. I mean, how can he say such things?" Blaine's voice cracked with emotion.

Jeff shook his head. "B, that sucks royally. But why did you act like you didn't want Kurt near you or touching you? Don't you know that hurt him?"

Blaine blinked furiously as more tears made their way down his cheeks. "If my own father thinks so poorly of me then how am I in any way worthy of someone like Kurt?"

Wes crossed his arms. "Blaine, that's a load of crap. Surely you know that. So your dad is an ignorant asshole. So what? That doesn't make you any less deserving of happiness. Don't you realize how happy you were with Kurt? And you threw it away! For what? And just...Jesus, Blaine! Bisexual? Really? And of all girls to experiment on, you decide on one of Kurt's friends? And if that wasn't bad enough, you do it in front of him? And when he calls you on your bullshit you tell him he's no better than the guy who bullied him out of his old school?"

Blaine swayed slightly as his face went pale. "Oh, my God. I need you guys to tell me everything. Now." Each of his friends had said it, he had to have actually done exactly what they said.

Wes, Jeff and Nick told Blaine everything, not leaving anything out. When they finished, Blaine was sobbing brokenly into Kurt's pillow.

"I've ruined everything. He's gone. He'll never forgive me for that. How could he? And I love him," Blaine suddenly gasped out loud, pain lacing his words. "I love him and now I've lost him."

Jeff patted Blaine's shoulder awkwardly, trying to offer what little comfort he could. "Don't give up hope, Blaine. Kurt will no doubt need some time, but I think you two were meant to be. All we can do is wait and see."

Wes, Jeff and Nick all sat quietly in commiseration as the sound of Blaine's sobs filled the room.

## Chapter Thirty

Finn answered the ringing doorbell. When he opened the door and saw Rachel standing there, he wordlessly slammed the door shut in her face. As soon as the door shut, a persistent banging started.

"Finn, please let me in. I need to talk to Kurt," Rachel said through the door.

Finn opened the door, blocking the entry. He glared at Rachel for a long and tense moment. Her face still bore testament to Brittany's anger, visible scratches, a cut lip and one eye slightly swollen.

"I don't think so. I am pretty sure you are probably the last person in the universe he wants to see right now. I think you better go." Finn stepped back to close the door again.

Rachel put her hands out to catch the door and try to keep it open. "Please, Finn. I really need to see him."

Finn shook his head. "I really don't think that's a good idea." Then the anger he had been holding back started to come out. "Just what the hell were you thinking, Rachel? You're Kurt's friend! He's your friend and you tore his fucking heart out and jumped all over it while singing with the guy you stole from him!"

Rachel gestured helplessly, unsure what to say. "I'm sure you think I'm crazy, Finn. I know Kurt has feelings for Blaine-"

Finn's jaw dropped in disbelief at what she was saying. "Feelings, Rachel? *Feelings*? Are you fucking kidding me? Feelings? I am pretty sure Kurt loves Blaine. He hasn't said it, he may not even know it, but I can see it."

"Well, Finn, Blaine is obviously conflicted and if he turns out to not be gay then I guess I will have done Kurt a favor," Rachel said, trying to appear nonchalant.

Finn was stunned. "Just listen to yourself! Do you really think you did Kurt a favor, Rachel? Because you didn't see him! *You* didn't have to watch him fall apart. *You* didn't have to hold him while he cried until he fell asleep. *You* didn't have to wake up with him in the middle of the night while he cried again. *You* haven't had to watch him just sit there staring at nothing. He won't eat. He hasn't showered or washed his face. He is wearing fucking Walmart sweatpants and a tshirt of mine. And this is *Kurt* we are talking about." Finn shook his head angrily. "So you can lie to yourself all you want and try to make yourself feel

better by thinking you did Kurt a favor, but we *all* know the truth. We were all there and we all know you are a big part of the reason Kurt is hurting right now."

Rachel started to say something when a voice interrupted.

"What are you doing here?"

Finn whipped around to see Kurt standing in the doorway to the kitchen. Rachel blanched at the sight of Kurt. He was pale, his eyes reddened from tears and the color a pale and lifeless gray. She visibly swallowed and took a step towards Kurt, her face falling as he crossed his arms across himself in a protective manner and flinched away from her. He remained focused on the floor, refusing to look at her.

Rachel licked her suddenly dry lips. "Kurt, I am so, so sorry. I don't know what happened."

"Oh, I have a pretty good idea what happened, Rachel. The only way it would have been more obvious would have been for you to climb in my lap and literally rub my face in it." Kurt was still looking at the floor and he was rubbing his hands together distractedly.

Rachel tried again. "Kurt, please look at me. You don't have to be nervous, rubbing your hands like that. You can talk to me."

Kurt laughed humorlessly. "You really *are* full of yourself, aren't you? Did you ever stop to think that the reason I can't look at you is because when I look at you all I can see is you with your tongue in my boyfriend's mouth and I want to *rip your fucking face off*? Or that the reason I am rubbing my hands is because they literally itch with the need to jump you and yank your hair out by the handful? Because if that's what you are thinking, then you would be so right. I can't look at you. I can't stand to. It makes my stomach hurt. I feel physically ill."

Rachel looked crushed, tears filling her eyes. "Kurt, I'm sorry-"

Kurt made a harsh movement with one hand, cutting her off. "Save it. I'm not interested." Then he made a gesture of despair, choking up slightly. "Any guy, Rachel. Any other guy. Hell, I brought four other guys along who are single. But you had to have mine. A little kiss for Spin the Bottle just couldn't be enough for you. You know, I actually was happy for you when you and Finn got together, because deep down, I knew I didn't have a chance in hell. And you managed to ruin that for yourself by kissing another guy. Are we

seeing a pattern here? What did I ever do to you? Why did you have to ruin what I had with Blaine?" Kurt was close to breaking down.

Finn put a comforting hand on Kurt's shoulder. He gave Rachel a cool look. "I think you need to go. You know the way out."

Just then, there was a loud knock and Santana opened the door, followed closely by Brittany. "Hey, Frankenteen, we were just coming to check on Kurt." She glared maliciously at Rachel. "The fuck are you doing here, man hands? You got a hell of a lot of nerve coming here after what you did."

Brittany had not said a word. She had simply crossed the kitchen to wrap her arms around Kurt and lay her head on his shoulder. She stood like that silently, simply holding him and stroking his hair. She watched Rachel wither a bit under Santana's disdain, then suddenly spoke up.

"Lord Tubbington doesn't like you, Rachel. And neither do I. You turned Kurt's dolphin back into a shark and made Kurt sad. I don't think you're a very good friend. It makes me want to hit you again." Brittany nuzzled Kurt's neck and hugged him tighter.

Santana nodded. "Yeah, you pretty much suck, Berry. In general. So why don't you go sing a song about being an only child or something before I go Lima Heights Adjacent on you. Because you know what happens there? *Cosas malas, puta*. So, beat it." She pushed a protesting Rachel out the door and slammed it shut behind her, locking it for good measure.

Santana crossed the kitchen to take Kurt's hand comfortingly. "Kurt, do you want me to cut her or anything? I could probably get Coach Sylvester to shoot her out of a cannon or something. You are still one of her favorites, you know."

Kurt laid his head down on Brittany's head affectionately and squeezed Santana's hand. "As lovely as that sounds, I am not convinced she is worth the effort." Tears started to glimmer in his eyes and his voice cracked as he said, "And maybe he wasn't either."

"Awww, Kurt," Brittany sniffled sadly. "When you cry it makes me cry. I don't like for you to be sad."

Santana took Brittany by the hand with her other hand and squeezed it. "I don't like it either, Britt." She looked at Kurt and said, "Kurt, how about you spend the night with me and Brittany tonight? We will have

ourselves some fun and see if we can't help you feel better. At least get your mind off of things for a little while. How about it?"

Kurt sighed and wiped his face miserably. "I don't know, Tana. I'll think about it and call you later, okay?" He looked at Finn and said, "I am going back to bed. I just want to sleep and not think right now."

As Kurt turned to go back upstairs, he nearly ran into David, who had just gotten out of the shower and had come downstairs to see what was happening. David look at Kurt with worried eyes and said, "Kurt, I'm not gonna ask you if you're okay. I know better. But have you by chance heard anything from Blaine?"

Kurt's shoulders slumped dejectedly. "I'll be honest, I turned my phone off last night. I don't want to deal with it. I don't want to think about it. I don't want to remember it. Right now I just hurt all over and I don't know whether I want to cry or scream or start breaking things. So I am going to bed." He turned and walked upstairs. Turning back for a moment he looked sadly at David and said softly, "Thanks for staying with me last night, David."

Finn watched Kurt leave and turned to look at David. "Dude, I don't know what to do. I feel so bad for him. Like I thought it sucked when Quinn told me her baby wasn't mine, and I was pissed when Rachel kissed Puck, but it wasn't anything like this. Kurt's never had a boyfriend, never had another gay guy he could have feelings for and have those feelings returned. I really thought that he had that with Blaine."

David blew out a breath. He knew that it wasn't really his story to tell, but he wondered if maybe telling Finn about Blaine's dad calling it might keep him from killing Blaine the next time he saw him.

Which unbeknownst to both of them, was not so far off in the future.

---

"This is the worst idea ever. I can't believe I let you talk me into this. Finn's gonna kill you then he will probably kill me and I will fucking deserve it for taking you anywhere near Kurt after doing what you did." Wes was ranting as he drove to Kurt's house to pick up David.

Blaine sat silently in the passenger seat. He held his cell phone tightly. He had tried calling Kurt multiple times, but it went to voice mail each time. He had left several pleading messages and sent dozens of texts, hoping that Kurt would finally turn his phone back on and give him a chance to apologize. He had basically begged Wes to let him come along, hoping against hope that Kurt would give him the chance to grovel and

beg for forgiveness. Wes had very grudgingly consented to let him come along but was obviously not very happy about it. He had insisted that Blaine shower and change, noting that Kurt would hardly be inclined to be forgiving if Blaine showed up wearing the same clothes as the night before with traces of Rachel's makeup and perfume clinging to them. Blaine had run the water hot enough to hurt as he scrubbed at himself viciously, trying to remove all traces of Rachel from himself. He had rinsed his mouth again and again, feeling nauseated at the taste and smell of watermelon lip gloss combined with the aftertaste of far too much alcohol the night before.

When Wes pulled up to Kurt's house, he once again questioned his sanity in letting Blaine come with him. He wasn't that convinced that Finn wouldn't plant one of his size 15's in Blaine's ass. Or his ass. Or both of their asses. He knew how protective Finn was of Kurt and to say Finn had been angry last night was an understatement. He shot a look in Blaine's direction. Even when Blaine first transferred to Dalton he never looked quite this bad. Blaine looked lost and broken, and although Wes was sympathetic, he also was still pretty pissed. Kurt was his friend, too, one of his best friends. And seeing Kurt fall apart last night was one of the toughest things he had ever had to witness. Wes sighed and inwardly cursed Blaine's dad for starting all of this. He just hoped he and Blaine would make it through this in one piece.

Blaine was frozen in the seat, staring at Kurt's house. Kurt was inside, probably hurting, and it was all his fault. Blaine was miserable, unsure of what he should do. He wanted to throw himself at Kurt's feet and cry like a baby and beg over and over for Kurt to take him back. But what if he wouldn't? What if he told Blaine to get lost or that he never wanted to see him again? Blaine honestly didn't know what he would do. Now that he realized how he truly felt about Kurt, he mentally berated himself for not telling him already. As far as getting drunk and making out with a girl, Blaine didn't think that he would ever forgive himself. And if Kurt wouldn't forgive him and take him back, Blaine was pretty sure he absolutely would never, *ever* forgive himself.

"Stupid! Such an idiotic fuck up!" Blaine hissed at himself, feeling even more unhappy.

Wes took a deep and fortifying breath and mumbled, "Let's get this over with."

They got out and walked to the door. Blaine stood behind Wes slightly as he rang the doorbell.

Wes glared at him and said, "Oh, sure, stand behind me so I get hit first. I appreciate it."

Blaine gave him a panicked look and said, "Wes, what if he won't talk to me?"

Wes started to answer when he was interrupted by the door opening. Finn grinned at Wes and said, "Hey, dude, how's it-" then he saw Blaine. The easy grin dropped off his face, replaced by a vicious scowl. "What. The. Fuck. Are. You. Doing. Here."

Blaine gulped and said, "Finn...Finn, please. Please, I need to see Kurt. I need to talk to him. I have to try."

Finn crossed his arms, still frowning. "Haven't you done enough, Blaine? I spent the night holding my brother because you broke his fucking heart. Even better, you did it with my ex-girlfriend. So you aren't exactly high on my list right now, unless you count the list of things I want to break. And doing you any favors doesn't rank very high either."

Blaine bowed his head and sniffled miserably. He deserved Finn's scorn. He deserved it all and so much more.

Finn made a noise of disgust and stepped back to let Wes and Blaine in. He glared at Blaine. "You look like crap, Blaine. I'm probably going to regret this, but I will let you go upstairs and see if Kurt will talk to you. But if he tells you to fuck off or anything, you *will* respect his wishes. You owe him that much."

Blaine closed his eyes to fight back tears. This chance was more than he deserved. "Thanks, Finn." He went to the stairs and started up them, heart pounding and palms sweaty with nerves. He paused for a moment outside Kurt's room, then taking a deep breath, knocked gently. His heart leaped into his throat when Kurt opened the door.

Blaine's eyes traveled over Kurt, his heart now dropping lower with every second. Kurt's eyes, usually so vivid and sparkling looked dead and lifeless. They regarded him coldly now. Blaine literally felt his temperature drop as the warmth that was usually in Kurt's eyes was so obviously not present. Blaine could see the raw pain in Kurt's eyes and it literally took his breath away.

"Kurt-" Blaine started nervously, struggling to find the words to express to Kurt how very sorry he was, how important Kurt was to him and how he would be willing to spend as much time as needed to prove it to him.

Without a word, Kurt slammed the door in Blaine's face.



Blaine stood there motionless, unable to comprehend what just happened. He had just been completely rejected by the one person in the world he cared the most about. He had hurt Kurt so badly that Kurt wasn't even interested in listening to his apology or anything he might have to say.

He had lost him.

Blaine didn't know how long he stood there, staring blankly at Kurt's closed door. He barely noticed when David came and got him, gently leading him out to Wes' car. He allowed himself to be placed in the back seat and sat unseeingly as David got in next to him and Wes started the car to drive away.

David knew Blaine was going to break at any moment. When Blaine started to shake, David quickly urged Wes to pull over. Blaine struggled to get out of the car, falling to his knees on the side of the road. He gasped for air and put both hands on his head, grabbing his disheveled curls. Blaine opened his mouth and released a long and loud howl of anguish before beginning to sob uncontrollably. Wes and David fell to their knees next to him and held him as he grieved for love lost.

## Chapter Thirty-One

Wes was feeling frustrated. The weekend could only be described as disastrous, and the week had not started off much better. Kurt had returned to the dorm late Sunday night looking pale and tired. He had very little to say and spent most of his time studying or sleeping. Blaine was a shadow of his former self and practically oozed misery from his very pores. He walked around looking as though his life was over and as though he was constantly on the verge of tears. This made things extremely awkward for their friends, especially for Wes and David since as roommates of the hurting twosome, they had to deal with the situation on a totally different level. Wes thought Adele was brilliant, but if he had to listen to Rolling In The Deep playing on repeat on Kurt's iPod another day he was going to sleep on the couch in the music room until this whole situation was resolved one way or another. David didn't have it much better since Blaine had taken to wrapping himself around the pillow of Kurt's he still had and listening to Britney Spears sing From The Bottom Of My Broken Heart.

And then there was the Warblers. They really needed to be finalizing their decision on what to perform for sectionals, not to mention they had a Christmas extravaganza they had been invited to perform at, but with two of their most prominent voices being affected so it was nearly impossible. The tension at practices was palpable enough that everyone could feel it. Only a blind person would not see that rather than being a cozy twosome on the couch, Kurt kept to one side of the room, steadfastly refusing to look at Blaine, while Blaine stayed on the other side watching Kurt longingly with heartbroken eyes. Neither of them was performing to their potential, and it was evident that the distraction was keeping the entire group from concentrating fully.

But most of all, Wes was worried about his friends. They had been so happy together, so perfect for each other that it was proof that you really could find your soulmate at a young age. And seeing them apart and hurting like this was a big concern to Wes, not only just because it affected the Warblers. Kurt was practically a zombie, merely existing and not interested in doing any of the things that they had been doing as friends. Blaine had withdrawn so far into himself that it was reminiscent of his early Dalton days.

Something had to be done.

And it had to be done soon. Wes hated to admit it, but Jake had been right that other guys at the school would be approaching Kurt now that he was single. Several guys had come to their dorm room to invite Kurt for coffee or a movie, or even to study. So far Kurt had gently refused them all, but it was just a matter of time before he finally gave in, Wes was sure. And Jake himself was obviously making a play for Kurt,

bringing flowers and offering a sympathetic shoulder. Wes didn't like it. He felt that Kurt and Blaine needed to talk and work their issues out. Those two were meant to be, it was obvious to everyone except those who didn't want to see it. Unfortunately, right now it seemed Kurt was one of those that didn't want to see it.

Wes couldn't really blame Kurt completely, Blaine had been an absolute asshole. Daddy issues aside, Kurt hadn't deserved getting pretty much the silent treatment all day before having his drunken boyfriend question his own sexuality and break up with him before trying to find comfort with one of Kurt's friends. And Wes wasn't foolish enough to expect that to be easily forgiven. If only Blaine had just talked to Kurt about his dad, so much of this might have been avoided. Wes knew that Blaine was ready to tell Kurt everything, was ready to do anything it took to earn Kurt's forgiveness even though he was terrified of being rejected again. But it would appear that when he wanted to be, Kurt was one stubborn son of a bitch. Deep down, Wes admired and appreciated that, but right now he needed something to give so all aspects of his life could go back to normal. Besides, he had a singing group to run and time was growing short.

He and David needed to have a chat with Blaine.

---

Kurt sat at a table during free period. He had his text book open but he wasn't focusing on it. As always, his mind was on Blaine. It was painfully obvious Blaine was sorry and wanted to try to work things out. But Kurt was still so angry and hurt. Things weren't getting any easier with time, though. In fact, it was worse. His mind and heart were at total war with each other, his heart urging him to listen to what Blaine had to say and be forgiving. His mind kept reminding him how much it had hurt to hear the things Blaine had said and the pain of watching him with Rachel. Kurt was alternately incredibly angry then devastatingly sad. He knew that their situation was affecting all their friends and the Warblers, and while he felt badly and a little guilty because of it, he couldn't help how he felt.

Even now, he was painfully aware of Blaine sitting alone at a table at the other end of the room. Kurt knew without looking that Blaine was watching him. He could feel the heat of Blaine's gaze over him like a ghost of a touch. Kurt forced himself to keep his eyes down, knowing if he gave in and looked at Blaine he would no longer be able to function, that he would break down from the pain he knew he would see. He couldn't give in, not yet. Until he resolved some of his own turmoil, he had to keep a level head.

Music playing broke through his thoughts. Kurt looked up in surprise as Jake sat down across from him, smiling as music played from the iPad he laid on the table. Kurt's jaw dropped as he recognized the song and he looked at Jake with confused eyes.

*Baby I just don't get it, do you enjoy being hurt?  
I know you smelled the perfume, the make-up on his shirt  
You don't believe his stories, you know that they're all lies  
Bad as you are, you stick around and I just don't know why*

*If I was ya man  
Baby you  
Never worry 'bout  
What I do  
I'd be coming home  
Back to you  
Every night, doin' you right*

*You're the type of woman  
Deserves good things  
Fistful of diamonds  
Hand full of rings  
Baby, you're a star  
I just want to show you, you are*

*You should let me love you  
Let me be the one to give you everything you want and need  
Baby good love and protection  
Make me your selection show you the way love's supposed to be  
Baby you should let me love you, love you, love you, love you, yeah*

*Listen  
Your true beauty's description looks so good that it hurts  
You're a dime plus ninety-nine and it's a shame  
Don't even know what you're worth  
Everywhere you go they stop and stare*

*'Cause you're bad and it shows  
From your head to your toes, out of control, baby you know*

*You're the type of woman  
Deserves good things  
Fistful of diamonds  
Hand full of rings  
Baby, you're a star  
I just want to show you, who you are*

*You should let me love you  
Let me be the one to give you everything you want and need  
Ooh baby good love and protection  
Ooh make me your selection show you the way love's supposed to be*

*Baby you should let me  
(You deserve better girl)  
You know you deserve better  
(We should be together girl)  
Baby, with me and you it's whatever girl, hey  
So can we make this thing ours?*

Kurt was sure his face was flaming red. Was Jake really doing this, singing this to him? He looked at Jake, who was grinning widely at him. Although he was embarrassed beyond belief, he was vaguely amused.

Kurt gave Jake a small smile. "Tu es un idiot." *You're an idiot.*

Jake smiled back at Kurt charmingly. "Probablement. Mais je pourrai être ton idiot." *Probably. But I could be your idiot.*

Kurt sighed to himself. He knew that Jake liked him, had known even though he had preferred not to really think about it. It had always been a sore spot to Blaine, and...

*Oh, God, Blaine.*

Kurt quickly looked over to where Blaine had been sitting, just in time to see Blaine slam a fist into the wall before leaving the commons. *Shit*. Kurt knew that this whole scenario had to look bad enough, the song choice, everything, and what had possessed him to talk to Jake in French? Kurt closed his eyes and groaned. He was just so tired of everything right now. He felt a quick surge of anger at Jake because he knew that this whole scenario, although probably somewhat sincere, had been done as a jab at Blaine. Jeff had told Kurt that Blaine had had an altercation with Jake over him the day after they had broken up, but he wouldn't tell Kurt exactly what had been said. Kurt suddenly felt very tired, his shoulders slumping. It was getting harder and harder to try to maintain some semblance of normalcy. His mind was losing the battle and his heart cried for Blaine. Kurt realized that Jake was talking to him and had to force himself to pay attention.

"So, I was wondering if you would go out with me this weekend. We could go see whatever you want, maybe do dinner beforehand?" Jake looked at Kurt with a big smile that appeared smugly confident in Kurt's agreement.

Kurt was torn between a sudden desire to run away and an urge to take Jake down a peg. His head was hurting and his heart was pounding and all he wanted was to get to his dorm as fast as he could. He could feel tears working their way up his throat. Gathering all his stuff, he pushed away from the table, leaving behind a shocked Jake.

"I'm sorry, Jake, I have to go now," Kurt called, not looking back. He left the commons at full speed and ran to his dorm room. He threw his bag on his desk in frustration, removing his blazer and loosening his tie before pulling it off and opening several buttons on his shirt. Kurt threw himself on the bed. He just wanted the hurting to stop. More than anything, he wanted it to stop. He flipped onto his back, not even realizing that tears were spilling down his cheeks as he lay there. Eyes fluttering shut, he fell asleep.

Kurt dreamed of Blaine like he always did. He was surrounded by Blaine's masculine smell, clean and warm with a touch of spiciness. Dream Blaine tenderly cupped Kurt's cheek, wiping tears away gently with a sad smile. Kurt felt himself falling into the depths of Blaine's eyes. Reaching for him, he grabbed Blaine by the shoulders and pulled him to him, fusing their mouths together. If he couldn't have Blaine in real life, he was determined to have him in this beautiful dream world. He pulled away and threaded a hand into Blaine's hair, looking into eyes that smoldered with intensity and wanting.

"God, Blaine, I just miss you so bad. And I need you. I need you so damn much," Kurt said in a low whisper. That was far more encouragement than was needed as dream Blaine captured Kurt's mouth with his own.

---

Blaine frantically pressed his lips to Kurt's again and again, reveling in the feeling of rightness that was Kurt in his arms once more. Watching Jake serenade Kurt had been a slow form of torture, especially when Kurt had smiled at Jake. But Blaine had finally been able to work up the courage to try to talk to Kurt again after a long talk with Wes and David about things, including Wes assuring him that Kurt was also miserable. Knowing that he was the reason for Kurt hurting was devastating, but being apart from Kurt was slowly killing him. Blaine was willing to do anything, no matter what, to make things right again between him and Kurt. His motives for being in Kurt's dorm room were pure, but now, with the boy he now knew he couldn't live without held to him and responding to his touch, Blaine threw rational thought to the wind and lost himself.

Blaine felt Kurt pushing at his blazer and hastened to remove it, not pausing for even a second to remove his mouth from Kurt's. He tossed the blazer to the side and shuddered when he felt Kurt pulling his tie off and working at the buttons of his shirt. Blaine urged Kurt's mouth open and thrust his tongue inside so that their tongues slid against each other sinuously. His trembling hands opened the remaining buttons on Kurt's shirt. Once both of their shirts were opened, they pressed together, both of them moaning at the sensation of contact between hot, bare skin. Blaine gasped when Kurt nipped at his lower lip and the words that had been swirling in his head tumbled out of their volition.

"I love you, Kurt. I've loved you ever since I saw those blue eyes across a room filled with strangers."

Kurt froze as though he had just been doused with ice water. Scrambling out from underneath Blaine he sat up against the headboard. His face paled as he stared at Blaine.

"My God, you're real. I thought I was dreaming," Kurt whispered, his eyes widening as he took in their unbuttoned shirts and Blaine's tousled hair and kiss swollen lips.

Blaine sat up as well, looking confused. "Dreaming?" He felt his heart stop for a moment, but then it restarted at the thought that Kurt was admitting to dreaming about him. And he remembered Kurt saying that he missed and needed him. Specifically *him*, *Blaine*, and not someone else. That meant something, that was good, right?

Kurt looked at Blaine warily, pulling the open sides of his shirt closed to cover his bare chest. He took a shaky breath and ran a hand through his hair. "Why are you here, Blaine?"

Blaine cleared his throat nervously, fidgeting slightly. "I came to try to talk to you. I swear, Kurt, I just wanted to talk. But when you reached for me and said you needed me I couldn't help myself. I'm sorry, so sorry."

Kurt's cheeks flamed as he remembered saying exactly that, plus being the one to instigate the entire series of events leading to this point from there. He sighed. Blaine was right, they needed to talk. Things couldn't continue the way they were. It was too painful on too many levels and it was unfair to their friends who were caught in the middle. Wes had been hinting that Kurt didn't know the full story that led to that horrific night. Kurt felt that if nothing else, he deserved an explanation.

"Okay," Kurt said softly, grabbing a pillow and settling back to listen.

Blaine stared back at him, wide eyed, hardly daring to breathe. For the first time in days he felt a flutter of hope in his chest instead of a lump of despair. Kurt was going to listen to him. He was going to have a chance to try to fix things. Blaine took a deep breath and sent a quick prayer heavenward that he didn't screw this up. All he wanted was for Kurt to give him another chance. He took a deep breath.

"I haven't really told you about my dad," Blaine started in a low voice, looking at his hands. "He isn't what you would call supportive when it comes to his only son being gay. When I first came out to my parents, he didn't lose his cool exactly, but I could tell that he was in denial, like I was just confused because I hadn't had a girlfriend. He started making all these attempts at bonding. Like, two summers ago we rebuilt a '59 Chevy in our driveway. I'm pretty sure it wasn't because he loves cars, but because he thought if I got my hands dirty it might make me straight. It wasn't long before it started to sink in that I wasn't just playing around or in some weird teenage rebellion like he hoped. He started pulling away from me. We had always been pals when I was growing up and suddenly he didn't want to be near me. It was like I had done something unforgivable. He started being really hateful a lot of the time, like he hoped he could shame me out of it or something. All of a sudden, instead of his pride and joy, I was the dirty secret, the skeleton in the closet. I was an embarrassment, a disappointment. I was rebelling and doing this just to make him angry."

Blaine swallowed and pressed on, seeing that Kurt was watching him closely and listening intently. "I am so blown away by your relationship with your dad. When you told me he gave you a sex talk, I was almost jealous. My dad would never do that for me, you know? I had to find out on my own what I do know. Anyway, when things got bad at my old school and I had to transfer here to Dalton, he made a big deal



over me not being able to handle things because I brought it on myself by being this way. We hardly ever talk any more, but when we do talk he always goes straight for the kill."

Blaine gave a mirthless chuckle. "I don't know why I let it affect me anymore, but I do. It always makes me feel like shit for days and when he told me to call Thursday he just let me have it with both barrels. I don't know what happened to put me on his radar, but he was really bad this time. I knew he and Mom weren't planning to be home at Christmas this year, but he pretty much told me not to bother planning to come home for any reason at Christmas, unless I was interested in meeting his partner's daughter."

Blaine turned his gaze to Kurt, who was listening in silence, his eyes sparkling with what looked like unshed tears. "I don't know why I didn't just tell you, Kurt, why I didn't tell you what was wrong. You are just so perfect and sometimes I wonder how it's even possible that you even looked at me twice. My dad makes me feel sometimes like no one will ever care anything for me because I am not worth it. I don't know where my head went at that party, Kurt. I drank way too much because I was hurting, when I should have just talked to you. Somehow in my mind I guess I thought that maybe if I were bi instead of gay my dad might find that more palatable. Somehow, when Rachel kissed me I tried to convince myself that maybe kissing a girl wasn't so bad. But I was so fucking drunk and messed up mentally at that time, Kurt. I'm not bi, I know that. I am one hundred percent gay. Without a doubt. I am crazy about you. And I'm sorry, I'm so very sorry I messed everything up. Please, Kurt, I promise I will make it up to you somehow, I will spend the rest of my life trying to make up for what I did. Just, please, please give me another chance to make us work. You are the best thing that has ever happened to me."

Blaine sat there, watching Kurt with bated breath. If Kurt wouldn't forgive him, he didn't know what he would do.

Kurt looked at Blaine silently. His ears rang with the words Blaine had spoken, his heart aching for the broken boy sitting in front of him looking at him as though he were a life preserver in a stormy ocean. Wordlessly, Kurt opened his arms to Blaine in an invitation.

Relief coursed through Blaine at Kurt's simple gesture. With a broken sob, he launched himself at Kurt, wrapping his arms tightly around Kurt's waist and burying his face in Kurt's stomach. The dam of emotion he had been holding onto for days finally broke as he held onto Kurt for dear life.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Blaine sobbed over and over, tears flowing freely and soaking the cloth of Kurt's shirt.

Kurt made soothing sounds as he stroked Blaine's hair lovingly. He felt tears running down his own face, tears of pain for this hurting boy he held, and tears of relief that it looked like everything might just be okay after all. And there were also tears of joy, because Kurt's heart was swelling with an emotion that he had been afraid to acknowledge, afraid to put a name to. He was still afraid, but the fear was lessening and soon, very soon, he would be able to put into words what he felt for this beautiful boy.

Kurt loosened Blaine's hold on his waist, managing not to giggle at Blaine's reluctance to let him go. He lifted Blaine's chin with his fingertips, looking at him lovingly. Blaine's cheeks were tear streaked, his long lashes sparkled with tears and his eyes slightly swollen. But Kurt thought that he was still the most gorgeous thing he had ever seen.

The alarm on Kurt's phone startled them both. Kurt smiled at Blaine and said, "Time to get ready for Warblers practice. Why don't you go change since your uniform is a mess, and I will meet you there?"

Blaine managed a small smile. "I'm afraid to let go of you. I'm afraid this will all have been a dream and I will wake up with everything still a mess." He smiled when Kurt's delightful trill of laughter rang out.

"I promise you, this isn't a dream. Go now, change so we can get to practice. I will be there soon, I promise." Kurt pulled Blaine to his feet and coaxed him to the door. Once he finally got Blaine headed for his own dorm, Kurt went to his closet and pulled out a different outfit. He had a sudden inspiration for showing Blaine he was forgiven.

## Chapter Thirty-Two

Blaine quickly ran to his dorm room to change uniform. He knew he was smiling, he could feel it. There was a lightness in his heart, a spring to his step, and he felt better about himself than he had in days. It was amazing what hope, happiness and love could do, and now that it looked like things were very likely on the mend with Kurt, Blaine felt ready to take on the world. He changed uniforms and got to the music room as fast as he could so he could grab a seat on the couch to wait for Kurt.

Wes and David glanced up at Blaine when he walked in, both of them doing a double take. Wes took in Blaine's freshened appearance and the relaxed smile on his face and felt himself sag a bit in relief.

"Blaine? What's up?" questioned David with a grin. "You actually look like yourself again. Everything okay?"

Blaine couldn't stop the huge smile from crossing his face. "I took your advice, guys. I went to talk to Kurt."

David raised an eyebrow questioningly and said, "You did, huh? And I take it things look a little brighter?"

Blaine took a deep breath and felt his eyes prickle momentarily with tears. "I think so. I told him, guys, I told him about my dad. He listened to me. And he didn't kick me out or anything. I hope, God, I so hope this means we will be able to work things out."

Wes raised his fists in the air in celebration. "Praise God and pass the ammunition. I feel like celebrating or dancing or something. Now maybe it will be possible to live with the two of you."

Nick and Jeff walked in together and saw Blaine at the council table talking to Wes and David. They saw Blaine's relaxed stance and smile and high fived each other quickly before walking over there. Jeff tossed his hair out of his eyes and grinned at Blaine delightedly.

"Did you and Kurt get things straightened out?"

Blaine smiled at them both and said, "Well, let's just say I am feeling a little more optimistic than before. It's not perfect, it's not even where it was, but he seems willing to try."

Nick nodded. "Kurt's a good guy. And it's pretty obvious he really likes you so I am glad things are looking up. It hasn't been much fun with you both going around looking like death warmed over."

Jeff gave Blaine a mock stern glare. "No more drinking at parties for you. Especially if you are in the middle of an emotional crisis and there are girls who are just crazy enough to try something with their friend's boyfriend around."

Blaine winced and said, "Hey, maybe next time stop me, lock me in a closet or something?"

David smirked and said, "You jumped in the closet all your own that night, B. What?" He looked at his friends in mock hurt when they all groaned at the bad joke.

"Okayyyy, moving right along, we need to get started," Wes said, making a motion to his friends to get seated. They all went to their normal places on the couches and looked around the room in a bit of surprise. Where was Kurt, anyway?

Wes banged his gavel to bring the meeting to order. "Okay, men, we are going to go ahead and get started here. First order of business, we have been invited to perform at the King's Island Christmas Spectacular. This isn't something we normally do, but a booster of the school has ties to it this year and has made a special request. So be thinking of Christmas songs we can do, and before anyone asks we are definitely NOT doing There's Something Stuck Up In The Chimney or Grandma Got Run Over By A Reindeer."

Jeff protested, "Dude, what do you have against Elmo and Patsy? It's a classic Christmas song!"

David rolled his eyes and said, "It's also one of the most obnoxious Christmas songs to ever exist. Even Blaine couldn't pull that off."

Trent crossed his arms and said, "How dare you? I suppose you think that singing The Chipmunk Song would suit us better?"

Thad scowled at him. "You mock us, sir."

Wes put a hand to his forehead in exasperation and was banging his gavel to try to regain order when the door to the music room opened suddenly. Everyone in the room turned to look at Kurt, who had walked in. The first thing everyone noticed was that Kurt was out of uniform. He was wearing a well fitting all black outfit, complete with skulls and chains on the jacket and tight pants with knee high boots.

Blaine thought he looked freaking *amazing*.

Wes looked at Kurt, raising one eyebrow. "Kurt? Is something wrong?"

Kurt looked around the room at the assembled group, eyes lingering on Blaine for a moment before saying softly, "I'm sorry I'm late. Umm, as I am sure you all know, I have had a rough several days. I am sorry that these issues caused issue and distraction among the Warblers. Now I know we need to practice doo wopping to a medley of P!nk songs but I'd like to sing a song for someone special to me today. This is something I have to say."

Kurt pulled his iPod out of his pocket and handed it over to one of the boys closest to the speaker dock kept in the music room. A guitar started playing and Kurt started to sing, walking around the room as he did so.

***We all have a weakness***

***Some of ours are easier to identify***

***Look me in the eye***

***And ask for forgiveness***

***We'll make a pact to never speak***

***That word again, yes, you are my friend***

***We all have something that digs at us***

***At least we dig each other***

***So when weakness turns my ego up***

***I know you'll count on the me from yesterday***

***If I turn into another***

***Dig me up from under what is covering***

***The better part of me***

***Sing this song***

***Remind me that we'll always have each other***

***When everything else is gone***

*We all have a sickness  
That cleverly attaches and multiplies  
No matter how we try*

*We all have someone that digs at us  
At least we dig each other*

*So when sickness turns my ego up  
I know you'll act as a clever medicine*

*If I turn into another  
Dig me up from under what is covering  
The better part of me*

*Sing this song  
Remind me that we'll always have each other  
When everything else is gone  
Oh, each other when everything else is gone*

*If I turn into another  
Dig me up from under what is covering  
The better part of me*

*Sing this song  
Remind me that we'll always have each other  
When everything else is gone  
Oh, each other, sing this song, when everything else is gone  
Oh, each other, when everything else is gone*

Blaine was transfixed on Kurt while he sang. Each word echoed in his brain and he stared at Kurt, eyes soft and adoring and lips slightly parted. As Kurt moved around the room, Blaine shifted in his seat to be able to keep focused on Kurt. Kurt didn't look directly at him, but Blaine knew as sure as he was breathing that Kurt was speaking to him through song.

When the song ended, Kurt glanced around the room at the stunned and awed Warblers and nodded. "Thank you." He turned on his heel and walked out of the room, shutting the door softly behind him. Blaine stared at the door, lost in deep and emotional thought.

"Blaine. *Blaine*." Thad's voice brought Blaine back to awareness and he shook his head slightly as he focused on the Council, all three who were grinning at him. Thad gestured at the door and said, "Well?"

David made a shooing motion at Blaine. "What are you waiting for?"

Wes waved his gavel dismissively. "Go get him, big boy!"

Blaine blushed wildly but jumped up and ran for the door to go find Kurt. The room exploded in applause, whistles and cheers as the Warblers encouraged Blaine on his way.

---

Blaine made a bee line for Wes and Kurt's room. As he got to the door, he could hear Kurt inside, chatting at Pavarotti in the baby talk he used with the little bird. Blaine smiled, noticing that the door was not pushed completely to. He gave the door a nudge, opening his mouth to make his presence known. But as the door swung open, the words caught in his throat and died off as he took in the sight of Kurt in front of him.

Kurt had been in process of changing back to a school uniform when he stopped to play with Pavarotti. He had on uniform pants but hadn't put his shirt on yet. He stood in his sock feet by his desk and the light of the setting sun cast a glow on his bare skin. He looked almost ethereal, too beautiful for mere words. Blaine felt a small noise much like a whimper sound in his throat as he quietly closed the door behind him.

Kurt turned slightly at the small noise behind him and jumped when he saw Blaine. He crossed his arms over his chest a little self consciously and said, "I didn't know you were there. I didn't hear you come in."

Blaine moved closer and cleared his throat so that he could talk. "I wouldn't be able to stay away anyway, but after that song...did you mean it, Kurt?"

"Of course I meant it, Blaine. I won't lie to you and tell you that everything is okay or even that I'm over it. But I forgive you. I think I understand at least a little why now." Kurt walked over to Blaine and tilted his

chin up a bit to look at him. Blaine's eyes were bright with tears but he had a look of relief and hope on his face.

"Kurt? Will you kiss me?" Blaine asked in a low voice. He held his breath as he awaited Kurt's answer.

Kurt looked at him for a moment longer, then pressed his lips to Blaine's. It was a questioning kiss, almost experimental. Blaine opened his mouth slightly to allow Kurt access and was shocked when Kurt suddenly pushed away. Kurt leaned over, closing his eyes tightly and grimacing.

"I'm sorry. All I can see in my head is you kissing Rachel. I'm sorry." Kurt rubbed his fists into his eyes.

Blaine felt his heart clench, his face falling. Then Kurt stood up straight and looked directly into Blaine's eyes, his own blazing fiercely with a heated light.

"I won't have it, Blaine. I *won't*. Never again, do you hear me? *Never*. If you have a problem or something bothering you or whatever, we will talk it over and work it out. Whatever it takes. But you aren't going to kiss other people. Damn it, you're mine. Do you understand me, Blaine? No kissing anyone else, not my friends, your friends, I don't care. This mouth belongs to me. ME, Blaine. No one else. No one. Do you understand?" Kurt ran his thumb lightly but possessively over Blaine's lower lip, easily done since Blaine's mouth was slightly open in surprise.

Blaine was dazed. He had never seen Kurt like this, fierce and demanding. It was new. It was different.

*It was exciting and fantastically hot.*

Kurt tugged lightly on Blaine's blazer. He looked into Blaine's eyes, his own still shining fierce and dark. He growled one word.

"Off."

Blaine hastened to obey, his hands a little shaky and his blood starting to rush quicker with excitement. He removed his jacket and laid it over the desk chair. He forced himself to stand quietly and await what Kurt would do next.

Kurt deftly untied Blaine's tie and held on to it, sliding it through his hands as he appraised Blaine. He motioned with his head and said, "Shirt. Now."



Blaine started working on the buttons of his shirt. He wished he could be teasing and debonair and undo them teasingly, but he was already getting hard and it was all he could do not to fumble with the buttons or even just rip the damn shirt off altogether. After what seemed like hours he finally got the buttons opened and pulled the shirt off, laying it over the jacket. In his haste to change earlier, he had foregone his normal white undershirt and now stood bare chested for Kurt's appraisal.

Kurt walked around Blaine slowly, like a predator prowling around its prey. He was still playing idly with the tie he still held. Blaine could feel his pulse pounding erratically in his throat, hoping his knees didn't weaken and cause him to fall to the floor. He stood still and quiet, waiting to see what Kurt would do.

Kurt continued to circle around Blaine, taking in his appearance. Blaine's golden skin was bathed in the light of the sunset, his chest rising and falling with his shallow breathing. Kurt's eyes trailed down Blaine's torso, following the line of hair below his navel to where it ended at his waistline. Kurt smirked slightly to see the evidence of his affect on Blaine as he took in the sight of the growing bulge in the front of his pants. Making a sudden move, Kurt placed his hands on Blaine's shoulders and pushed him back towards his bed. Reaching the edge of the bed, he quickly grabbed both of Blaine's hands and wrapped the tie around them, tying them together.

Blaine stared at his hands in shock, not comprehending what had happened at first. He looked at Kurt in surprise, eyebrows raised. "Kurt?"

But he quickly forgot about it as Kurt put his hand in the loose curls at the base of his neck and pulled his head back, eliciting a low moan from Blaine. Kurt looked at him intensely again and said in a low voice, "Mine," before pulling Blaine to him. Kurt kissed Blaine hungrily, using his lips to encourage Blaine's mouth open for him to swipe his tongue against Blaine's before exploring his mouth completely. Kurt licked around Blaine's mouth, wanting to eradicate the memory of Rachel from them both. He captured Blaine's tongue and coaxed it into his own mouth where he could suck on it teasingly and swirl his tongue around it. The sensation caused Blaine to moan loudly, the vibrations shaking them both.

Kurt pulled back suddenly and moved to sit on his bed, back against the headboard. He pulled Blaine down into his lap facing outward so that his bare chest was against the warm skin of Blaine's back. Grabbing Blaine's bound hands, Kurt lifted them and pulled them back around his own neck, tethering Blaine to him and leaving him vulnerable to him.

"Blaine, do you trust me?" Kurt whispered throatily, breath coming more harshly now.

Blaine was panting slightly, unable to make his brain work enough to form words. He nodded jerkily, hoping it would be answer enough. His nerve endings started to sizzle as Kurt slowly started to run his fingertips lightly along the tender underside of one of his arms.

"I need you to tell me you trust me, Blaine. I won't hurt you, I swear. And if it gets uncomfortable or to be too much I want you to tell me right away and I will stop. Okay?" Kurt nuzzled Blaine's ear gently.

Blaine gasped and forced his mind to work. "I trust you, Kurt. More than anyone."

Kurt took both of his hands and went back to running his fingertips up and down Blaine's arms gently in a soft and sensual touch.

"I once told my girls that the touch of the fingertips was as sexy as it gets," Kurt whispered in Blaine's ear. His hands traveled down Blaine's arms, still placing only the barest of touches and then moving down to Blaine's chest. Blaine whimpered as Kurt's fingertips skimmed teasingly over his sensitized skin, causing goosebumps to come across his hot flesh. Kurt smiled slightly as his fingers brushed over Blaine's paps, causing them to tighten and Blaine to suck in his breath harshly. Kurt nuzzled into the skin behind Blaine's ear and breathed deeply of the light scent of soap and shampoo.

"You are gorgeous like this, here for me to see and taste and touch," Kurt whispered huskily as he nipped gently at Blaine's neck. Blaine shivered and then groaned as Kurt's light touches suddenly grew possessive.

"Only for me, Blaine. I can't bear the thought of anyone else touching you like this. You belong to *me*, do you hear me?" Kurt lightly scratched his nails down Blaine's chest.

Blaine gasped and tossed his head back on Kurt's shoulder. He felt Kurt lay his hands flat on his chest and start stroking downward and couldn't contain the moan that built up in his throat. He moved his arms reflexively and tightened them around Kurt's neck, reveling in the caught sensation that was becoming more erotic by the second.

Kurt rewarded Blaine's motion by moving his hands to the center of Blaine's tummy and then digging his nails in slightly, scratched outward. He then slid his hands down to the waistline of Blaine's pants and grabbed him by the hips. He massaged at the sexy 'V' shape gently before laughing softly and digging his fingers into Blaine's hips hard enough to elicit a whimper from Blaine.

"That's right. *Mine*. All of it, Blaine. I am mapping my territory. Do you understand?" Kurt smiled approvingly at Blaine's frantic nod. "Good. I am going to go over this with you so that we understand each other. Pay close attention, now," Kurt said in his low and sexy voice, smiling when he felt Blaine tremble, knowing that desire was flowing freely. He fully intended to leave his mark on Blaine and make sure Blaine never questioned himself again.

Blaine was sure that he was not going to survive this. His skin felt too small for him as he writhed on Kurt's lap, trapped by his bound arms around Kurt. He was so hard that the pressure of the zipper on his slacks was actually painful. He had been turned on plenty of times before, but nothing compared to this. Possessive Kurt was the hottest, sexiest creature he had ever beheld in his life. And his arms might be trapped to a degree but Blaine was certain there was no other plane on earth he wanted to be a this moment

Kurt wrapped his fingers into Blaine's curls and gave them a little pull, chuckling softly as a whine escaped from Blaine's throat. "I love your hair and how you react when I pull it. You make sexy noises and I know it gets you going. One day I am going to hide your gel and spend all day running my fingers through your hair. Because it's mine."

Kurt licked around Blaine's ear and blew gently in it, smiling as Blaine emitted another strangled noise. "I love how sensitive your ears are. How I can turn you into putty in my hands by nibbling on them or blowing in them. Those are mine too."

Kurt nuzzled into Blaine's neck and ran his nose up and down the stretch of skin. He breathed in Blaine's scent and then started licking the same path, savoring the tangy taste of skin. He gave a little bite at the junction of the neck and sucked hard, leaving mark of his possession and humming in approval at hearing his name leaving Blaine's lips in breathy fashion. "This is mine as well, Blaine. I am marking you with my mouth so that anyone who looks at you will see that you belong to me."

Blaine saw stars as what was left of the blood in his body rushed south and he grew impossibly harder. He wriggled in Kurt's lap a bit to try to alleviate pressure and groaned as Kurt snapped his hips upward in reply and he felt Kurt's own erection grind into him. Blaine started trying to press back to feel Kurt against him when Kurt stopped him.

"Not yet, Blaine, I'm not finished," Kurt said devilishly, enjoying his sensual torture even though he too was incredibly turned on. He ran his hands up and down Blaine's raised arms, taking a moment to admire

the flexed biceps as Blaine moved against his tied hands again. "Your arms and shoulders, Blaine. I could spend hours worshipping them. Being held by them. Those are mine, too, by the way. And your chest, God, Blaine, it's perfect. I think one day I am going to cover your chest and stomach in chocolate or something and just lick every inch of it. You know why? Because it's mine."

Blaine was nearly sobbing at this point. He both wanted the exquisite torture to stop immediately and never end. His breath caught in his chest when he felt Kurt unbuckling the belt at his waist. He breathed out hard as Kurt unbuttoned and unzipped his trousers, releasing the pressure on his cock. Blaine's hands tightened into fists behind Kurt's head as Kurt stroked him slowly and maddeningly through his briefs. His hips jerked, trying to create more friction.

Kurt smiled and licked his lips as he relished the feel of Blaine's hard cock. Blaine's briefs were already damp and Kurt was certain he was close to the edge. Although Kurt seemed in control right now, the sheer audacity he was displaying had his stomach flutter and he was fighting the urge to rut against Blaine's ass each time Blaine ground downward against him. He closed his eyes for a moment to gather his thoughts, preparing to see if Blaine liked dirty talk.

"Kurt! Oh my God," Blaine groaned loudly as Kurt gave his cock a gentle squeeze accompanied by a twist. His balls were starting to tingle and he wasn't sure how much more he could take.

Kurt hummed agreeably and licked his lips with a smacking sound, continuing to stroke Blaine. "I love your cock, Blaine. It's gorgeous and perfect like you are. And it tastes so good when I suck on it, tastes like *YOU*. The skin is soft and silky against my tongue and you respond so well to how I run my tongue up and down it or when I swallow it down my throat. And *God*, Blaine, you taste so good when you come. The next time I suck you off I want you to come in my mouth so I can swallow all you give me. I love your cock, Blaine, because it's mine. And one day, I want it in my ass, feeling it move inside me."

Blaine groaned even louder. "*Jesus*, Kurt, I'm gonna-"

Kurt bit Blaine's neck lightly in punishment, growling lightly. "No, not yet. I'm not quite finished, Blaine." He moved his hands down to give Blaine's ass a squeeze. "Your ass is fantastic, Blaine. Nice and firm and round in all the right places. Saying your ass is mine sounds threatening, doesn't it? And your ass isn't mine, not yet. But one day, Blaine, one day it will be. And as much as I would love to wax poetic about your thighs and calves and even your feet, I find that I need you right now. Do you need me, Blaine? Do you need to feel me like I need to feel you?"

"Oh, my dear lord Jesus, Kurt, *YES*, I need you, need *something*, now, *please*, Kurt, *now!*" Blaine was quivering with need and desire.

Kurt kissed Blaine's neck and reached behind him, loosening the tie wrapped around Blaine's hands and freeing him. Blaine jumped up and turned around to straddle Kurt's lap, opening his pants to palm Kurt's hard cock before fastening his mouth to Kurt's, moaning desperately into his mouth. Blaine wrapped his arms around Kurt's neck and held on tight as Kurt grabbed Blaine's hips to hold him steady as he thrust upward. Blaine responded by grinding down. He moved slightly to wrap his legs around Kurt's waist and moved his hips again, both boys moaning at the sensation of friction between their clothed cocks. Kurt pulled his mouth away and moaned loudly as Blaine's teasing movements ground their cocks together again and again. He twisted himself slightly and moved to switch their positions, pinning Blaine to the bed and thrusting his hips again and again as he watched Blaine fall apart under him.

Blaine had been so close to the edge, ever since Kurt had started this whole thing. His relief and happiness at having Kurt with him again combined with how very turned on Kurt had made him with his display of dominance had Blaine whimpering loudly. When Kurt moaned loudly and said, "*Blaine!*" it was all it took. Blaine felt himself split into a hundred thousand pieces as he came hot between them, soaking both of their crotches.

Kurt smiled as he continued to thrust against Blaine, reaching for his own climax. He made a low humming noise and started whispering in Blaine's ear, nonsensical passion filled sweet nothings.

"Blaine, *Blaine*, want you so much, need you, need you, oh, *God*, Blaine, so good, so fucking amazing. *Mine*, Blaine, mine, mine, mine," Kurt whispered, not paying attention to what he said but knowing that Blaine was listening and holding him tightly as he continued to rock against him. Kurt felt the familiar heat roiling in his gut and knew he was close. He felt Blaine holding him tightly as he rode against him, encouraging him towards the blissful end.

"Ah, *Blaine*, feels so good, so amazing, *Blaine*, I love you, *ahhhhhhh!*" Kurt cried out as his orgasm hit him hard. He shuddered in Blaine's arms, and went limp, curling around him. He made a contented noise as he felt Blaine's hands stroking his back lovingly.

Blaine kissed Kurt's sweaty temple gently, basking in afterglow, Kurt's possessiveness, and hearing Kurt tell him he loved him. He sighed happily and held Kurt close. "Did you mean it?" he asked softly.

Kurt raised his head slightly to look into the softness of Blaine's eyes. He leaned forward and rubbed his nose against Blaine's before kissing him gently.

"I nearly forgot to mention that, didn't I?" Kurt placed a hand on Blaine's chest, feeling the strong and steady heartbeat under his hand. He smiled into Blaine's eyes softly and said, "Your heart, Blaine. That's mine."

## **Chapter Thirty-Three**

Blaine cuddled closer to Kurt, sighing in contentment. He had both arms around Kurt and one leg thrown over him for good measure. He took a deep breath and smiled as he breathed in the vanilla-y scent of Kurt and tightened his arms subconsciously, causing Kurt to give a little squeak of protest.

"Blaine, I am not going to disappear if you loosen your grip," Kurt said softly, rubbing Blaine's shoulder reassuringly.

"I can't help it. I'm just so happy to be lying here with you in my arms again," Blaine said, nuzzling Kurt's shoulder softly.

"And I am happy to be here. I'm not going anywhere. I *will*, however, succumb to oxygen deprivation if you continue squeezing me like that. And I am pretty sure breath play is NOT one of my kinks," Kurt said mischievously, snickering a little.

"So you are saying you *do* have kinks, huh? I'm listening," Blaine teased happily. His heart swelled a little with feeling at how easily they fell back to teasing each other.

"Nuh uh, I'm not telling you anything. That is privileged information for me to know and you to find out. If you're lucky," Kurt said with a giggle. "But in the meantime, and as much as I hate to call a halt to the cuddling, we are both gross. Like, seriously so. You want first dibs on the shower? You can have some of my sweats and a shirt to wear, if you like, that way you don't have to leave. Or, if you'd rather go get your own stuff, that's okay too."

"No, no," Blaine said quickly, finding the idea of wearing anything that had been next to Kurt's skin and smelled like him extremely appealing. "So long as you don't mind me wearing your things, I would much rather stay here with you."

Kurt rifled through a drawer and pulled out a pair of comfortable flannel pajama pants and an old McKinley High Cheerios t-shirt and held them up, grinning widely. "How about this? Interested?"

Blaine took the clothes and wiggled his eyebrows. "What, you actually think I am not fascinated by the fact that my boyfriend used to be a cheerleader?" Realizing what he had just said, Blaine flushed. "I mean-that is, what I should have said..."

Kurt arched an eyebrow at him inquisitively. "Should have said what?"

Blaine tried not to look miserable as he answered, "I called you my boyfriend. I mean, I want you to be again, *so much*, but I don't want to assume anything, and-"

Kurt silenced Blaine's ramblings with a quick, hard kiss. "Blaine, sometimes you talk too much. And maybe I don't talk enough. I guess I kind of thought that what we just did, and I mean, I *did* say your heart was mine, and yes I meant it. So I guess I just thought..." He trailed off and looked at Blaine a little shyly. "Boyfriends again?"

Blaine thought he might fall over from a combination of relief and joy. Kurt was his boyfriend again and all was right with his world. "God, I love you."

Kurt blushed a deeper shade of pink but smiled widely. "And I love you. Now, off to the shower with you, my briefs are starting to stick to me and it is both gross and uncomfortable." He grabbed two pairs of designer briefs out of another drawer and looked at Blaine from the side of his eye. "Um, this may be an odd question, but do you want to borrow underwear too, or you prefer going without for now or what?"

Blaine looked at Kurt a little dumbfounded for a moment, then burst out laughing. "I swear, you are amazing, you know that? While going commando has a certain appeal, I suppose, if you don't care I will take you up on the offer. I will honestly be able to say I got into not only your pants, but your briefs, too!" He gave Kurt a flirtatious wink.

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Oh, please. I am starting to think you get your jollies in having your nutsack cradled by the same skivvies that cradle mine. Now go get in the damn shower before I end up having to chisel this stuff from around my balls."

"I don't suppose you want to join me, do you?" Blaine asked hopefully. His cock gave a *very* interested twitch at the idea of finally seeing the body hidden under Kurt's clothes. Kurt. Naked. And wet. And slippery. And...*oh, boy*.

Kurt shook his head no, smiling slightly to soften his rejection of this idea. "Blaine. You are tempting, of course. We have time for all those things one day. Maybe one day soon. But we just now established that we are a couple again. Let's not get carried away just yet, okay?" Kurt still couldn't quite believe his own



aggressiveness from earlier and didn't want to admit he was terrified of being completely bare and vulnerable with Blaine just yet.

Blaine sighed a little dejectedly, trying not to pout. Kurt was absolutely right, but that didn't make it any less disappointing. He gave Kurt a small smile and nodded. "Okay. Let me hit the shower so you can have your turn." He grabbed the clothes he was borrowing and planted a quick kiss on Kurt's lips before heading to the bathroom and starting the shower. The quicker they got showered and cleaned up, the quicker they could get back to cuddling and making up.

---

Things were starting to get back to normal at Dalton. Well, normal for Dalton, anyway. Thanksgiving was approaching, and attention spans were getting short. Pranks were becoming commonplace among the students and the Warblers were no exception. Nick and Jeff had short sheeted David's bed and David was swearing revenge. Thad had hidden the gavel for an entire practice and Wes had ended up improvising by downloading a Gavel App to his iPhone, a solution that caused more than one disgruntled look in Thad's direction as it was determined that there were several options to choose from as far as things to bang with. And just that morning Wes had switched Kurt's expensive moisturizers with generic Wal Mart products.

It would seem that Wes didn't realize that you didn't mess with a Hummel.

Blaine came down the hallway, looking for Kurt. He stopped dead in his tracks when he saw his boyfriend walking briskly and determinedly towards his dorm carrying what looked like a bucket. Jeff and Nick were close behind him with huge grins on their faces. Blaine caught up to them and gave them a questioning look.

"What's going on?" Blaine asked in a quiet voice.

Jeff smothered a laugh and whispered conspiratorially, "Wes is in the shower. He has been avoiding Kurt since messing with his stuff, but he forgot to lock the bathroom door."

Blaine was a bit confused. "But what's that got to do with-"

His words were cut off when a bloodcurdling shriek split the air followed by a wildly laughing Kurt running out of his dorm room at full speed.

"Dude, you totally did it! I wasn't sure you would!" laughed Nick as Kurt spotted the three boys standing in the hallway and dashed to hide behind Blaine.

"Help me, Blaine! Don't let him get me!" Kurt shouted gleefully as he grabbed onto Blaine's shoulders and crouched down behind him.

"Kurt, I have no idea what you are talking about," Blaine started saying when Wes stomped out into the hallway, dripping wet and with a towel wrapped around his waist. He looked around wildly and spotted an unrepentant Kurt standing behind Blaine. He pointed his finger at him and started yelling.

"*Asshole!* Ass! Hole! I cannot *believe* you threw ice water on me while I was in the fucking shower, you dick," Wes yelled, trying to ignore that he was shivering, had goosebumps, and was starting to draw the stares of others.

Kurt gave Wes a smirk and said, "I will expect my products returned in time for my nightly routine, Wes. And if you behave yourself I will watch Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back with you."

Wes looked torn between still being mad and looking forward to crass comedy with Kurt. Watching movies had never been more entertaining and he always got a kick out of just how funny Kurt could be. Sometimes Kurt's interpretations were even funnier than the movie itself. Not many would expect someone as innocent looking as Kurt to be capable of spouting crude and vulgar things, but he never failed to entertain. For Wes, it was comedy gold.

"Fine. I'll see you later, then," Wes said, striving to look cool and collected despite the fact that he was freezing his ass off in the hallway in nothing but a towel and other students were looking at him as though he had lost his mind.

"Okay, Boo Boo Kitty Fuck," Kurt said airily, waving his hand dismissively, drawing more laughter from Nick and Jeff, an astonished look from Blaine and a snort from Wes. Wes ducked back into the dorm room and the remaining foursome walked towards the commons.

"I think I am actually jealous that you watch comedies with Wes," Blaine said, still trying to process what he had just witnessed.

Kurt giggled and placed an arm around his waist for a moment before slyly sliding a hand into the back pocket and wiggling his fingers teasingly against Blaine's butt. "Don't be. I am more than happy to watch

them with you too, if you like. I am far deeper than just musicals. More than just a pretty face, you see." Kurt fluttered his eyelashes flirtatiously at Blaine.

Blaine smiled at his adorable boyfriend, smile growing wider as he met the malcontented gaze of Jake from behind Kurt. He wrapped his arms around Kurt and pulled him to him for a deep kiss with plenty of obvious tongue, shooting Jake a triumphant look. Unable to resist the temptation, he flipped Jake the bird from behind Kurt's back. He knew it was childish, but he had not missed the disappointed looks from other gay guys in the school, including the current source of his amusement and satisfaction, about him and Kurt reconciling. Blaine hadn't forgotten Jake's pleasure in his misery, his taunting him or the offensive things he had said about Kurt. He was not ashamed to admit that he was very pleased that Kurt had been tending to avoid Jake since his failed attempt at wooing him. Blaine ran his hands down Kurt's back and gave his ass a firm squeeze, hoping Jake was still around to witness his claiming of Kurt, his assertion of his ability to caress the lithe body he held and have those caresses happily accepted and returned.

Kurt nuzzled Blaine's ear and laughed softly. "Do you think you got your point across, you naughty boy?"

Blaine struggled not to shiver at the sensation of Kurt's warm breath on his ear and neck. "I have no idea what you are talking about."

Kurt gave Blaine's earlobe a little nip and smiled as a ripple of reaction went through Blaine. "Oh, I think you do. I know Jake is watching. I saw him there. Is he still looking at us?"

Blaine looked quickly over Kurt's shoulder and saw Jake glaring daggers at him. He fought back a smug grin. "Yup."

Kurt smiled mischievously and whispered, "Good," then he raised his voice to a louder tone and said, "Do you have plans for the weekend?"

Blaine shook his head and looked at Kurt curiously. "No, just hanging around here. Why?"

Kurt grabbed Blaine's hand and squeezed it lightly. "Come home with me."

Blaine looked at Kurt with a bit of surprise. "Are you serious?"

Kurt shook his head with a bit of exasperation. "Of course I am. Dad already said it was okay with him if you wanted to."

Blaine couldn't hide his surprise at this tidbit of news. "Really? Your dad doesn't hate me after-well, after what I did?"

Kurt rubbed his thumb across Blaine's wrist soothingly. "My dad's pretty smart. He says that drama is part of a normal relationship and he is just happy we fixed it. Of course, he *did* say this was your free pass and that it better not happen again," Kurt teased. "Finn and Puck will behave. They may threaten you some more, but nothing I can't control."

Blaine winced slightly. Crap. Finn and Puck had been pretty straight forward as to what they would do if Blaine hurt Kurt. And hurt didn't really describe what had happened. Still, Blaine was excited at the prospect of spending the weekend with his boyfriend somewhere other than school, and his heart was warmed at the welcome and acceptance he knew he would find at Kurt's house. Well, from Burt and Carol, anyway. Blaine just hoped he could convince Finn and Puck not to kill him so he could live to love Kurt another day. Like, every day. For the rest of his life.

Blaine caught Jake's glare again and grinned smugly. "Kurt, I would love to stay the weekend with you."

Kurt shook his head with amusement. "A little louder, Blaine, I don't think people in the second hallway over were able to quite hear you." He grinned wickedly and grabbed Blaine by the belt loop of his slacks, dragging him closer. His eyes twinkled with humor as he said in a voice meant to carry, "Make sure to pack extra underwear. You know, just in case." He got a grip on Blaine's tie and started walking away, teasingly dragging a more than willing Blaine along behind him, much to the chagrin of one sorely disappointed Jake who watched the scenario with obvious jealousy.

---

"I can't wait for you to get home, boo. I have missed you so much! Are you going to get home in time to go out to that 18 and under club with us to go dancing?" Mercedes has a wide smile as she chatted.

Kurt smiled back at her fondly. It had been too long since he and Mercedes had talked and they were on Skype while each of them did their homework.

"I think so, Cedes. I plan to head for home as soon as my last class lets out." He paused for a moment and looked at the computer screen with a deep breath. "Blaine is coming home with me. He is staying the weekend at my house. So he will be coming with me."

Mercedes looked shocked. "Blaine? But didn't he break up with you at Rachel's party and spend most of the night playing tonsil hockey with her?"

Kurt flinched a bit at both her tone and the memory. "Well, yes, but it's okay now, Cedes. He apologized and we worked things out."

Mercedes put her pen down and leaned closer to her webcam. "Worked things out? You mean like you took his sorry ass back?"

Kurt sighed and started trying to diffuse her temper. "Now, Cedes-"

"Uh uh, Kurt Hummel, don't you try to sweet talk me! Really, Kurt? After what he did to you? How bad he hurt you? He told you he was bi and made out with Rachel freakin' Berry right in front of your face and you are gonna take him back? Oh, *HELL* to the no!" She shook her head angrily. "Do Puck and Finn know he is coming? They should go ahead and kick his mop top ass."

"Mercedes, please. You hurt my heart when you say things like that. I am not stupid nor am I desperate enough to try to keep something together I don't believe in. You don't know Blaine like I do." Kurt said, hoping she would understand.

"Kurt, Blaine is far from the only so called dolphin in the gay ocean. There are other guys out there who might deserve you and treat you like you need to be treated. And will keep their tongues out of traitor bitch mouths." Obviously Mercedes had not forgiven Rachel either.

Kurt shook his head and looked steadily in the webcam. "Mercedes. You of all people know that I would rather be alone than be with someone for the wrong reasons. Blaine explained everything to me. You don't know the whole situation so kindly refrain from making snap judgements. The fact is that there is far more to this story that doesn't concern anyone else."

Mercedes shook her head. "Kurt, I love you to death, boo. And seeing you that devastated was horrible. I still am not speaking to Rachel. You think she got it bad when she sent that Sunshine girl to a crack house?"

Honey, everyone is still pissed at her for what she did to you. Drunk or not, friends don't do that shit to each other. Can you really have forgiven Blaine after all that?"

Kurt smiled softly as he thought of Blaine, of his eyes, his smile, his lips. Mercedes groaned playfully and said, "Oh, damn, Kurt. You have it so bad. Okay, look. I will give your boy the benefit of the doubt. For you. Because I know you really like him."

"Yes I do, Cedes. I love him, actually. He is so important to me and it means a lot to me for you to give him another chance." Kurt sighed deeply.

Mercedes looked at him with wide eyes. "Did you say *LOVE*, Kurt? Really?" When Kurt nodded shyly, she squealed and clapped her hands. "My boo is in love! Okay, Kurt, for you I will do this. But one more screw up like that and Curly can kiss his ass goodbye. Got it?"

Kurt smiled widely and nodded before blowing a kiss at the screen. "Got it. Do you think you could pass the word along that Blaine and I are okay?" Kurt knew full well that by the end of the evening everyone in New Directions would know all about this conversation as Mercedes nodded. "Awesome. Listen, Cedes, I gotta get going, I need to finish this assignment up. I promised Wes movie night tonight."

"Okay, see you tomorrow and make sure you come with something fabulous and fierce to go out dancing in!" Mercedes waggled her fingers at the screen in a goodbye wave.

"Please. As if I would ever do otherwise," said Kurt with a grin and a playful roll of his eyes as he returned the wave and signed off. He stretched with a slight groan before reapplying himself to his homework with renewed vigor.

---

Blaine tossed his bag into the back seat of Kurt's Navigator as they got ready to go to Kurt's for the weekend. He was a little on edge from a combination of nerves and lack of sleep. He had tossed and turned a good bit the night before. He had spent a good amount of time worrying about how Kurt's friends would treat him after the whole Rachel debacle. Finn had made himself pretty clear that he considered himself Kurt's protective brother. And Finn was more than capable of turning Blaine's head into nothing more than a crimson stain on a wall. That wasn't even counting Puck, who was easily just as capable and less likely to have any remorse over it.

And then there was the fact that Wes once again spent part of the night sending Blaine texts about watching the movie with Kurt. Wes had even sent a video he took with his cell phone of Kurt doing the Jay and Silent Bob song. There was something inherently hot about the word 'Fuck' passing through Kurt's perfect lips. It did things to Blaine and it seemed that Wes somehow knew it.

Wes was a douche bag and Blaine hoped he got a nasty cold after getting doused with ice water by Kurt.

Kurt looked at Blaine quizzically. "Blaine? Are you feeling okay? Are you up for this?"

Blaine panicked a little, worried that Kurt would change his mind and insist that he stay behind alone while Kurt went home. He shook his head and answered quickly, "I'm fine, Kurt. I just didn't sleep well last night."

Kurt looked at Blaine with concern showing vividly in his eyes. "Are you gonna be okay with going out tonight with everyone? Do we need to stay in instead?"

Blaine breathed a little sigh of relief that Kurt didn't suggest that he not go with him. "Are you kidding? I can't wait to see my hot boyfriend shake his money maker on a dance floor."

Kurt laughed and popped Blaine on the ass, directing him towards the passenger seat. "Get in. I swear, what am I gonna do with you?"

Blaine gave Kurt a bright smile and a playful expression. "Do you want suggestions or anything?"

Kurt gave him a look that had a hint of a smolder to it. "Baby, believe me, I am *very* capable of figuring that out on my own." He leaned down and gave Blaine a lingering kiss that was just hot enough to be a complete tease before stepping back and closing the car door. He crossed around and got into the driver's seat and started the car.

Blaine's lips were tingling and he wanted nothing more than to slam the vehicle into park, recline Kurt's seat and climb on top of him to kiss him until they were both breathless and hard. Had Kurt always been such a tease? He couldn't help giving Kurt a mournful look over the fact that they weren't making out right that very moment.

Kurt put his hand on Blaine's leg and gave it a gentle squeeze. "We need to get on the road, Blaine. There will be time later on, I promise you. In the meantime, why don't you try to take a nap so you will feel a little better? You want to be able to have the energy to keep up with me tonight, after all."

Of course, Kurt had an excellent point. Blaine reclined his seat a bit and held tightly to Kurt's hand as he situated himself. Within just a few minutes, he relaxed and fell asleep.



## Chapter Thirty-Four

Kurt tapped on the steering wheel in rhythm while he sang along softly to the music he was playing, being careful not to wake Blaine. He chanced a fond glance at his sleeping boyfriend, taking a moment to appreciate the dark, thick fringe of lashes that fanned across Blaine's cheeks and fluttered slightly while he slept peacefully. Kurt sighed to himself and bit his lip thoughtfully. He knew that Blaine was more than just a bit apprehensive about going home with him this weekend. Kurt would be glad when they got all this break up stuff out of their systems and could go back to being *KurtandBlaine* rather than *Kurt and Blaine*. He knew that while it had been devastating and difficult for him it had also been horribly devastating for Blaine and that Blaine still blamed himself completely. Blaine's fear of losing Kurt was obvious in how he had a tendency to be even more fervent in his affections, how he held on to Kurt a little tighter, how he often looked at Kurt as though he were going to disappear any moment. Kurt knew that only time would fix this and in the meantime he would continue to show Blaine in every way possible that he forgave him completely and returned his sentiments totally. They could do this, they could face anything life had to throw at them so long as they were together.

Kurt frowned to himself a little. He hoped that Finn had understood his texts and email about this weekend. He was aware that both Finn and Puck would also be at the house this weekend and he had been very clear in his messages that he would brook no nonsense when it came to Blaine. He huffed a little, remembering part of that text conversation.

***I dunno, dude. I told Blaine that if he hurt you I would have no choice but to kick his ass. -F***

***I get that, Finn, but we are back together and trying really hard to work things out. -K***

***So what you are saying is that we should have kicked his ass before now. Because, dude, I never want to see you like that again, that broken and lost. It hurt me to watch it. -F***

***I know, Finn, and I understand, I really do. I hope you know how much it meant to me for you to be there for me like you were. But now I need to know you trust my judgement and respect my decision. Blaine means a lot to me and I won't be happy with you or Puck if you do something to him. -K***

***Fine. But I don't have to like it. And if I think I need to remind him of what happens if he does it again then I am gonna do it. -F***

Kurt knew Finn was looking out for him the best way he knew how. It *was* rather endearing and beat the hell out of the days when Finn was tossing him into dumpsters or awkwardly trying to ignore his rather obvious crush on him. Still, Kurt wished it didn't seem like he required protecting or looking after. He was a boy, too, after all, and capable of looking out for his own life. At least he knew Finn took his brother role very seriously. And the same could actually be said for Puck.

Kurt pulled into his driveway and put his Navigator in park. He turned in his seat and looked at Blaine, unable to keep from smiling. He almost hated to wake him up, he looked so peaceful. Kurt took a moment to just look at him unfettered. Blaine's curls had loosened somewhat from the gel he had used earlier. His lips were parted slightly and looked utterly kissable. Blaine had loosened his shirt and tie for the trip and Kurt could see a tantalizing glimpse of his neck. One hand was curled loosely under his chin. Kurt reached out and softly stroked one of Blaine's cheeks to gently bring him to wakefulness. Blaine's lashes fluttered again and he made a low humming noise as he stretched. Kurt found this much adorable to be impossible to resist and quickly unbuckled his seatbelt. Keeping his hand on Blaine's cheek, he leaned over and rubbed his nose against Blaine's before softly kissing him. Kurt felt the subtle change in Blaine's mouth as he became more aware and wakeful, his lips molding to Kurt's and returning the kiss. Kurt applied a little more pressure with his mouth and parted Blaine's lips slightly so he could swipe his tongue playfully across them before leaning back with a smile.

Blaine opened his eyes sleepily and made a soft noise of protest. "Why'd you stop?" He yawned and stretched again before sitting up. He winced as the seat belt kept him from full movement. Realizing he was in Kurt's car and it was stopped, he looked around in more awareness. Blaine smiled at Kurt and said, "Hi."

"Hi, yourself. You sleep okay?" Kurt asked, smiling a little wider when Blaine nodded the affirmative. "We're here. You ready to go inside?"

Blaine took a deep breath to steady himself. He could see Burt's truck was here as well as Carol's car. It was time to face Kurt's parents and see if things were any different now.

Well, at least he didn't have to face Finn just yet.

Burt was sitting at the kitchen table, reading the sports page and drinking a cup of coffee, if that word could be used to describe it since it was decaf, sweetened with Splenda and had nonfat nondairy creamer in it. Carol was puttering around the kitchen preparing a salad to go along with the salmon and wild rice she had cooked for the evening meal. Burt had grumbled good naturedly about it, although privately he admitted to himself it smelled fantastic, a sentiment that his growling stomach agreed with. When the door opened, Burt looked up from the paper. A wide smile crossed his face and he quickly put the paper aside, jumping up to wrap his son up in a bear hug.

"Kurt! How are ya, kiddo? So good to have you home!" Burt stepped back and drank in the sight of his boy before him, looking so tall and grown up. Looking behind Kurt, he met the anxious eyes of Blaine.

Now, Burt had to admit that he had been more than a little angry with Blaine when he saw the devastation on Kurt's face after their breakup. And he had not been convinced that Kurt was doing the right thing in attempting to reconcile with him. But Kurt had been adamant that he would do what made him happy, and that being with Blaine was what made him happy. Burt felt like he could not really argue with that. And when Kurt had taken him and Carol into confidence about Blaine's dealings with his father, well, Burt kind of felt sorry for the kid. He had a difficult time understanding how a parent could treat their child in that way. When Kurt had come out to him, while he hadn't exactly been what one would describe as happy, he wasn't exactly surprised either. He guessed he had always known, ever since Kurt had asked for a pair of sensible heels at the young age of three. And it had not changed the love he felt for his son a single bit. So, with this frightened looking boy standing in his house before him, eyes begging for forgiveness and understanding, Burt did what he knew needed to be done.

Giving Kurt a gentle push towards Carol's waiting arms, Burt stepped forward and put a gentle hand on Blaine's shoulder. "Blaine? You okay, kid?"

When Blaine gulped nervously and nodded his head quickly, Burt smiled at him. "Good. Welcome home, then. Carol's got the guest room set up for you, okay?" He then further shocked the stunned Blaine by pulling him into a tight hug, hoping he was conveying that he understood and that Blaine was welcome there.

Blaine stiffened in surprise before hesitantly returning the hug. Burt's heart ached, knowing the boy was probably unused to this sort of affection, and definitely not used to getting it from his own father. He stepped back, keeping both hands on Blaine's shoulders for a moment longer before surrendering him to

Carol, who wrapped her arms around him lovingly and echoed Burt's welcome before kissing Blaine on the forehead.

Burt met Kurt's grateful gaze and nodded slightly before saying, "Dinner will be ready soon. You boys should eat before going out tonight and Carol made plenty. Go on upstairs and drop your things off, then come on back, okay?" He grinned as Kurt grabbed their bags in one hand and a still somewhat dazed Blaine with the other and took off for the stairs. Meeting the understanding gaze of his wife, he shrugged and smiled before yelling "And Kurt, remember the open door rule!"

---

Blaine gazed at his reflection in the mirror. He hoped that his red Henley and jeans would pass muster with Kurt. He had tugged on comfortable hiking boots and felt like he was ready to spend the evening dancing with his boyfriend. Blaine ran his hand through his loose and still slightly damp curls and grimaced. Kurt had adamantly refused to let him gel his hair, insisting that the gel was sticky enough to deal with without adding sweat to the mix. While Blaine knew Kurt had a point, he was absolutely not ready to go in public with completely untamed hair. Kurt had then sweetly offered to fix Blaine's hair himself, which Blaine was suspicious had been his idea all along. But again, if his boyfriend wanted to play with his hair and style it, who was he to argue or complain? Especially when said boyfriend was one rather gorgeous Kurt Hummel. Sighing happily, he left the guest room and went to the other end of the hallway to Kurt's room. Seeing the door was partially open, he pushed it open.

"Hey, Kurt, are you ready to fix-Holy, Jesus, Kurt!" Blaine came to a complete stop just inside the door, looking at Kurt with wide eyes.

Kurt was wearing all black. Black Doc Martens with tight black jeans, a black tie loosely looped around his neck and a sparkly black vest. But under all that Kurt had on-

Was that a freaking *leotard*!

It sure the hell was. The top scooped down, displaying Kurt's slim neck to absolute perfection. It clung to him like a second skin and when the light hit just right, the skin underneath was teasingly visible to the eye.

Blaine struggled to find actual words. Kurt looked Amazing. Hot. Kissable. *Fuckable*. He was fierce and glorious and dazzling and the mere sight of him was short circuiting Blaine's brain. He wanted to say something, *anything*, just manage to put into words what he was feeling at the moment reveling in the view before him.

"*Guh...*" Sadly, this was the best his brain had to offer.

For his part, Kurt was feeling a little tongue tied himself and was more than enjoying his own vision of perfection. The red of Blaine's shirt looked amazing against his skin tone and it hugged his shoulders perfectly, accentuating their broadness. His jeans fit him just right, not tight like Kurt's, but molded to him in all the places that counted. And Kurt was definitely counting.

"Wow." Kurt shook his head a bit to try to clear it. One definite negative of private school uniforms was not seeing Blaine like this. Sure, Blaine looked great in his uniform. And it wasn't like Kurt had not seen him in pajamas and T-shirts or, well, *less*. But his boyfriend was hot, seriously so. Especially dressed like this. Kurt was suddenly wondering if going out was really a good idea after all when he could think of several...things he would like to do at home. But, no, his friends would kill him if he backed out to stay home and make out with Blaine.

When they got home, however, *game on*.

Blaine finally managed to form a semi coherent thought. "Kurt? Are you wearing a *leotard*?"

Kurt giggled a little self consciously and nodded. "Yeah. This is the outfit I wore when Tina, Brittany and I did our own video of Single Ladies. I thought it would be fun to wear out dancing with them." He winced a little and said, "I have to be careful though. It's a little snug since my last growth spurt. When I raise my arms just right..." He trailed off as he demonstrated, pale skin suddenly becoming visible at the hips where the leotard rode up.

Blaine caught his breath, hands growing warm with the urge to caress the exposed areas. Then his brain clicked and he tore his eyes from Kurt's hips to look at him in surprise. "Wait, did you say Single Ladies?"

Kurt felt his cheeks flushing. "Long story. Anyway, ready for me to style your hair? We need to get going soon." He turned to lead the way to his bathroom, Blaine following behind him bemusedly, wholeheartedly enjoying his view of Kurt's ass and gently swaying hips.

---

Kurt pulled his vehicle into an open space outside the club. He and Blaine got out and walked towards the building together. They could hear the loud beat of music spilling out and there was already a large crowd accumulating outside. Kurt knew that nearly everyone was there already and waiting for them inside. It wasn't his fault that his boyfriend was so very kissable and able to distract him so easily, thus causing them to leave a bit later than planned. They had decided to gage the crowd at the club before displaying their status as a couple, just in case, and did not hold hands.

Fortunately, the line to get in was moving well and it did not take long for them to be at the door getting their hands stamped. Kurt and Blaine made their way through the crowd, careful to keep close to each other. Kurt scanned the crowd, searching for his friends. Catching sight of a familiar face above the crowd, he grinned. "I see Finn! Being tall comes in handy, I guess. Come on, this way!" he yelled so Blaine could hear him.

As they got close enough for the gathered group to see them, smiles crossed everyone's faces. A loud shriek of "My dolphin!" rang out over the crowd noise and Kurt staggered back as his arms were suddenly full of a very enthusiastic Brittany. Laughing, he wrapped his arms around her tightly and swung her around in a circle, careful not to knock anyone else over. Brittany squealed loudly, laughing and pressing a kiss to his lips as he put her down. She bounced over to Blaine and grabbed his hand, not noticing the raised eyebrow look he was giving her. "Hi, Blainey! You look really hot! I'm so glad you decided you were a dolphin after all. Lord Tubbington said you were probably having a bad day and forgot you weren't a shark. Kurt was really lonely without you, though." She looked sadly at him, not realizing the uncomfortable look crossing his features.

Kurt smiled as Santana joined them. "Hi, Tana, you girls look fantastic tonight!" Brittany was totally channelling her inner Britney Spears, wearing a black bra under an open button up shirt that was tied loosely under her breasts. She had a plaid mini skirt and white knee socks worn with Mary Janes to complete the ensemble and wore her hair loose with wavy curls. Santana had worn a red halter with a black leather mini skirt and black knee high boots worn over fishnet tights. She had pulled her hair up in a loose knot with tendrils escaping at the neck.

"Hi, there, Blaine, I almost didn't recognize you without Berry stuck to your face," Santana drawled, smirking slightly when Blaine noticeably flinched.

Kurt frowned at her. "Santana. Don't."

Santana rolled her eyes and threw her hands up. "Fine, Porcelain. I'll behave. But *you*," she said to Blaine, "I am watching you." She pointed to her own eyes with two fingers before turning them towards Blaine in an unmistakeable gesture. "I am from Lima Heights adjacent and believe me, honey, you don't want none of this."

Kurt crossed his arms and glared at Santana. "Are you finished?"

"For now," she snapped back, glaring right back at him. Then Kurt grinned at her and gave her a quick hug that she returned enthusiastically. They understood each other. Then to Blaine's surprise, Santana wrapped her arms around him and squeezed lightly before moving away.

Puck came up to them and put one arm around Kurt and the other around Blaine. "Gentlemen. Good to see you. Things are going okay I guess? Or do I still need to stomp some sense into Anderson here?"

Blaine shook his head, trying hard to relax. Kurt rolled his eyes again and said, "Honestly, guys. I didn't bring Blaine with me for you all to gang up on and threaten. If you can't play nice-"

Finn came up behind Kurt and put a hand on his shoulder, causing him to break off what he was saying. Finn looked at Blaine quietly for a moment, then extended his fist out towards him. Blaine stared at it for a moment, silently thankful it wasn't raised at his face. Cautiously, he reached out and tapped Finn's fist with his own, hoping he understood Finn's silent request.

A broad grin crossed Finn's face. "Welcome back, dude."

Blaine smiled hopefully, feeling himself relax significantly. Within moments, he was chatting easily with Finn, Puck and Mike, who had just joined them. He and Tina had just arrived and Tina had launched herself at Kurt, who found himself with an armload of girl for the second time that night.

"Kurt! Come dance with me!" yelled Brittany, grabbing his hand and tugging on it.

Kurt walked over to Blaine and touched his lower back, rubbing it to get his attention. Blaine turned to Kurt, questioning look on his face.

"Are you okay? Will you be alright if I go dance with Britt?" Kurt asked, leaning close so that only Blaine could hear him.

Blaine nodded and smiled. "I'm good. Get out there and show me what you've got," he said, winking flirtatiously.

Kurt fluttered his eyelashes and smirked. "Okay, but remember, you asked for it." He allowed Brittany to pull him onto the dance floor.

Blaine grinned as he leaned on the railing that separated the seating areas from the dance floor. He watched as Brittany and Kurt moved to an open area on the floor. They were laughing and smiling at each other, holding hands. There It Go (The Whistle Song) started playing and the couple started to do their thing. Brittany spun so that her back was to Kurt and she moved back so that her body was flush to his. Together, they started moving their hips to a grinding motion, their movements seductive and sexy. Brittany raised one arm and reached back to wrap it around Kurt's neck, her fingers toying with his hair. Kurt wrapped one arm loosely around Brittany's waist, holding his hand flat against her tummy and occasionally sliding his thumb under the waistline of her skirt. Brittany did a slow grind down the length of Kurt's body then worked her way back up, bending at the waist so that Kurt could hold her hips while she ground back on him, their hips moving together to the beat of the music. As she straightened, Kurt again wrapped his arm around her waist but this time holding onto the skirt's waistline. Brittany tilted her head back, exposing her neck to Kurt, who nuzzled it before burying his face in her hair.

Blaine's smile had faded some time ago and he watched Kurt dance with Brittany with a heavy sensation in his belly. Surely there was no way he was jealous over a girl, was there? But when Brittany again ground her ass suggestively against his boyfriend's crotch, Blaine had to suppress the urge to go yank her away and tell her in no uncertain terms that she was wasting her time because that particular cock was spoken for.

"Relax, loverboy, no need to get your knickers in a twist," Puck said, sounding amused. He chuckled when Blaine jumped since he had been staring too hard at Brittany and Kurt that he hadn't noticed Puck joining him.

"They always did look good together. When they dated, they were a hot couple, even with Hummel wearing baggy jeans and trucker hats," Puck said.



Blaine looked at him in confusion. "Wait, what? Who did?"

Puck gestured at the dancing couple. "The princess and the pea-brain. When Burt and Carol were dating, Burt and Finn were hitting it off. Princess thought his dad wanted a son more like Finn, a straight one that he had shit in common with. He was jealous and insecure and tried being straight for a while. Ended up dating Brittany." Puck chuckled again. "It was a match made in heaven. Britt had made out with every guy in school but Kurt, so she got to scratch him off her list. And Kurt had the one girl in school who he could be with that wouldn't care that he was trying to be something he wasn't. Anyway, it didn't last long. Princess worked things out with Burt and he went back to being himself. And he and Britt have been buds since."

Blaine still felt a little shocked. "Kurt never told me he had dated Brittany, or any girl, for that matter."

Puck gave Blaine a stern look. "Dude, you of all people should know what stupid things daddy issues can cause you to do. Kurt tried batting for the other side and it didn't work out. Difference is that he wasn't in a relationship when he decided giving hetero a go. Look, I get it. You old man's a dick. Mine was never around. We all got our problems. I just hope you got it out of your system because your get out of jail card has been punched as far as I am concerned. But in the meantime, we're cool. And I tell you, Britt is no threat to you so quit looking at her like you wanna rip her hair out by the roots. Smile pretty, now, here comes your man."

Kurt and Brittany came over, hand in hand, both still a little breathless from exertion and heat. Kurt smiled at Blaine and Puck a little uncertainly. "What are you two talking about?"

"Just shootin' the breeze while you two humped each other on the dance floor," Puck said, giving them a smirk.

"You're jealous because I wasn't dancing with you, Noah," Kurt said airily, nose in the air, eyes sparkling with humor.

"Maybe that's it. You're hot, for a dude, and you've got a nice ass. Come on, Britt, let's go find the others and get this dance floor moving," Puck said, ignoring the astonished looks he was getting from both Kurt and Blaine.

Kurt blinked a couple of times and looked at Blaine. "Did I hear that right? That has to be one of the strangest conversations I have ever had with Noah."

"Well, he's right, you're hot and you have a nice ass. I just didn't know he noticed." Blaine shook his head. "What a weird night so far. I watched you dirty dance with a girl and had one of the straightest guys I know inform me you have a nice ass. What next?"

Kurt grabbed his hand and pulled on it, smiling shyly. "Well, I was hoping you might want to dance with me."

Blaine grinned happily and said, "I would love to."

## Chapter Thirty-Five

Kurt lead Blaine out on the dance floor, pushing their way through the crowd. The lights were flashing and the bass was thumping hard enough to be felt. Kurt found a spot to his liking and turned to Blaine with a grin. They started to dance, moving together to the beat, hands reaching out to touch from time to time. They danced facing each other, smiling, just having fun. But when the hand claps that introduced Boys by Britney Spears started, Kurt gave Blaine an impish grin and turned around. Blaine was confused for a split second until Kurt started grinding back on him.

Oh. Blaine guessed that was alright. He felt the curves of Kurt's ass pushing against his crotch and decided it was much better than alright. It was *fantastic*.

Blaine put his hands on Kurt's hips to hold him close, thumbs rubbing lightly on his hip bones. He couldn't help but notice that the leotard had ridden up slightly and he was able to graze his thumbs over exposed skin. Blaine felt Kurt shiver lightly and grinned triumphantly. Feeling adventurous, he sang along into Kurt's ear, adjusting the lyrics to suit him.

*I spotted you dancin*

*You made all the girls stare*

*Those lips and your blue eyes*

*And the sexy hair*

*I shake shake my thang*

*Make the world want you*

*Tell your boys you'll be back*

*I wanna see what you can do*

*What would it take for you to just leave with me*

*Not trying to sound conceited but*

*Me and you were meant to be*

*You're a sexy guy, I'm a nice boy*

*Let's turn this dance floor into our own little nasty world*

Kurt closed his eyes for a moment, the heady combination of Blaine's touch on his bared skin, his warm breath tickling his ear and the suggestive lyrics he sang going straight to his groin. He turned his head so that he was pressed into Blaine's neck, raising one arm to wrap it around it. Kurt threaded his fingers into

the hair at Blaine's neck and gave it a gentle tug as he ground back into Blaine. If his boyfriend wanted to be a tease, Kurt could most certainly accommodate him and give it right back. He smirked when he heard Blaine suck his breath in with a hissing noise. Blaine's grip on his hips tightened and Kurt placed his other hand over Blaine's, interlacing their fingers together.

Blaine was feeling intoxicated by the feeling of Kurt's perfect ass pressing against him so sexily. He bit back a moan when Kurt slid down his chest and belly then back up again, the friction between their bodies heated and delicious. Kurt lay his head back on Blaine's shoulder and shivered when Blaine ran his finger teasingly from his chin down over his neck and back up again. They were so lost in each other they were both startled to hear a voice say, "Mind if I cut in, boys?"

Kurt opened his eyes and started to snap that hell, yes, he minded a whole lot but instead squealed and threw himself at the smiling girl standing there.

"Cedes!" he yelled, hugging her tightly.

Mercedes returned his hug fiercely, a huge smile on her face. "How's my boy doing?"

Kurt grinned mischievously and said, "You are just lucky you are you, girl. I was so about to tell you off for interrupting my dancing with my boyfriend." He pulled Blaine to him and put his arms around him, swaying to the music slightly while chatting.

Mercedes looked at Blaine and smiled, though it lacked some of its normal warmth. "How's it going, Blaine?"

Blaine had his arms around Kurt's waist and took comfort in feeling Kurt's arms squeeze him. "I'm good, Mercedes. You?"

Mercedes answered, "Good. Glad to see my boy. You don't mind if I steal Kurt away for a few minutes to dance with me, do you?"

Blaine shook his head. "Of course not." He kissed Kurt quickly and said, "I am gonna go get a bottle of water. You want one?"

Kurt flashed him a grateful smile and said, "I would love one." He blew Blaine a kiss and presented a hand to Mercedes with a flourish, leading his giggling friend into a spirited dance.

Blaine returned as quickly as he could with two waters. He found Kurt and Mercedes with the rest of the group from New Directions. Kurt flashed him a grateful smile when he took the water from him. Blaine found himself distracted by the movement of Kurt's throat as he tilted his head back and drank thirstily. He was about to lean over and press a kiss to the graceful curve of Kurt's neck when Tina bounded up to the group.

"I just talked to the DJ! Brittany! Kurt! Come out here quick!" Tina was practically bouncing in her excitement.

Kurt looked at her with wide eyes. "Tina. You didn't do what I think you did, did you?"

Tina grabbed Kurt's hand and said, "Well, you wore the outfit and inspired me." She dragged Kurt out onto the dance floor again as a giggling Brittany followed.

Kurt felt panicked. "I can't do this! Not in front of Blaine!"

Tina rolled her eyes at him. "Whatever, Kurt. You are a performer, you will be fine. Besides, if you think he's already been eye fucking you all night, just wait til he sees this! He won't be able to keep his hands off you!" She handed Kurt a single black glove with a wink.

Kurt looked quickly to where Blaine stood with his friends as he slid the glove on. Blaine's eyes sparkled with curiosity, his smile huge. The rest of the group knew what was coming and was cheering their approval.

Kurt took a deep breath to steel himself and he positioned himself between the two girls, waiting for the music to cue. As soon as the music started, he started moving his feet and hips to the familiar rhythm, knowing the two girls were doing the same. He place one hand on his hip and started singing along to the music.

***All the single ladies, all the single ladies***

***All the single ladies, all the single ladies***

***All the single ladies, all the single ladies***

***All the single ladies***

***Now put your hands up***

***Up in the club, we just broke up***

*I'm doing my own little thing  
Decided to dip and now you wanna trip  
Cause another brother noticed me*

*I'm up on him, he up on me  
Don't pay him any attention  
Just cried my tears, for three good years  
Ya can't be mad at me*

*Cause if you liked it then you should have put a ring on it  
If you liked it then you shoulda put a ring on it  
Don't be mad once you see that he want it  
If you liked it then you shoulda put a ring on it*

*Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh*

Kurt was smiling as he sang, dancing and working his hips for all they were worth and having a blast. He could thank Cheerios, yoga and David's insistence on dance at Warbler practice for the fluidity of his movements, but the sassy attitude was pure Kurt.

Blaine couldn't have torn his eyes away from Kurt if he tried. It wasn't enough that Kurt looked so good in his outfit already that he would have Blaine's attention anyway. And he also knew from experience that Kurt's hips were more than able to hold his attention. But Blaine had no idea Kurt could move his hips quite like...*that*. Kurt has one hand on his hip, the other gesturing with sass and attitude. He and the two girls kicked their legs up and danced together. Kurt fluffed out his bangs with a quick motion before all three turned to the side. *And holy Jesus, did Kurt just slap his own ass?* Blaine guzzled down the rest of his water to soothe his suddenly dry mouth. He had to smile when Kurt gave him a flirtatious wink while he gestured pointedly to his ring finger.

The dancing trio had attracted the attention of several other people on the dance floor and many had stopped their own dancing to gather around and watch. Several appreciative comments and whistles could be heard coming from the crowd, most geared towards the attractiveness of the three dancers. One girl close enough to be heard stated to her friend that she would love to find out if the boy hottie could move like that in bed. Mercedes turned towards her with her hands on her hips.

"You might ought to ask his *boyfriend* that," she said with a roll of her eyes.

"He's gay? Are you sure?" the girl asked, looking petulant.

A boy standing next to her made a scoffing noise. "Are you kidding? Look at him. You can tell he's a-" He trailed off as Santana whipped around with narrowed eyes.

"A what, asswipe? You got something you wanna say where his friends can all hear you?" Santana snarled, eyes snapping with anger.

Finn walked over to tower menacingly over the guy, who was now looking nervous. "You got something to say about my brother? I got time, I'm listening."

"N-n-nothin'. I don't have anything to say," the boy stuttered, looking at the hostile faces that had surrounded him.

Puck cracked his knuckles. "Good to know. Word of advice, dickwad. If you wanna keep that face pretty, you might want to be careful what you say about others. You just don't know who will hear you. Capiisce?"

The guy nodded and backed away quickly, disappearing through the crowd. The girl that had started the whole conversation to begin with looked at the group of friends curiously, finally focusing on Blaine. "Well, if cutie is gay, what about you, hot stuff? You look like you can move. Wanna dance?"

Blaine forced a polite smile on his face. "Actually, 'gay cutie' is *my* boyfriend. And since you asked, his hips are **great** in bed. Have a good night, I am gonna go get my boyfriend and take him home to work his hips in a way I can enjoy in private." He turned his back on the shocked and disgruntled girl. Blaine gave Finn an apologetic look and relaxed when Finn gave him a wink before grinning goofily.

Puck whooped loudly and yelled, "Fuck, yeah, dude!" He grinned and gave Blaine an enthusiastic high five before stepping out of the way.

Blaine made a beeline straight for Kurt. He and the girls had just finished dancing, unaware of the near drama. Kurt's eyes sparkled, his cheeks were flushed, his hair slightly mussed, and that damn leotard had ridden up higher exposing more of the creamy skin at his hips. Blaine caught sight of a single bead of sweat working its way down Kurt's neck and noticed the way Kurt licked his lips as he approached. Between that and the whole night's events, something inside him snapped. He caught Kurt by the hand

and pulled him to himself. Blaine captured Kurt's face in his hands and ravished his mouth possessively. He took advantage of Kurt's slight gasp of surprise to plunge his tongue into his open mouth. Blaine felt Kurt's hands grab his ass roughly and pull him closer. His last coherent thought was that if there had been any question about them and their preference or availability, they had just answered most emphatically.

Kurt pulled away, breathing heavily, eyes dark and pupils slightly dilated. "We're leaving. Now."

Blaine nodded vehemently in agreement, grinning victoriously as Kurt grabbed his hand and practically ran for the exit. Both of them shouted goodbyes to their friends, who waved and made raucous comments towards their departing backs.

Kurt practically dragged Blaine to his Navigator. Well, to be precise, he dragged him as best as he could, considering they barely tore their mouths from each other the entire way there. When they got to the car, Kurt pushed Blaine up against it and ground his hips against Blaine's. He groaned when his half hard cock came in contact with Blaine's own growing erection. His hands grabbed Blaine's shirt at the waist and pulled it loose from his jeans so he could run his hands teasingly over bare skin for a moment. The whimpering noise that escaped from the back of Blaine's throat nearly undid Kurt completely and he had to step back a moment to regain rational thought.

The sight of Blaine leaning against his car, lips reddened and swollen from kisses, color high in his cheeks, chest heaving from his breathing was almost enough to undo Kurt. He kissed Blaine again as he fumbled for his keys, swearing when he dropped them. They caught eyes and laughed.

"Okay, let's try this again. Go on over to the other side, Blaine, I don't trust myself to keep my hands off of you. We need to get to my house." Kurt reached down to grab his keys and tried not to focus on the fact that doing so put him at face level with the bulge in Blaine's jeans. The last thing he needed to do was forget his surroundings in favor of giving his boyfriend a blow job in the parking lot of a crowded club.

Blaine hurried over to the passenger side. He heard Kurt make a triumphant noise as he located his keys and unlocked the doors. Both of them flung themselves into the vehicle and quickly shut the doors. They looked at each other for a split second before crashing their mouths together again.

This time it was Blaine that sat back breathlessly. "Kurt. We need to get to your house. I need to touch you and I don't want to be where anyone could interrupt us at any time. Are we going to be okay in your room?"



Kurt blinked at him. "My room? At my house? Where my dad told me to keep the door open?"

Blaine made a frustrated noise, having forgotten about that. When Kurt giggled, Blaine shot him a look, wondering if Kurt had lost his mind.

Kurt grinned impishly. "Of course we will be okay in my room. Dad and Carol both work tomorrow and have gone to bed. I have thought this over already. So long as we have you in the guest room before they wake up, we will be fine."

Blaine bit his lip uncertainly, not wanting to break Kurt's parents rules when they were being so generous to him and letting him stay there. "I don't know, Kurt, maybe we should just-*ohhhh, my God...*" he trailed off, throwing his head back as Kurt started stroking his cock through the harsh denim of his jeans.

Kurt chuckled mischievously. "You were saying?"

Blaine sucked in a harsh breath and thrust his hips up against Kurt's hand. "Not...not fair, Kurt. You can't expect me...*nngggghhhh*...expect me to be...*ohhhh, fuck*...honorable when you do that."

Kurt continued his stroking movements, confident in his victory. He teased, "Well, if you prefer, we will just go home and go to our separate rooms. You in the guest room. Me in mine. My cold, lonely room. All alone. Nothing but my hand to give me comfort."

Blaine swore under his breath and opened his eyes to look at Kurt with a hot gaze, the mental image of Kurt jerking himself off adding more fuel to the fire. "Evil, Kurt. You are pure evil when you put your mind to it. Your house. Let's go."

Kurt didn't argue as he quickly cranked the car and put it into gear. It turned out that Blaine had a bit of a wicked streak in himself as well, though, because as soon as they left the parking lot he latched his mouth onto Kurt's neck. He licked and sucked all the places he knew drove Kurt insane, making small moans of pleasure calculated to tease even more. Kurt fought to stay focused on the road and nearly drove into the wrong lane, engine revving when he inadvertently stomped the gas harder in response to Blaine reaching down to squeeze his hard on, no easy feat in the tight jeans he wore. He came to a stop at a stop sign and pushed Blaine towards the passenger side door slightly.

"*God*, Blaine, I am going to kill us both if you don't stop. We are almost home. Just...stay there. Don't move," he said with a stern look as Blaine laughed, looking completely unrepentant. Their eyes met and Kurt felt

his breath catch when Blaine's gaze slid downward and he licked his lips slowly. Hitting the gas, he got them home in record time and miraculously in one piece.

They quickly got out of the car and ran to the porch steps. They made their way up quietly, Kurt unlocking and opening the door softly. Blaine followed him inside and they quietly closed and locked the door, making their way up the stairs with as little noise as possible.

Kurt was relieved to see that his parent's bedroom door was closed and he could hear the sound of soft snores coming from inside. He and Blaine tiptoed into Kurt's bedroom and silently shut the door. Kurt went ahead and locked it to be safe, leaving the lights off. His breath left in a whoosh as Blaine pressed him against the door, grinding their crotches together in a sinfully delicious way.

"You are going to have to be quiet, Kurt. We don't want to wake your parents," Blaine warned in a low throaty voice that sent shivers down Kurt's spine. Blaine pressed his lips to Kurt's hungrily as he pushed the vest off his shoulders. He loosened the tie and pulled it off, tossing it over his shoulder. His hands drifted down to quickly undo the belt that encircled Kurt's slim waist. He opened the button and unzipped the jeans, capturing Kurt's soft moan in his mouth. Blaine pushed at the jeans and was met with resistance. He leaned back and glared at the offending clothing in the darkness.

"How do you get these things on, anyway? And more importantly, how do I get them off?" Blaine whispered in exasperation. Kurt pushed him back a little and pushed at the jeans, doing a little shimmy that would have intrigued Blaine any other time were he not so desperately horny. Blaine smiled in satisfaction as the jeans slid down. He knelt down to untie Kurt's boots and quickly pull them off so that he could completely remove the jeans and toss them to the side. Licking his lips in anticipation, he moved upward a bit and came face to face with Kurt's leotard covered crotch.

Blaine bit back a groan of frustration. "You have *got* to be kidding me. Kurt, does this thing have snaps?"

Kurt blinked uncomprehendingly for a moment before his brain focused on what Blaine said. "What? Snaps? No. It's a leotard, not a onesie."

Blaine nearly groaned again, this time in displeasure. "*Fuck.*"

Kurt giggled apologetically. "Sorry, I guess I didn't think when I planned this outfit..." He trailed off when he felt Blaine's hands grab tightly at the leg opening of one side.

Blaine refused to be cockblocked by another piece of clothing. He was so hard he hurt and he had been dreaming of going down on Kurt ever since Kurt had blown him. He was not letting this chance get away from him, not even for his boyfriend's fabulous sense of fashion. Gripping the thin material tightly, he yanked quickly, ripping the cloth and tearing it so he could lift it over a stunned Kurt's head.

"*Blaine*," Kurt gasped, partially in dismay at the destruction of his clothing, partially a breathless moan.

"I'll buy you another. However many you want," Blaine growled, throwing the ruined piece of clothing aside.

Kurt closed his eyes, aware that even under the cover of darkness, he stood before Blaine completely naked and vulnerable. The shiver that ran down his spine was as much fear as arousal.

Blaine touched Kurt reverently. He had never seen anything more beautiful in his life. In the darkness he could still make out the pale, flawless skin. Blaine leaned forward and pressed his lips to Kurt's tummy, feeling the muscles tighten underneath his lips. He nipped lightly at each hip, reveling in hearing Kurt's swift intake of breath time.

Blaine wrapped his fingers lightly around Kurt's erect cock and gave a small squeeze. Kurt's head hit the door with an audible thump and a moan left him unintentionally.

Blaine shushed him with a low chuckle. "Shhhh, baby, if you wake your dad and he catches us with your dick in my mouth, that won't be good for either of us."

Kurt took a deep breath, hissing lightly when Blaine gave his cock another squeeze. "Then I propose we move away from the door and over to the bed." He made a small noise of combined relief and disappointment when Blaine let go of his cock to comply. Thinking quickly, Kurt grabbed his iPod off his desk and plugged it into his stereo, playing music softly, which was his normal way of sleeping anyway. He turned towards the bed and lay down on his side, looking up at Blaine, who was still standing. He patted the bed in invitation.

Blaine crossed the room quietly and sat down on the bed, toeing his shoes off. He scratched the back of his neck nervously and looked down at Kurt laying there, bare and beautiful. Before he went any further he needed to know this was okay with Kurt.

"Kurt, are you okay? I mean, with this? I don't want to pressure you into anything or have you do something you aren't ready for or that you think we aren't ready for. I've already made mistakes in this relationship and I don't want to do anything that would make me lose you again. I couldn't bear it." Blaine reached for Kurt's hand, raising it to his mouth and kissing it in the center of the palm.

Kurt felt a tingle run up his arm from where Blaine's warm, soft lips touched his sensitive palm. He felt tears prick his eyes as his love for the nervous boy next to him threatened to overwhelm him. He licked his lips and whispered, "I know. I know what I am doing, Blaine, and I promise you if things start to get where I am not comfortable we will talk about it. But as for right now, I see only two problems. One, you have on too much clothing, and two, I believe you mentioned having your mouth on my dick?"

## Chapter Thirty-Six

Blaine let out the breath he didn't know he had been holding. He paused for a second, wondering if he should remove his clothes quickly before Kurt possibly changed his mind or remove them slowly and try to savor every moment. He opted to hastily pull his shirt over his head and toss it on the floor and then stretched out next to Kurt. With shaking hands, he reached out to touch Kurt's face. Holding his beautiful boyfriend's face reverently, Blaine gently pressed his lips to Kurt's. His kiss was gentle, almost chaste. He spent several moments just enjoying the feel of Kurt's lips against his own, always with the sweet scent and taste of vanilla. After a few minutes of light kisses, Blaine began to nibble gently at Kurt's lower lip. He licked at Kurt's mouth for a moment before sensually persuading Kurt to open his mouth and allow him in.

Blaine slid his tongue in and out of Kurt's mouth slowly, taking his time to relish every sensation. When Kurt captured his questing tongue in his mouth and sucked on it, Blaine was unable to stop the moan that rumbled up all the way from his stomach. When he felt rather than heard Kurt's answering moan, it was all he could do not to come in his pants right then. Knowing he needed to take a moment to cool off and regain his equilibrium, Blaine pulled away. He touched his forehead to Kurt's and took several calming breaths.

"Are you okay?" Kurt asked him softly.

"Yeah. I'm fine, I'm just really nervous right now," Blaine whispered. He wished he were more confident and less scared. He wanted nothing more than to sweep Kurt off his feet by being dapper and debonair but he felt so awkward and anxious.

Kurt rubbed his nose against Blaine's. Rubbing Blaine's shoulder comfortingly, Kurt answered, "Me, too." He laughed a little self consciously. "We have never done this quite so informally dressed."

Blaine relaxed a bit as he laughed with Kurt. It was true, everything they had done to this point had been done with some form of clothing. But here he was, in Kurt's room lying next to Kurt and Kurt was completely bare skinned. In fact, he had on no clothes because Blaine had removed them himself. The sheer hotness of the whole situation washed over him and he briefly caught his breath before raking his hot gaze over Kurt. He took just a few moments to appreciate the perfect beauty of form of the boy next to him.

Kurt's skin glowed luminescent in the low light. Blaine could make out the darker nipples of Kurt's chest and the definition of his tummy before quickly moving down. He had dreamed and fantasized of this moment for so long. It almost seemed surreal as he stared in fascination at Kurt's cock. It was...perfect. He couldn't think of any other way to describe it.

Kurt forced himself to lay there and submit to Blaine's perusal of his nude form. He knew if the lights were on his hot blush would be painfully obvious since it felt like even his toes were blushing. He resisted the urge to cover himself or dive under the blankets. He wished Blaine would say or do something besides lay there motionless and staring. Was he disappointed? Unimpressed? Unable to remain still, Kurt squirmed self consciously. "Blaine..." he whispered, moving his hands to cover himself.

This brought Blaine out of his trance. He reached for Kurt's hands quickly, murmuring, "No, no. Don't do that. Please, Kurt. Let me, let me just, *God*, Kurt, let me touch you, please."

Kurt bit his lip nervously. He opened his mouth to say something and Blaine surged forward to meet him in a bruising kiss. Blaine pressed forward until Kurt was flat on his back nestled into the pillow. He licked around Kurt's lips to encourage them open. He slowly ran one hand down Kurt's neck and chest to lightly rub his tummy, feeling the muscles tense and relax under his fingers. Taking a quick breath, Blaine wrapped his hand around Kurt's cock. Kurt gasped and his eyes flew open. His entire body bucked involuntarily, catching Blaine off guard momentarily. He made a soothing noise low in his throat as he continued kissing Kurt. He moved his hand slowly in a stroking motion up and down Kurt's hard cock, tightening and loosening his grip before running lightly over the head. Kurt's hands grabbed onto Blaine's shoulders in a bruising grip, holding on tight. Blaine felt an electric tingle run through him as Kurt's fingers dug into his shoulders and he felt the nails scrape his skin. Unable to help himself and desperate for some friction, he ground his hips into Kurt's thigh and groaned at the contact.

"Blaine? You still have your jeans on?" Kurt asked in a breathless voice. "What are you waiting for?" He wasn't sure if having them both naked would make things more awkward or less awkward. All he was sure of was that he wanted to be able to look and touch his fill. And have memories to call on for future reference, of course.

Blaine's head spun for a moment. He wanted to comply with Kurt's request but he didn't want to stop touching him. But again, he wanted to be able to lie next to his gorgeous boyfriend equally nude and then lose themselves in exploration and desire. And then there was the matter of being able to touch in other ways, unencumbered by clothing. His breathing sped up even more with that thought.

Kurt misinterpreted Blaine's hesitation, not realizing that Blaine was lost in his lustful thoughts. "You don't want to?" he whispered, trying hard not to feel hurt but not quite succeeding. He started to withdraw into himself, moving to get off the bed so he could put at least his robe on.

Blaine shook himself quickly out of his thoughts, realizing immediately what was happening. He caught Kurt and moved to lie slightly on top of him, pressing him back to the pillows again. He raised his hand to Kurt's face and rubbed lightly over his lips with his thumb. "Whoa, wait a minute. Don't get upset with me, please. Can't I be distracted enough by my boyfriend's devastating beauty that putting thought together is difficult? Please don't leave me. Not now." He nuzzled the skin just behind Kurt's ear, knowing that particular spot was one guaranteed to affect Kurt. "What happened to the hot guy that was demanding I get naked?"

Kurt shivered at Blaine's hot breath in his ear while he worked his magic on that sensitive spot. "He realized that even after all this, you still have the damn jeans on."

"And what do you propose we do about that?" Blaine asked, chuckling lightly when Kurt pushed him away from his neck. He didn't need the lights to know that Kurt was rolling his eyes.

Kurt didn't answer, he just reached forward and quickly unbuttoned and unzipped Blaine's jeans. He slid his hand inside to tease at Blaine's hard cock, smirking when he heard Blaine's breath catch. "I guess I have to take matters into my own hand, so to speak. Not so funny now, is it, baby?"

Blaine tossed his head back when Kurt gave him a squeeze. He managed to keep from moaning out loud, remembering just in time that Kurt's *parents* are asleep just a few doors down. "Oh, my God, Kurt, have I mentioned that you are evil?"

Kurt didn't answer. He pushed at the jeans, finally managing to get them down so they were around Blaine's thighs. He made an approving noise as Blaine finally hooked his thumbs in the waist band of his briefs and shoved both them and the jeans down and off.

The two boys took a moment to look at each other, each drinking the other in as they were completely bared to each other for the first time. Kurt wondered if Blaine could hear his heart pounding as he lay there close enough to feel the heat radiating off his skin. He felt nerves threatening to overwhelm him for a brief moment and closed his eyes, trying to control his breathing. Kurt managed not to jump when he felt Blaine's warm hand rub his hip gently. He hummed lowly under his breath when he felt Blaine's lips

brushing softly down his neck. When he felt Blaine's warm tongue brush lightly over his nipples he could not stop the low moan from escaping. Goosebumps raised over his flesh as Blaine moved lower, nipping gently at one hip before he slid lower to position himself between Kurt's legs.

Blaine licked his lips nervously. It was the moment of truth. He was about to make his fantasy a reality and finally have his mouth on Kurt in the way he had imagined so often, either in his dreams or during his masturbatory fantasies. He took a quick breath and had the brief thought that he hoped he could make this as incredible for Kurt as Kurt had made it for him. Lowering his head, Blaine pressed his lips to the side of Kurt's cock. Kurt bolted upright, gasping, and Blaine gently pushed him back down.

"Shhh, Kurt, it's okay," Blaine whispered before opening his mouth and taking Kurt's hardness inside. Calling on memory and more time on the Internet than he cared to admit, Blaine began to move his head, sliding his mouth up and down. He was careful not to go too fast. Instead, he took time to explore each vein and ridge with his tongue. Blaine slowly and teasingly licked around the head of Kurt's cock, delighting in the soft broken moan Kurt made. Feeling encouraged that he must be doing something right, Blaine moved so that he took Kurt's cock deeper. He remembered how fantastic it felt when Kurt had hummed around him and decided to give it a try. He was rewarded with a gasping noise escaping Kurt as he writhed above him. The answering jolt in his own cock caught Blaine by surprise. He moaned in response to the sensation, causing Kurt to toss his head back and forth frantically.

"Blaine," Kurt whispered, moaning again when he felt Blaine's hands grabbing his ass. The feeling of moist heat surrounding his cock was almost too much for him. When Blaine used his hand to hold at the base of his cock while his mouth worked the head in a completely sinful but delicious way, Kurt had to grab a pillow to muffle his sounds with. The last thing he wanted was for his parents to catch them because he couldn't contain the noises coming in response to what Blaine was doing. His father would have another heart attack for sure. Kurt felt his eyes rolling back when he felt suction and had to bite down on his pillow not to shout out loud.

Blaine was feeling pleased with himself at his apparent success in pleasuring his boyfriend. Each movement Kurt made, each muffled noise, each obvious attempt at holding back went straight to Blaine's dick. He fervently wished they were somewhere that he could hear Kurt, knowing that the sexy sounds would drive him wild. Blaine ground into the comforter, moaning at the friction against his own hardness.



Kurt reached down and grabbed handfuls of Blaine's hair, relishing both the feeling of the curls and the vibration around his cock as Blaine moaned in response. Kurt pulled lightly and gasped when he felt Blaine suck around the head of his cock again. "God, Blaine, so good, so close," he whispered.

When Blaine took his mouth off of Kurt's cock, Kurt whimpered in disappointment. Maybe he shouldn't have said anything. But then Blaine straddled Kurt's hips and leaned down to crash their mouths together. Blaine kissed Kurt thoroughly, sliding his tongue into Kurt's mouth teasingly. Kurt noticed the difference in taste and ran his hands into Blaine's hair again to hold him to himself while he kissed back wildly.

Blaine pulled away, both boys breathing harshly and rapidly. He licked his lips and leaned close to Kurt's ear. "Kurt, I want to try something," he whispered as he grabbed Kurt's hand with his own.

Blaine sat up slightly and moved so that his cock brushed teasingly against Kurt's own. He felt a shiver run down his spine and felt Kurt shudder below him. Blaine looked down at Kurt's enraptured face as he slowly licked his hand, not missing the audible catch in Kurt's breathing. He reached down and grasped both of their cocks together, then had to swallow quickly to keep from moaning out loud. This felt even better than he had imagined. Slowly, Blaine began to stroke their cocks in a languid motion. The combination of the stroking and the feeling of warm friction between their cocks was amazing. He kept his eyes on Kurt's face, wishing for a brief moment that they had lit candles or something so he could see Kurt's beautiful eyes dark with passion. Blaine's eyes widened when he saw Kurt raise his other hand to his mouth and slowly lick it. Kurt reached down between them and wrapped his hand around the other side of their cocks so that they were encircled by each of them. It was hot and erotic and Blaine hoped Kurt was close because he knew there was no way he could last much longer.

The boys moved their hands together, their breathing speeding up as their rhythm increased. Blaine tossed his head back and bit his lip while Kurt did the same. Kurt's hand tightened and squeezed, causing Blaine to gasp and mimic the motions.

"Close, Blaine, so close," Kurt whispered, thrusting his hips upward and causing Blaine to grunt softly.

"I know, me too," answered Blaine, responding by grinding his own hips down. "Come for me, Kurt, you feel so good, so perfect."

When Blaine tightened his hand just so, Kurt felt his balls tighten in preparation. He let go of Blaine's hand and covered his mouth with his other hand to muffle himself when he came in hot spurts that left him shaking and spent. He lay there panting and feeling dazed.

Feeling Kurt's body move in reaction was all Blaine needed. When he felt the warmth of Kurt's orgasm over his hand his own body responded by letting go and Blaine joined Kurt in climax. He came hot and hard between them, only just managing not to shout his satisfaction for all to hear. He stayed where he was, head bowed and breathing harshly.

Kurt reached for Blaine's hand again and held it to his chest over his still racing heart. "What you do to me," he whispered.

Blaine leaned down to press his lips tenderly to Kurt's in a slow and sensual kiss. "I love you," he whispered in reply.

Kurt traced his thumb lightly over Blaine's slightly swollen bottom lip and smiled. "I love you, too. Umm, do you think you can reach that box of Kleenex on the night stand? We need to clean ourselves up a bit and get dressed for bed."

Blaine pouted and said, "We *are* in bed and I don't *wanna* get dressed yet. I can probably reach the Kleenex, but first..." His voice trailed off as he raised the hand he had used on them both towards his mouth, knowing that it still had their come on it. He licked one finger slowly, both curious about the taste and wanting to tease Kurt. He had forgotten momentarily that Kurt was more than capable of teasing right back and was reminded in the best way possible when Kurt grabbed his hand and took another finger into his mouth, licking it clean. Blaine shivered at the sheer eroticism of Kurt licking his finger so teasingly and the fact that he was tasting them both by doing so.

Blaine leaned forward to kiss Kurt again, moaning quietly at the different taste. It was so hot he actually felt his cock give a twitch of renewed interest. "Kurt, you can't just do things like that."

Kurt smiled against Blaine's lips and teasingly bit at his lower lip. "Then you shouldn't start things if you don't want me to react. And as much as I really hate to do it, I need you to move. I think I would prefer a warm washcloth to tissue, how about you?"

Blaine quietly chuckled and said, "I would rather continue to cuddle naked with my sexy boyfriend and not worry about anything else. Maybe next time I will lick you clean so you won't worry so much about it."

Kurt giggled and teased, "Promises, promises." He lightly popped Blaine on the ass. "Up. Let me get that washcloth." He giggled again when Blaine threw himself onto the pillow next to him with a huff. He was adorable when he pouted. Gracefully, Kurt got up out of the bed, teasingly wiggling his butt for Blaine's benefit since he knew his interested gaze was on him. This earned him a low laugh from Blaine. Kurt stretched languidly before crossing the room to the bathroom. He got a clean washcloth and started the water running, waiting for it to warm. Once the temperature was to his liking, he wet the cloth and quickly wiped himself clean. He rinsed the cloth thoroughly before wetting it again for Blaine. He carried the cloth out to the bedroom and pushed Blaine's reaching hand to the side, preferring instead to clean his boyfriend himself.

Blaine lay back and relaxed, letting Kurt tend to him. It made him feel cared for and pampered. When Kurt was finished, Blaine pulled him down for another kiss. Kurt laughingly pulled back, shaking a finger in a playful scolding motion.

"No distracting me. Let me go put this wet cloth away. I am going to put on my pajamas, okay? And if you will go ahead and do the same we can cuddle until you have to go to the guest room." Kurt took the cloth to the bathroom and put it on the rack. He grabbed a tshirt and pajama pants and slid them on. He did a quick and abbreviated version of his nightly moisturizing and grabbed his toothbrush. A soft knock on the bathroom door startled him. When he opened the door, Blaine stood there in his Dalton tshirt and flannel pajama pants.

"Can I brush my teeth, too?" Blaine asked with a grin. Kurt motioned him in and they both quickly brushed their teeth. Once they were finished, they both crawled under the covers. Kurt set the alarm on his phone to wake them in plenty of time to get Blaine into the guest bedroom before his parents woke up. Both boys were sated and relaxed. Blaine fought off a yawn and felt his eyelids growing heavier. When Kurt lay next to him on his side, Blaine turned onto his own side and snuggled back into the warmth with his back against Kurt's chest. He sighed in happiness when he felt Kurt's arm wrap around his waist and felt Kurt nuzzle into his neck.

"I love you," murmured Kurt softly as he felt himself sinking into sleep, arm tightening around Blaine's waist.

"I love you, too," answered Blaine, taking Kurt's hand and intertwining their fingers together as he, too, gave in to the seductive pull of sleep.

## Chapter Thirty-Seven

The smell of coffee and food cooking woke Blaine up. He was thrown off for a moment by not only the delicious scents but the unfamiliar surroundings. After a second he realized that he was in the guest room of the Hudson-Hummel household. He remembered being gently shaken awake by Kurt around 4:30AM to quietly sneak down the hall, after several minutes of kisses of course, to go back to sleep in the spare bed. He had managed to snag the pillow of Kurt's that he had been sleeping on so that he was able to wrap his arms around it and bury his face in something that carried Kurt's scent, sleeping blissfully.

Blaine sat up and yawned, stretching and scratching his chest. His stomach rumbled and he grinned as he tossed the covers aside. He walked down the hallway and paused at Kurt's doorway. He saw that Kurt was still sleeping, snuggled down under the covers. Kurt was breathing evenly, lips parted slightly with one arm out from under the covers. His hair was tousled and he looked so adorable that Blaine felt like his heart actually expanded. He blew a kiss towards his sleeping boyfriend and pulled the door closed.

Carol looked up at the sound of someone walking down the stairs and smiled when Blaine hesitantly walked in.

"Good morning, honey, did you sleep well?" she asked, turning bacon in a pan on the stove.

Blaine smiled and said, "Yes, ma'am, I did. Thank you so much for letting me stay the weekend here."

"Of course, we are glad to have you. Are scrambled eggs okay, or do you want them some other way?" Carol asked, pulling a carton of eggs and a block of cheese out of the refrigerator.

"No, no, scrambled is fine," Blaine said quickly, not wanting to be a bother. He felt a little embarrassed as his stomach gave a loud rumble.

Carol laughed and pulled out a big bowl, a whisk and the cheese grater. She started breaking eggs into the bowl and added cheese along with several teaspoons of water and whisked it all together. She saw Blaine's interested gaze and smiled. "Adding water makes them fluffy. You can use milk instead, if you like, but water works as well." She added butter to the skillet she had warming on the stove and once it had melted, she added the egg mixture. She moved the cooked bacon to a napkin covered plate and added more slices to start heating.

"Juice, milk or coffee, dear?" Carol asked.

Blaine breathed deeply of the coffee scent. "Coffee, please, if it's not any trouble."

"No trouble whatsoever," Carol said as she filled two plates with hot bacon and eggs.

Blaine gratefully accepted the full plate she offered him. The first mouthful of eggs nearly had him moaning in ecstasy. Carol placed a mug of coffee in front of him as well as the cream and sugar. As he made his coffee to his liking, Finn walked in, yawning widely.

"Mornin', Mom," Finn said, kissing her on the cheek as he took the full plate she held out to him. He sat down at the table and grabbed a fork. "'Sup, Blaine," he said, preparing to eat.

Blaine gestured in greeting, his mouth full of food. Carol sat down with a mug of hot tea and stirred honey into it while watching the two boys empty their plates.

"So, Blaine, what are you and your family doing for Thanksgiving? Any big plans?" Finn asked between bites.

Blaine's hand paused, putting the forkful of eggs back down. Thanksgiving. His parents already had the reservations made for that week, in Paris this time. Blaine didn't really want to go but he knew better than to ask to be left behind. He knew his father probably didn't care whether or not he was around, but his mother needed to satisfy her maternal urges quota for the year. And since Christmas was out, this was the last chance for the Anderson's to be together as a "family," though they were pretty much a mockery of the term.

Blaine shook himself of his mental ramblings, noting Finn's expectant face. He smiled a weak smile that didn't reach his eyes. "Going to Paris. My parents aren't much for the traditional Thanksgiving. This is the last holiday this year we will be together, so Mom decided Paris was where she wanted to go this year."

Finn looked horrified. "But, *dude*, that means no turkey! And no stuffing or sweet potatoes or cranberry sauce or any other good stuff! Are you gonna have to eat snails or frog legs or weird stuff like that?"

Blaine shrugged. He had learned long ago not to let himself get disappointed by his parents and their lack of normal family traditions.

Carol looked closely at Blaine and thought over what he had said. "What about Christmas?"

Blaine shifted in his chair, feeling a little exposed and uncomfortable. He had the idea that Carol could see more than he actually wanted to reveal. "Dad told me several weeks ago that I would be staying at Dalton over Christmas break," he said, focusing his attention on the tabletop and unable to meet her eyes.

Carol put her mug down, a little harder than necessary. "I have never heard such a ridiculous thing in all my life. Stay at Dalton, the very idea!" Her eyes snapped as an affronted look came over her face. "Of course you will come here, honey. You will come home with Kurt. We would love to have you."

"Love to have what?" said a sleepy voice from the doorway. Blaine smiled as he took in Kurt leaning against the door facing, still sleep tousled, heavy lidded and utterly adorable. Kurt stifled a yawn as he crossed the kitchen to drape his arms around Blaine from the back. He nuzzled Blaine's ear, making a contented humming sound before whispering, "Morning, sweetheart."

Blaine leaned back into Kurt's touch and put one hand over Kurt's hands to hold them to him. His heart beat a little faster at both the loving touch and the whispered endearment. "Morning, babe. Sleep well?"

"Ummhmm, I was pretty worn out last night it seems," Kurt said, chuckling lightly at the flush that came over Blaine's cheeks at the loaded statement. He pressed his lips against Blaine's warm cheek and let them linger a moment before moving away to fix himself coffee. "So, what were you discussing when I came in?"

Carol spoke before Blaine could say anything. "Kurt, were you aware that Blaine's parents plan to have him stay at Dalton over Christmas?"

Kurt's hands froze mid preparation. He placed the cream back on the counter and turned around slowly to look at Blaine.

"Blaine? Is that true? But why? And why didn't you tell me?" Kurt said, his eyes full of sadness.

Blaine wanted to disappear. He felt embarrassed over his lack of a "real" family, about his father's non acceptance of him, about his mother's lack of interest in her only child. He hated seeing Kurt look so sad and knowing he was the reason for it, even if it was indirectly this time.

Carol spoke up again. "I told him he would be more than welcome to come here for the break. Don't you agree, Kurt?"

Kurt finished making his coffee and crossed the kitchen to sit next to Blaine. He took one of Blaine's hands into his own. "Blaine? Is that okay? Would you come home with me for Christmas?"

Blaine looked into Kurt's eyes and felt like he could see into forever. No matter how insignificant and unloved his parents made him feel, Blaine could look at Kurt and know he wasn't alone. Not anymore. He smiled a little tremulously and said, "If you all will have me, I would love to come."

Kurt's smile was blinding as he leaned forward to rest his forehead against Blaine's. Carol sniffled a bit before saying, "Well, then, that's settled. Plan on being here, Blaine. Do we need to speak to your parents or get permission or anything?"

Blaine rubbed his nose against Kurt's quickly before answering, "No, ma'am, I don't think it will be necessary." It went unspoken but was understood that they more than likely would not care either way, unless you counted the fact that it was at his *boyfriend's* house. But Blaine figured that what they didn't know would certainly not hurt them. It wasn't like they would be in contact with him or anything.

"Sweetie, I would like it very much if you would call me Carol. That is, if you are comfortable doing so," she gave him a warm smile.

Blaine felt that fullness sensation in his heart again as he smiled shyly at Carol. Finn was grinning widely at him.

"Blaine, dude, this will be awesome! Kurt and Mom are gonna bake a ton of goodies and we'll have hot chocolate and egg nog and wassail, oh, and maybe you guys will go caroling with me and the rest of Glee?"

Kurt was back at the counter, making his breakfast. He had spread peanut butter on a slice of whole grain bread and topped it with slices of banana. He had drizzled honey over that and was sprinkling it with cinnamon while Finn chatted excitedly. "You guys are going caroling?"

"Yeah. Well, kind of. Mr. Schue wants us to go to the hospital and sing in the children's wing and some other parts of the hospital before going to the nursing home and assisted livings," Finn said.

Kurt looked impressed. "Blaine, we should talk to the Council and see if they would be interested in something like that. I bet that would look good for the community works portion they are always talking about."



Blaine nodded. "It's a good idea. We are performing at the Christmas Spectacular, so we would have to make sure it didn't interfere with that, but I would imagine they would be pretty interested. Can we let you know?"

Finn swallowed the food he was chewing and said, "No problem, dude. We would love to have Kurt back even if it's only for a little while, and I bet everyone will be stoked to have you sing with us."

Kurt had sat down next to Blaine to eat and was chewing thoughtfully. "I think Wes said this week we will decide which songs we will perform at the Christmas deal. We can mention it then."

For Blaine, the weekend at Kurt's was nothing short of amazing. He was not used to a household with so much warmth and love. Burt and Carol were so obvious in how they cared for each other, and they were open and affectionate with Kurt and Finn as well, with Blaine being very quickly included. It was quickly apparent that members of New Directions felt comfortable coming to the Hudmel house, as it was affectionately known. Puck showed up that evening to hang out with Finn, and Kurt had been visited by Mercedes and Tina, and then later by Santana and Brittany. Quinn had called the house and Mike, Sam and Artie had also swung by on their way to the mall. Kurt had even had a brief and semi polite conversation with Rachel.

Later that night, Blaine and Kurt lay cuddled together in Kurt's bed. The door was open slightly as per Burt's requirement, and they were watching Clerks. Blaine decided that Wes was right, Kurt was one of the best people *ever* to watch a movie with. Every time Kurt laid his head on Blaine's shoulder and whined, "I'm not even supposed to *be* here!" Blaine cracked up.

As the movie came towards the end, Blaine found himself laying partially on Kurt's chest with Kurt's arm around him. He listened to the steady sound of Kurt's heartbeat and sighed in contentment when he felt Kurt nestle his chin into the curls on top of his head. He started running his hand gently up and down Kurt's chest, nuzzling his face in it while teasing the nipples.

Kurt shivered and leaned back slightly to look at Blaine with one eyebrow raised. "Are you trying to tell me something here, Blaine?"

Blaine grinned mischievously at him and leaned up to give him a kiss that was teasingly quick. "Oh, you know, just that I love you and I love being here with you." He sat up and got off the bed, sashaying dramatically towards the door as if to walk out.

"Now just hold on a sec," Kurt said, moving quickly to block the way. "You don't go doing things like that and then just go to walk away!" He narrowed his eyes when he saw how Blaine's eyes twinkled as he held in laughter and said, "Oh, okay, I see how it is. Go on, then, go tend to whatever business you have outside of my room. I will stay here. All by my lonesome." He grabbed his vanilla lip balm, knowing it was Blaine's favorite, and slowly and teasingly applied a layer of it. He rubbed his lips together, never taking his eyes off of Blaine.

Blaine was focused on Kurt's mouth now. Being a tease was no longer seeming like such a good idea with Kurt turning on the sexy.

Kurt smirked at Blaine and said, "Tease me like that, will you? Get me all worked up and then try to walk out on me?"

*Uh oh.* Blaine knew that tone. Before he could move, Kurt caught him up in his arms and tossed him onto the bed. In a flash, Kurt was straddling him so that his arms were trapped and was tickling his sides unmercifully.

Blaine was laughing under Kurt, thrashing wildly and trying to escape. "*Kurt!* Kurt, I'm sorry, stop it, *stop it!* I promise not to do it again, just cut it out!" He was laughing so hard he could hardly breathe.

Kurt laughingly stopped his tickling of Blaine and moved slightly so that Blaine could free his hands. Blaine made no move to free himself, preferring instead to stay where he was, laying on his back with Kurt sitting on him. He smiled up at Kurt, putting his hands on Kurt's firm thighs and rubbing them up and down. Kurt caught both of Blaine's hands in his and pushed them back above his head, pinning them there. Kurt leaned down, tantalizingly close so that Blaine could smell the yummy vanilla scent of the lip balm he had just used.

"Tease," Kurt whispered before lightly kissing Blaine with barely there kisses, almost just brushing their lips together rather than actually kissing. He spent several breathtaking moments doing this until Blaine was sure his brain would simply short circuit altogether because he was slowly going insane. It was the best kind of torture. It got even better when Kurt finally gave in and pressed closer for a proper kiss that involved tongues and teeth and spit. Both boys realized at almost the exact same moment that the angle Kurt was in while holding Blaine's hands captive had arranged it so that their crotches were perfectly aligned to brush against each other in an oh, so pleasant way. Kurt moved himself lightly and teasingly with slight pressure that was definitely just enough to push Blaine over the brink of insanity.

Managing to catch Kurt off guard, Blaine twisted his hips and thrust up at the same time while loosening his hands from Kurt's easy grasp. He flipped their position so that Kurt was now on his back with Blaine nestled snugly between his thighs.

"Hmmm, I think I like this," Blaine said, grinning mischievously at a somewhat disconcerted Kurt who actually looked a bit surprised to find himself where he was. He forgot all about it when Blaine combined a heady kiss with a slow grind of his hips, causing Kurt to wrap his legs around Blaine's waist and tighten them. A groan of approval escaped Blaine but was captured by Kurt's mouth.

"Shhhh, remember that the door is open and everyone is home. In fact, we probably need to stop this and cool down a bit," Kurt said, reluctantly pulling both of them back to reality.

Blaine fell to Kurt's side, trying unsuccessfully not to pout. He reached down to adjust himself in his jeans and took small comfort in noticing that Kurt was doing the same. At least he wasn't by himself in the feeling just a bit unfulfilled at the moment.

For his part Kurt was remembering his father's words about sexual intimacy and all it entailed and how once you started you wanted to keep doing it. Truer words had never been spoken. He was a jumble of feelings at the moment. He was most definitely turned on. He wished his family was elsewhere and felt a little guilty about that. He saw Blaine having to rearrange himself and was torn between wanting to be the one adjusting Blaine and wanting to hide his head under the pillow to shut everything out. Kurt sighed to himself. He missed home, sometimes so much it hurt, but there was something to be said about the dorm rooms of Dalton and the privacy they afforded. He looked apologetically at Blaine. They looked at each other for a moment and then Blaine started to laugh. Kurt looked at him like he had lost his mind for a moment, and then he, too started laughing. They laughed together until their sides hurt. Finally, they calmed, only to look at each other and lose it again.

Kurt shook his head and said, "We are pretty much hopeless, I think. Shall we watch another movie? I think Finn has The Hangover!"

Blaine wiped his eyes since he had laughed hard enough to bring tears. Laughter was a beautiful thing, especially when it was with someone so important and loved by him. He smiled brightly at Kurt. "That sounds great."

Kurt got the movie and put it in his DVD player. They settled back on Kurt's bed and cuddled together again. Kurt wrapped his arms around Blaine tightly and whispered, "Love you, sweetheart."

Blaine whispered, "Love you, too." Sure, it kind of sucked that their makeout session had been cut sadly short and hadn't really gone too far, but there was more to their relationship than just the physical part. Laying there with Kurt, watching movies and laughing together, was one of the best feelings in the world. He was surrounded by Kurt's warmth and his scent. And he was in a house where he felt safe, accepted, and loved. At that moment, Blaine knew there was no where else on earth he would rather be.

## Chapter Thirty-Eight

Blaine sighed in contentment. He was laying on Kurt's couch with his head in Kurt's lap. Kurt was playing gently with his hair in soft movements designed to make him feel coddled and treasured, though Kurt definitely knew how to tug his curls just right to drive him insane with lust, too. They were watching Up with Burt and Carol. Blaine had seen it in the theater, but he was pretty sure it was even better this time, being in the company of the boy he loved and that boy's parents, who had done more to make him feel loved and accepted than his own parents had in a very long time.

"As soon as this is over, Blaine, we need to get ourselves packed and ready to go back to Dalton," Kurt said in a low voice.

Blaine shifted and turned so he could wrap his arms around Kurt's waist and bury his face in his tummy. He breathed deep of Kurt's scent that always made his heart beat quicken and relished the warmth of their contact. "Mmmmmm, don't wanna. Don't wanna go back to school. Wanna stay here with you forever and ever."

Kurt laughed softly and leaned down so that only Blaine could hear him. "But at Dalton, we have the privacy of our dorm rooms to play in," he whispered.

Blaine made a humming noise that was a mix between agreement and a thinly veiled moan. Kurt was right. Dalton most definitely *was* more private. Like really private. Like they should forego the rest of the movie to get ready quick and go *now* so they could explore just how private Dalton was. Yeah, that was an *excellent* idea. He looked up at Kurt, his eyes hot. "So maybe we should go ahead and get ready to go so we can get back before the sun goes down."

Kurt snorted, both because he could see right through Blaine's suggestion and because he never had trouble driving in the dark. However, Burt had heard Blaine and was nodding in agreement.

"I kind of like that idea, Kurt. You two at school before it is dark out. I know you don't have any troubles night driving, but other people do. We'll miss you, kid, but when this ends you should probably do what you need to do to get ready and get on the road," Burt said.

So, when the movie ended, Kurt got up off the couch and pulled Blaine up as well. Hand in hand, they walked up to Kurt's room. They each got their bags and put them on the bed. Kurt plugged his iPod into

the speakers and started singing along. Blaine listened for a moment before realization hit him. He started laughing.

"Josh Gracin, Kurt? Really?"

Kurt pretended to be offended. "What? He's hot, nothing you say will convince me otherwise. Besides, not like *you* didn't know who it was either. And I *like* this song, it's a good song!"

He started singing along again, this time pressing Blaine down so that he was sitting on the bed. He continued to sing while dancing in front of Blaine, holding him in place by the shoulders.

**Tell me what you need**

**I don't care if they see**

**Let them watch if they want to, yeah**

**Show me what to do**

**I know you feel it too**

**Don't wait till the moment's gone, yeah**

**You've got my attention**

**You know my intentions**

**I'm tired of hiding this feeling inside**

**Tell me you want me**

**Cause I know, I don't want anybody else**

**Don't hold back, just relax**

**Take it slow**

**Starting now, we've got a long way to go**

**We've got a long way to go**

Blaine grinned delightedly, very much enjoying the show. "Mmmm, maybe you're right. In fact, this might be my new favorite song. It may just be the best song ever in the history of songs." He placed his hands on Kurt's swaying hips and danced along in his seat on the bed.

Kurt giggled and bent down to rub his nose against Blaine's, both of them closing their eyes. "You're so silly. I love it when you're silly."

Blaine opened his eyes to look into Kurt's adoring gaze. "And I love you," he whispered.

Kurt's eyes and nose crinkled in that adorable way that smiling caused. "I love you, too. Let's get finished and go to school. You wanna kick David out of your dorm, or should I kick Wes out of mine?"

---

"You know, Blaine, I sometimes think we need to limit the amount of playtime Kurt and Wes have together," David said as he watched said two entertaining the Warblers at the end of practice with a spirited rendition of Jizz In My Pants, complete with Jeff and Nick making comical 'O' faces in accompaniment.

Blaine raised an eyebrow and looked at David. "So what do you suggest? Are you saying you will keep Wes occupied some other way and I can have Kurt to myself in one of our rooms? Because I gotta tell you, if that is your idea I will go on record right now as saying I approve and am on board completely."

David grinned at him. "Wow. You don't have to look so hopeful, B. If you two wanna get your freak on at any point, you know all you gotta do is say so. Wes is totally gonna look the other way anyway, you know he is. Besides the fact that Kurt is practically his spirit animal, that last batch of cookies Kurt made for him bought his affections for sure."

Blaine smiled dreamily in remembrance. "Yeah, those cookies were fucking awesome. I never knew I *needed* chocolate truffle cookies before, but just, wow."

David looked disgruntled. "It seems wrong that you and Wes get your own batches and the rest of us get to share with each other. I need to try harder to get on Kurt's good side. Or in his pants."

Blaine laughed and said, "Well, Wes is his roommate and movie buddy, plus as you mentioned, he is getting paid off, so to speak. I am his boyfriend, which merits extra privileges such as cookies, kisses, cuddles, and telling you to stay away from his pants."

David shook his head with mock sadness. "First you won't share your cookies, now you won't share your boyfriend. You share with Wes, I thought you liked me better than Wes!"

Blaine was full on belly laughing at this point. "God, David, you are killing me here! I have no say where Wes is concerned, that is all up to Kurt. Heaven forbid I try to *ever* tell Kurt what to do, he might just melt

my brain with those eyes of his. Believe me, if I thought I could get away with locking him away for me only I would give it some very serious thought. And as for sharing my boyfriend, I didn't know you were interested. Are you trying to tell me you have the hots for my boyfriend? Because I gotta tell you, first off, I am hurt you never tried to get into *my* pants or anything. Next, I have found that I am just a bit jealous and possessive where Kurt is concerned and don't particularly like to share, so no. Just, no. But finally, does Karen know?"

David grinned at the mention of his current flame. "Who needs you when I have Karen anyway? I suddenly feel a lot better. No, no, I have no designs on either you or Kurt, though you are both good looking dudes, and I am sure quite sexy and all that. But cookies, Blaine! *Chocolate truffle cookies!*"

Blaine smirked at David and said, "Well, play your cards right and maybe I will put in a good word for you with Kurt next time we are alone."

David widened his eyes and said, "A good word? But B, didn't you mother teach you it's rude to talk with your mouth full?" He laughed when Blaine's jaw dropped and his face turned a bright red.

"David! Oh, my God! I can't believe you just said that!" sputtered Blaine.

"Said what?" asked Kurt as he and Wes joined them.

"N-nothing. Nothing worth repeating. Don't worry about it," Blaine said, still sputtering and becoming more flustered.

Kurt looked from Blaine's red cheeks to David's unrepentant grin and sighed. "I probably don't want to know anyway. In fact, I am probably better off *not* knowing."

Wes grinned widely. "Damn, D, I don't know what you said to our boy B, but his cheeks match the piping on he blazer. Kudos, man! Way to go!" He high fived David enthusiastically, both of them snickering.

Blaine ducked his head and groaned. "Okay, I need you to remind me yet again why I insist on being friends with the two of you?" He heard Kurt's unmistakeable giggle and raised his head sharply to shoot Kurt a wounded glance. "Et tu, Kurt?"

Kurt tried to look apologetic but failed magnificently as he couldn't control his laughter. "Blaine, baby, I am so sorry, but you are just so freaking adorable when you are embarrassed and blushing like that. I just



can't help it!" Then he leaned forward and whispered, "Of course, I prefer it when your cheeks are red because of the way I touch you or move my mouth on you."

Blaine bit back a sound that would have without a doubt given away the subject matter of Kurt's whisper and likely traumatized Wes and David. Fortunately, they were not looking at him but at Kurt while they talked about the upcoming Christmas performance. Blaine shot Kurt a look that most certainly promised retribution, which was met with twinkling eyes and a naughty grin from Kurt.

"So, are you guys *sure* you don't mind singing Baby It's Cold Outside? Because we can change it, no problems, if it bothers you," David was saying earnestly. Part of today's Warbler practice had been dedicated to song selection for the upcoming holiday extravaganza. The council had determined that a duet would show their versatility and range and pairing Kurt and Blaine was a given.

Wes was nodding seriously. "Yeah, Kurt, we don't want you thinking we find your voice womanly or fem or anything. No offense was meant, you know?"

Kurt waved them off with a slight gesture. "Please, guys. I am excited to be performing this! In New Directions I usually sang more comfortably with the girls a lot of the times anyway. Besides," he added with a sniff of superiority, "who else could possibly do it any justice? I bet I will sing it better than a girl would. I would say I was more concerned about people's reaction to two boys singing it."

David said, "I rather doubt you will have much to worry about with this particular crowd, Kurt. This is a holiday extravaganza put on by a Dalton alum. It is a charity event where people dress in their high society finest and pay obscenely extravagant prices for entry and per plate. These are wealthy high rollers who fancy themselves as far more open minded and of superior intellect to the unwashed masses. They will probably give you a standing ovation and curtain call so they can tell all their friends how free thinking and tolerant they are, whether they agree or not."

Wes agreed, "Exactly. They will most likely eat this shit up, seriously. Our alum will probably salivate over it."

Kurt looked a little skeptical, but shrugged. "Okay, if you say so. Anyway, I will see you in our room soon, Wes. I am gonna walk Blaine to his room. David, I promise it won't be a long goodbye, I have to read about Charlemagne." He grimaced. "Ugh, just shoot me now."

Blaine took his hand and squeezed it. "Now, Kurt, let's not do anything drastic. Let's get going so we can say a proper goodbye before David shows up and catches us kissing or something, possibly ending up in therapy."

They gathered their things and left the music room, waving at Wes and David as they did so. Once they were out of earshot and alone in the hallway, Blaine whirled to face Kurt. "Holy crap, Kurt, you can't say things to me like that when I can't do anything about it! The last thing I want to do is pop a boner with our friends around!"

Kurt put an innocent look on. "I don't know what you are talking about, Blaine."

Blaine smirked at him, leaning against his dorm room door. "Oh. I see how it is. Okay, Kurt, but remember, I know how to play, too. Now, come here and kiss me so you can expand your mind with the intricacies of Charlemagne."

---

Kurt felt his phone buzz in his pocket and somehow managed not to slam his head face first into the desk or take the damn thing out of his pocket and fling it into the nearest wall. Blaine was driving him insane.

Apparently Blaine was serious when he said he could play the game, too. Everything had been normal at breakfast, but since then Kurt's phone had been going off all morning with text messages designed to melt his brain.

***I love how your ass looks in those pants today. I bet it would look even better without them.***

***Your neck is gorgeous. I want to lick it and put my mark on you again.***

***I can't wait to spend time alone with you, worshipping your body.***

***I love you.***

***I want you.***

***I need you.***

***I can't wait to have your cock in my mouth again.***

It was this last text that had Kurt ready to scream in frustration. Or cry. Possibly both. He was going to kill Blaine. First he was going to kiss him until both their toes curled, then he was going to make sure Blaine was a man of his word, and then if he had any strength left or could remember why he was mad in the first place, he would kill Blaine.

With a mixed sense of anticipation and dread, Kurt pulled his phone out, being careful not to be seen by the teacher.

***Track practice after classes. Meet you in the library around 6:30-ish?***

Kurt blinked and then read the message again, feeling confused. What the fuck? That was *it*? All day, all the teasing, all the mindfuckery, and now just ever so casual Oh, yeah, track practice, la la la, see you at the fucking *library*?

Kurt was pissed. He had been in a state of perpetual sexual frustration all fucking day thanks to his boyfriend's meanness, holding his messenger bag just so to hide from fucking *everyone* that he was half hard most of the day, just to go to the library? Not even one of their dorms?

*Fine.*

When Kurt got to the library he went directly upstairs and towards the back, near where the old card catalog was still kept (only as a backup, of course a prestigious school such as Dalton had the very latest in computerized stacks), along with the legal section that hardly anyone ever used. This area was almost always mostly deserted and quiet. No, of *course* he wasn't deliberately going where it would take Blaine a while to find him because this was totally not their normal library spot. Or that if an argument started it would probably not be overheard, at least at first. Kurt found a table and unpacked his things, determined to finish reading this chapter on Charlemagne if it killed him.

When Blaine finally approached the table around a quarter to seven, Kurt pretended to be completely absorbed in his studies. He mentally scolded himself when his stomach tightened at the sight of Blaine, who was smiling brightly at him. He had obviously showered after practice because Kurt could see some damp spots on his shirt. But the thing that had Kurt nearly swallowing his tongue was that Blaine hadn't gelled his hair and it was an adorable mass of damp curls. He wasn't sure which he wanted to do more,

throw himself down the stairs or throw Blaine down on the table and suck his cock until he could no longer speak the English language coherently. His fingers tightened on the book he was holding but no longer reading.

"Hi," Blaine said, putting his things down and sitting down across from Kurt. "I thought maybe for a minute you weren't here. It took me a few minutes to find you."

Kurt hummed nonchalantly, pretending to be utterly absorbed by his studies. He stared at his book, sure he read the same sentence a hundred times while Blaine settled down with his own book in front of him. Kurt felt almost disappointed. Didn't Blaine realize he was in trouble and that Kurt was *furious* with him?

Kurt was so lost in his own thoughts that he nearly jumped out of his skin when he felt Blaine's foot slide slowly up his calf and back down again. Holy shit, when had Blaine taken his shoes off? Kurt squirmed in his chair a bit and cleared his throat before resettling his book in front of him. There was a moment and then he felt Blaine's foot slide against him again. He looked up slightly, giving Blaine a warning look. His boyfriend was holding a book like he was reading, but Kurt could see the mischievous grin tugging at his sensual lips. Kurt's own lips tightened and he went back to his book.

When Blaine's foot slid neatly between his thighs to tease at his crotch, Kurt nearly choked on the gasping noise he made. He threw his book to the side and hissed, "*Blaine!*"

When Blaine looked up at him, his eyes dark and wide, Kurt decided that throwing himself down the stairs should have been his choice because Blaine was killing him. He was breathing hard and he just knew his face was pink because he could feel the heat in his cheeks.

"*God*, Kurt, I love that I can make you look so fucking *wrecked*," Blaine practically growled. He looked quickly around them. When he spotted a cubicle style study desk, he jumped up and quickly packed his books away. "Hurry, Kurt, get your stuff. We're moving."

"We are? But why?" Kurt asked, head spinning in both confusion and arousal.

"Just come on!" Blaine said, urging him to hurry. He quickly put his things on one side of the desk and encouraged Kurt to do the same on the other side. He looked at the desk again. It had high sides that went down to the floor but was open between the two desk sides. *Perfect.*

"Kurt, sit down. And then slide forward so you look like you are just sitting here studying," Blaine said, motioning to the chair.

Kurt stared at Blaine, feeling dazed. "What are you talking about Blaine? What are you doing?" he asked as he sat down in the chair and tried to comply.

Blaine didn't answer as he walked to the opposite side and dropped down out of Kurt's sight. Kurt's brows knitted in confusion until he felt hands grab his thighs in a strong grip, nearly causing him to shriek in surprise. He looked down under the desk in shock.

"Blaine! What in God's green universe are you doing?" Kurt asked, looking around quickly to make sure no one was around.

Blaine gave Kurt a naughty wink followed by him licking his lips in an absolutely filthy way that made Kurt want to whimper out loud. "I believe I told you I wanted your cock in my mouth again," he whispered, causing Kurt to shudder.

Kurt felt like the room was spinning around him. No, *no*, there was absolutely *no way* he was going to allow this to happen here, in the school *library*, of *all places*, and wait, hold on, how did Blaine already have his trousers opened to mouth hotly at his hard dick and oh, *holy fuck*, that felt good. "*Blaine*," Kurt said in a tone that came out more as a whine than a protest.

Kurt felt his briefs being lowered, shivering at both the cooler sensation of air hitting him, and anticipation. When he felt Blaine's warm, soft lips moving teasingly up and down his hard cock it was all he could do not to toss his head back and moan out loud. He could feel Blaine's tongue licking at him in short, quick licks before circling around the head.

"Oh, my dear sweet Lord," whispered Kurt, eyes closing when he felt the moist heat of Blaine's mouth take him in. He tightened his hands on the sides of the desk and fought the urge to thrust upward into the blissful heaven of Blaine's sucking mouth and swirling tongue. He could not believe he was doing this, getting head in the library, which was still open and occupied. His stomach gave an excited lurch at the danger of it all and he reached one hand under the desk to fist at Blaine's still damp curls. He gave Blaine a moment to adjust before pushing him down so that his cock went even further, hitting the back of Blaine's throat.

"Jesus, *fuck*," Kurt swore as Blaine moved his head quicker and continued to take Kurt deep. This was going to be the shortest blow job in history.

"Hey, Kurt!"

Kurt nearly froze when he heard his name being called. He looked under the desk, panicked. Blaine just winked at him again and continued what he was doing. Kurt gulped and adjusted himself in the chair so that his lap wasn't visible to the observation. He tried to plaster a smile on his face when Trent approached him, sure it looked either fake or pained.

"Hi, Trent," Kurt said, choking slightly when he felt Blaine tongue the head of his cock again before sliding deep once more.

"Have you seen Blaine? I thought he was going to meet you here tonight," Trent said, obviously ignorant of not only Blaine's presence but how very much he was meeting Kurt at that moment.

Kurt sucked in a ragged breath, striving desperately to appear normal. "Y-yeah, he'll be here," he said, wishing Trent to the bottom of the ocean or on the moon or maybe the rings of Saturn, anywhere but right here right now because his balls were starting to tighten and if he came there would be no way Trent wouldn't figure out exactly what was going on.

"Are you okay?" Trent asked, eyeing Kurt's flushed face. "Do you want me to grab you a soda or anything?"

"N-no, I'm fine. I can-*ummph*, I can tell him you were looking for him," Kurt said, glancing under the desk at his evil boyfriend. Blaine looked utterly debauched. His curls were messy from Kurt's hands, his cheeks were pink and his lips were reddened and shiny with spit. And *God*, did they look and feel amazing stretched around his cock right then. Kurt realized Blaine was even more excited by the fact they were doing this with Trent standing not three feet away, none the wiser. He fought the urge to tell Trent to get lost unless he wanted to learn way more about Kurt and Blaine than he ever wanted to. He closed his eyes briefly before forcing himself to look back at Trent, who was chattering on, completely clueless.

"...so I don't want to keep you from your studies, if you will just let Blaine know I have a couple of questions about that assignment, I would appreciate it. See you later, Kurt," Trent said, before waving and mercifully leaving so that Kurt and Blaine were once again alone.

Kurt gritted his teeth. "Blaine, I swear to you I will-*ohhhhh*," he moaned softly, tossing his head back when Blaine did something amazing and took him in his mouth completely, swallowing around him. That was all it took. He had been half hard all day anyway and the sight of Blaine's sexy mouth wrapped around his dick to the hilt combined with the movement was more than Kurt could take. His hips jerked and he felt the hot sizzle run through him as he came hard, holding both hands over his mouth to hold in the sounds he felt bubbling up in his throat.

Blaine kept his mouth on Kurt, making sure not to let anything make a mess, laving him with his tongue even as he started softening. He ignored the sticky warmth in his own pants, feeling ridiculously pleased with himself for being able to not only convince Kurt to let him do this here, but for obviously being able to pleasure him. And *fucking hell*, but who knew that nearly getting caught would be such a huge turn on?

Kurt managed to get his briefs and pants righted and his belt buckled before he slid bonelessly out of the chair to the floor next to Blaine. He crawled under the desk to wrap his arms around Blaine, pressing his face into his sweaty neck and still panting.

When Blaine felt Kurt's lips press against his neck, he chuckled lightly. "Does this mean I am forgiven?"

Kurt hummed against Blaine's damp skin, licking at it and smiling at the shiver he got in return. "Oh, *I* am furious with you. My cock, however, thinks you are pretty much a god at this moment. Lucky for you, I am, in typical boy fashion, thinking with the little head instead of the big one right now."

They stayed there, under the desk for a few minutes just holding each other and catching their breath. When the librarian came over the speaker system announcing that the library would be closing in five minutes, Kurt stirred and moved to crawl out from under the desk. "Come on, Blaine, let's get you to your dorm so you can change. We do actually need to study some, too, you know."

Blaine crawled out behind Kurt, stretching after being in a cramped position for so long. "Okay, sounds good."

Kurt gathered his things together and held a hand out to Blaine to leave. He smiled impishly and said, "So shall we see which head does the most thinking when we get to your room?" He laughed as Blaine grabbed his hand tightly and practically dragged him from the library.

## Chapter Thirty-Nine

Kurt smiled slightly to himself as he doodled in his notebook. He was waiting in the music room for Blaine to meet him so they could practice their Christmas duet. Humming to himself, he surveyed his handiwork. *Blaine + Kurt* was written neatly in red ink inside a large red heart. Kurt smiled happily, thinking how he had only a few short months ago despaired of ever finding someone to love that would love him in return.

A knocking on the open door startled Kurt from his thoughts. A surprised look crossed his face before a smile took its place when he saw who it was.

"Mr. Schue! What are you doing here?" Kurt asked, standing up and crossing the room to hug his former teacher.

"Hi, Kurt. It's so good to see you!" Will Schuester said, smiling widely as he returned Kurt's embrace. He saw the notebook in Kurt's hand and his eyes widened slightly when he saw the heart doodle. He gestured to it. "Someone special, I take it?"

Kurt grinned, even though he felt his cheeks pinken. "Very special. Boyfriend, to be exact," he said, feeling a pleasant satisfaction in the surprised look on Will's face. "Progress, right?"

Will smiled fondly at Kurt. "I'm glad for you, Kurt. You deserve happiness. So listen, I wanted to ask you a favor. We have a faculty Secret Santa and wouldn't you just know I got Sue?"

---

Blaine could hear voices coming from the music room as he approached. He recognized Kurt, but who was the other person? He peeked inside and saw Kurt talking to a man that he finally recognized as Kurt's former Glee club teacher. What was he doing here?

"We miss you in New Directions, Kurt. It isn't the same without you," the man was saying. Kurt smiled wistfully, causing Blaine's stomach to twist and his fists to clench slightly. New Directions wanted Kurt back! Crap. Was the teacher here to try to get Kurt to come back to McKinley? No. Just, *no*. Kurt was a Warbler now, he was Dalton's. More importantly, he was *Blaine's* and he was happy here. Wasn't he?



"Of course it isn't, Mr. Schue. It's rather too bad you didn't realize that before I left, huh?" Kurt replied airily, smiling slightly to lessen the sting of his words. "The Warblers are really good guys. They are really talented, and even though it is different from what I was used to with New Directions, I am excited about performing with them. Plus, they like and appreciate my voice and try to feature me a lot. That's something I never got at McKinley. I've made really good friends, and my boyfriend is lead soloist. I miss the New Directions, but I'm a Warbler now."

Will inclined his head a bit. "Well, I'm glad to know you're happy, Kurt. That's what is really important."

Blaine had breathed a small sigh of relief at Kurt's words and decided he should make his presence known. He plastered on his best charming-the-adults smile and walked into the music room. His heart gave a little leap when Kurt's eyes lit up at the sight of him and he reached out to take the hand that Kurt held out to him.

Kurt pulled Blaine close to him and brushed his lips softly against Blaine's before turning to Will. Putting his arm around Blaine's waist, he smiled widely and said, "Blaine, this is Mr. Will Schuester, leader of New Directions, my old Glee club at McKinley. Mr. Schue, meet Blaine Anderson, my boyfriend and lead soloist of the Dalton Academy Warblers."

Blaine hadn't missed that Kurt called him his boyfriend before mentioning his role in the Warblers, making that the prime introduction. It made him want to curl up and purr, and the happiness he felt made his eyes twinkle as he reached out to shake Will's hand.

"Pleasure meeting you, Sir," Blaine said politely.

"The pleasure is mine, Blaine. I understand you are quite the singer. We look forward to seeing you boys in action at Sectionals in just a few weeks," Will said, smiling.

"Thank you. We're excited about it. This will be our first competition in many years with a countertenor voice part. Kurt has been a really integral part of the Warblers and we are lucky to have him," Blaine couldn't resist saying to the man he knew had not given Kurt the true chance to shine while he was a part of his group. He felt Kurt's arm tighten on his waist slightly and smiled benignly at Will.

Will nodded his head and said, "Yes, you are. Anyway, boys, I need to go now. Thanks for the advice, Kurt. Sue always did like you, you know. Still calls you Sweet Porcelain and all that."

Kurt gave Blaine a warning look when he snorted at the nickname the Cheerios coach had bestowed on him. He waved at Will and said, "We need to start practicing for our duet we are performing at the Christmas extravaganza we've been invited to perform at anyway. Did Finn happen to mention us all getting together and caroling? Some of the days you guys have planned coincide with practices, so we can't go, but there is one day that we are free, and the Council seemed interested."

"Yes, and I think it's a great idea. We will get the final details ironed out and let you guys know something soon, okay?" said Will as he put his hat and gloves back on. He waved at them both as he walked out.

Blaine turned so he could wrap his arms around Kurt's waist and squeezed him tightly. He pressed his lips against Kurt's, nibbling gently on the lower lip until Kurt parted his lips and allowed Blaine's tongue to enter. They kissed like this for several heartbeats, tongues moving together in harmony with each other before Blaine finally leaned back, breathless.

"Hi," Blaine said, trying to catch his breath and smiling at Kurt.

"Hi yourself," Kurt said, his own chest rising and falling a bit more rapidly than before. "Not that I'm complaining, but where did that come from?"

Blaine didn't want to admit how insecure he felt sometimes, but he felt he had to be honest with Kurt. "I don't always need a reason to kiss my boyfriend. But I got here in time to hear your teacher telling you that you were missed at your old school and it made me nervous that you weren't happy here. But you said you were happy here, and it made me happy to hear you say it."

"Of course I'm happy here. I'm being challenged academically, I'm part of a talented singing group, and I have this amazing boyfriend, maybe you've heard?" Kurt teased him gently. He went to run his fingers into Blaine's hair and sighed. "Blaine. We've got to do something about this gel."

Blaine grinned abashedly and said, "Yeah I know. Old habits and stuff. You ready to practice now?" At Kurt's nod, he walked over to the cd player on the table and hit play. The opening notes of Baby, It's Cold Outside sounded. Blaine started dancing along, spinning and gesturing to Kurt to cue him in.

Kurt's voice chimed in, sounding pure and lyrical, and Blaine's joined in, lower and harmonious. Their eyes met and they danced around the room, shamelessly flirting as they did. Kurt stayed a few steps away from Blaine, playing the hard to get part to the hilt. Blaine's eyes sparkled as he chased Kurt around the

room, pointedly looking at Kurt's lips and bringing their hands oh, so close before pulling back. Kurt danced away before teasingly dancing back, the two spinning around each other but making no contact. They sat on opposite couches, still singing along. Kurt teasingly got up and moved when Blaine sang the line about eyes like starlight, prompting Blaine to jump up and follow him.

Kurt sat primly on the back of the couch, trying to hide his smile as Blaine playfully sidled up to him. Still teasing, he moved to the piano bench and sat, eyes widening slightly when Blaine came over and reached behind him to play along with the music on the cd. He hadn't known Blaine could play. Getting back into his character performance, he got up and pranced across the room. Blaine was right behind him, standing in front of him by the fireplace. Kurt walked away, teasing running his fingers down Blaine's blazer sleeve, causing Blaine to close his eyes while he mentally agreed with the truth of thrilling to touch and giving those lines a little more desperation.

Blaine turned to follow Kurt, who now had the couch between them as his eyes twinkled flirtatiously at him. Blaine got on the couch on his knees, pointedly staring hungrily at Kurt's lips. When Kurt's smile grew wider as he sang, Blaine knew he had made his point. As Kurt came around the edge of the couch, Blaine gestured for him to sit. Kurt made a demurring gesture for Blaine to sit first, making Blaine gesture more firmly. They collapsed on the couch next to each other, sitting close and belting out the final notes of the song. When it was over, they laughed together, smiling delightedly at each other. Then something flashed in Kurt's eyes and he made a quick movement to straddle Blaine's lap, grabbing his hands and pinning them to the back of the couch on either side of his head.

"How come I am just now finding out you play piano, Blaine?" demanded Kurt, letting his lips poke out in the pout he knew Blaine loved.

Blaine laughed under his breath as he tried to move his hands, finally stopping when his movements only caused Kurt's hold to tighten. He looked at Kurt, surprise evident on his face. "Are you mad? It never came up and I just never thought about it really. I've played for years. My parents made me take lessons when I was a kid and I ended up enjoying it. I just don't get to do it much at Dalton, what with my schedule and Warblers being an a Capella group. I wasn't keeping it from you or anything."

Kurt leaned forward and kissed Blaine firmly. When he sat back, he grinned at him. "So cool! Blaine! Play me something!" he demanded, scrambling off Blaine's lap and running over to the piano bench. He sat down and looked at Blaine expectantly.

"But I was comfortable. And by comfortable, I mean with you in my lap and your tongue in my mouth," Blaine grumbled good naturedly as he got up to follow Kurt to the piano. He sat down and looked at Kurt questioningly. "Well, what do you want me to play?"

Kurt waved his hand and said, "I don't know. Surprise me. Play me something you like to play or that you love from childhood."

Blaine thought for a moment and then said, "How about I play you something that makes me think of you?" When Kurt smiled his beautiful smile, Blaine took a deep breath and closed his eyes. Moving his hands into place, he started to play the opening notes, then started singing softly.

*I walked across an empty land  
I knew the pathway like the back of my hand  
I felt the earth beneath my feet  
Sat by the river and it made me complete*

*Oh simple thing, where have you gone?  
I'm getting old and I need something to rely on  
So tell me when you're gonna let me in  
I'm getting tired and I need somewhere to begin*

*I came across a fallen tree  
I felt the branches of it looking at me  
Is this the place we used to love?  
Is this the place that I've been dreaming of?*

*Oh simple thing, where have you gone?  
I'm getting old and I need something to rely on  
So tell me when you're gonna let me in  
I'm getting tired and I need somewhere to begin*

*And if you have a minute, why don't we go  
Talk about it somewhere only we know?  
This could be the end of everything  
So why don't we go somewhere only we know?*

*Somewhere only we know*

*Oh simple thing, where have you gone?*

*I'm getting old and I need something to rely on*

*So tell me when you're gonna let me in*

*I'm getting tired and I need somewhere to begin*

*And if you have a minute, why don't we go*

*Talk about it somewhere only we know?*

*This could be the end of everything*

*So why don't we go? So why don't we go?*

*Oh, this could be the end of everything*

*So why don't we go somewhere only we know?*

*Somewhere only we know*

*Somewhere only we know*

Kurt listened, transfixed as Blaine's voice rose and fell along with his playing. He liked Keane, but hearing Blaine sing this song gave him goosebumps. His eyes grew misty and he had to close them to fight off tears. It was beautiful and he knew that he would always treasure this quiet moment between them. When the song ended, he opened his eyes and looked at Blaine, the two of them temporarily lost in each other.

Blaine exhaled shakily, feeling a little nervous as he turned towards Kurt. "Well? Was that okay?"

Kurt blinked at him. "Okay? Blaine that was *incredible*. I had no idea. Just, wow. I can't even begin to tell you how much I loved that. And your song, oh my God, Blaine. You are just too perfect for me to wrap my brain around sometimes."

Blaine gave a harsh laugh. "Kurt, I'm far from perfect." He was constantly reminded of that with his parents and how they treated him.

"But you're perfect to me," Kurt whispered, covering one of Blaine's hands with his own and leaning towards him. He pressed his lips against Blaine's, softly at first, then more firmly as Blaine raised his hand to hold Kurt's cheek. They broke apart and leaned against each other, foreheads touching.

"We should probably practice some more," Kurt said as he tried to catch his breath.

Blaine smiled cheekily at him. "I thought we were practicing," he said, licking his lips slowly.

Kurt laughed and shook his head. "You are incorrigible, you know. Let's practice our song some more, then we can exercise our mouths in another way, yes?"

Blaine let his lips form a pout before laughing and getting up. "Deal," he said as he crossed the room to start the music over.

---

Later that night, after curfew when Blaine had gone to his own dorm, Kurt lay in his bed. The sheets were slightly mussed, testimony to a very enthusiastic make out session. Wes wasn't in yet, he had had to attend a student prefect meeting before going out on a pre-approved night get together with his parents and wouldn't be back until late. So for the time it was just Kurt, alone with his thoughts.

Kurt snuggled into one of his pillows, smiling at the subtle scent of Blaine. Today had been special, the two of them singing together, which definitely showcased their voices and how extraordinarily well they meshed, and Blaine singing to him while playing the piano. Kurt sighed softly in remembrance, feeling his heart give a little leap. A lazy yet satisfied smile crossed his face as he thought of their time together alone in his room afterward.

Kissing Blaine was one of Kurt's favorite things to do. Blaine's lips were always soft and warm, and he always seemed to taste so good. And Kurt had to admit, that Blaine's mouth had many talents. Whether it was placing kisses all over his body, sucking dark marks on his pale skin, wrapped around his cock and driving him to the brink of insanity, or uttering filthy yet undeniably sexy words in response to what Kurt was doing to him, Blaine's mouth was absolutely one of Kurt's favorite things about him.

And it had always been plenty, more than enough. But now...

Kurt rolled over onto his stomach, breathing in again of his pillow. He bit his lip slightly as he fiddled with the edge of the pillow case. His mind was racing and his heart accelerated with the line of thought his mind was perusing. He needed to talk to someone. Someone he knew would be completely open and honest with him. Grabbing his phone and sliding his thumb across the screen to unlock it, he quickly tapped out a text.

***I need to talk. -K***

Kurt tapped on the screen nervously as he waited for a reply, hoping it wouldn't take too long to get. When his phone buzzed in his hand, he nearly jumped and threw it. Shaking his head in exasperation with himself, Kurt looked at his phone. Seeing it was from Santana, he breathed a sigh of relief. Good, she was available.

***What's wrong? -S***

***Are you by yourself? -K***

***You aren't about to kill me here or anything like in the movies, are you? But yeah, I'm alone. -S***

Kurt chewed his lip some more as he pondered how to say what he needed to say. Deciding being coy was foolish, he opted for a direct approach.

***I want to have sex with my boyfriend. I think I'm ready. -K***

***Wait, what? Really? Like, really really? -S***

***And by sex you mean sex sex, right? Naked, sweaty, filthy penetrative sex, not just blow jobs, right? -S***

***Because, oh, my God, I am seriously about to start sobbing proud mama tears here, no big deal... -S***

***I just knew this day would come. My Sweet Porcelain, all grown up and ready to shred that V card. -S***

***Are you finished? -K***

***Because this is serious and you are making me more nervous. -K***

***Now, now, no need to get your virginal tightie whities in a knot or anything, I'm happy for you! -S***

***I'll have you know I do NOT wear tightie whities. -K***

***You go commando? Wanky! You are kinkier than I thought. -S***

***Or do you do the girl's underwear thing? You know, I always wondered how you avoided underwear lines in your tight jeans. I am impressed. -S***

*I...I honestly have no idea what to say right now. - K*

*You know what, let's start over. Please? Can you help me out here or should I just call Finn? -K*

*What? Ewww, no, you don't want to call Finn. Wrong on several levels. Trust me. Okay, what exactly is it you are wanting me to help you with? I mean, normally as a female I do things a little differently, but I have done anal a couple of times, so is that what you are wanting? -S*

*Okay, honestly, that was maybe a little more than I really wanted to know. I really just wanted someone to talk to about it because I'm nervous but yet I'm excited and you helped me with blow jobs so I just figured you could help me again, and forget it, this is awkward and embarrassing. Can we just forget it ever happened? -K*

*Okay, okay, calm your tits a minute. I'm not trying to deliberately traumatize you here, I just didn't get what you wanted from me. So tell me, what exactly do you want from me? Do you want me to talk you out of it? -S*

*What? No! I want you to tell me what to do. -K*

*Really? Okay. Fine. First thing? Educate yourself. Utilize the internet and its sources but be smart about it. Learn more about the mechanics. Buy lube. Don't be afraid to use it, it is your best friend. Lubricate, lubricate, lubricate. It will make the good things better and make other things easier. Last but not least, talk to your boy. You need to decide who's pitching and who's catching, if you catch my drift. It needs to be a decision you make together, trust me on this, okay? -S*

*Okay. Okay. Is it normal to want this really bad but be scared utterly shitless by it? -K*

*Nah. Just means that no matter what some people might tell you, you're completely normal. -S*

*Okay. Right. I can do this. I love him and I'm ready. Oh, God, I hope I don't screw this up somehow. -K*

*You'll be fine. Take your time and be safe and it'll be great. You guys love each other so it'll mean something, you know? -S*

*Yeah. It will. Santana? -K*



***Yeah? -S***

***Thanks. For everything. -K***

***Just don't let word get around or anything. I have a reputation as a bitch to uphold, you know. -S***

## Chapter Forty

Kurt slept very fitfully that night if he managed to sleep at all, his tummy twisting in a mix of nerves and anticipation. Several times he nearly texted Blaine to go ahead and broach the subject, but no. Something of this magnitude was important enough that only face to face would do. That, and a decent hour.

He felt fairly certain that Blaine would be receptive to the idea of them having sex. Well, at least he *hoped* he would be. But then again, what if he wasn't? What if he thought they weren't ready? Kurt fretted to himself. Maybe Blaine was happy with the way things were and wasn't interested in going further. Maybe frottage, hand jobs and blow jobs were enough for him.

Surely not. Kurt almost giggled, because one thing was for certain, Blaine was every inch the red blooded teenage boy. *Oh, boy, was he.* Besides, if he was willing to go down on Kurt in the school library, chances were likely that he would be open to the idea of going to the next level. Weren't they?

Kurt waffled back and forth about it all night. The decision to have sex wasn't one he took lightly, and it made him nervous enough that he imagined every scenario from Blaine laughing his head off at the idea to him backing away slowly in horror. By the time his hateful alarm went off to wake him for class, he had hardly slept a wink but had finally managed to convince himself that he wouldn't know Blaine's reaction until he actually talked to him, and to for God's sake quit psyching himself out. He spent most of his shower simultaneously congratulating himself on reaching a logical conclusion and scolding himself for taking all night to reach it in the first place.

When Kurt came out of the shower, Wes was already nearly ready and was adjusting his tie. He looked at Kurt's reflection in the mirror and frowned. He turned around and looked Kurt over, taking in his tired eyes and the circles under them.

"You okay? You aren't getting sick, are you?" Wes asked Kurt, wondering if he needed to call Blaine.

"I'm just tired. Didn't sleep well. I'll be okay," Kurt said, trying to hide a yawn as he stared uncomprehendingly into his closet, momentarily forgetting his purpose. Oh, yeah. Uniform. Getting dressed. Class. Kurt rubbed a hand tiredly over his face and tried not to groan. He yawned hard enough that he was sure his jaw cracked and found himself swaying on his feet.

Wes looked up in time to see Kurt stumble where he stood. Shaking his head, he quickly put his blazer on and walked over to Kurt. He grabbed Kurt by the shoulders and turned him around towards the bed, giving him a nudge in that direction.

"Bed. Now. You might not be sick, but no way you make it through classes today. Especially since falling asleep in class is practically a caning offense to some teachers around here. Get you some sleep," Wes ordered, discreetly looking away after tossing Kurt his pajama pants and t-shirt.

Kurt protested, "I can do it, Wes. It's my fault I didn't sleep well. I should try to go to class." His protest was cut short by another yawn.

Wes arched a brow to look at Kurt sternly. "I don't remember asking you if you could do anything. I do, however, remember telling you to go to bed. Come on, Kurt. One day won't kill you. Blaine and I will bring you your assignments and help you if you need. You are acing your classes so it's not like this is a pass or fail situation here. Sleep. And that's Prefect Wes telling you that."

Kurt found out it was hard to give an icy glare when one couldn't stop yawning. He idly wondered if Wes would be this worried about him if he knew the reason Kurt hadn't slept the night before was because he was worrying and thinking about sex and Blaine. *Sex with Blaine. Sex. Blaine.*

"Fine," Kurt huffed, tossing his towel over a chair and pulling on the pajamas and shirt Wes had thrown at him a few moments prior. "If I get in trouble for missing class, I am telling them you forced me."

Wes rolled his eyes. "*There's* dramatic Kurt. I haven't seen him in a while. Everything is fine. You won't get in trouble. Now, shut the fuck up and get in bed. I can't have you getting sick this close to the Christmas performance."

"And the truth comes out," Kurt said, managing not to laugh maniacally as he snuggled back into his bed. Now that he thought of it, his bed *was* awfully warm and comfortable, and his pillows were soft. Plus the one still smelled kind of like Blaine. Why was he arguing with Wes again? He could have already been asleep by now if he had just cooperated from the beginning. He closed his eyes and almost immediately started to drift away. His mind barely registered the knock at the door that signaled Blaine and David arriving. He heard voices and recognized Blaine's, all full of concern. He felt the edge of the bed give as someone sat on his bed and felt a cool hand on his forehead then his face. Forcing his eyes open a bit, he saw Blaine looking at him anxiously.

"Hey," Blaine whispered, rubbing his thumb gently over Kurt's cheek. "You gonna be okay?"

Kurt reached an arm out to wrap around Blaine's waist as best he could from that angle. "I'm fine. Mmmmmmmmm, don't go. Stay. Stay here with me."

"Oh, no. Blaine, you are going to class. I can explain away one of you being absent, but not both of you. Sorry, no can do," Wes said, ignoring Kurt's pout. "Blaine is obviously hale and hearty, where you, Kurt, look like you and Death had a tea party. Sorry, but you get to stay here and sleep and Blaine gets to go to class. He can come here after classes or whatever."

"I'll bring you your assignments, okay? Rest now. I'll be here after classes are through," Blaine said, leaning down to kiss Kurt's cheek.

Kurt's brain finally kicked in when Blaine stood up to leave. Leaning up slightly, he said, "Blaine, wait."

Blaine stopped at the door and turned back to face Kurt. "Yeah?"

Kurt paused nervously for a moment, then pushed ahead. "I need to talk to you about something important today. When you come after school, bring something to change into and we'll talk, okay?"

A small frown creased Blaine's brow slightly, and he hoped he didn't sound too nervous as he said, "Okay, Kurt. I'll see you later on."

Kurt smiled wanly at him and blew him a kiss before flopping bonelessly back onto his pillow and snuggling under the blankets more. Within moments he was asleep.

---

Needless to say, Blaine was more than just a little curious about what Kurt wanted to talk to him about. It had been a bit difficult to concentrate on his classes today, what with Kurt's seat being empty in the classes they shared and at lunch, and with what he had said. Whatever it was must be something pretty important and momentous if it was enough to keep Kurt awake all night, which judging from the looks is exactly what happened. Blaine was dying of curiosity. His initial nervousness wore off quickly once he realized that Kurt wouldn't have asked him to come with casual clothes if it were something bad. He had lost count of the number of times he had looked at the clock today, though, and was almost positive the day had stretched out hours longer than normal.

When the final bell rang, finally signaling the end of the school day, Blaine hurriedly gathered his things together and rushed quickly to his room. He opened his bag to take out the assignments he had gotten to take to Kurt and laid them on the bed where he wouldn't forget them. He went to his dresser and took out a pair of Dalton track sweats and a t-shirt to change into. Deciding he could just as easily change in Kurt's room as his own, he grabbed everything he was taking and tossed it into a small bag before he headed for the door. He threw open the door and barreled out, nearly crashing into David and knocking him over in the process.

"Oh! God, David, I'm sorry, I wasn't expecting you to be there! Are you okay?" Blaine asked, grabbing David's arm to steady him.

"Our room's not on fire, is it?" asked David teasingly, grinning at Blaine. "I'm good, I'm sure any injuries are internal and will most likely manifest in a short time. I'll make sure Wes has 911 on speed dial, just in case. So, you just keep on as you were and get thee to Kurt's room. Just maybe keep an eye out for hapless victims unprepared for Hurricane Blaine. I'll see you later on!"

Blaine rolled his eyes fondly at David before turning and half running down the hall to get to Kurt's room. When he got there, he knocked softly on the door, unsure if Kurt was still sleeping or not. Now that he thought of it, he probably could have texted Kurt first, but in his haste to get here it hadn't occurred to him.

"Come in," Kurt's voice came through the closed door, soft and melodious as always. Blaine felt sure he would never, ever tire of Kurt's voice. Kurt could read him the phone book and sing the ABC song, and he would most likely be perfectly content.

Blaine opened the door and peeked in. Kurt was awake and laying across his bed, reading. He had changed into black lounge pants and a red t-shirt that said RENT on the front of it. He smiled when he saw Blaine and tucked a bookmark in before closing his book. He stretched towards his nightstand to lay the book on it, the movement causing his shirt to ride up slightly to expose his tummy. Blaine was momentarily distracted, sighing sadly to himself when Kurt reached down to tug his shirt back into place.

Kurt smiled at Blaine. "Hey, how was your day? Did you miss me?"

"You weren't there?" teased Blaine, trying to look serious but unable to contain his laugh at the affronted look Kurt gave him. He leaned over to kiss Kurt, catching his cheek when Kurt quickly turned his head.

"Uh uh, I don't think so. No kisses for boyfriends that don't notice when their boyfriend wasn't there," said Kurt archly as he smirked at Blaine.

Blaine shook his head with mock sadness. "You know, you are such a mean thing sometimes. I wonder that more people haven't picked up on this fact yet. The truth is, though, this day lasted forever because you weren't there. I have joked before about needing a 36 hour day, and I am pretty sure that's about how long today was. I missed you. I wanted to be here, with you. But instead, I was the good little school boy, going to class like Mr. Wes ordered. I brought you your assignments, you didn't miss much. It was a good day to miss if you had to miss one. Mainly just review for finals since those are coming up."

"Thanks for doing that for me. You can just lay them on my desk. Did you remember to bring something to change into, or do you need something to wear?" Kurt asked him as he sat up against the headboard.

"Well, I brought something, but had I known you would offer me your clothes I might have forgotten on purpose," Blaine teased as he lay Kurt's assignments on the desk as directed before gesturing to the bag he had carried. He laid everything out on Wes' bed so he could change. "I'll go ahead and change, then we can talk. Or we can go ahead and start now, while I change. What's on your mind, Kurt? Talk to me."

Kurt bit his lip nervously. How does one broach the subject of having sex, anyway? He wished he had looked it up or something so he could sound calm and decisive, rather than bordering on hysteria. Is there a protocol, an accepted way to do this? Should he just blurt it out? Throw out hints? He had a quick mental image of a game of charades-*two words, sounds like*-and had to choke down hysterical giggles. He watched as Blaine worked on changing out of his school uniform, and when he saw Blaine's brief clad rear as he bent to remove his trousers, Kurt's brain to mouth filter failed him with impeccable timing.

"Well...Iwasthinkingweshouldhavesex," Kurt said in a breathless rush, wishing almost immediately he could catch the words back and sit on them or something, because that was so *not* calm, cool and collected. He heard Blaine yelp, "*What? Shit!*" as he whipped around in shock. Unfortunately, Blaine had not yet managed to completely remove his pants, and his sudden whirling movement caused him to get tangled up in them and crash to the floor. Kurt winced and quickly scooted to the end of the bed to make sure Blaine was okay. Blaine was half laying, half sitting in the floor, clothes askew and hazel eyes wide. His mouth tried to work once, twice. He looked absolutely stunned.

Kurt felt what little confidence he had start to waver. His heart thudded painfully and he felt his cheeks flush in mortification. "You know what, never mind. I'm just gonna get back up here and shut up now," he

said as he pushed away from the end of his bed to move back to where he had been sitting before. He closed his eyes and leaned against the headboard before he grabbed one of his pillows, burying his flaming face in it and wondering if it was possible to suffocate himself since it was painfully obvious the embarrassment wasn't going to be merciful and kill him quick.

Blaine's mind finally kicked in and started functioning again. Had he heard that right? "Wait, Kurt!" he said as he frantically kicked his legs to loosen them from the stupid uniform pants. Once he was finally free, he scrabbled up onto his knees, grabbing at handfuls of Kurt's comforter. "Give me just a second, okay?" he said as he grabbed his sweats and tugged them on, barely registering if they were on the right way and not backwards. He undid the buttons on his uniform shirt so fast, he may have pulled more than one loose. He pulled it off and tossed it to the side, unconcerned with wrinkles or anything. He struggled to get his t-shirt on, cursing under his breath and missing the armhole twice before finally getting it right. Finally changed, he got up from the floor and sat gently on the edge of the bed.

"Hey," Blaine said softly, reaching out to rub Kurt's back. "I'm sorry, you just took me by surprise. Come on, talk to me, Kurt. You can always talk to me, you know that."

Kurt sat up and took a deep breath. His stomach was in knots and he felt like he could easily hyperventilate if given half the chance. He looked at Blaine, who looked steadily back at him with eyes full of concern. Kurt reached for one of Blaine's hands and held it tightly. He licked his lips nervously and his eyes flickered downward to focus on the comforter.

"I was thinking that maybe we could go further than we have. I mean, I love everything we do, but I think...I mean, I'm pretty sure I'm ready for...that is, I want to-ugh, why can't I just say this?"

Blaine's eyes widened as everything finally slammed home. He hadn't misunderstood Kurt. Oh, God, this was it. They were talking about sex, *honest to blog sex*, actually talking about it. And Kurt was the one bringing it up, even. Oh, happy day! Then suddenly, the magnitude of everything swept over Blaine and he felt his own nerves twitching.

"S-s-so, you think we're ready to have sex now?" Blaine asked, stuttering slightly.

Kurt let go of Blaine's hand and hugged the pillow to himself again, clasping his hands together nervously. "Well, I don't know, maybe? I mean, don't you ever think about it? What it would be like?"

"Of course I think about it, Kurt. All the time! God, if I say no I have to join a nunnery," Blaine said, obviously flustered now.

Kurt frowned. "Isn't it a monastery? Men are monks, right?"

Blaine threw his hands up. "Pretty sure that kind of denial would get what was left of my guy card revoked in a heartbeat, anyway." Kurt couldn't help but laugh. He realized that Blaine was just as nervous and unsure as he was, and he felt himself relaxing somewhat. He turned slightly so that he now sat facing Blaine on the bed, still hugging the pillow to himself but more loosely now. He reached for one of Blaine's hands again. They sat like that for a moment, just holding hands and looking into each other's eyes. They didn't say anything for that moment, but then again, they didn't really need to.

Finally, Kurt broke the silence. "So, are we ready, Blaine? I'm ready, but if you aren't, it's okay. I will wait for you," he said quietly, rubbing his thumb lightly over Blaine's knuckles.

Blaine's mouth quirked up in a half smile. "I think I've dreamed of this, even before I knew you, Kurt. I want this, so badly. I don't know if you even understand how much. And it scares me on so many levels."

Kurt breathed out softly and nodded. "I know. Me, too. It's a big step and one of the single most frightening things I have ever considered in my life. But, Blaine, I love you. This is way more than just sex and being physical, or even getting off. If it were just a matter of that, we could just keep with blow jobs and jerking each other off. But it's so much more. I want to give you everything."

Blaine put his free hand gently on Kurt's face and kissed him softly, a gentle kiss that was not hungry and searching, but instead full of adoration and promise. When they parted, he leaned forward to rest his head against Kurt's. "I think you said it all," he whispered. Then he took a deep breath. "So, when are we...I mean, how do we go about making this happen?"

Kurt leaned back to look at him. "Okay, promise me you won't freak out or judge me here. I think the basics are pretty much a given, but when I thought about it, I realized I didn't really know how guys do this. I mean, guys like us. So, it turns out the Internet is a smorgasbord of info." His eyes widened. "Some of it, I will have to wait until I'm in my thirties or something to try, should I ever actually do so. But there's stuff about how to prep, and different positions, and then there's movies-"



"Are you trying to tell me you watched porn without me?" teased Blaine, although he was unable to hide the interest in his voice. The mental image of Kurt watching porn, blue eyes wide and dilated, pink lips parted and wet, all excited and breathing hard, was almost too much to bear, and he felt his body reacting. Dropping his voice to a lower tone, he said, "Well, Kurt, *did* you? Did you watch porn movies online? Did you like what you saw? Did you think about me, about us and what it would be like? Did it excite you? Did you touch yourself and wish it was me?"

Kurt closed his eyes and bit back a low moan before opening his eyes and smacking Blaine hard on his thigh, causing him to yelp in surprise. "*Blaine!* This is serious and I need to be able to focus. And I can't if you are trying to seduce me! Just, focus with me here for a second. Behave yourself, and maybe, just maybe, I will let you watch some with me sometime. But seriously, if we are going to do this, we need to talk, Blaine. It isn't the same for us as it is others. I promise you, straight couples don't usually have to determine up front which one is topping. We need to be on the same page, don't you think?"

Blaine rubbed his leg, trying to soothe the sting of Kurt's slap and giving him a wounded look. "You're right. I got distracted and a little carried away, but damn, Kurt, that's fucking *hot*. But, yes, you're absolutely right, we need to talk it over."

Kurt smiled and nudged Blaine's hand to the side so he could rub the red mark he had left. "Sorry, babe. I didn't mean to get you quite that sharply." He took a deep breath and said, "So. Yeah. Sex. Well, do you have any preference to topping or bottoming?"

Blaine managed not to let his eyes glaze over at the thought. "Ummmmm, no, I don't guess I do. I mean, should we like, toss a coin? Or do you know what you want to do?"

"Actually, yeah. If you don't have a preference, then I think I want, that is, if you don't care, then I want you to top first. But I want to be on top. I read online I could control the depth and speed we move at, and I think at least for the first time I want that. Is that okay with you?" Kurt asked, cheeks flushing as he looked away, feeling oddly shy and unable to maintain eye contact.

Blaine felt sure his eyes were crossing at the idea of losing himself wrapped in Kurt's tightness and heat. He wondered briefly if he was drooling and then realized he needed to answer Kurt. "Um, great. I mean, yes, that sounds really, *really* awesome. So, um, when do we, when are we gonna do this?" He was pretty sure his voice was a full octave higher than normal.

Kurt shrugged one shoulder, somehow able to make the casual movement look hot, or maybe it was all in Blaine's mind, which was quickly becoming sex addled. "I know that there's something to be said for spontaneity and all, but I think, at least this time we need to plan it. The big question, now that we've decided on who is doing what, is where? My house is out, and while I think we could get Wes to look the other way and him stay in your room with David for a night, would we really want to do it like that? So, should we maybe get a hotel room? And how expensive would that be?"

"Well, we could, if that's what you want. I certainly don't mind. And don't worry about cost, it's not an issue at all. But if you'd rather, we can go to my house. My parents aren't home and won't be until probably Christmas eve. So we can go there, if you'd like. We'll have the house to ourselves," Blaine offered.

Kurt tapped his fingertips against his lips. "Okay. Actually that sounds good. I am supposed to go home this weekend, but next weekend Dad and Carol aren't expecting me. So, what do you think? Next weekend? Are we gonna do this?"

"God, yes," Blaine said, sure he sounded far too eager but not caring in the slightest. "Wild horses couldn't keep me away."

Kurt laughed. He crawled to the foot of his bed to retrieve his laptop from his desk. He looked back to see Blaine blatantly checking out his ass. He gave it a sassy wiggle and said, "Patience, Padawan. Soon."

Blaine cracked up and said, "Star Wars, huh. Have I told you today how awesome you are?"

Kurt gave a little sniff as he settled in next to Blaine. "You can feel free to tell me that as often as you like. Now, shall we do a little more...research online?"

## Chapter Forty-One

Kurt moved quickly around his dorm room, throwing things into a duffle bag and cursing himself for not thinking to pack the night before. He was wearing jeans and a hastily pulled on Dalton sweatshirt, hardly what anyone considered normal Kurt Hummel couture, but the lateness of the hour didn't allow for fabulous outfits and primping. He would be lucky if he got home in time for dessert, much less dinner. His dad was going to *kill* him.

"I want you to stay. Don't go."

Kurt looked at his bed and paused for a moment to take in the sight of Blaine on it. His shirt was open and unbuttoned and there were several new hickeys darkening on his collarbone, stomach and hips. His belt was undone and his uniform pants unbuttoned and unzipped. His hair was a mess of curls undone from their gel imprisonment. His cheeks were still flushed and heated, his lips reddened and swollen. Blaine looked utterly wrecked and debauched, and it took all of Kurt's willpower not to forget everything and go back to making out with Blaine because *holy fuck*, just the *sight* of him at that moment was going straight to Kurt's cock. Which should have been impossible, considering how hard he had come just a short time ago, and damn if he was going to have to change his pants again because he was *so* running late and simply did not have the time.

"I have to, Blaine, Dad and Carol are expecting me for dinner and I am running late already. I really should have been on the road half an hour ago and fuck, why didn't I pack last night?" Kurt groaned as he tossed his moisturizers in his bag, making a mental note to buy a second smaller container of everything to keep at the house so this wasn't an issue each time. He ran into the bathroom to grab his shampoo, body wash and facial cleanser, as well and the bag he used to carry them in just in case of leakage. He had learned the hard way one time when an entire bottle of shampoo had spilled everywhere in his bag once, all over his clothes and everything.

Kurt returned to his room and nearly dropped everything he was holding. Blaine was still laying in his bed, still more undressed more than not, only now his eyes were closed and he was biting his lower lip as his hand moved lazily up and down his crotch. Kurt could see Blaine growing hard and felt his own body responding. *Jesus*, they had both gotten off just a short time ago, how was this even possible? The sex drive of a teenage male was probably the thing legends were made of.

"What do you think you are doing?" hissed Kurt as he haphazardly threw his bath products in the plastic bag and threw it in the general direction of his overnight bag. He crawled back into his bed and lay down next to Blaine, glaring at him as he did so.

Blaine's eyes flew open. He tried to look innocent but Kurt caught the mischievous glint in his eyes. Blaine poked his lower lip out in a pout, still palming his crotch. "I was lonely. You're leaving me for a whole weekend and I'm gonna miss you."

Kurt sighed quietly and said with exaggerated patience, "Sweetie, you know I have to go home this weekend. I go home this weekend and next weekend I'm not expected home. Remember? Or was the blow job I gave you earlier so mind blowing you forgot?"

Blaine moaned in remembrance. Kurt's mouth was magical and oh, so talented in so many ways. He had started this whole teasing bit to mess with Kurt just a little before he left, but now Blaine found himself getting caught up in it as his hand started to move faster. He licked his suddenly dry lips as his eyes fluttered open and closed.

"Kurt," he whispered brokenly.

Kurt raised one brow before smirking slightly. He leaned over and kissed Blaine softly on his cheek before moving his lips softly and teasingly down his jawline to his throat where his pulse thudded. Kurt licked the pulse point before biting on it gently. Enjoying the moan that escaped from Blaine at his actions, Kurt sucked gently at the skin before moving back up again. He looked down at Blaine's hand, which was now firmly stroking his hard on through his briefs.

"Mmmmmmm, Blaine, that's *hot*. You like this, baby? Are you thinking of me? You want me to do this to you, don't you. Does your hand feel as good as mine?" Kurt whispered, his breath hot against the sensitive skin of Blaine's ear.

Blaine was now most definitely trapped in a snare of his own making. Kurt's words went straight to his cock, making him even harder. "*Nngghhhh-Kurt! Ungh*, no, your hand is always better, *so much better*," he groaned, tossing his head back as his hand sped up its movements. "Please, baby, *please*. I need you, need your mouth, your hand-"

Kurt's musical laughter filled the room. "Oh, no, love, you started this, you can finish it. Besides, watching you is hot and I am assuming this was all for my benefit anyway." His voice lowered, the timbre darker and sexy. "Come on, baby. I'm watching. Make yourself come. Let me see you. So hot, Blaine, so fucking *hot*. I'm gonna miss you so much this weekend. Give me something to remember you by."

Blaine tightened his grip momentarily before slipping his hand inside his briefs, sliding them down his thighs to take his cock in his hand. Kurt's whispered encouragement spurred his movements, his hand firmly stroking, and within moments he was coming in hard jerks, warmth spilling across his fingers and his stomach. He lay there panting, mind swirling and body tingling. His breath caught in a gasp when Kurt took his hand and began sensuously licking his fingers, cleaning the come off of them. Blaine felt he could have come again just from the sight and feel alone, especially when Kurt leaned down to lick at his stomach as well.

"*God*, Kurt," Blaine whimpered, undone from post orgasmic haze and Kurt's sexy ministrations.

"Mmmmm, you taste so good," Kurt said in a throaty growl before kissing Blaine hard, slipping his tongue into Blaine's mouth. The taste of himself on Kurt's tongue caused Blaine to shiver and his hands grasped at Kurt's shoulders, hands tightening and loosening in spasms. They lay like that for several moments, lips and tongues tangled and feverish. Finally Kurt pulled away, sitting up and looking at Blaine, desire and frustration mixed in the blue depths.

"Blaine, I *have* to go. I am already going to be so late, though God knows I want nothing more than to just stay here with you like this. But I have to go now. Oh, no you don't," Kurt said warningly, jumping up off the bed when Blaine's hands started wandering lower from his shoulders. "No more distracting me. You are going to get me in trouble and my dad will get mad and make me come home next weekend and all our plans will be ruined. You don't want that." He adjusted himself in his jeans, giving Blaine a disgruntled look as he did so. Then he checked his bag one more time to make sure he had what he would need before zipping it closed. He grabbed his laptop off the desk and slid it into its carrying case. Glancing quickly around his room one last time, Kurt felt satisfied that he had all he would need for the weekend.

"Are you going to walk me out, or should we say goodbye here?" Kurt asked Blaine, arching one brow at Blaine's still completely disheveled appearance. Blaine groaned and got up, rebuttoning his shirt and not bothering to tuck it in as he pulled up his pants, rezipping and fastening them. He slid his feet into his shoes and grabbed one of Kurt's pillows to carry with him.

Kurt eyed the pillow in Blaine's hands. "I don't carry my pillow home, I have pillows on my bed there."

"I know. This is for me. I'm taking it to my dorm room so I have it for the weekend." Blaine poked out his lower lip in a pout that Kurt found to be utterly adorable. "I suppose it will have to do."

Kurt pulled his bags onto his shoulder and grabbed his cellphone, wallet and keys. "Ah. I see. Okay, but fair's fair. Let's go to your room and you give me one of your pillows to take with me. Now that you mention it, that seems like an excellent idea."

They went to Blaine and David's room, quickly going in to switch out the pillows and exchanging brief conversation with Wes, David, Nick and Jeff, who were there watching television. They all grinned knowingly at Kurt and Blaine, taking in their untidy appearance and not commenting on the visible dark marks on both of their necks. The boys invited Blaine to come back and join them for a night of tv and video games after he walked Kurt to his car. Kurt waved goodbye to them and quickly walked to his car, followed closely by Blaine. Kurt threw his overnight bag in the back seat and carefully placed his laptop bag in the floorboard. Turning around, he found himself caught tightly in Blaine's arms. He wrapped his arms around Blaine and returned the embrace.

"Love you," Kurt whispered, nuzzling Blaine's neck below his ear.

"Love you, too. So much. Please be careful on the road, okay? Let me know when you get home?" Blaine said, already feeling empty even though Kurt was standing right there.

"I will. Gotta go!" Kurt said, giving Blaine one more quick kiss before getting into his car. He cranked the car and pulled it out of the space, blowing another kiss to Blaine before pulling away and out of the parking lot. He sent his dad and Carol a quick text that he was running late, hoping they didn't press for details. He exhaled in relief when he got a reply from his dad that Carol was having to work late at the hospital and they would just order pizza when Kurt got home. He sent his dad a message reminding him to order the veggie one with the healthier crust and that he would see him soon but didn't want to text and drive anymore. He plugged in his iPod and sang along as he drove.

Later, as he was pulling into his driveway, Kurt heard his cellphone going off with an incoming text message. He smiled, thinking it must be from Blaine, but to his surprise it was from Santana.

***Rumor has it that you are home this weekend. Plans for tomorrow afternoon? -S***

Kurt was curious as to what this was about. He quickly tapped out a response.

***I am. Shopping with Mercedes, Tina and Rachel in the morning. Nothing for afternoon I don't think. Why? -K***

***I want to take you shopping. Special shopping. Let's leave it at that. -S***

***Why do I suddenly feel nervous about all this? -K***

***Just trust me. -S***

Kurt blew out a breath and sent her an answer.

***Okay. I'll try. What time? -K***

***4:00. I'll pick you up. -S***

Kurt frowned a little, not sure he liked not being able to drive. But Santana had been a big help to him so far, so he would simply do as she asked and hope for the best.

***OK. See you then. -K***

Kurt drummed his fingers lightly on his thigh, deep in thought. He sighed to himself and sent Blaine a text letting him know he had made it home ok.

***I'm home. Love you. :3 -K***

***Love you too. Miss you. :( :3 -B***

***Miss you more. XOXO -K***

***Not possible. XOXO -B***

Kurt smiled and got out, figuring his dad was probably wondering why he hadn't come in yet. He grabbed his bags out of the back seat and walked into the house.

"Dad! I'm home!" Kurt called, putting his bags by the stairs.

"In the den," called Burt in response.

Kurt walked into the den, where Burt sat with a bowl of popcorn, watching a rerun of Law and Order and drinking from a bottle of water. Burt's eyes lit up at the sight of Kurt and he put the popcorn on the end table to jump up and hug his son. Kurt closed his eyes and returned his father's embrace tightly, inhaling the familiar scent of cologne and soap with the underlying tone of motor oil that he always associated with his dad. It was warm and comfortable and home. They stood like that for a long moment, just holding each other closely. Burt stood back and clapped Kurt on the shoulder, small smile on his face as he took in the view of his son, the boy that looked more and more like a man every time he saw him. His eyes swept up and down before honing in on something and narrowing.

"Kurt Hummel, is that a *hickey*?"

---

***You'll be happy to know that hickey you left on my neck got me one of the most uncomfortable and awkward conversations I have ever had with my father. -K***

***Whoops... -B***

***He didn't see any of the others, though, did he? -B***

***God, no. Don't even say that! I don't even want to THINK about it. -K***

***Yeah. Sorry. I'll be more careful next time. I promise. -B***

***Uh huh. You'd better be. :P -K***

***I love you? -B***

***Is that a question? -K***

***No. Actual fact. -B***



***I thought so. Love you too. -K***

***I miss you :( -B***

***And I miss you :( -K***

***Santana wants to take me shopping tomorrow. I don't know how scared I should be. -K***

***Shopping for what? -B***

***I have no idea. And that's part of what frightens me... -K***

***Maybe she'll buy you some more popsicles? ;D -B***

***Are you saying I need them? :l -K***

***Umm...no. Actually, no, not at all. -B***

***Because I can think of a better way to practice -K***

***I like the way you think -B***

***How do you know I'm not talking about corn dogs or something? -K***

***Judging by the look you gave Wes that time he offered you one, I just figured you didn't like them -B***

***Like, at all -B***

***Okay, fine. I'm gonna go now. I have some...research to do -K***

***Doesn't this fall under cruel and unusual punishment? -B***

***Think of this as being for the better good. And down the road, if you think want punishment, we can always discuss it... -K***

***Oh. My. God. -B***

*Mmmmm. Love you, goodnight ;) :3 -K*

*Blaine? -K*

*Blaine? Is everything alright? -K*

*Yeah. Okay. I'm going to take a shower. Goodnight, love you :3 -B*

---

"Where is it exactly that you plan to take me, Santana?" Kurt asked as Santana made a turn that put them on a road he was unfamiliar with. A sign on the right indicated Lima Heights was just a few miles ahead and he knew that Santana was more than familiar with Lima Heights adjacent. What could she possibly have up her sleeve, taking him there?

"Relax, Porcelain, you'll see when we get there. Now, you'll probably want to stay close to me so we don't get separated or anything. Got it?" Santana asked him as she came to a stop at a red light.

"Um, yeah. No problem," Kurt mumbled as he nervously glanced around. The light changed and Santana drove on, lightly tapping her red manicured nails on the steering wheel along to the beat of the music on the radio. Kurt toyed with his cell phone, checking Facebook and Tumblr, wondering if he had time to shoot Blaine a quick text. He was just about to do so when Santana whipped her car into a parking lot, driving forward at a fast clip that was surely unsafe in a parking area, to take a parking place close to the front of a building lit up with flashing fluorescent lights.

Kurt looked at where they were and felt his jaw drop open. He turned and looked at Santana, dumbfounded and stunned into temporary silence.

"A sex shop? You brought me to a *sex shop*? Oh my God, Santana! What are you-oh, *God*, this place is called Kingdom Come. *Kingdom Come*, Santana! I am *not* going into a sex shop, especially not one that calls itself Kingdom Come! This was your great idea? *How* could you-*why* would you-oh my God, oh my God!" Kurt sputtered, hands flailing wildly with wide eyes and fiery red cheeks.

Santana rolled her eyes. "Oh, come off it, Kurt. You said you were ready for sex! Don't you think there are things you'll need? I mean, sure, you can go to any pharmacy and buy KY jelly and condoms, but here you

can get flavored lubes and glow in the dark condoms. Not to mention edible body paints, blindfolds, fur lined handcuffs, paddles-

Kurt's mouth opened and closed so many times he felt sure he looked like a fish out of water. "Holy shit, Santana! Why would we-I mean, Jesus! Don't you think maybe we should stick to basics for the first time?"

"No sense of adventure. Okay, fine. But you are at least getting lube here. Trust me on this, flavored lubes are the shit, okay?" Santana got out and shut the door. When Kurt was still frozen in the passenger seat, she drummed her nails on the hood of the car. "I'm not afraid to drag you in there bodily, Hummel. Either move your precious ass and let's go or else I make this a point of interest for future references. Coming?"

Kurt finally got out of the car and walked to where Santana stood waiting. His eyes flickered back and forth between the XXX signs and 18+ signs and he felt himself relax. "We can't go in there, Santana. Neither of us are 18 yet."

"Oh, *gee*, I hadn't considered that!" Santana said, widening her eyes in mock dismay. She then made a derisive noise and said, "Nice try. I know the guy who manages the place and he's expecting us. Look, just relax. Take all your virginal horror stories and toss them out. There is nothing wrong with toys, okay? Just try being open minded here. You might just surprise yourself. And it all comes down to wanting to be sure your first time is as good as you are able to make it. So are you going to let me help you?"

Kurt tamped down the sense of panic and took a deep breath. Closing his eyes for a brief moment, he took a deep breath before opening them to give Santana a brief nod.

Santana's lips parted in a smile. "Good. Let's go inside. Raol is cool, you'll like him."

They walked inside and Kurt looked around with wide eyes. He looked up at the speaker in the ceiling and managed not to groan. "Just great. Tainted Love is playing on the radio. Please, tell me that isn't a sign we shouldn't be here."

"For the last time, relax. Come on, let's take a look around." Santana raised a hand in greeting at the tall guy behind the counter who acknowledged her with a quick lift of his chin before turning his attention to a man approaching the counter with several DVDs in his hands.

"So, Porcelain, what's your pleasure? Take a look around. Don't be shy," Santana said, gesturing with a wide sweep of her arm.

Kurt looked around, still not quite believing he was actually doing this. His wide eyes took in the display in the corner window of mannequins in various lingerie and corsets. In an opposite corner, a sex swing was set up with a mannequin posed in it. Below the swing was another mannequin in a rubber gimp suit. Kurt gulped audibly. "I-I-I don't know where to look," he stammered.

"Come on. Over here," Santana said, motioning him over. Kurt scurried towards her, nearly skidding to a stop when he got to her. Santana gestured at the display in front of her. "Look! Fancy G strings for boys! There's even a dress up kit for your little friend, complete with google eyes and a hat. Precious. Okay, lubes are over here. Are you interested in edible underwear?"

Kurt was gaping at the dildo display, momentarily distracted. Santana smirked at him. "See anything you like? We can get you one, if you want. You can practice with it and use it later." She wiggled her eyebrows at him suggestively.

Kurt shook himself out of his trance and shot her a look. "No. I just-look, let's go to the lubes and get out of here before I end up dying of embarrassment. They will have to carry my body out and it will no doubt make the news and give my father another heart attack."

"Such drama," Santana drawled, smirking at him.

They walked past a display of paddles and gags to the shelves where various lubricants were set up. Santana looked them up and down before turning to Kurt. "So, what do you think? Heating? Cooling? What's your favorite flavor?"

Kurt stared at the shelves wide eyed. "God, I never knew there were so many! Look, this one says it's for masturbation! Oh, my God, this one's called Good Head! Stay Hard, Santana, this one's called *Stay Hard*. Fuck me sideways, why did I let you talk me into this?"

Santana was laughing. "Easy, now. You're gonna hyperventilate. My advice? Select a couple of different ones. Play and see what works best. Maybe one of those that are anal specific for the actual sex and some favors for oral? I'm guessing you've never masturbated using lube, you should get some and try it. I bet you'll never go back. You know what? How about you just stand back and let Auntie Tana do her thing."

Somehow Kurt had missed Santana grabbing a basket, but now she was grabbing various lubes and pondering them, returning some to the shelf but tossing a few others in the basket. He peered into the

basket, seeing several different small bottles in flavors such as strawberry, peach, banana and piña colada, as well as the familiar Astroglide. He looked back up at Santana, who was pondering a heating and a cooling lube before shrugging and tossing them both in the basket. Kurt's eyes widened and he breathed in so quickly he nearly choked on the air.

"Sweet Jesus, Santana! How much sex are you thinking we are gonna be having here?" Kurt sputtered, sure his face was going to burst into flames at any moment.

"Well, first of all, it's not like you will be getting back to this store anytime soon to restock. Although shopping online is totally an option. But if I were to venture a guess, my bet is that you two are gonna discover you kind of like the sex type thing. And, yeah, all boys private school? Dorms? I would put money on you two going at it like rabbits. Besides, trust me, this is going to make masturbating a whole new ball game. You won't know what hit you," Santana said as she grabbed a small box labeled Honeydust and tossed it in the basket before turning to walk towards the register.

Kurt shook his head and followed her, glancing with wide eyes at the porn movies and magazines as they walked past. When they got to the register, Santana grinned at the manager and said, "Raol, this is Kurt. He's about to become a busy boy so I am helping him along, so to speak."

Raol looked at Kurt's red face and the open mouthed glare he was giving Santana and grinned. "I see. Good to meet you, Kurt. Welcome to Kingdom Come, by the way. Let me ring up your purchases here and get you on your way."

Once he rang everything up, Raol grinned at Santana and said, "I'm giving you the employee discount. I am still hoping you'll come work for me when you're actually old enough." He gave her a sly wink.

Santana laughed at him as she brushed Kurt's hands away while she pulled her wallet out of her purse. "This one's on me, Porcelain. You can thank me later."

Once they got back to Santana's car, she handed the plain black plastic bag to Kurt with a flourish. "For you. Happy humping!"

Kurt stared at her wordlessly for a moment before taking the bag from her and getting in the car. "Thanks," he said quietly. "Even though I may need therapy after all that, I do appreciate your help. I wouldn't have known what to do."

"Yeah, yeah, just promise me you'll use it and have a good time," Santana brushed him off as she cranked her car and maneuvered out of the parking lot to head back home. "I won't tell if you won't."

Kurt laughed as Santana flashed him a bright smile. He would never admit it to her, but now that he had this stuff, his curiosity was piqued and he couldn't wait to get home and try it out. There was something he had been reading about that he wanted to try...

## Chapter Forty-Two

"So, this is what sad and pitiful looks like."

Blaine frowned and aimed one of his pillows at Wes' grinning face as he walked into David and Blaine's room, frowning harder when Wes adroitly caught it midair and tossed it back. He flipped onto his back and called out in a whining tone, "Da-a-a-avid! Your bestie, Wes, is being mean to me!"

"Sorry, B! I can't control him!" David called back from the bathroom where he was getting ready. Blaine could practically hear the grin in David's voice.

"That's right, bitches, I can't be tamed," Wes said, pursing his lips and posing in a muscleman stance, ignoring Blaine's derisive snort. "Seriously, though, B, get yourself together. Kurt's been gone for one night and you are moping around like someone took your favorite teddy bear away or something. It's not quite to the level as it was when you were broken up, but dude, you are being a little pathetic, don't you think?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," Blaine countered, looking offended.

"Well, let's see," David chimed in as he returned from the bathroom. "You are snuggling one of Kurt's pillows. It's what, after five o'clock? And you are still dressed in the clothes you slept in-sweats and a t-shirt you swiped from Kurt, no less. Your hair's a mess, you haven't shaved, and you have the 'melancholic sigh' down to a science." David shook his head slightly. "I can't imagine Kurt would be all that pleased with your sulking."

"I am NOT sulking," Blaine protested.

"Pining then," said Nick from the dorm room door where he and Jeff stood, smiling widely. "Honestly, B, he'll be back, when, tomorrow night? Monday morning at the latest? You would think he had moved away or something."

Jeff perked up and said, "You need to come with us tonight, B! Boys night, gonna grab a bite and watch a movie where people are either getting blown up or chased down by a mad killer. Come on, it'll do you some good to get out of here. If nothing else, it'll get your mind off of how miserably lonely you are while surrounded by your closest friends." He shot Blaine a wounded look, causing him to chuckle.

"So, is that a yes, then? You'll come with us?" asked Wes, giving Blaine a mock stern glare. "Or do I need to get my gavel? Make it an order?"

"No, no, there's no need for the almighty gavel," laughed Blaine as he got up. He headed for the bathroom to take a quick shower and shave. When he came back, he found his friends all piled on his bed waiting. They all looked up at him expectantly. David gestured towards clothes draped over the desk chair. "We took the liberty of selecting your clothes. Just for time's sake, not saying you couldn't do so yourself."

Blaine gave him a skeptical look before checking out what they had chosen for him. His eyebrows rose in surprise and he shot his grinning friends a look of approval. They had pulled out a long sleeved knit of dark gray with lighter gray stripes, a pair of dark wash slim fit jeans and a pair of black Kenneth Cole loafers. "Nicely done, gentlemen," he said with a grin as he went to his dresser to grab a pair of briefs and socks.

Nick rolled his eyes. "Please, B, we may not be gay, but I think we all know how to dress suitably. None of our mothers would be accepting of any less."

"And I think we can safely say this outfit would definitely get the Kurt seal of approval, am I right?" Jeff quipped gleefully before making a noise in protest as David smacked him in the back of the head.

"Trying to get his mind *off* of Kurt, dumbass!" David grumbled, frowning at Jeff, who rubbed his head and pouted.

Blaine shook his head, smiling slightly. "Guys, it's okay, I'm not gonna break. Okay, so yeah, maybe I was sulking a little," he said, frowning at Wes when he snorted and muttered '*A little?*' under his breath. "But we are gonna go out and have a good time, alright?"

"Yeah! So, what are we waiting for? Let's get going!" cheered Nick as he jumped to his feet. "Who's driving? Are we headed for the Wes-mobile?"

"Sure, why not? Let's get moving," Wes replied as he fished his keys out of his pocket. "Coming, B?" he called over his shoulder as they all moved towards the door.

"Right behind you," answered Blaine as he grabbed his own keys, wallet and cell. He wanted to be sure that if Kurt texted or called he was available, and he would probably text Kurt at some point anyway. He hurried to catch up to the others, making sure to take his black pea coat with him.



"So, where to first? Should we eat before or after the movie?" Davis questioned from the front seat, having called shotgun.

"Fooooooooooooood! I'm starving!" whined Jeff dramatically, clutching at his belly for good measure. Nick nodded. "It's true. Poor Jeffy hasn't eaten in a whole three hours! God, he's wasting away to nothing! Wes, we've gotta get some nourishment in him, pronto!"

Blaine chuckled at their antics as he pulled his cell phone out of his pocket and typed in a quick text to Kurt, no longer able to resist.

***Hey, babe, how's things? I'm out with the guys. Whatcha doing? Miss you! :3 -B***

Blaine smiled when his phone buzzed only seconds later and Kurt's name was on the screen. He opened the text and read it, his eyes widening.

***Really? Hope you have a good time! Miss you, too. I'm reading online about rimming... ;) :3 -K***

Blaine stared at the screen, feeling a little dumbstruck. Surely not; Kurt had to be messing with him. Right?

***Haha, I call bullshit. You aren't really, are you? -B***

Blaine jumped a little when his phone went off again. He opened it furtively, not wanting to call the attention of the others while he and Kurt were talking about this. He gulped slightly, feeling his breath catch as he opened the message from Kurt. It was a picture message of Kurt's laptop. On the screen was a picture that was quite obviously two guys, two totally *naked* guys, and oh, *holy fuck*, what they were doing. *Oh. My. God.* Blaine thought to himself, squirming in his seat. The picture, the idea, *God*, it was totally hot. Blaine had thought about it before, pretty often, if he was honest, but the fact that *Kurt* was looking at this, that *he* was thinking about it, brought a fine sheen of sweat across Blaine's forehead. He closed his eyes and concentrated on breathing normally and reigning in his body's response.

***Unfair of you to send me that when I am in a vehicle with the guys and can't say or do anything about it. -B***

***Sorry. I just found it to be...intriguing. Thought you might be interested as well. That's all. -K***

***Believe me, I am plenty interested. I just don't want the guys to know just how much. It's gonna be kind of obvious if I'm not careful. -B***

***Tease... -K***

***Me! You're the one talking about rimming and sending pictures! -B***

***You liked it, though, right? -K***

***You are trying to kill me. -B***

***Nah, if I was, I would send you a picture of my reaction to what I'm reading about... -K***

***Kuuuurrrrrrtttttttttt -B***

***; ) -K***

Blaine breathed in deeply, wondering if he would survive this night. It was things like this that convinced him his angelic looking boyfriend truly was the devil in disguise.

---

Kurt put his laptop to the side and stretched. He had been sending Blaine risqué texts throughout the evening while he was out with the guys. Naughty, suggestive texts. After all, teasing Blaine was always such fun, even if it was mean to do so while he was in company. And Blaine was probably either going to kill him when he got back to Dalton or drag him into the nearest empty room, Kurt felt pretty certain.

And then, there was the effect such teasing had on him as well. His cock had already been more than just a little interested in the things he had been reading about. Kurt would never have believed that the idea of rimming would be so hot, but he was starting to think it might be worth investigating a little further. Blaine had a luscious ass that absolutely wouldn't quit, and Kurt could think of far worse pastimes other than planting his face in his boyfriend's ass and working him until he begged. Oh, yes. The Internet was most definitely was an invaluable source of information, even if some things he had run across were downright frightening.

But back to the issue that was quite literally at hand as Kurt found himself rubbing his hard cock through his jeans. He looked over at his desk where the dark plastic bag from his shopping trip with Santana sat, almost seeming to beckon to him. Kurt jumped up off his bed and stuck his head quickly outside his door, listening for the rest of his family. He could hear the television on downstairs, which meant his dad and Carol were watching something. Finn was over at Puck's and wasn't supposed to be back until late tonight. So the coast was clear.

Kurt quietly closed his bedroom door and locked it, just to be sure. His dad and Carol never barged in like Finn was wont to do, but he was not taking any chances. He kicked off his shoes and socks and with a little tugging, got his jeans off. He grabbed the bag off his desk, plugged in his iPod to create background noise, and sat on the bed in just a t-shirt and his briefs. Taking a deep breath, Kurt dumped the bag of lubes onto his bed spread. He ran his fingers over them, looking at the different things Santana had chosen. Curious, he picked up one the flavored lubes. Strawberry. Opening it, Kurt put a tiny dot on his fingertip and stuck it in his mouth. Interesting. He could definitely see the appeal, although he never had any complaints about the taste of Blaine. But then again, combining that with piña colada...and Santana *did* seem to know what she was talking about. She had yet to steer him wrong, that was for sure. She had definitely earned Christmas card status.

The bottle of Astroglide was the largest. Santana told him it wasn't flavored but intended for use during sex or masturbation. Although at the time he had blushed wildly, Kurt now found himself wanting to give this a try. Santana had promised him that it would boggle his mind, and Kurt was all for that, especially since this problem wasn't exactly going away on its own and Blaine wasn't around to help him.

Kurt opened the bottle and squeezed a small amount of lube onto his fingers, sliding them together. The slick sensation was different, but not unpleasant. He raised his hand to his nose and sniffed curiously. He couldn't discern any odor, which was probably a plus. He knew masturbation was normal, knew Carol had inadvertently caught Finn at it on more than one occasion (one would think he would learn to shut his door when doing it), but that didn't mean he wanted to broadcast it.

*Well, he thought to himself, here goes nothing.*

Kurt checked to make sure he had a box of Kleenex nearby, then pulled off his t-shirt and tossed it on the floor. He lay back on the pillow of Blaine's that he had brought from Dalton and shimmied out of his briefs. His hard cock sprang free and Kurt breathed in deeply through his nose. It wasn't like this was his first time masturbating, he reasoned, resisting the urge to giggle. He picked up the bottle of lube and squirted a

decent amount onto his hand, working it around with his fingers and warming it a little as suggested by Santana and the Internet. He closed his eyes and reached down to take himself in his hand and...

*Oh. Ohhh.*

The sensation was incredible. His hand slid smoothly and easily over the skin with no resistance. Why had he never tried this before? Tightening his hold slightly, Kurt slid his hand slowly up and down his hard cock. Up, then down, and then back again. On an upstroke he slid his thumb slowly over the head, shivering lightly at the frisson of pleasure that shot down his spine. Biting back a moan, Kurt squeezed the head of his cock again, running his slippery hand up to twist his wrist and slide back down again.

Screw the Christmas card, he was buying Santana something fabulous this year.

Kurt slid his hand slid up and down a little faster now, grip loosening and tightening sporadically. His other hand slid lightly up his stomach, feeling a light tickling sensation, before reaching his nipple. He rubbed the sensitive skin gently, feeling it pucker as it hardened, then gave it a pinch. Unable to prevent it, a soft moan left his mouth. His mind played images of the last time Blaine had his hand on his cock like this and he had to bite his lip to keep from moaning loudly.

*"Blaine..."* he whispered, voice sounding broken to his own ears.

His hand was moving at a fast pace now, pre-come mixing in with the lubrication as he fisted his cock tightly, tossing his head back and forth on Blaine's pillow. He could feel the muscles in his stomach tightening and there was a drawing sensation in his balls as his body raced towards its release.

*"Unnnngggghhhh,"* Kurt grunted in a low tone, somehow managing not to groan loudly as he came.

Bright lights flashed behind his closed lids, body shaking as hot spurts of come shot out, lacing his belly. He lay there, panting, body relaxing as it came down from its high. His brain felt like mush, his bones were jelly, and he was pretty sure there was a goofy grin on his face. Lube was definitely going on his list of favorite things. Holy shit on a shingle.

Kurt lay on his bed in the languid state that only a good hard orgasm brings on. He fumbled for the box of Kleenex on his night stand and on his third attempt finally managed to grab it closer. He pulled several out of the box and wiped his hand and stomach reasonably clean before wadding them up and throwing them

towards the waste can, not looking to see if it even made it close, much less in. Kurt reached under himself to pull the sheet over him and snuggled into Blaine's pillow.

Thinking of Blaine made Kurt think about their plans for next weekend. He was both nervous and excited about finally taking that final step with Blaine. But he was ready. He knew he was.

Kurt remembered reading about how to prepare oneself for actual sex. Feeling a little adventurous and deciding to take advantage of both his relaxed state and the bottle of lube still on his bed, Kurt turned over on his stomach. He raised himself up slightly onto his knees and parted them before grabbing the bottle of lube again. He liberally coated his fingers with the lube and reached back, tentatively rubbing between the cheeks of his ass to stroke across his hole. He grunted softly in surprise. It was strange, to be sure, but not actually unpleasant. Taking a deep breath and holding it, he pressed one finger slowly inside himself. Okay. One step at a time. He began to move his finger in and out at a slow pace, trying to accustom himself to the sensation. Once he felt like his movements were coming a little easier, he decided to try to add another finger.

Kurt felt his breath escape him in a little hiss. *Ouch*. He pulled his finger out and grabbed the lube, squirting a liberal amount onto his fingers. He reached back around and slid his finger inside again, moving it in and out and twisting as best he could before attempting two fingers again. Biting his lip, he pulled his finger out enough to line the second finger up with it and press them both inside himself. He sucked air in sharply for a brief moment at the stretch and burning sensation and paused his movements to try and accustom himself to it. Taking a couple of deep and fortifying breaths, Kurt slowly pushed his fingers a little deeper. It hurt some, but wasn't above being borne. He stayed like that for a few moments, again trying to accustom himself to the sensation before moving his fingers in a slow in and out motion.

This wasn't so bad.

Before too long, Kurt had found himself a relatively easy rhythm, sliding his fingers in and out of his ass. A small humming noise left his throat as he twisted his wrist slightly and brushed his fingers lightly over an area that caused a little tingle down his spine. Intrigued, Kurt pressed his fingers upwards and in and...

*Jesus take the wheel.*

Kurt buried his face in the pillow to muffle the groan that escaped him as he pressed again into the same spot. He was pretty sure his toes might just have curled. This was so beyond anything he had ever felt before. Lube was the gift of the gods and were he not gay, he would call Santana right now and propose.

Kurt was just entertaining the thought of trying to add a third finger when the ring of his cellphone startled him. Blaine's name flashed across the screen and Kurt froze for a moment. What to do? He didn't want to stop what he was doing, but he didn't want to miss Blaine's call either. Making a snap decision, he grabbed his phone with his free hand and hit the answer button.

"H-h-hello?" Kurt stuttered slightly, voice sounding hoarse from the dryness of his throat.

"Kurt? Are you alright?" Blaine's voice came over the line, sounding a little concerned.

Kurt managed not to burst in to giggles. He licked his lips quickly before answering. "Yeah. Yeah, I'm good. Great, actually."

"Oh. Good. You didn't sound quite like yourself for a minute and I was worried. How are you, babe? How was shopping with the girls?" Blaine questioned, voice sounding cheery.

Kurt did laugh at this point, the situation too hilarious not to. Here he was, naked as the day he was born, laying on his bed, ass in the air with two of his fingers in it, and his boyfriend wants to know how shopping was.

"Is your laughing a good sign or a bad sign?" Blaine laughed, wondering what had come over Kurt.

Kurt smiled, feeling rather mischievous. He had been teasing Blaine most of the evening, why stop now? Besides, it was kind of hot, talking to Blaine while he fingered his own ass. He started moving his fingers in and out again and hummed lightly under his breath.

Blaine didn't miss the small sound. "Kurt?"

Kurt licked his lips and positioned the phone so he could talk in a low voice. "Santana took me to a sex shop," he said, waiting for Blaine's reaction.

"She did what?" Blaine choked out, wondering if he'd heard correctly.

"Took me to a sex shop. She said we needed lube for next weekend. She got us some different flavors, one that warms, one that cools, and just regular for...other stuff," Kurt said in a near whisper, moving his fingers a little quicker.

"Other stuff," Blaine said, his voice dropping lower, and Kurt knew with a rush of satisfaction that his clever boyfriend was putting two and two together. "Kurt, are you-"

At that moment Kurt rubbed his fingers across his prostate and couldn't stop the moan from tumbling out of his throat. "Oh, my God..."

"Are you masturbating? Touching yourself?" Blaine asked, his voice coming in low pants. Kurt could hear shuffling on the other line and knew Blaine was trying to get himself comfortable.

"Not exactly. I did that earlier," Kurt said breathily, sucking air in hard as he stroked the bundle of nerves again.

"*Jesus*," Blaine groaned, "that's so *hot*, Kurt. But if you did that earlier, then what are you-"

"I'm fingering my ass, Blaine," Kurt whispered brokenly before he moaned again, this time a little louder.

"Oh. My. Fucking. *God*," Blaine groaned again, his voice a throaty growl. "You are bound and determined to kill me."

---

Blaine jumped up and stumbled towards the bathroom, unsure when David would be back and not wanting to be walked in on during this. He had already unfastened and partially unzipped his jeans when Kurt had first started talking about lubes and things, but now that Kurt was breathy and moaning on the other end, there was no way he was going to make it through this without jerking off. No. Way.

Blaine swore as he tripped going into the bathroom and nearly dropped his phone. He slammed the door behind him, leaning against it. He then quickly slid his jeans down, audibly sighing in relief as his hard cock sprang free from its confines.

"You insist on torturing me on the phone, Kurt. You couldn't have done this where I could actually see you?" Blaine said in a harsh voice, reaching down to take his dick in his hand. He started stroking himself, low guttural noise escaping him as Kurt moaned softly on the other end.

"I just wanted to have an idea of what to do next weekend, Blaine. But, *God*, I didn't-*unnnngggghhh*, I didn't know it would feel so-" Kurt's voice broke off as he moaned again, just a little louder this time.

"I want to hear you. God, you sound so fucking *sexy*, Kurt," Blaine gasped, moving his hand faster up and down his cock. "Let me hear you, baby."

"Can't be louder, parents home," Kurt whispered, audibly sucking in air. "*Mmmmmm...*"

"Shit, *shit*, Kurt, *God...*" Blaine groaned, knowing he was close. "Kurt, are you...?"

"Close, Blaine, *so close*, oh my God, Blaine, I can't *wait* until this is *you*, your fingers, your cock, *ohhhhhhh*, *God*," Kurt's voice raised to a slight whimper and then broke slightly as he gasped and then moaned something that was most likely some form of Blaine's name.

Blaine tossed his head back, ignoring the dull thud as he hit the bathroom door. He bit his lip and moved his hand faster, squeezing and loosening in a rhythm that was quickly becoming more erratic as his muscles tensed in anticipation. His body shook as he came hard enough to see stars, ropes of white shooting over his hand and onto the floor. Weakly, he slid down the door, still leaning against it for support. He panted heavily, gasping when his bare ass touched the cold tile floor. He stretched his legs out in front of him, careful to avoid the mess he had made. When he could move again, he would have to be sure to clean that up. Otherwise, he could never face David ever again.

"Wow." Blaine could hear Kurt breathing heavily on the other end of the call. "Blaine, this stuff is the shit. Oh, my God. How have we never used lube before?"

Blaine managed a shaky laugh, head still buzzing from his intense orgasm. "I can't wait to try it with you."

"I can't wait, either, Blaine. I miss you," Kurt said softly. "I love you."

Blaine felt his heart skip as it always did whenever Kurt said that. "I love you, too."



## Chapter Forty-Three

When Blaine walked out of the bathroom a short time later, Wes and David were draped across David's bed watching television. David raised one eyebrow at Blaine's messy hair, flushed cheeks and tight grip on his phone and elbowed Wes, who turned his attention from the television to Blaine. A wicked grin crossed his face as he looked Blaine over.

"Indulging in a little phone sex with Kurt, B?" David asked cheekily, jaw then dropping as Blaine quickly looked away, face flushed an even brighter red.

Wes cackled delightedly. "You kinky motherfucker! You were in the bathroom totally talking dirty to Kurt and rubbing one out! Jesus, how can I go in there and piss ever again without thinking about that?"

"Oh, fuck you, Wes. Don't even stand there and try to convince me you've never jerked off in *your* bathroom, the bathroom you are more than welcome to leave mine and go to, by the way. And if you are thinking about me jerking off when you have your dick in your hand, I don't wanna know about it, okay?" Blaine retorted, face still a deep red.

David snickered and said, "He's got you there, Wes. Point to Blaine on that one, my friend."

"Whatever, man," Wes said, stretching just enough to pop the bones in his back, making a low grunt of satisfaction. "No skin off my ass either way, so long as you aren't fucking in my bed when you're in there."

"We wouldn't- I mean, we haven't yet," Blaine stammered, wondering why he couldn't put together a coherent sentence.

"Haven't what yet? Fucked in Wes' bed, or fucked in general?" David asked, idly channel surfing and pointedly ignoring Wes giving him the finger.

Blaine rubbed the back of his neck, feeling suddenly shy and a bit embarrassed at the subject matter. "Well, both? Either?"

David looked at him in surprise. "Really? I was positive you two were playing hide the salami or whatever. Can that even be used as a gay term?" he mused, not seeing the open mouthed dumbstruck look Blaine was giving him.

Wes sat up straight, outrage on his face. "Are you fucking *kidding* me? You guys haven't- *damn it*, that means Jeff wins, David! He's the only one who bet they hadn't gone all the way yet! *Fuck*, that means we all owe him a hundred bucks!"

Blaine felt his way to the desk chair and sat down hard in the chair. "You guys bet on us?" he questioned faintly, unsure if he should be amused, angry, offended or a mixture of them all.

David glared at Wes briefly before turning back to Blaine. "Just us and Nick and Jeff, B, I swear. You weren't supposed to find out. Don't be mad, it started one night when we were all drinking, and well, once the bet was made and accepted, well, you know..."

Blaine, who had been involved in several Warbler wagers himself and knew the terms they held to, dropped his head and sighed heavily. "You guys are assholes, you know. I should tell Kurt, just so he can get a hold of you guys. You know he would. What exactly was the bet?"

"We bet on when you guys had done it. My guess was that day Kurt sang to you and you got back together. How the fuck does makeup sex fail me?" Wes complained loudly before continuing. "Nick thought you'd done it before you broke up based on that time you guys made out in front of David when you didn't know he was in the dorm."

Blaine remembered both the day he and Kurt traumatized David by accident and the insanely hot make out session after Kurt sang to him, the one involving Dalton ties, and hid his smirk. They didn't have to know about that. He turned to David. "And you, D? What was your bet?"

David squirmed a little at the censure he saw in his friend's eyes. "My guess was that weekend you went home with Kurt. As many hickeys as you two walk around with, we just figured it was a done deal. Jeff's the only one who said it hadn't happened."

"Uh huh. And dare I ask who the mastermind of this was and how it came about?" Blaine smiled sweetly at his two friends, noticing that Wes quickly looked away while David quickly pointed at him.

"Who do you think? Wes and Jeff started it, basically Jeff saying you guys weren't doing it yet and Wes saying that ship had so sailed long ago. So Wes makes the bet, Jeff takes it, next thing you know Nick and I are in," David was apologetic. "Sorry, B, now that we are talking about it, it makes us all sound like douche bags."

Blaine nodded agreeably. "You guys are awful you know that? Besides, we might be gay, but do you really think either Kurt or I could keep that truly secret?" Blaine gave his friends a small grin.

Wes batted his eyes at Blaine in a joking attempt to be enticing. "You forgive us, though, don't you Blainey? Warbler code and all, right?"

Blaine made a motion of dismissal. "Whatever, you ass. Besides, not that you deserve me talking to you or anything, but since you guys seem so emotionally invested in our sex life, maybe I can ask some questions? Because we're thinking about...*it*." Blaine wasn't about to tell them that it was already decided and planned.

Wes looked skeptical. "What kind of questions? Because I'll be honest, I'm not sure how much help I'll be to you since I doubt you're gonna ask about boobs or eating pu-"

David quickly clapped one hand over Wes' mouth to silence him. "Sure, B, what do you want to know?"

Blaine shifted in his chair, feeling out of his element. He wasn't used to feeling nervous around David and Wes, but this wasn't something they usually talked about. "Okay, look. I need to get condoms. Obviously pregnancy isn't a concern, and neither's disease since we're both...well, you know. But it's supposed to make things...easier and less messy and all that. So, I guess I just wanna know if there's something in particular I need to get? Or size or whatever? How do you know which is best?"

David looked thoughtful. "Well, the size isn't necessarily your biggest worry. They're supposed to fit well enough to stay in place so it should be snug fitting but not cutting off circulation or anything like that. And we are good enough friends and I am comfortable enough in myself to be able to say you obviously won't need small, so you should be okay otherwise. But I don't actually know if it matters what type you get for, ummm, anal sex or whatever. You know what we need to do? We need to go shopping. The pharmacist can help."

Blaine winced and groaned, "I have to ask a perfect stranger about condoms?"

Wes grunted behind David's hand, which was still over his mouth. David suddenly jerked his hand away. "What the *fuck*, Wes?" he yelled, wiping his hand vigorously on his jeans. "You fucking licked my hand, you ass!"

"Well, you wouldn't take your hand off my mouth. And it wasn't a picnic for me, either, D. I really hope you washed your hands pretty recently," Wes retorted. He then turned to Blaine. "B, the pharmacist can probably help better than us. You can probably Google it and all, but this'll probably be better since you can talk to someone and ask questions." He checked his watch. "We can go now, if you want."

Blaine blinked at him. "At this hour?"

David shrugged. "The CVS by the hospital is open 24/7. Why not? You up for an adventure?"

Blaine ran a hand through his hair, further mussing the curls that had loosened from the hold of his hair gel. "Sure, I guess. I mean, what could go wrong?"

---

Blaine, Wes and David stood in the aisle of CVS where the condoms were, staring at the multitude of choices.

"Jesus, I don't remember there being so many of them," David said in a half whisper.

"Seriously," Wes agreed. "Ultra thin, ribbed, colors, lambskin...holy shit! Climax control? For *real*? And look, these get hot and cold!"

"Shhhhhh! God, Wes, keep your voice down!" Blaine hissed in embarrassment as Wes' voice had risen to an embarrassing level.

David raised his eyes heavenward for a moment. "Wes, use your indoor, non Warbler voice. Come on, Blaine, let's go talk to the pharmacist."

They walked over to the consultation window. A smiling red haired young woman came over to assist them. "Hello there! How can I help you?"

"Are you the pharmacist?" David asked her.

"No, I'm one of the pharmacy technicians. Hold on and I'll get him for you," she replied, turning to walk towards the back.

Blaine breathed out heavily. "Okay. This will be easy, right? No problem."

"Relax, Blaine, I don't want to have to rush you across the way to the hospital because you gave yourself a brain injury or something," Wes sighed, shaking his head at his flustered friend.

Blaine shifted back and forth on his feet nervously. He couldn't believe he was actually doing this. He saw the tech talking to a man who had his back to them. When he stood up and turned to walk towards them, Blaine felt all the breath leave him as if he had been punched.

*Oh, no. Not here. Not now.*

David looked at Blaine, startled as his friend suddenly went pale and his eyes widened in what looked like horror. "God, Blaine, are you alright?"

"I know him. I know the pharmacist. Oh, God, just kill me now," Blaine whispered as the man approached them.

"Okay, so what? Is it that bad?" David asked, wondering if this man had been in any part responsible for the grief Blaine suffered before coming to Dalton and feeling protective.

"He was my PeeWee league football coach from when I was a kid. Fuck my life," Blaine groaned, wanting to duck down below the counter where he wouldn't be seen. Maybe he could still do it and crawl away without being noticed.

Wes and David both just stared at him for a moment. Then they looked at each other and both started laughing. "No fucking way. That is AWESOME!" Wes snorted, taking obscene pleasure in Blaine's discomfort and grinning at the murderous glare Blaine leveled on him.

The window slid open and a jovial voice boomed, "Hello, boys, how can I assist-*Blaine*? Blaine Anderson?"

Mr. Jennings was smiling widely at him, clearly delighted to see him. "It's good to see you, my boy! And so grown up, I see! How are your parents doing?"

Blaine smiled weakly. "H-Hi, Mr. Jennings. They're good, thanks for asking."

"Good, good. Now, what can I help you boys with tonight? Isn't it a bit late for you to be out?" Mr. Jennings queried, checking his watch.

Blaine wished the floor would just open and swallow him already. "Well, Mr. Jennings, I wanted to ask, that is, I was wondering if you could tell me-"

Wes interrupted smoothly. "Sir, we wanted to get some information in regards to choices for prophylactics."

Mr. Jennings looked slightly taken aback. "I see. For *you*, Blaine?"

Blaine wondered if it was possible for a person to die of mortification. "Well, I-I-I-"

Wes beamed like a proud parent. "Indeed, sir. For ease of movement and prevention of disease and messiness, of course. Responsibility is important."

Mr. Jennings nodded one quick nod. "Of course. An unplanned pregnancy at your age would be devastating, I am sure."

Wes smiled charmingly. "I am positive that won't be an issue, sir, since-" Wes broke off mid sentence with a yelp of pain as Blaine stomped his foot in an action born of desperation and irritation. Mr. Jennings was looking at them as if they had lost their minds.

David stepped in, smiling his most charming smile. "Sir, we need to know if there's any difference in what type of condom to choose for, well, for *anal* sex."

Comprehension dawned over Mr. Jennings' face. "Ah. I see. Well, then. Generally any condom will do as far as that goes. There isn't a brand or type specifically for. I would not recommend anything that has Nonoxynol-9 since it's been known to irritate the anal lining or possibly cause infection."

"What's Nonoxynol-9?" whispered Wes to David. Mr. Jennings overheard him and answered.

"Spermicide. It acts as an additional birth control method by killing sperm to prevent pregnancy."

Wes nodded in understanding. "Not that that's an issue, anyway. But what about ribbed and all that stuff?"

Mr. Jennings gave them a small smile. "Well, that's something that won't matter from a health stand point. It's a preference matter. Some like them, some don't. For starters, you might consider the regular ones with lubricant. Not the hot and cold ones, though, I would imagine they might not be all that great for anal sex. Is there anything else I can help with?"

Blaine was wondering if his face would catch fire. Of all people to be the pharmacist on duty when he decides to buy freakin' rubbers to start having sex with his boyfriend. The only way things could get more humiliating would be for Burt Hummel to come around the corner. "I don't think so, Mr. Jennings. Thanks for your help."

Mr. Jennings gave him a kind smile. "It's my pleasure. If I can ever help you, you know where to find me now. Good to see you after all these years, Blaine. I always knew you'd grow into a fine young man." Reaching down behind his counter, he grabbed a glass jar of lollipops and offered it to the three boys with a wink, smiling benignly as they each took one. He gave them a little wave and returned to the back of the pharmacy.

Wes was laughing and rubbing his injured foot. "Wow, Blaine, do you have all the luck or what? And did you have to break my foot?"

Blaine glared at him. "You talk too much sometimes, you know, Wes? Let's go get these things and go so I can try to figure out if I am gonna need therapy over all this or not."

Traipsing back to the aisle, Blaine pondered several different boxes before deciding on one. He grabbed the box, rolling his eyes at David's laughing suggestion to buy the biggest box. He gave a long suffering sigh and snatched the combo pack out of Wes' hands and returned it to the shelf. Silently pointing towards the front of the store, Blaine directed his friends towards the checkout. Thankfully, the cashier was a bored looking guy that looked to be college aged that made no comment about their purchase. Blaine was certain he wouldn't have survived otherwise. He paid with his debit card and the three boys headed for Blaine's car.

As he started the car, Blaine heaved a little sigh of relief. It had been excruciating, but it was done. He had condoms, Kurt had lube, and in just a few days they would be having sex. Blaine felt a little pulsing of excitement sweep over him, wishing it was next weekend already and that Kurt wasn't home this weekend. Kurt wouldn't even be back to school until Monday morning and then there was the entire week to get through.

It was going to be a long few days.

---

Tuesday afternoon, Kurt and Blaine walked hand in hand towards the music room. Wes was in full panic mode with the Christmas extravaganza coming the next week and had scheduled extra practice every afternoon after classes, much to everyone's dismay. Fortunately for Kurt and Blaine, Wes had been hugely pleased with their rendition of Baby It's Cold Outside and wasn't demanding for them to put in too many extra practice hours. He had even joked with them that it was a good thing they were so good already since he didn't trust them to actually practice singing if left alone.

Once they got to the music room door, Kurt leaned in for a quick kiss and to adjust Blaine's collar just a bit so as to better cover the dark mark he had put there Monday morning upon his return to Dalton. In the heat of the moment he hadn't been careful of placement and even with Blaine's shirt and tie, the passion bruised skin was visible.

"So, I was thinking," Blaine was saying as he smiled at Kurt's fussing over his collar, "we should go out to eat Friday night. We haven't gone on a proper date in a while, you know. We can go have a nice dinner before...before we, before we do anything. What do you think?"

Kurt was staring at Blaine's lips while he spoke and licking his own in response. He saw the boyish excitement in Blaine's eyes at the idea of having a date before their big weekend started and smiled. His boyfriend was adorable. So when he answered Blaine, he was horrified at how spectacularly his brain to mouth filter failed him.

"Are you saying you want to wine me, dine me, sixty-nine me?" Kurt heard himself say. He gasped and clapped both hands over his mouth in mortification. "Oh, my God, *please* tell me I didn't just say that."

Blaine had blinked a couple of times, his surprise evident on his face. But then, a mischievous grin appeared on his face and he leaned towards Kurt. "You say it like it's a bad thing. Is that what you want? Will it work?" he whispered conspiratorially.

Kurt swept his hand back through his hair and gave a superior sniff. "Maybe. If you play your cards right."

Blaine chuckled and pulled Kurt's hand up to his mouth to quickly kiss it. "Nice recovery, babe. Well played. Shall we go sing Christmas songs now?" They exchanged one more kiss before going into practice.



The rest of the week drug by, seeming to take weeks instead of days. And Friday was the worst of all. Both Kurt and Blaine spent the entire day watching the clock crawl, much to the endless amusement of their friends. Although neither had said anything about their plans to either Wes or David, they had figured it out. To their credit, neither of them teased too often, although at one point Kurt accused Wes of setting the clock back just to mess with him, something Wes denied, but the twinkle in his eye made Kurt look at him in suspicion on more than one occasion for the rest of the day.

Finally at the end of the school day, Kurt rushed to his dorm to grab the bag he had packed for the weekend. He hurriedly showered, massaging his skin with Blaine's favorite vanilla scented body wash. Once he was out, he quickly moisturized his face, taking a moment to lightly line his eyes, and styled his hair in the tousled style Blaine liked. He changed into the outfit he had planned for the evening, wondering if Blaine would recognize it.

A knock on the door alerts him to Blaine's arrival. Kurt smoothed his shirt quickly and licked his lips as he crossed the room to answer the door. He opened the door and smiled at his boyfriend, sure he looked utterly besotted. He noticed with approval that Blaine had loosely styled his curls tonight, just the way he preferred it.

Blaine smiled brightly at Kurt, saying "Ready to go?" He then noticed what Kurt was wearing and his eyes widened, his breath rushing in on a deep breath as recognition swept over him.

Kurt was wearing the outfit he had worn to the party the first time Blaine had seen him. The black and silver button up shirt was tucked into tight skinny jeans and had the sleeves rolled up, exposing Kurt's forearms. The top buttons were undone, exposing Kurt's pale neck, which still bore faint marks Blaine had left on him. Knee high boots completed the outfit, taking them full circle to the beginning.

"Wow," Blaine breathed, wondering if they should just skip dinner altogether and go straight to his house where his bed awaited them. He had already gone by the previous weekend and set up candles around his room, changed the bedding to the luxurious high thread count sheets he knew Kurt would approve of, and his iPod dock awaited his iPod, which had a special playlist he had set up while Kurt was away.

"God, Kurt, you look-" Blaine swallowed, closing his eyes for a brief moment before raising them to look into those incredible eyes that had captured him from the start, before he even dreamed anything like this could ever happen. "You look *amazing*. You always did."

Kurt smiled, delight written across his face. "You remembered!"

"Are you kidding me? Do you know how many times I dreamed about this outfit?" Blaine teased, taking both of Kurt's hands in his own and squeezing them. He then pulled Kurt towards him so he could kiss him gently, humming in approval at the taste and smell of vanilla. "Are you ready? We need to get going if we are going to make our reservation."

"Yeah, my bag's over-wait, reservation? Blaine, where are we going?" Kurt had turned to grab his bag but turned back to face Blaine, his surprise obvious. "I didn't know you were doing that, am I dressed okay?"

Blaine gestured to his own outfit, a navy sweater with khaki slacks. "You look great. We aren't going anywhere horribly highbrow and fancy, I promise you I would have prepared you for that. I just had a place in mind and wanted to be sure we had a table waiting for us so we didn't have to wait." He grinned at Kurt's delighted face. "Maybe one weekend we can fly to New York or something and then I can take you somewhere really fancy, what do you think?"

"Blaine, don't tease me like that," Kurt scolded, shouldering his packed bag and making sure he had his phone and wallet before tossing his keys in his bag.

"Who's teasing? If you'd rather go somewhere else, we can, but I'd love to take you somewhere, show you off, show you a good time," Blaine grinned as Kurt raised one eyebrow at him, his skepticism apparent.

"Sure, Blaine, and how will we do that?" Kurt asked as they walked out of the room. He looked back one more time, aware that when he returned, he would be a different person. An experienced non-virgin. He made sure the door was locked behind him, and they began walking to Blaine's car.

"My black American Express card will make it obnoxiously easy," Blaine said as he hit the unlock button on his key fob. He took Kurt's bags from his unresisting fingers and tossed them in the trunk next to his own before opening the passenger door to help Kurt in. He realized Kurt hadn't moved and looked at him in surprise.

Kurt's eyes were wide in shock. He knew that Blaine's family was well off, but he didn't know how well. Maybe well off was more an understatement and wealthy a more apt description.

"Kurt?" Blaine asked. "Is there something wrong?"

Kurt shook his head, taking the hand Blaine held out and allowing himself to be seated. "I hope you know I am letting you do this with the understanding that I open the door for you when we get to the restaurant," he said with a small smile.

"Deal," Blaine laughed as he crossed over to the driver's side and got in.

When they got to the restaurant, Blaine parked near the front and they walked in, Kurt holding the door open for Blaine with a flourish. Blaine gave his name to the smiling hostess, who quickly led them to a table towards the back. She took their drink orders and told the their waiter would be with them soon. Kurt looked around, pleased with the ambiance and atmosphere. The table was semi secluded, allowing them a modicum of privacy. A pristine white cloth covered the table and there was a candle burning in the decorative centerpiece, its soft glow reflecting off the silverware that rested on fine linen napkins.

A well dressed waiter approached the table to take their orders. Kurt and Blaine opted to not order an appetizer since soup and salad were part of the meal, agreeing to order one of the sinful desserts instead. Blaine ordered a filet mignon while Kurt chose salmon. While they waited for their order, they held hands across the table, making small talk as they devoured each other with their eyes.

Blaine smiled softly at his beautiful boyfriend, loving how the candlelight caught the blue green color of his eyes and made them sparkle. "I almost can't believe this is real," he murmured, stroking the back of Kurt's hand with his thumb.

"What can't you believe?" questioned Kurt, giving Blaine's hand a light squeeze.

"Any of it. You. Me. Here together. I love you and you love me back, and tonight we're going to give each other something no one else can ever have from us. I love you so much, Kurt, and I wish you knew how much it means to me that you want to take this step, that I'm the one you want to take it with. There's no one else in the world for me but you, and no one else I would want to share this with," Blaine said quietly, hazel eyes sparkling with emotion.

Kurt's lips quivered slightly and he raised his free hand to quickly wipe his eyes. "Blaine, never let it be said that you are not romantic. I love you. I never thought I would ever find anyone when suddenly, there you were. Tonight is a beginning for us, and I look forward to so many more with you."

The tender moment was interrupted by the arrival of their food, but neither of them ate much of the excellently prepared food, unwilling to let go of each other's hands for very long and unable to look away from each other's eyes for more than a moment. Blaine made a laughing noise and said, "I have ice cream at the house. My vote is getting this packed up to go, skip dessert and let's get going. What say you?"

Kurt smiled coyly. "I say I have strawberry lube and we can make our own dessert."

Blaine quickly summoned their waiter and requested their food be put in to go boxes while Kurt excused himself to run to the restroom. When he was returning to the table he stopped. A different waiter was at their table talking to Blaine, and it was obvious from his smile and body language he was flirting heavily. When the guy reached out and touched Blaine's shoulder, Kurt's lips tightened in annoyance and possessiveness rippled its way down his spine. He sauntered towards the table, able to hear the conversation between his boyfriend and the waiter.

"I have a boyfriend," Blaine said, feeling aggravated and uncomfortable.

"Doesn't bother me if it doesn't bother you," the guy smirked, shrugging casually. "Later, maybe? After you get rid of the extra baggage? What are your plans for later?"

Blaine opened his mouth to tell the guy off when Kurt swooped in like an avenging angel. He grabbed Blaine by the hand and pulled him up, wrapping an arm around his waist possessively. "Actually, twinkle toes, he's going to be busy. *Very busy*. Most of his plans for later involve banging my head into the headboard while he fucks me hard enough that I walk funny for days. Consider yourself lucky you weren't our waiter, otherwise I would demand *you* tip *me* instead for feeling on my boyfriend. Now, how about you fuck the hell off before I get the manager over here and make such a scene it becomes a historical fact?"

The wide eyed waiter backed away, looking terrified. Blaine stood still for a moment, then breathed out on a sigh.

"I fucking love you."

Kurt smiled wickedly and said, "Let's get to your house and switch that around just a bit."

Blaine chuckled and asked, "Switch it up how, exactly?"

Kurt teasingly stuck a finger in his mouth, swirling his tongue around it before winking. "I love fucking you."

Blaine grabbed the bag with their food in it in one hand, grabbed Kurt by the hand with his other and nearly ran out of there, Kurt laughing the entire way.

---

The restaurant was not far from Blaine's house. Kurt wasn't sure what to expect, but he still was a little shocked when Blaine pulled up to a gated driveway. He hit a button on a device on the sun visor and the gate swung open to admit Blaine's BMW. He followed the curve of the driveway to a large, sprawling house. Kurt supposed mansion would be an apt description. Blaine hit another button on the device, this one opening a door in the multicar garage. He pulled in and jumped out, eager to get Kurt inside. He grabbed their bags from the trunk and went around to take Kurt by the hand.

When they walked in, they were in a spacious kitchen. Kurt's wide eyes took in the dark cabinets with marble countertops and the shiny, modern appliances. There was a small table in the breakfast nook area and a doorway led into a larger more formal dining room.

Blaine kicked his shoes off and cleared his throat, feeling a little embarrassed. "Well, this is it. Mi casa, I suppose. You can take your boots off and leave them in the shoe bench, if you like. Mom doesn't allow shoes on the carpet."

Kurt bent and quickly loosened his boots, sliding them off and putting them neatly where Blaine indicated. Together, they walked in sock feet over the plush carpeting. Kurt looked around, trying to take everything in. The whole house smacked of wealth and interior decorating. The furnishings were tasteful and expensive, modern in design. It was all lovely to look at, yet Kurt noticed there were very few personal touches. No pictures, no signs that anyone lived there. The only thing was a large formal family portrait hanging over the fireplace mantle of Blaine and his parents. It could almost be a model home, a showcase room. It made him sad that this was what Blaine came to when he was home.

Blaine tugged on Kurt's hand. "I know, it's awful. My room isn't so bad. Come on." He led Kurt to a large sprawling staircase and went up to the second floor. He went towards the right and opened a door, pulling Kurt in and closing the door behind them.

Kurt looked around. Blaine's room was more pleasant than the rest of the house. Here, he could feel his boyfriend. Trophies lined a shelf while a bookcase was full of books that obviously were well read. He smiled when he saw pictures of them on the vanity mirror.

Blaine put Kurt's bags in the corner, suddenly feeling anxious and shy. "I know it's not great. Not like *your* house. This house is soulless, where yours is obviously filled with love."

Kurt grabbed Blaine by the hand and sat down on the bed, indicating for Blaine to do the same. "Blaine, it's you I'm here for, not your house. Together, we can fill *this* room, at least, with love, right?"

Blaine swallowed heavily and nodded. Remembering his preparations, he jumped up and lit the candles he had put out. He plugged in his iPod and started music at a low volume level. He smiled shakily at Kurt. "I'm sorry I don't have rose petals or something great like that."

Kurt shook his head. "No. This is perfect." He fidgeted slightly and cleared his throat nervously. "Well, I brought the stuff Santana got us."

Blaine nodded faintly. "And Wes and David went with me to get condoms." He breathed out heavily. "I guess we need to get everything and put it on the nightstand where we can reach it. They each got the things they had brought with them and put it all on the night stand, still not looking at each other. They sat on the bed quietly for a few moments, listening to each other breathe before looking up and meeting eyes.

Kurt bit his lip nervously. "Are we being silly? It isn't like we haven't done anything sexual or seen each other naked before."

"True," said Blaine, smiling faintly. He watched, transfixed, as Kurt's hands slowly reached up and started unbuttoning his shirt. Licking his lips, he reached out hesitantly. "Please, Kurt, if it's okay, can I-?"

Kurt dropped his hands to the bed and allowed Blaine to undo the buttons of his shirt. He noticed that Blaine's hands were shaking and knew the same was true for his own. Blaine tugged the shirt free of his jeans and unbuttoned the remaining buttons before sliding the shirt off Kurt's shoulders to pool around his arms and waist. Kurt lifted his hands so his arms slid free of the fabric, and reached for the hem of

Blaine's sweater. He looked into Blaine's eyes, silently requesting permission. Blaine raised his arms above his head, allowing Kurt to push the sweater up and off. They each stood, opting to divest themselves of their pants and socks so that only their briefs remained.

Blaine lay back on his pillow, remembering that Kurt wanted to be on top of him. He was shaking with nerves and excitement, and his cock was hard. When Kurt reached out to touch his overheated skin, he forced himself to lie still.

Kurt swept his eyes up and down Blaine's body. He lightly ran his fingertips over Blaine's tight stomach, feeling the muscles beneath jump in response. "God, Blaine, you are just so amazing," he breathed as he watched his hands running over Blaine's chest. The paleness of his own skin contrasted with the rich olive tone of Blaine's, and in that moment it was beautiful and perfect.

Blaine wanted to tell Kurt that he was the amazing one, but all he could manage was a low moan as Kurt cupped his hardness through his briefs. He wriggled slightly, breath coming a little harder now. When Kurt bent to mouth at his cloth covered cock, Blaine's entire body jolted, every nerve ending sensitive and on fire. "Wait, Kurt. As much as I love you doing that, I know I won't last if you keep doing so."

Kurt hummed lightly and nuzzled Blaine's crotch, breathing deep of the light musky scent that was pure Blaine. His mouth watered with the desire to pull the briefs off and suck Blaine's cock until he babbled incoherently, but Kurt knew they had all weekend to explore and enjoy each other. The moment of truth had arrived.

Kurt stood up next to the bed and pulled his briefs off, allowing his erect cock to spring free. Naked now, he climbed back on the bed to straddle Blaine, who was looking at him with eyes darkened with desire. His bare backside came in contact with Blaine's still clothed hardness, and he couldn't resist doing a little wiggle and grind. Blaine's hands flew to Kurt's hips in a hard grip, eyes rolling back and low moan escaping his throat.

Kurt leaned down to kiss Blaine, their mouths opening immediately to clash together in a wet meeting of lips, tongue and teeth. While their tongues moved together in a passionate dance, Kurt reached over to the night stand and grabbed the bottle of plain lube. He pulled away from the kiss, a small giggle escaping him when Blaine made a whimpering noise in response.

"Do you want me to prep myself? Or do you want to do it?" Kurt asked as he rolled his hip slightly, the movement not only rubbing his ass against Blaine's cock but rubbing his own cock against Blaine's stomach.

"How can I think to answer when you are doing that?" Blaine gasped, grip on Kurt's hips tightening slightly. He thought for a moment, wondering which would be best. "What about this. Will you start and let me watch you, then I can do it from there?"

Kurt smiled shyly, knowing that a bit of embarrassment was adding to the flush of his cheeks. Doing this in front of someone was a little terrifying. But this was Blaine, his love. And since he had already teased Blaine by doing this on the phone with him, Kurt decided not think on it any further.

Kurt gently removed Blaine's hands from his hips. He raised himself slightly and turned around so that he faced Blaine's feet. He popped open the cap on the lube bottle and squeezed some into his hand, moving it around to coat his fingers. He felt Blaine's touch and paused for a moment, looking back over his shoulder at his boyfriend.

Blaine had been admiring the creamy perfection of Kurt's back. It was flawless, like an empty canvas. He reached out and ran a single finger slowly and gently down Kurt's spine, tracing the bumps and curves of the bones from the base of his neck to the base of it just above the crack of his perfect ass. If there had ever been a time where he had questioned his sexuality, it was out the window now as he beheld the flawless beauty of his boyfriend. He raised his eyes and saw Kurt looking at him.

Kurt smiled gently and said, "I love you." He then reached back with his lubricated hand, leaning forward a bit and causing his ass cheeks to spread slightly. Blaine watched in fascination as Kurt's glistening finger traced over and around the dusky pucker of his hole. Slowly, Kurt pressed inward and Blaine forgot to breathe as he watched Kurt's finger slide into his hole. Kurt slowly moved his finger in and out, twisting his wrist in preparation for two fingers. He pulled his finger out and squeezed a little more lube onto his hand. He slid the finger back in for a few strokes before adding a second one. A week of practice had made this easier, and he was enjoying both the sensation of fingers in his ass and the reaction of his boyfriend.

Blaine was utterly enthralled as he watched his boyfriend fingering his own ass. Every so often Kurt would make a low humming noise and it went straight to Blaine's cock each time. He watched carefully as Kurt twisted his hand, fingers making a stretching, scissoring motion. He wanted to be sure he knew what to do when he got to use his own fingers.



Kurt turned back again to look at Blaine. "I have you a good start. Are you ready to take over?"

"*God*, yes," Blaine said, hoping he didn't sound too desperate. He took the lube that Kurt handed him and squeezed some into his hand, being sure to liberally coat his fingers as he had watched Kurt do. He placed his other hand on Kurt's back and gently pushed him forward so that his slightly stretched and glistening hole was visible. He moved the hand to Kurt's hip while he lightly traced around his hole with his slick fingers, pleased when he felt Kurt shiver. "Ready?" he whispered.

"Do it," whispered Kurt. He gasped as he felt one of Blaine's fingers slide easily into him. It was different from his own fingers. *Better*.

Blaine moved his finger in and out smoothly, watching as his finger disappeared in and out of Kurt's ass. It had to be one of the single hottest things he had ever seen. He swallowed hard, his mouth suddenly dry. He licked his lips and asked, "Can I add another finger yet?"

Kurt nodded, ready for more. "Yes, I'm stretched enough it won't be a problem. Do you need more lube?"

"No, I think I'm okay, but you let me know if I hurt you, okay?" Blaine said as he gently started moving two fingers in and out of Kurt. His cock throbbed with arousal and awareness and he couldn't wait to find out what it felt like to be buried deep inside of his boyfriend. He twisted his fingers slightly in an upward motion and smiled proudly as Kurt fell forward and moaned loudly. *Oh, hello there, prostate*. He repeated the movement again and caught his breath as Kurt began pressing back, literally fucking himself on Blaine's fingers.

"More, Blaine, give me more, please," pleaded Kurt as he moved. "I think I'm ready for three fingers now."

"Are you sure? Have you used three fingers on yourself any?" Blaine asked, still worried about hurting Kurt but wanting to do exactly what he wanted.

"No, I haven't, but if you go slow I should be fine, I promise," Kurt gasped out as Blaine twisted again and stroked the sensitive bundle of nerves. "Blaine, *please*..." he begged, hands bunching and loosening into fists, thighs tensing and toes curling.

Blaine loved that *he* was the reason Kurt looked and sounded so wrecked. He grabbed the lube and added a little more to his fingers. Rubbing Kurt's lower back soothingly, he returned two fingers to moving in and out of Kurt's ass and positioned his third finger. "You want this, Kurt? You want me to do this to you, right?"

Only I can do this to you. You're *mine*, all mine. Every inch of you," Blaine whispered, tongue loosened by passion.

When Kurt made a strangled whine in response, Blaine carefully pushed his third finger in. Kurt tensed and stiffened, hissing at the new stretch and burn. Blaine made a soothing shushing noise, stopping his movements to let Kurt get used to the sensation. After a few moments, he tentatively wriggled his fingers. "Okay?" he asked, not wanting to go too fast but desperately wanting to resume what he was doing.

Kurt breathed out, blowing gently. "I think so. Still keeping slow, though, okay?" He gasped as Blaine's fingers moved slowly in and out again, the burn lessening as he stretched around Blaine's fingers. Kurt moaned at the fullness, barely noticing the burn anymore as Blaine's fingers moved easier, his body more accommodating. "*Mmmmmm, God, Blaine, your fingers feel so good,*" Kurt whispered, reaching down to rub Blaine's hardness through the now dampened cloth of his briefs. He was rewarded by a loud groan as Blaine's fingers paused in their movements.

"Kurt, can we-I think I need-Kurt, I want you, now, *please, now,*" Blaine gasped, too lost in sensation to be ashamed of the desperation lacing his words.

Kurt leaned forward, a low whimper escaping him as he was suddenly empty when Blaine pulled his fingers out. He managed to lift up on his knees to turn around and straddle Blaine again, another small whine escaping him as his sensitive hole came in contact with Blaine's hard cock, still confined by his briefs. Their eyes met, each of them with wide, dilated pupils, a sheen of sweat covering them both. Kurt watched as Blaine reached for his nightstand, grabbing the box of condoms and opening it. He pulled one out and tossed the box back onto the nightstand. Holding it in his shaking hand, Blaine looked up at Kurt again. Even in the candlelight, their eyes shone with love, trust, and just a touch of fear. Blaine managed to smile a small smile, just a little shakily up at his boyfriend.

"Are you ready?"

## Chapter Forty-Four

Kurt stared down at Blaine, eyes glittering mysteriously in the candlelight. He swallowed nervously, throat visibly working. Not trusting himself to say anything, he nodded.

Blaine blew out a breath, nerves making his stomach twist. He pulled a Kleenex from the box on his nightstand to wipe off some of the lube on his hands, not wanting them to be too slippery to function. He grasped the condom packet with shaky hands and after a brief moment of fumbling and cursing, tore it open. He looked up at Kurt, who was looking his hands with a mixed look of fascination and trepidation. Blaine managed a wobbly smile.

"As much as I hate to make you move, I can't reach to put this on with you sitting where you are," Blaine said, motioning with his hands.

Kurt blinked twice before what Blaine said registered. "Oh!" he squeaked, cheeks turning a little redder as he scrambled off of Blaine to give him access to his crotch.

Blaine immediately missed Kurt's warmth and reassuring presence. He leaned up and eyed his cock for a moment, mind spinning and remembering that horribly embarrassing Sex Ed class where the teacher demonstrated how to properly roll on a condom by putting one on a cucumber. He felt a brief moment of panic. What if he messed up? What if he suddenly went soft or something? He had a mental image of having to chase his limp dick around to try to get the condom on it and nearly burst into hysterical laughter. Kurt's soft touch on his shoulder brought him back to reality and soothed him. Blaine reached down and took himself in his hand, stroking lightly and when Kurt leaned down to lick the head of his cock, he couldn't help but groan. Regretfully, he gave Kurt a gentle push away from his hard on and positioned the condom. He held his breath while he rolled the condom down, feeling rather pleased that his hands weren't so shaky as to make it an impossible task.

Once the condom was on securely, Blaine grabbed the bottle of lube and squirted a good amount into his hand. He knew this would probably be painful for Kurt, no matter what, but he wanted to do whatever he could to make things as easy and comfortable as he could. He slicked his hands and slathered himself thoroughly before pulling another Kleenex and cleaning his left hand as best as he could. He tossed it aside and lay back against the pillows, taking a deep breath and blowing it out. He held his hand out to Kurt with a small, hesitant smile that grew larger when Kurt smiled shyly back and took his hand.

Kurt moved to straddle Blaine again, leaning down to capture his mouth in a kiss meant to soothe and reassure both of them. He gasped against Blaine's lips when he felt Blaine's fingers circling his sensitive hole again before sliding in. Kurt whimpered as he felt the slick fingers moving in and out slowly, relubricating and stretching as they worked. He leaned away from Blaine, sitting up and moving to position himself, still holding Blaine's hand. The hand that had been teasing his ass moved to his hip, holding him steady. Kurt reached behind himself and grasped Blaine's cock, stroking it and smiling when Blaine let out a low moan. He lined it up with his stretched hole, pausing for a moment to look into Blaine's eyes again. Eyes that glowed in the candlelight with love and trust.

"I love you," Kurt whispered. Then with a deep breath, he began slowly lowering himself onto Blaine. He gasped at the feeling of fullness, of being stretched even more because *God*, even three of Blaine's fingers hadn't been quite the same as this. He stopped for a moment, needing to adjust to the sensation. He pushed down a bit further, hissing with an intake of air. *Ouch*. The stretch had become a burn and Kurt had to pause again to let his body acclimate. Tentatively, he raised back up and pushed down again, this time sinking a little further onto Blaine's cock. Okay, that wasn't so bad, actually it was rather nice.

At least until Blaine's hips twitched in a small thrust. Kurt tightened his hold on Blaine's hand and tried hard not to whimper in pain but he wasn't quite successful.

"Sorry, sorry! Kurt, are you okay? I didn't mean to, I couldn't help it. I mean-God, are you alright? Did I hurt you?" Blaine gasped, instantly contrite. He hadn't intended on moving at all, at least not until Kurt said it was okay, but *Jesus*, Kurt was so hot and tight around the end of his cock and it was the most amazing and incredible thing he had ever felt in his entire life. And before he even realized what he was doing, he had thrust up, craving more.

Kurt breathed in deep through his nose and nodded. "Yeah. I'll be okay," he assured his now anxious boyfriend. "Just, give me a minute. Let me get used to you. I need you to try to hold still for me, alright? I promise, I'm fine."

Blaine nodded. He rubbed Kurt's hip with his thumb soothingly.

Kurt took a deep breath and tried to relax. He pushed further, *further*, until his ass was flush against Blaine with Blaine's cock buried completely and deeply inside him. He was breathing hard, in equal parts exertion and triumph. Tightening his thigh muscles and bracing himself, he slowly raised himself and lowered again, gasping at the feeling of Blaine's cock sliding in and out.

The hand on his hip tightened and Blaine's eyes snapped shut as he let out a loud groan. Kurt froze for a second. "Oh, God, Blaine! Are you alright? Did I hurt you?" he asked anxiously.

Blaine shook his head tightening his hold on both Kurt's hand and his hip. "God, no, it's *incredible*. Don't stop, *please*, don't *ever* stop."

Kurt let go of Blaine's hand and braced himself on Blaine's chest with both hands as Blaine settled his other hand so that he held both of Kurt's hips. He raised himself again and lowered, this time easier and less uncomfortable. Kurt hummed low under his breath, moving again at a quicker pace. He felt Blaine's hands tight on his hips and gasped when he felt them assisting his movements, pushing him up then pulling him back down again.

"Oh, my God, Blaine!"

Blaine was sure he must be in heaven. Nothing had prepared him for just how exquisite Kurt would feel. Every nerve in his body was centered on his dick, which was surrounded by the most perfect tight heat he had ever known to exist. Every up and down movement Kurt made caressed him, each rock of Kurt's hips causing the most delicious friction. When Kurt tossed head back and closed his eyes, moaning softly, Blaine felt a surge of pride. *He* was doing that. *He* was pleasuring Kurt, and the pleasure he felt as Kurt moved on him was amazing.

Kurt rocked his hips a little faster, the heated drag of their bodies better than anything he had imagined in his wildest fantasies. He slid up, leaning back slightly to move down again. This time, Blaine raised his knees behind him, thrusting up to meet him, and oh, *holy fuck...*

"Blaine!" Kurt cried out, voice gravelly with passion. He cried out again as Blaine thrust again, his hard cock stoking that magical spot that caused every nerve ending to fire with sensation. "There. Oh, my *God*, *there*. Do it again."

Blaine watched Kurt, utterly fascinated. He was gorgeous, covered with a fine sheen of sweat. A single drop rolled down his neck and Blaine wanted to lick it. Kurt's cheeks were flushed and his lips parted as he panted and moaned, the sound purely pornographic. Blaine decided then and there that he would want to hear that as often as he could, because it might just be the most beautiful sound he'd ever heard. He moved one hand to take a hold Kurt's hardness, stroking him firmly, warm satisfaction rolling over him when this caused Kurt to make more of those beautiful noises.

"Come on, Kurt, come for me," Blaine breathed, feeling the tightening sensation in his stomach and his toes curling into the mattress as he continued to thrust into Kurt.

Kurt moaned softly, feeling every inch of Blaine moving in and out of his ass. Blaine's hand stroking his cock made it hard to think clearly. He tightened convulsively when Blaine's cock once again stroked over his prostate, causing Blaine to groan. Panting, Kurt looked down at the gorgeous boy under him. Blaine looked sinfully debauched. His curls were damp and loose, his chest heaving and glistening with sweat. His eyes were heavy lidded and staring back intently. Kurt licked his lips and moved a little faster as Blaine's hand gave his cock a squeeze. His thighs were burning from their exertion, but Kurt kept raising and lowering, meeting each of Blaine's thrusts. At this angle, the movement caused the head of Blaine's cock to hit his prostate on nearly every thrust and Kurt was starting to feel pressure in his groin that signaled the end was imminent. He raised up once again and as he lowered himself, Blaine's hips snapped up at the perfect angle and hit inside him just right while his hand twisted on the head of Kurt's cock. It slammed into him like a fireball and Kurt cried out, shuddering as he came hot and wet over Blaine's hand and stomach.

Seeing Kurt fall apart above him was really all the stimulation Blaine needed, but feeling Kurt's ass tighten exquisitely around him as he came proved to be too much. Blaine's eyes rolled back in his head as his own release exploded, waves of pleasure wracking him as he moaned long and low.

Kurt stayed where he was, eyes closed and breathing heavily. He could feel sweat trickling down his back and his thighs were burning in a way reminiscent of his first week of Cheerios practice. He put his hands on Blaine's shoulders and leaned forward. He caught his breath on a gasping hiss of discomfort when the forward movement caused Blaine to slip out of him. The burning sensation he had expected, but he hadn't known just how empty he would feel at the loss.

"Are you okay?" Blaine asked him softly, running his hands up and down Kurt's arms.

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine," Kurt assured him, moving gingerly off of Blaine and lying down next to him.

Blaine pulled off the used condom and tied it off, dropping it into the wastebasket next to the bed. He then immediately moved to put his arms around Kurt. He pulled him close and nuzzled into his damp hair before covering Kurt's neck with slow kisses. He licked the wet skin, making a small humming noise in the back of his throat. Kurt tasted salty and smelled like a mix of sweat, vanilla and a touch of Blaine's own scent. He smelled like sex. He smelled like *them*. It was fucking intoxicating.

Kurt found the Kleenex that Blaine had wiped his hand on earlier and made a brief effort to clean Blaine's come splattered stomach just a bit. Once he determined that Blaine was at least a little less sticky, he tossed the used tissue towards the wastebasket and cuddled up to him, rubbing his chest. They lay there quietly for a few minutes, both listening to the other catch their breath.

Kurt was the first to break the silence. "Wow."

Blaine knew he was grinning foolishly. "Yeah."

"We did it," Kurt said, sounding almost breathless. "Wow. We did it. We had sex."

"We did," Blaine agreed, still feeling giddy.

Kurt laughed then, sounding delighted. "We did it! And we can do it again, can't we?"

Blaine grinned mischievously and turned slightly, grinding his half hard cock lightly against Kurt's hips. "Yep."

Kurt's eyes widened and he looked down at Blaine's crotch in surprise. "Wow. I just meant later on. Can everyone do that you think?"

Blaine laughed, sure that were he not feeling so damn amazing he would probably be embarrassed. "Maybe I just have a quick recovery time or something. I think it's part of being a teenager. It's your fault anyway for being so damn sexy, you know."

Kurt giggled. "Oh, sure, blame me. It's *my* fault you are a sex fiend."

"You said it, not me," Blaine said, grunting when Kurt teasingly poked him in the stomach.

"What took us so long to actually do it, anyway?" Kurt laughed. He moved to throw his leg over Blaine's and winced at the pull in his backside. "Ouch. That must be it right there."

Blaine turned onto his side and leaned up on one elbow to look at Kurt. "Are you sure you're okay?" he asked, concern in his eyes and voice.

"*Blaine*. I'll be fine. Don't worry, okay?" Kurt reached up to place his hand against Blaine's cheek, smiling when Blaine rubbed his face against it. "I'm so happy right now, Blaine. All of this. I'm so glad it was you," he said softly.

"I love you," Blaine breathed, leaning down to press his lips against Kurt's. The kiss started out gentle, but within moments Kurt had his arms around Blaine's neck, holding him close. Their mouths worked feverishly against each other, tongues licking and tasting, moving sensuously. A low moan built deep in Kurt's throat and he shivered when Blaine answered with a moan of his own.

Blaine pulled back and placed his forehead against Kurt's, trying to catch his breath and gain control over himself. He was fully hard again and had the urge to push Kurt back against the bed and thrust into him, but he knew Kurt was sore and needed time to recover. Then again, that didn't mean they couldn't do *other* things.

"Take a shower with me," Blaine said, reaching down to tease at Kurt's cock, which had quite obviously also recovered nicely and was jutting forward. He smiled in satisfaction when Kurt tossed his head back and groaned before he thrust into Blaine's hand. "*God*, Kurt, you're beautiful, especially like this. Every part of you is gorgeous. It's not fair for us mere mortals, you know."

Kurt moaned again. "Flattery will get you everywhere. Are you telling me my dick is pretty and immortal?" he teased, then pouted when Blaine stopped his delicious movements and burst out laughing.

"God, Kurt. I don't even know what to say to that." Blaine moved to the edge of the bed and stood up. He held a hand out to Kurt and said, "Come on, baby. Let's take a shower."

Kurt moved cautiously, very aware of the ache in his backside. He took Blaine's hand and let him help him stand. Kurt stood slowly and stayed still for a moment. His thighs still ached, it looked like his hips were most likely bruised from Blaine's tight hold, and he knew he was going to walk funny, but other than that, he was feeling pretty damn awesome. And the idea of cleaning up in a shower with his hot boyfriend was sounding really good, especially when Blaine called him 'baby' and made his insides melt into an even more gooey mess.

Blaine's bathroom was amazing and Kurt looked around it appreciatively. The glass doored stand alone shower was plenty big enough for them both. It had multiple shower heads and instead of a tile floor it looked like it was made of smooth stones. There was even a seat built in at one end. Blaine opened the



door and started the water running. "Come on," he beckoned to Kurt as he stepped in. "The water is already hot. Beauty of this water heater, no waiting for water to heat."

Kurt stepped in and sighed in pleasure. The hot water cascaded over him and felt amazing, soothing and relaxing his muscles. When he felt Blaine's hands start massaging his shoulders, he sagged and was almost embarrassed at the whimpering noise that escaped him. Blaine reached over to the corner shelf and took a bottle of shampoo, holding it up and silently asking for approval. When Kurt nodded, he squeezed a small amount into his hand and began working it into Kurt's hair, massaging the scalp. Kurt's sounds of pleasure were like ambrosia and Blaine knew if he heard them everyday for the rest of his life, it might still not be enough. He quickly shampooed his hair and then pushed Kurt back slightly to rinse the shampoo out of his hair before rinsing his own. He took his body wash and squeezed some of it out as well. It wouldn't be the sweet vanilla scent that Kurt usually smelled like, but Blaine felt a sense of possessive satisfaction at the idea of his boyfriend smelling like him. Lathering his hands together, he soaped himself before he began rubbing the soap over Kurt's pale skin. He washed Kurt's arms, shoulders and chest thoroughly, taking time to admire the perfect skin that was only blemished by the dark marks Blaine himself had placed there with his mouth.

Blaine moved his hands lower, deliberately avoiding Kurt's crotch, much to his whined displeasure. Gently, he rubbed his hands over the soft curves of Kurt's ass, tenderly cleaning and rinsing the sore and stretched hole and making soothing noises when Kurt flinched slightly. He saw the marks on Kurt's hips that he had put there when he held him during their lovemaking and caught his breath. "Jesus, Kurt, your hips! I'm sorry, I didn't know I was-"

Kurt opened his eyes and interrupted him. "Blaine. Don't beat yourself up, you didn't hurt me. I mark easily, remember? Besides," he breathed, fluttering his lashes slightly. "I think I like it. I can see that and know you did that. You marked me because I belong to you."

Blaine felt his cock twitch as a primal sense of satisfaction raced through his veins at Kurt's words. He surged forward and kissed Kurt like a man starved, pressing him back against the shower wall.

Kurt's mind went blank as his whole body came to life. He was caught between the cool wall of the shower and the heat of Blaine as the water cascaded over them. He gasped against Blaine's mouth as Blaine rocked his hips forward, causing their hard cocks to rub against each other. Every sensation felt magnified and Kurt felt like his entire body thrummed with pleasure. When Blaine's mouth moved to his neck, Kurt leaned back to give him better access.

"*Beautiful, so fucking gorgeous,*" Blaine said reverently, biting and sucking new marks on Kurt's neck and shoulder. He dropped to his knees and pressed his lips to the side of Kurt's cock before licking a stripe from the base to the tip. Encouraged by the sexy noises coming from above him, Blaine wrapped his hand around Kurt and took the head into his mouth, running his tongue lightly around it as his hand stroked the wet skin of the shaft. He teased only for a moment before removing his hand and moving his mouth back and forth, the water making movement easy.

Kurt ran his fingers into Blaine's wet curls and groaned, the sound echoing off the walls of the bathroom. He looked down and watched his dick slide easily in and out of Blaine's mouth. Blaine's lips were red and shiny and Kurt was pretty sure that he hadn't ever seen anything hotter in his life. When Blaine looked up at him, water beaded on his long lashes and sensuous mouth stretched around him, it took all of Kurt's effort not to come right at that moment. Then Blaine winked, *fucking winked* at him and Kurt couldn't stop it from happening. His hold of Blaine's hair tightened and he thrust once, twice, and then with another loud moan he was coming in his boyfriend's eager mouth.

Blaine kept his mouth moving, working Kurt through his orgasm and loving the taste of him. When Kurt slid bonelessly down the slick wall of the shower, Blaine couldn't help but grin in triumph. He had been stroking himself as he pleased Kurt and was close to coming himself. Kurt reached out and wrapped his hand around Blaine's, both of their hands working together and sliding up and down his hardness. Blaine leaned so his head was on Kurt's shoulder, watching their hands moving on him. He made a noise that sounded a lot like a growl when Kurt tightened his grip and moved faster, biting lightly into Kurt's shoulder when he came.

They stayed like that for a few minutes, leaning against each other, the water still pouring over them and rinsing the remnants of soap and come off of them. Kurt made a small noise that sounded like a laugh. "Thank goodness the hot water doesn't run out, otherwise we would be in for an unpleasant surprise."

Blaine chuckled in agreement. "Can you move? Do you think you can stand so we can get out?"

Kurt nodded, feeling warm, sated, and just a bit sleepy. He let Blaine pull him upright and stood, swaying slightly as Blaine twisted the knobs to turn the water off. Blaine stepped out first and grabbed two large fluffy towels. He quickly ran one over his curls to remove the excess water and dried himself before wrapping the towel around his waist. He took the other and tenderly rubbed it over Kurt's hair before carefully drying him. When he was finished, he hung the damp towels back on the rack to dry and taking Kurt's hand, led him back to the bed.

Kurt crawled onto the bed with a small sigh of pleasure. He had never felt more cared for, more coddled and adored. When Blaine climbed in next to him and pulled the comforter over their nude bodies, Kurt curled himself around Blaine and held him close. He kissed the back of Blaine's neck and whispered, "I love you, Blaine."

Blaine relaxed into Kurt's warm embrace, feeling the pull of sleep. "I love you, too, Kurt," he whispered in reply. Their breathing deepened as their bodies relaxed in slumber, wrapped together tightly.

## Chapter Forty-Five

Kurt stirred and stretched sleepily. He wasn't sure what time it was, but judging by the light it was still quite early. He yawned and smiled sleepily, registering the warmth of the body snuggled up next to him. Blaine was sleeping on his side, cuddled up to Kurt's shoulder, facing him with one of his legs thrown over Kurt's. His mussed curls were dark against Kurt's pale skin, and the hand that rested lightly on Kurt's stomach was lax with sleep.

Kurt turned carefully onto his side, taking care not to wake his sleeping boyfriend. He reached out to gently run his fingers through Blaine's soft hair. His heart melted and he smiled as Blaine sighed in his sleep and nuzzled into his touch. Kurt stared unabashedly, drinking in the sight of Blaine. His long lashes lay on his cheeks, fluttering slightly even though he didn't wake. His lips were parted ever so slightly and Kurt was amused to see just the smallest bit of drool at the corners. His face was lightly stubbled and Kurt couldn't resist rubbing the back of his hand softly on one cheek against the grain, enjoying the slightly rough scruffy sensation.

Leaning forward, Kurt placed a light kiss on Blaine's nose, giggling softly when Blaine wrinkled it and shifted, mumbling in his sleep. Kurt ran his hand over Blaine's shoulder and down his arm, then under the covers and over his hip. He slid his hand around, feeling for...oh, yeah, there it was. He wrapped his hand loosely around Blaine's cock, pleased that it was already slightly hard. He caressed it lightly, holding his breath when Blaine grunted and flipped onto his back, spreading his legs slightly.

Kurt slid the blanket downward, exposing both of them to the early morning light. He ran his eyes hungrily over Blaine's sleeping form. His appreciative gaze raked over Blaine's toned chest and stomach, down to the defined V of his hips. Kurt's mouth watered as he stared at Blaine's cock. Looking at it, he was rather amazed that it had actually been inside him last night. In fact, his ass and legs still ached a bit from it. But Kurt realized that it had faded some and was now more a discomfort than a real pain. It definitely wasn't enough to distract him from the fact that he was naked and in bed with his very sexy boyfriend.

Kurt ran his hand lightly up the inner part of Blaine's thigh, feeling the coarse hair tickle his fingertips. To his delight, Blaine shifted slightly, spreading his legs a little further. Kurt ran his fingers softly over Blaine's balls, causing him to squirm and mutter something in his sleep. Grinning, Kurt repeated his actions, fighting back a laugh as Blaine tried to squirm away. Funny he had never discovered that particular ticklish spot on Blaine before, given the amount of time his hands and mouth had been in that same area. He slid further down the mattress to situate himself between Blaine's legs. Using his shoulders

to spread Blaine's legs a little further apart, he leaned forward and ran his tongue lightly over his balls before sucking them gently into his mouth. Above him, Blaine fidgeted ever so slightly and made a low humming noise.

Kurt moved closer and licked up Blaine's now fully hard cock, starting at the base and moving all the way to the tip. He explored it leisurely, familiar already with the satiny skin and the taste that was Blaine. Kurt wrapped his hand around the shaft and licked around the head before taking it into his mouth and sucking.

A jerking motion and gasp let Kurt know that Blaine wasn't asleep any more.

"Holy shit! Kurt, what are you doing?"

Kurt looked up into Blaine's sleepy eyes, eyes that were still a bit hazy with sleep but quickly becoming more aware. He couldn't help but chuckle at the surprise on Blaine's face. His mouth was still wrapped around Blaine's cock and the action caused vibrations that made Blaine's eyes to roll back in his head. He moaned and dropped his head back on the pillow. Unable to resist, Kurt moved to take Blaine even deeper into his mouth. He hummed teasingly and was pleased when Blaine's hands fisted into the sheets as he groaned loudly.

"Oh, my God," Blaine gasped, tossing his head back and forth as Kurt brought his tongue into play again. He playfully swirled his tongue around the head, tasting Blaine thoroughly before moving down once more, taking Blaine deep and relishing the groan Blaine let out that sounded suspiciously like his name. A sudden thought came to Kurt's mind and he pulled off of Blaine's cock quickly, moving to get off the bed.

Blaine's eyes flew open. "Wait, what are you...why'd you stop?" he asked, sounding a bit whiny even to his own ears. He leaned up on his elbows to watch Kurt walk across the room, frowning when he heard Kurt hiss softly as he bent down to his suitcase. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine. It's not that bad, really," Kurt said, rummaging through his bag. Making a noise of exasperation, he looked up. Where had he...wait, there it was on the stupid nightstand. Kurt rolled his eyes at himself for not noticing it in the first place. He walked back to the bed side and looked over the bottles he had placed on the nightstand last night. Pondering them quickly, he grabbed one of them and gingerly sat on the bed. Grinning, he held it up to show it to Blaine.

"Strawberry lube," he said, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively at Blaine.

Any other time, Blaine might have laughed, but he had been woken up from a fantastic dream to an even better reality with his dick being swallowed by his hot boyfriend and if it was just the same to the universe, he really, *really* wanted to get back to that, thank you very much. He opened his mouth to say something to that effect, but by that time, Kurt had already put a small amount of the flavored lube onto his fingers. He took Blaine's aching cock in his hand and slid his hand up and down, slicking it as he moved. Blaine had jumped at the initial cool feeling, but the lube warmed quickly and any words he had been about to say had quickly been lost as his eyes snapped shut and his hips thrust upward.

When Kurt felt he had thoroughly covered Blaine's cock with lube, he moved to arrange himself comfortably between his legs again. Holding his cock steady, Kurt took Blaine into his mouth. He found himself once again wishing they had tried lube sooner as his lips slid easily along the warm skin. The taste was different, the strawberry flavor mixing with the taste of Blaine himself. Kurt decided he preferred the taste of just Blaine, but this was quite interesting, if nothing else. The lube definitely made movement easier. He drew back and licked around the head of Blaine's cock, taking a deep breath before sinking slowly, more and more deeply, relaxing his tongue so that he finally took Blaine completely. He drew back and slid forward again, thrilling when he heard Blaine swear loudly.

"*Fuck!* Oh my God, Kurt, do that again!"

Kurt smiled inwardly as he moved to comply, sliding up and down again and again. He was hard, too, and was rutting against the mattress. When he felt Blaine's hands on his head pushing him down, he jerked slightly and reared back, startled.

"Shit! Sorry! Sorry, Kurt, I didn't mean to do that. Did I hurt you?" Blaine gasped, shocked at himself. He hadn't even thought about what he was doing, Kurt's mouth on him felt so incredibly good and he had just reacted.

Kurt shook his head. It hadn't hurt. Actually, now that he thought about it, it had been kind of hot. Filing it away for future reference, he went back to what he had been doing, not wanting to lose the moment. Blaine had been close, he knew it, and he didn't want this getting in the way of anything. He began sliding his hand slowly up and down Blaine's cock in tandem with his mouth, working him thoroughly until he was a writhing mess.

"Kurt, I'm gonna-I'm about to..."

Kurt pulled off for a brief moment, allowing his lips to make a smacking noise. "Do it."

Blaine groaned, biting his lip as Kurt's mouth and hand resumed their heavenly movements. He lost control of his hips as they began thrusting, fucking into Kurt's hot and willing mouth over and over until with a hoarse shout, Blaine came.

Kurt took all he was given, moaning softly at the combined taste of strawberry and the bitter saltiness. The vibration around his sensitive cock made Blaine flinch slightly. Kurt pulled off of Blaine and reached down, palming himself. He climbed up to straddle Blaine and began stroking himself with his still slippery hand. His movements got faster and more jerky as his balls began tingling with the sensation that let him know release was imminent. Blaine's eyes slowly opened and caught Kurt's, hazel locked onto blue. Giving himself one final firm stroke, Kurt came, spilling hot over his hand and onto Blaine's belly. Panting, he leaned forward to hold onto the headboard with his clean hand, still staring into Blaine's eyes. Blaine reached down and swept his fingers through the come on his stomach. Without losing eye contact, he stuck his fingers in his mouth and sucked the come off them. Kurt moaned softly, his eyes fluttering shut. When he felt Blaine pull on him, he allowed himself to be moved to the side and lowered to the bed. Blaine immediately snuggled close to him, kissing his jaw softly. Kurt twisted and opened his eyes to look at Blaine, a smile teasing at the corners of his mouth.

"Hi there," Kurt whispered as he reached out to gently run his fingers through Blaine's hair.

"Good morning to you, too," Blaine replied softly, staring at Kurt adoringly. "That was-wow. I may never want to use an alarm clock ever again. Best wake up call ever."

Kurt laughed and wrapped his arms around Blaine to pull him closer. "Mmmmm, yeah. That was nice." He yawned and stretched slightly. "What time is it, anyway?"

Blaine glanced at the alarm clock. "A little after eight, looks like." He yawned, too, feeling sated and sleepy. "It's still early. How about we sleep just a little while longer?"

Kurt nodded, letting go of Blaine and turning so that Blaine could snuggle up to him from behind. "Good idea." He sighed contentedly as Blaine wrapped an arm around his waist and held him, their bodies a

perfect fit. The feeling of Blaine's warm breath on the back of his neck was soothing, and before too long, both boys had fallen back to sleep.

---

Blaine became aware of the sun shining brightly in his face. He mentally scolded himself for not closing the curtains. Reluctantly, he opened his eyes and raised his head to look at the clock. It was a little after ten. Kurt shifted in his arms, mumbling something incoherent before burying his face further in his arm to avoid the brightness. Blaine really wanted to cuddle up to Kurt and go back to sleep, but he was aware of two things. One, he seriously needed to pee, and two, they hadn't really cleaned up after their early morning fun and he didn't know about Kurt just yet, but he was a sticky mess.

Just as he was about to try to gently wake Kurt, Blaine's stomach rumbled loudly. He would have sworn it actually echoed. He felt Kurt shake in his arms as he started laughing.

"Was that your stomach?" Kurt managed to gasp out between giggles.

"Hey, don't make fun of me. I didn't eat much at dinner last night and have been working up an appetite, don't you agree?" Blaine retorted, feeling his cheeks flush.

Kurt twisted in Blaine's arms, turning so that he was facing him. Smiling, he leaned forward to press their lips together for a soft quick kiss. He became aware of how sticky he was and the lingering taste in his mouth from earlier and grimaced slightly. "I need to shower and brush my teeth."

Blaine nodded. "Me, too. Give me just a minute and you can come in, okay?" He kissed Kurt quickly one more time before getting up and walking to the bathroom.

Kurt watched Blaine walk to the bathroom. He sighed quietly, enjoying the view of Blaine's broad shoulders and bare back that tapered to his equally bare and fantastic ass. Kurt would never tire of watching those muscles move. He stretched lithely, missing Blaine's warmth already. He heard the toilet flush, followed by the sink running water. When he heard the shower start, he rolled over and got out of the bed. He walked to his bag and gingerly bent over to pull out clean underwear, a t-shirt and lounge pants. He definitely didn't want to wear anything that couldn't be removed quickly or that he minded getting wrinkled or possibly dirty. He could hear Blaine singing in the shower and smiled fondly before hurrying into the bathroom.



"You started without me, I see," Kurt teased as he walked in. He glanced appreciatively at his soap covered boyfriend, thinking that there was probably a special place in paradise for whoever created glass shower doors.

Blaine grinned at him as he shampooed his hair. "I seriously thought I would wait for you, but then my stomach growled again. If I had you with me, I would definitely get distracted by your gorgeous body, so I figured I better go ahead and shower so I could make us something to eat while you clean up."

Kurt struck a pose, poking his lip out in a pout. "Are you saying you aren't distracted by my gorgeous body right now? It's the bed head, isn't it?" He turned his back to Blaine and teasingly glanced at him over his shoulder, wiggling his ass suggestively.

Blaine laughed as he stepped under the shower head to rinse off. "You are plenty distracting no matter what. But aren't you hungry, too? You didn't eat much last night either."

Kurt thought about denying it, but his stomach was beginning to make rumblings of its own. "You're right. We need to eat something. Keep our strength up and all that." He watched in the mirror as Blaine stepped out onto the mat and wrapped his towel around his waist. When Blaine reached out and popped him on the ass, he squeaked in surprise, whipping around to glare indignantly at his unrepentant boyfriend.

"Sorry, I couldn't help myself. You're just too tempting," Blaine said, grinning wolfishly at him. "I'm gonna get dressed and go to the kitchen. I'll see you down there, okay?"

Blaine dried himself off and quickly pulled on clean briefs, flannel pajama pants and a soft gray t-shirt, forcing himself to think food and not sexy boyfriend naked and wet in the shower. He ran down the stairs to go to the kitchen, thinking about what food was in the house. The first order of business was coffee. His mother had a Keurig coffee maker and usually kept several varieties of coffees for it. Blaine got a coffee mug from the cabinet and put one of his favorites in the machine to start it brewing.

He opened the door to the refrigerator and glanced around. He was feeling lazy and content and really didn't want to cook, nor did he want Kurt thinking he had to cook for them. There were frozen waffles in the freezer, but his inner voice told him Kurt would most likely not approve. There was stuff to make French toast, but that required much more effort than he really wanted to put forth. Blaine would readily admit he wanted to eat something to fill him up so that he could drag Kurt back to bed. He wondered idly if Kurt would be up for having sex again. The thought made his cock twitch in interest. Maybe they could

switch, too. Now that Blaine knew how incredible it felt to be inside Kurt, he couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to have Kurt inside him. Forcing his mind back to the contents of the refrigerator, he made a noise of triumph when he saw a large bowl of what looked like fruit salad. That was the ticket. Something that would meet with Kurt's approval and didn't require cooking. They could even take it back to the bedroom if they wanted to.

Blaine pulled the bowl out and set it on the counter. He jumped a little in surprise when two arms snaked around his waist and a pair of soft warm lips were pressed to the nape of his neck. He leaned back into the embrace, moaning softly when one of the hands pressed him back while the other slid down to cup his crotch. He breathed deeply, appreciating the clean scent of Kurt's body wash and recognizing the soft scent of the moisturizer Kurt favored.

"I was just thinking about you," Blaine said, shivering slightly when Kurt started making nibbling kisses down his neck and across his shoulder.

"Mmmmm," Kurt hummed, giving Blaine's cock a little squeeze before sliding his other hand under Blaine's shirt to tease at his nipples. He smirked at Blaine's quickly indrawn breath. "Were you, now?"

"Uh huh," Blaine whispered breathlessly as the hand squeezing his dick started rubbing him through his clothes. Kurt ground against him from behind and Blaine groaned when he realized Kurt was hard again, too. Unable to resist, he pressed back against Kurt, tossing his head back to rest on Kurt's shoulder. He raised his arms to wrap them around Kurt's neck and was surprised when Kurt resisted and stepped away.

Quick as a flash, Kurt turned Blaine around to face him. He bent to kiss Blaine fiercely, coaxing his mouth open to tease with his tongue. Their mouths moved together hotly, tongues twisting feverishly. Kurt reached down and grabbed Blaine's ass with both hands, squeezing it. He pulled Blaine closer to grind their hips together, causing him to grab the counter with both hands as his feet nearly left the floor.

"Someone's feeling frisky," Blaine teased breathlessly, staring into Kurt's eyes that had darkened to a deep blue.

"I can't help it. I come in here, all ready to eat something fast so my stupid stomach will shut up and I can take you back to bed, and when I come in here all I see is you bent over with your tight ass sticking out," Kurt said in a low voice. "You are so fucking sexy."

Blaine close his eyes and moaned when Kurt thrust against him again, causing their hard cocks to rub together. He tilted his head back, giving Kurt access to his neck. Kurt took quick advantage, moving to the spot he knew drove Blaine wild and immediately sucking on it.

Blaine groaned, knowing Kurt was marking him and loving it. Kurt lifted Blaine up so that he was sitting on the counter. He pulled Blaine's shirt up and started teasing the hardened paps, enjoying the sexy noises Blaine was making. When Blaine wrapped his legs around his waist, Kurt felt like most of the blood in his body headed south for his crotch. He struggled to maintain rational. The thought of getting it on in Blaine's mother's pristine kitchen was appealing, but Kurt really didn't want to soil his clothing. He had his priorities, even if it was just casual clothes to wear around the house or throw in the floor. With concentrated effort, Kurt stepped back and tried to regain some semblance of control over his wayward body. Blaine's eyes flew open at the loss of Kurt's heat and teasing tongue.

"Is something wrong?" Blaine asked, chest rising and falling rapidly with his breathing.

"No. I was just thinking we needed to move this back to your room. I don't want to come in my pants," Kurt explained. "Is that fruit salad?"

Blaine nodded. "I figured that would be something easy. Wanna grab some forks and take it to my room?"

Kurt smiled, licking his lips teasingly. "I love fruit salad. And I bet I can figure out some fun ways to eat it."

Blaine slid off the counter and opened a drawer to get two forks. He grabbed the bowl of fruit and then as an afterthought, reached into the refrigerator and grabbed a can of whipped cream. He looked to Kurt, eyes dancing with mischief. "Shall we adjourn to my bedroom?"

Kurt groaned. "Let's go. I think I want to cover you in fruit and whipped cream. Then we can figure out the best way to clean up."

Blaine laughed as he ran towards the stairs. "I get the idea another shower is in the near future. Come on, let's eat so we can play."

## **Chapter Forty-Six**

"Mmmmmm..." Kurt closed his eyes as Blaine slowly traced his parted lips with a strawberry before sensuously sliding it into his mouth. They were laying in Blaine's bed, having stripped back down to just their briefs, and were leisurely eating fruit with their fingers, the forks laying forgotten on the nightstand. "Fruit salad was an excellent idea. This is *so* good."

Blaine grinned down at him mischievously. "What is, the fruit, or that I am feeding it to you?"

Kurt opened his eyes to look back at Blaine, giving him his best sultry look as he teasingly licked his lips. "The fruit, of course. I could always feed myself," he said, somehow managing to keep a straight face. He quickly dissolved into giggles as Blaine started tickling him.

"Oh, I see how it is," Blaine said in mock indignation, ducking as he narrowly avoided Kurt's thrashing arm as he flailed in laughter, trying to escape Blaine's tickling.

"Blaine! Stop! You know I was only teasing!" Kurt shrieked, face turning red as he laughed wildly. Blaine moved quickly so he was partially straddling Kurt, kneeling over but not sitting on him. He leaned down to look into Kurt's eyes that were sparkling with laughter.

"Tease me, will you?" Blaine growled playfully.

Kurt shook his head in denial, though he was grinning widely. "I wasn't!"

Blaine playfully rolled his eyes and sighed dramatically as he rubbed his nose against Kurt's, nuzzling softly. "What am I gonna do with you?"

Kurt's eyes fluttered shut for a moment as he returned the affectionate gesture. He smiled softly at Blaine and whispered, "Love me?"

Blaine's eyes were soft and warm as he stared into Kurt's. "I do," he whispered back before pressing a quick kiss to Kurt's lips. "Always." Another kiss. "Forever." And another kiss.

Kurt sighed quietly and reached up to slide his fingers into Blaine's tousled curls, the better to hold him close for a more thorough kiss. Blaine tasted like an intoxicating mixture of coffee and fruit. "Forever's a long time, you know."

"And I am perfectly okay with that," Blaine stated matter-of-factly. He reached into the bowl and took a piece of melon. Feeling adventurous, he rubbed the fruit tantalizingly around Kurt's nipples, causing them to tighten in response. He leaned down to swirl his tongue around the hardened nubs to clean the juice. He couldn't help but feel pleased to hear Kurt catch his breath just before he felt Kurt's hands tangle themselves in his hair to hold him close. Feeling encouraged, he licked teasingly around one before tracing a path with his tongue to the other and repeating his ministrations.

"*God*, Blaine," Kurt groaned, trying to catch his breath. He was granted a brief reprieve when Blaine sat up and leaned to one side. But then Kurt realized what Blaine held in his hand.

The can of whipped cream.

And judging by the glint in Blaine's eyes, Kurt had a sneaking suspicion exactly what he planned to do with it.

Of course, that didn't keep him from jumping with a small squeal when the cold confection touched his skin. Blaine covered both nipples with dollops of whipped cream and leaned down to clean it off. He took his time, licking slowly and thoroughly to remove all the cream, and Kurt was sure he was going to lose his mind because knowing Blaine, this was just the warm up.

Blaine took another strawberry from the bowl and placed it between his lips so that part of it was still visible and out of his mouth. He leaned down to Kurt and stared deeply into his eyes. Working on instinct, Kurt leaned up slightly and wrapped his lips around the free end of the fruit. His eyes closed as he bit down to take the share being offered to him and pressed his mouth against Blaine's at the same time, causing a bit of the juice to run down his chin and onto his neck. Blaine chewed his bite of strawberry slowly and followed the dribble of juice with his eyes. He licked his lips before tracing the path of red juice with his tongue, tasting the sweetness mixed with the slightly salty tang of Kurt's skin in slow, torturous licks as he moved to the sensitive spot on the collarbone that always caused Kurt to melt into a puddle of need and want.

"*Blaine*-" Kurt gasped as goosebumps erupted all over him. It never failed. Blaine could get him every time with that particular spot. He heard Blaine's satisfied chuckle and poked his lips out slightly.

Blaine shook his head. "You are adorable, you know that?"

"Adorable? Am I?" Kurt fluttered his eyelashes flirtatiously as the corners of his mouth turned up in a smile.

"Yes. Adorable. Beautiful. Amazing. And you wanna know the best of it all?" Blaine asked, grinning widely.

"Do tell," Kurt said breathily, wondering what idea was hatching inside his boyfriend's head.

Blaine scooted backwards so that he was seated on Kurt's thighs. He gave the can of whipped cream a little shake and tilted it downward over Kurt's stomach. Pressing the nozzle, he wrote one word across the pale skin.

### ***M-I-N-E***

"I may not have you wrapped around me with a Dalton tie, but I promise you, the sentiment is exactly the same," Blaine said in a low voice, jokingly but completely serious.

Kurt blushed hotly as he remembered his aggressive show of possession in his dorm room all those weeks ago.

"Say it, Kurt. You're mine. *Say it*," Blaine demanded as he slid further down Kurt's legs. His hands grabbed Kurt's hips, pressing lightly into the tender and bruised flesh, not hard enough to hurt but leaving no doubt that he had Kurt captured.

"Y-yours," agreed Kurt in a faint voice. He was keenly aware of Blaine's muscular thighs gripping him. The firm hold on his hips tightened slightly and Kurt whimpered softly.

Blaine leaned towards Kurt's whipped cream covered stomach. "I don't believe I heard you," he said in a low voice as he started licking the sweet cream off Kurt's suddenly overheated skin. He slowly licked away the letter M then moved down to nuzzle Kurt's hardening cock that was still confined by his slowly tightening briefs.

"Oh! *Oh! Blaine!*" gasped Kurt as his entire body jerked in response.

Blaine chuckled lightly and slowly licked the skin clean of the letter I. "I still didn't hear you, Kurt," he reminded as he tongued at Kurt's covered cock, paying particular attention to the now damp spot at the head that tasted so heavenly and like Kurt.

"*Oh my God,*" groaned Kurt. He was awash in sensation. Blaine's hot mouth taking the coolness of the whipped cream was dazzling enough, but feeling the hot breath coming from Blaine's mouth against his crotch combined with his tongue tasting him, even through cloth, was almost too much to bear.

"Now, Kurt, I don't hear you answering me," Blaine said in a low gravelly voice before licking away the letter N. He licked a path to the waist band of Kurt's briefs, moving from one side to the other, teasingly sliding his tongue under the elastic and finally taking the band in his teeth. He pulled lightly and let it go, giving a little huff of laughter when the sharp sting caused Kurt to jump.

"Nngghhh, *Blaine,*" growled Kurt. He was losing his mind and what was Blaine even talking about? He moaned as Blaine licked up the letter E. "Do you want to kill me?"

Blaine laughed lightly before giving a little nip to Kurt's tummy. "Oh, no. Far from it." He leaned up to look into Kurt's eyes that had darkened to a deep blue, losing his breath in the familiar way. "Who do you belong to, Kurt? You're *mine*." He reached down to squeeze Kurt's cock lightly before starting to stroke it through his briefs. He ignored it when Kurt whimpered and thrust up into his hand. Blaine was hard, too, and he knew exactly what Kurt wanted, but he *needed* to hear Kurt say it, say he was his.

"Kurt, tell me! You're mine!" Blaine gritted out as he ground his hips down for friction on his own aching cock.

"Yours! Oh, god, Blaine, *yours*, yours only and always, I swear!" Kurt gasped as Blaine twisted his wrist and stroked down, the cloth rubbing roughly on his sensitive dick. Blaine had never shown possessiveness like this, and it was hot as hell.

Blaine gave Kurt a half smile as he continued to stroke him through his now thoroughly dampened briefs. "There, now. Such a good boy for me. Now what do you want?" Hearing Kurt say he belonged to him in such a high, breathless voice was going straight to Blaine's cock and he wanted more.

"I- Blaine, I-I want...oh my God," Kurt's eyes rolled back as Blaine rubbed his thumb firmly over the sensitive head of his cock.

"Yes, Kurt? You were saying?" Blaine teased, panting lightly as he was caught in his own game.

Kurt made a growling noise of frustration and yelled, "SUCK ME! OH MY GOD, YOU STUPID MAN, PLEASE JUST GET DOWN AND SUCK MY DICK!" He clapped both hands over his mouth, wide eyed and not believing he actually had done such a thing.

Blaine chuckled darkly as he took Kurt's briefs in both hands and nearly ripped them off in his haste. Kurt's cock sprang free, dark and flushed and straining upward. "Took you long enough. Why didn't you just say so?" Blaine quipped before sinking his mouth down on Kurt. He licked a slow stripe up from the base before wrapping a hand around it and pumping lightly as his mouth slid up and down. The mixture of spit and precome soon made movement slick and easy and Blaine worked Kurt quickly, wanting him to come. Wanting to hear him, taste him.

Above him, Kurt babbled a mixture of swearing and praise. "You *asshole*, I can't believe you-oh, *Jesus Christ*, Blaine, that feels so good..."

Blaine felt Kurt's hips stutter and tasted the bitterness that signaled that release was close. He doubled his efforts, sliding his hand up and down with an occasional twist as he licked around the head of Kurt's cock. He ground his own hips down against the bed, the friction on his hardness causing him to moan around Kurt.

"Uhhhhnnhh, Blaine, I, *oh god*, I love you so fucking much, feels so good," Kurt groaned as he writhed under the power of Blaine's talented mouth. "I-I'm gonna come, Blaine, gonna-" When Blaine made no move to pull off, Kurt fisted his hands into the sheet under him and thrust his hips, crying out loudly as he came hard into Blaine's demanding mouth. His whole body shook from the force of his release.

Blaine hummed around him, working his throat in order to swallow as much as he could. He kept licking slowly as Kurt began to soften, only pulling his mouth away when Kurt's small hiss let him know that over sensitivity was kicking in. He pulled himself away and moved to lay next to his boyfriend, who was laying with his eyes closed, panting and still trying to catch his breath.



"That was...you are...oh, God, Blaine, you are incredible," Kurt whispered softly as Blaine moved to wrap his arms around him. "I love you," he said as the drowsiness that only a good orgasm can bring on started to take him over. Kurt had a sudden thought and his eyes flew open. "Oh! But Blaine, what about you? You didn't-"

"Ummm, yeah, I kind of did, Blaine said, sounding a little sheepish. He rolled back to slip his soiled briefs off and used them to wipe away most of the mess before tossing them towards the laundry hamper. He turned back over and wrapped himself around Kurt again.

"S good," Kurt mumbled, yawning as he started dozing lightly. Blaine used his foot to pull the sheet up, reaching down to grab it and drape it over them. He nuzzled lightly against Kurt's neck and closed his eyes. A nap was sounding really good at the moment.

---

Blaine woke up before Kurt did. He leaned up slightly and glanced at the clock, seeing that he had slept a little over an hour. He still had his arms around Kurt and the one that was under him had fallen asleep and prickled with numbness. Blaine slid back slowly and tried to pull his arm out from Kurt without waking him. Kurt stirred a bit and mumbled something softly but didn't wake.

Blaine tiptoed to the bathroom and got a bath cloth. He ran the water in the sink until it was warm and quickly cleaned himself up so that he didn't feel quite so sticky. He warmed the cloth again and carried it back out to the bedroom. Kurt was still sleeping on his side and Blaine smiled softly. His heart swelled with the feelings he had for this beautiful boy, this amazing young man. He sat down softly on the bed and used the wet cloth to wipe Kurt's neck, chest and tummy to remove any remnants of juice and whipped cream. Kurt stirred again and sleepy eyes fluttered open.

Blaine grinned at him. "Hi there. Have a nice nap?"

Kurt stretched lithely and smiled lazily at Blaine. "It was nice, but it might have been nicer to wake up with you still snuggled up to me."

Blaine chuckled and moved to drape the damp cloth over the drawer handle of the night stand. "Sorry. I woke up and was a bit messy so I decided to clean myself up a bit. I figured waking up sticky with the remnants of fruit and whipped cream might not be all that pleasant."

"Always the gentleman," Kurt teased and he rolled over onto his stomach. When he felt Blaine's hands start rubbing his shoulders, a low groan escaped his lips. "Blaine, that feels fantastic."

"All those bottles of lube and not a single bottle of massage oil, huh?" Blaine laughed as he rubbed over Kurt's shoulders with a light pressure. "Are you trying to tell me something?"

"Oh, hush, you! I told you Santana was the one who did all the selecting. I was too busy hoping the floor would open up and swallow me whole," Kurt said, gesturing to the display on the nightstand.

Blaine raised an eyebrow. "I believe we established that *I* am the only one who will be swallowing you whole," he joked.

Kurt raised himself slightly and twisted to look at Blaine. "I cannot believe you just said that," he stated, giving Blaine his best 'judging you' look.

"Okay, okay, lame joke, I'm sorry," Blaine laughed as Kurt plopped back down on the pillow with a huff. A small box in between the various bottles on the nightstand caught his eye and he gave Kurt's shoulder a little nudge. "What's in the box?"

Kurt opened one eye to peer at the nightstand. "Something called honey dust. Santana said I needed it. I don't know what it does."

Blaine's eyes lit up. "Seriously? That's awesome!" He grabbed the box and went to work on removing the plastic wrap to open it.

Kurt turned his head to look at Blaine. "It is?" he questioned, wondering about Blaine's excitement.

Blaine looked at Kurt in surprise. "You're serious? You don't know what it is?"

Kurt blushed and wondered what he was missing here. "And you do?" he sputtered.

Blaine grinned wickedly at his boyfriend. "Did you think you were the only Internet savvy one in the relationship? Honey dust is a powder made with honey. It's supposed to be an amazing skin conditioner."

Kurt's eyes widened. "How did I not know this? And why would they sell a skin powder in a sex shop?"

"Well, it has other uses as well," Blaine laughed as he pulled a small feather and a satiny bag out of the box.

Kurt eyed the feather suspiciously. "What are you doing with that? Don't you dare tickle me again."

Blaine laughed louder. "Just relax. Trust me. I promise I won't tickle you deliberately, okay?"

Kurt gave him another look before settling back down on the pillow with his arms folded under his head. Blaine took that as consent and opened the bag to reveal a pale shimmering powder. He dipped the feather in it and swirled to coat it with the dust and gave it a small tap to remove the excess. He moved closer to Kurt and ran the feather lightly over his shoulders, dusting them lightly with the shimmer before moving downward over the smooth planes of Kurt's back.

"Is this okay?" Blaine queried in a low voice.

"Mmmmmm," Kurt murmured in affirmation. The feather did tickle just a bit, but it was a sensual tickle that made Kurt's toes want to curl ever so slightly.

"This isn't even the best part," Blaine said, his voice still in that same low tone but yet somehow suddenly sounding wickedly sexy.

Kurt caught his breath in response and felt a tingle in his spine. "It's not?"

"Nope, this is," Blaine whispered, and Kurt gasped when he felt Blaine's warm tongue on his back. Blaine ran his tongue slowly over Kurt's perfect skin. The combined taste of the sweet powder and Kurt was more than a little pleasing, it was downright hot. Blaine nuzzled one of Kurt's shoulders.

"I love your shoulders. They are strong and the perfect width. Everything you wear fits them perfectly and shows them off, but they are even better like this." Blaine pressed light kisses across the breadth of them before moving lower to lick more dust. Even when he had licked away all traces of the sweet powder, he continued running his lips lightly over Kurt's warm skin. Occasionally, he would press them into a small kiss or scrape his teeth lightly, delighting in each shiver it caused. He ran his fingers lightly down to Kurt's hips and tugged the sheet downward slightly so that more skin was revealed yet the curves of Kurt's ass remained tantalizingly covered. He clicked his tongue as he took in the dark marks on Kurt's skin there and felt a light sting of guilt hit him again. One the one hand, his possessive side was immensely satisfied with marking Kurt so obviously and branding him as his own. But on the other hand, it seemed a shame to

mar the perfection of Kurt's skin. Blaine closed his eyes and rubbed his cheek softly against the hipbone as he slid the sheet off and revealed Kurt's nude backside.

"So beautiful," he breathed.

Kurt wriggled a little, feeling suddenly a little self conscious. "They're too big."

Blaine's head shot up. "What did you just say?"

Kurt felt his cheeks heat as he flushed bright red. "My hips. My ass. Coach Sylvester told me when I was a cheerleader that I had pear hips."

"Blasphemy," Blaine declared firmly. "They are perfect and fit in my hands just right. And I could go on for days about your ass. Rounded just right, soft yet firm where it needs to be and so hot and tight like my own slice of heaven when I had my dick buried in it..."

"God, Blaine, you can't just say things like that," Kurt moaned, feeling his face burn as he blushed harder.

Blaine pressed his lips lightly to the dip of Kurt's lower back. Moving slowly, he worked his way up Kurt's spine, delighting in each shiver, each sound it produced. He shifted so that he lay on top of Kurt, warm skin against warm skin, pressing hot kisses to Kurt's shoulders until he reached his neck and his chest was pressed against Kurt's back. When Blaine reached around and took Kurt's hands to cover them with his own, Kurt sighed happily, appearing to enjoy weight of Blaine on him. Blaine ground his hips down, causing a small gasp from Kurt when he felt Blaine growing hard against him.

"You are sexy as fuck," Blaine said, groaning when Kurt spread his thighs slightly and his cock slid between them. Blaine shifted slightly and groaned again, this time a little louder when Kurt pressed his legs back together, causing friction. "God, Kurt," he whispered.

"You should grab the lube," Kurt said, his voice a little higher and a little more breathy.

Blaine nodded. "Okay. Right. I can prep you this time." When Kurt shook his head no, he stopped moving, nearly stopping breathing as well. "You don't want me to-"

Kurt twisted back to look at him with a small smile on his lips. "No time. This is for you. Lube yourself and keep doing what you are doing."

Blaine's eyes grew huge when he realized what Kurt was saying. "Are you sure? But what about you? Are you too sore, or did I do something wrong? Because-"

"Blaine. I'm not too sore, and you have been absolutely perfect, and I promise you I fully intend for you to fuck me again, but I want to try this. So stop worrying, lube yourself and get back to what you were doing, please," Kurt said firmly, blue eyes dancing with a mix of humor and arousal.

"Yes, okay, yes," Blaine answered, hastening to do what his boyfriend told him. He uncapped the bottle of lubricant and squeezed some into his hand. He quickly put the bottle back and reached down, stroking his hard cock firmly to coat it. He never took his eyes off the slope of Kurt's back where it dipped and rose to the perfect curve of ass. If he lived for a thousand years, he didn't know if he would ever see anything more real and beautiful than the boy lying below him, spread for his pleasure.

"God, I love you so much," Blaine whispered reverently as he lay back down on top of Kurt and slid his now slick cock between Kurt's open thighs. Once Blaine was situated just right, Kurt brought his legs back together.

"I love you, too. Now, move," Kurt whispered back, his heartbeat starting to quicken as he felt Blaine's hips begin move back and thrust forward. Blaine's dick was hot and hard between his thighs, moving slickly and easily with the addition of lube. He gasped loudly when Blaine leaned up slightly on his elbows and shifted so that his hardness moved along the sensitive skin of his perineum to the crack of his ass. Inspiration struck, and Blaine started alternating his thrusts so that he moved between Kurt's thighs on one, then between his ass cheeks the next.

"Mmmmm, you like that, baby?" Blaine said in a throaty growl as he thrust again. He was rewarded by Kurt making a noise that started as a whimper then rose into a moan. It was the sound of pure sex and Blaine loved it. Even though it wasn't the tight perfection he had felt when he was deep inside Kurt, this still felt heavenly. Kurt's thighs were sculpted and toned, and even if he wasn't currently thrusting into Kurt's ass, sliding his cock along the crack and between the firm cheeks was still amazingly hot.

Just when he thought Kurt couldn't possibly get any hotter, Kurt upped the ante by squeezing back on him. He would tighten his thighs just enough to increase the friction there, then flex his muscles to tighten his ass cheeks. "Jesus *fuck*, Kurt!" Blaine panted. He grabbed Kurt by the hips again and started thrusting faster, his rhythm growing erratic as he chased the release he felt building from the innermost part of him.

He raised up to kneel over Kurt and took his cock in his hand. It took only a few strokes and he was coming in hot spurts on Kurt's ass and lower back.

Trying to catch his breath, Blaine sat back on his haunches, still holding his now softening cock. He stared down at Kurt's ass at the stripes of come covering him. It was so hot Blaine felt like if he hadn't just come hard enough to rattle his brain, he could come again just from the sight alone. He reached out a hand and slowly and deliberately rubbed his come onto Kurt's warm skin in a massaging motion. He paused when he heard Kurt groan.

"Too much?" Blaine asked, worried he might have gone too far. After all, he knew how particular Kurt was about his skin.

"Oh my God, Blaine, that's so hot. I wish I could see, could watch what you're doing," Kurt said in the low throaty voice that never failed to make Blaine's toes curl. In response, Blaine reached his hand around and slid his come covered fingers along Kurt's lips, catching his breath when Kurt opened his mouth and sucked his fingers in to lap greedily at them with his tongue.

"Can I take care of you now, love?" Blaine asked him, noticing how Kurt was grinding against the mattress. He pushed at Kurt's side to urge him over onto his back. The sight of Kurt's cock, erect and flush against his belly with precome beading at the head greeted him, and again Blaine marveled at how Kurt never failed to take his breath away, no matter what.

Blaine reached for the lube again and opened it, squeezing some out and using his fingers to spread it over his hand. He took Kurt's hard cock in his hand and gave it a little squeeze, causing Kurt to jump slightly and moan. Blaine moved his hand quickly up and down the shaft, squeezing and twisting as he moved. He knew the signs by now and knew Kurt was already close, very close. He passed his thumb over the head and along the slit, and on the down stroke Kurt thrust up into his fist. With a low moan of '*Blaine*,' Kurt came wetly over Blaine's fist and onto his stomach, his hands fisting in the sheet under him. Blaine gave Kurt a brief moment to catch his breath before moving his hand to smear the come along the skin of Kurt's belly, repeating his movements of earlier. Kurt's eyes looked slightly glazed as he watched Blaine's movements.

"Fuck, that's hot," he whispered. He looked up at Blaine, their eyes meeting. Blaine raised his hand and licked one of his fingers, causing Kurt's breath to hitch again. "God, Blaine, you are too hot for your own good, much less mine."

Blaine grinned saucily. "Likewise, Kurt. I can definitely say the same for you."

Kurt grimaced suddenly as he moved and was reminded that he was covered with a mix of lube and come on both sides of him. "It was seriously hot, don't get me wrong, but I feel pretty gross right now. And I think we need to change your sheets."

"Probably a good idea," Blaine agreed, "why don't we clean up a little and swap sheets, then get something to eat? Order pizza? I am definitely working up an appetite it seems."

"Okay," Kurt nodded. He gave Blaine a flirty look. "What did you have in mind for after?"

Blaine grinned at him. "Well, once it gets dark, I vote we go to the solarium and hit the jacuzzi."

## Chapter Forty-Seven

Kurt gingerly made his way into the bubbling jacuzzi. Blaine had turned it on while they were eating so it would be ready for them once the sun went down, and steam was gently wafting in the air. The Anderson's solarium was obviously intended for entertaining. The jacuzzi was built into the wooden deck floor in the center of the room. There was a bar in the corner that looked to be well stocked and speakers for the sound system were in the corners. The glass plate walls were misting over from the temperature difference of the cold air outside versus the warm, moist air inside, but the night sky was visible through the glass paneling that made up the ceiling. Kurt found one of the seats that was situated in front of one of the jets and leaned against it. A small noise of pleasure escaped him as the hot water relaxed him and the jet stream massaged his back. He looked over to the stereo system where Blaine had connected his iPod and was fiddling with it. Kurt shook his head with fond amusement.

"Blaine! Hurry up with whatever you're doing and get over here and drop trou! The water's fabulous!" Kurt teasingly called. He could hear Blaine's laughter and grinned in response.

Blaine set his iPod to one of his playlists of love songs and hit play. The loudness of the volume caused them both to jump and Blaine hurried to adjust it to a softer level. Once the music was playing at a more tolerable volume, he walked to the bar mini fridge and opened it. He eyed the wine coolers and other assorted beverages with some interest, but knowing some of the dangers of mixing alcohol and a hot tub, he decided on two bottles of water instead. He turned towards the jacuzzi and saw that Kurt was leaning back against the wall with his arms along the edge, head back and eyes closed, soft smile of dreamy pleasure on his face. He looked so good, so sexy that Blaine caught his breath. He would never tire of seeing Kurt like this. Never.

Kurt opened his eyes when he heard Blaine's footsteps. "There you are, dreamy as ever," he purred, accepting the bottle of water Blaine held out to him. He opened it and took a sip while watching Blaine slide his pajama pants and briefs off with unabashed interest. When Blaine perched on the ledge of the jacuzzi with his feet dangling in the water, Kurt raised an eyebrow at him questioningly.

"It takes me a minute to get used to the temperature," Blaine explained to answer Kurt's unspoken question. "Besides, you look really sexy and I like looking at you."

Kurt laughed, "Whatever. I am sweaty from the hot water and you know it."



"I happen to like you sweaty," Blaine informed him with a saucy wink. "It may be one of my favorite looks for you, even if you do look hot in the Dalton uniform. Or your designer clothes."

"So sweaty and naked, is that what I'm hearing?" Kurt asked, batting his eyelashes flirtatiously.

Blaine grinned back at him with a lascivious wiggle of his eyebrows. "Yep. Pretty much."

Kurt made a tsk-ing noise with his tongue. "Shocking. And after all the effort I put into my clothes to look good for you. But, right now I would like to point out that I am both sweaty and naked, yet sadly alone in the water. I am feeling lonely and wishing my boyfriend would join me," he said with a pout.

Blaine knew he was powerless against Kurt's pretty lips turned down in such adorable fashion. He slid into the jacuzzi, hissing as he was enveloped in the hot water. He stood still for a moment to get acclimated to the temperature, then slid across to the seat opposite of Kurt. He laughed when he saw the disgruntled look Kurt shot him.

"Excuse me, but that's hardly what I meant, Blaine, and you know it. Why are you over there?" Kurt did not sound amused.

Blaine stopped laughing and sent Kurt what he hoped was a seductive smile. He leaned back to arrange himself with his legs slightly spread and beckoned to Kurt with one finger. Kurt looked at him in askance for a brief moment but relented when Blaine opened his arms. "Come sit with me, gorgeous," Blaine cajoled, "I want to hold you."

Kurt gave a little sniff and replied, "Well, since you asked so nicely..." He stood and glided over to Blaine. Blaine grabbed him gently by the hips and turned him before pulling him down and back so that he was sitting between Blaine's legs and leaned back against his chest. Blaine crossed his arms around Kurt's chest to cradle him close and they both sighed in unison then laughed at themselves.

"This is fantastic, Blaine," Kurt said as he leaned his head back to rest on Blaine's shoulder. "Look at all the stars. I wonder if I could get Dad to build us something like this at my house."

"Maybe one day we'll have a room like this of our own," Blaine said tentatively, unconsciously tightening his arms around Kurt. His heartbeat quickened when Kurt raised his hands to cover his own and gave them a squeeze.

"I think that's a great idea," Kurt murmured quietly, pleased that he wasn't the only one who sometimes had dreams for the future that included the two of them together. They sat quietly for a few minutes, relaxing in the hot water, the only sound the bubbling of the jacuzzi and the music playing softly over the speakers. Blaine hummed along to the opening bars then sang along to it in a low tone against Kurt's ear.

*I'll bite the hand that feeds the pain*

*I'll lay my life down for love*

*I lost the truth, I lost my way*

*But I am looking for it*

*Oh I am looking for it now*

*I am looking for it*

*Oh I am looking for myself*

*A savior sent to save the world*

*An angel has no armor*

*Now torn and bent, no wings unfurl*

*We are looking for it*

*Oh we are looking for it now*

*We are looking for it*

*We need to find but one thing good*

*And under every star, I'm finding Heaven*

*In every breath of air, I'm finding Heaven*

*In everything I have, I'm finding Heaven*

*In everything I am... oh*

*The world is big, the world is bad*

*But I will find the beauty*

*I see a vision in my head*

*I am looking for it*

*Oh I am looking for it*

*Oh I am looking for myself*

Kurt turned his head so he could place a soft kiss against Blaine's pulse point on his throat. "That was beautiful, Blaine. You always seem to find the perfect song."

Blaine closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling of Kurt's lips against his neck. "Only because I have the perfect person to sing to. Mmmmm, that feels good." He shivered when he felt the scrape of Kurt's teeth on his skin followed by his tongue.

"You taste good. I would never have thought I would find the taste of sweat appealing," Kurt laughed as he twisted slightly so that he faced Blaine a little more. "Hi," he whispered softly as he stared into Blaine's eyes.

"Hi yourself," Blaine whispered back, one side of his mouth quirking up in a soft smile. "What's on your mind?"

Kurt bit his lip softly, something that never failed to draw Blaine's gaze to his mouth. "I was just thinking."

Blaine raised a brow in question. "Oh? What about?"

"About this," Kurt answered breathlessly. In a smooth, swift movement, he turned himself so that he was straddling Blaine's lap with a hand on either side of Blaine braced against the edge of the hot tub. He leaned forward to capture Blaine's mouth with his own, sliding his tongue against Blaine's lips to encourage him to open his mouth. Blaine complied quickly with a low moan in the back of his throat. Kurt responded by sliding his tongue into Blaine's mouth to taste him. Their tongues moved against each other in a timeless dance, swirling sensuously against each other.

Kurt moved slightly so that he was more firmly seated in Blaine's lap. He could feel Blaine hard against him and moved his hips forward to let Blaine feel his own arousal. Blaine had moved his hands to hold Kurt at the hips and he was so caught up in the dual sensations of Kurt's questing tongue and his hardness moving against his own that he didn't notice that Kurt was bracing himself with one hand and had moved the other behind him. Kurt's kissing became a little more fierce and small pleased noises were escaping him. He broke their kiss with a loud smacking noise and looked at Blaine. His eyes were slightly dilated and unfocused, his chest heaving and lips reddened and swollen.

"I want you, Blaine. Take me to bed," Kurt said in a slightly hoarse voice that was deepened with passion. Blaine felt a little shiver followed by a jolt of arousal that made his toes curl. Wrapping his arms tightly around Kurt's waist, he stood up. Kurt responded by wrapping his legs tightly around Blaine's waist and held to his shoulders with a firm grasp. Blaine managed to get them out of the jacuzzi without falling and

killing either of them and carried Kurt over to a chaise lounge where he had laid out their towels earlier. He lay Kurt gently down on the towels, staying wrapped up in his lithe limbs and pressing them together.

"Oh, Blaine, the furniture! We're wet!" Kurt gasped as his brain managed a moment of clarity that was quickly threatened as Blaine moved his hips against him.

"Relax, it's pool furniture. We can't hurt it," Blaine reassured him. He grit his teeth lightly as he rubbed their erections together. "God, you feel good." He leaned down and felt under the cushion for a moment then made a small noise of triumph when he found what he was looking for. He held up the bottle of lubricant he had hidden there earlier and grinned at Kurt.

Kurt tried to look scandalized. "Blaine Anderson, were you planning to seduce me the entire time?" he teased.

Blaine cleared his throat. "I may or may not have had big hopes for the jacuzzi. But I would like to point out that it just so happens that you started all this, I am merely doing my best to keep my hot boyfriend happy and do what he wants." He flipped the cap open and squeezed some onto his hand, coating his fingers generously. When he reached down to slide his fingers against Kurt's hole he was shocked to find it already partially stretched open against his fingers. "Kurt? Were you..."

Kurt moaned as he felt Blaine's slick fingers circling his opening before sliding in easily. "I started stretching myself while we were in the jacuzzi," he admitted breathlessly, feeling the movement of Blaine's fingers inside him and the slight burn when Blaine made a scissoring motion before adding another finger.

Blaine looked down and watched his fingers moving in and out of Kurt with rapt fascination. "God, Kurt, that's so hot. You should have told me. I could have bent you over the edge and fucked you right there. Maybe I would have sucked your cock first. Or I might have fucked your pretty ass with my tongue, what do you think about that?"

Kurt had tossed his head back and was moving his hips so that he fucked himself back on Blaine's fingers. He groaned when Blaine crooked his fingers to brush against the sensitive bundle of nerves and reached down to stroke himself firmly. "I think you need to quit talking about fucking me and show me instead," he said cheekily, opening his eyes to stare into Blaine's eyes that were dark with lust.

"So demanding," Blaine said with a smile, apparently in no hurry to stop his fingers movement. He watched Kurt as a slow flush began to work its way down his body. Kurt's hand was moving steadily on his cock and his breathing was quick. Blaine's fingers felt incredible, especially when they teased his prostate, but Kurt wanted more, needed more. He could feel his muscles tightening and moved his hand quicker in response.

"Blaine, please, I need you, I'm so close already," Kurt whispered, sounding as wrecked as he was sure he must look. He felt Blaine's fingers slide out of him and a small whimper escaped him when his body clenched around nothing, feeling empty. Blaine leaned away and Kurt heard the crinkle of a condom wrapper and the sound of movement as Blaine rolled the condom on himself. Kurt gasped when he felt Blaine's weight on him and the insistent pressure of Blaine's cock against his stretched hole. Light flashed behind his closed eyelids and as he felt Blaine slide into him, Kurt forgot his name.

---

*Paul. John. Ringo.* Having already hit his own release, he smiled as his boyfriend tensed above him and moaned a name with a final thrust before falling forward onto his chest. *Kurt.* Yes. That was who he was.

"You may have killed me this time," Blaine gasped as he collapsed on top of Kurt, his arms no longer able to support him.

Kurt merely hummed in reply, content to wrap his arms around Blaine and hold him close as they cooled off. They lay there for a short time like that, limbs intertwined, music still softly playing in the background, each listening to the other breathe and feeling their heartbeats slow to normal again.

Blaine moaned low in his throat when he felt Kurt start to rub light circles on his lower back just above the swell of his ass. He chuckled when Kurt ran his foot teasingly up and down his calf before suggestively wrapping his leg around Blaine's waist.

Blaine raised his head to look into Kurt's eyes that were showing signs of darkening as they again started to smolder with desire. "Someone's frisky. Insatiable much? Who's the sex fiend now?" he questioned with smug grin.

"Not my fault," Kurt said in a low husky voice obviously meant to be seductive. It was definitely successful. "You shouldn't be so good at this."

Blaine lowered his head to Kurt's shoulder with a groan. "You're going to kill me. I don't know if I *can* do it again. This soon, anyway. You might have worn my dick down to just a nub."

Kurt's low laughter caused Blaine to bounce slightly on his chest. "What happened to my sex god from last night that got it up again almost as soon as we finished the first time?" He began rubbing at Blaine's lower back again, tantalizingly light fingertip touches that almost tickled. "C'mon, Blaine. I bet you fifty bucks you can go another round before we go to sleep for the night." He continued to tease with his fingers and after a few moments smiled approvingly when he felt Blaine starting to grow hard against him. "My, oh, my. What do we have here?"

"You win, looks like," Blaine said with a grin as he raised himself up a bit to look at Kurt. "How do you want to collect your fifty bucks?" he teased as he made a small thrusting movement with his hips.

"I'll think of something." Kurt smiled seductively as he moved his hands lower to move teasingly over Blaine's ass and ran a finger lightly between the cheeks, eliciting a gasp from Blaine and causing him to wiggle. Kurt moved his own hips in tandem, keeping them pressed together and creating a delicious friction. He smiled again when his actions caused Blaine's eyes to roll back in his head ever so slightly.

"I'm sure you *wi-fuck*, Kurt," Blaine bit his lower lip and tried to make himself focus again. "I would imagine-oh, *God*, Kurt, don't do that," he groaned as Kurt wiggled his hips in a little swivel motion that rubbed them together again.

Kurt poked his lip out in a breathless pout. "But I *like* doing that," he whispered softly. "Oh, and I especially like doing *this*," he continued as he raised his other leg so that both were wrapped around Blaine's waist and he was meeting each of Blaine's downward thrusts with one of his own.

Blaine shuddered and ground against Kurt, licking his suddenly dry lips. "You feel so good," he whispered hoarsely. "But we probably need to move this to my bedroom. What do you say?" He sat up and leaned back, giving Kurt a hopeful look and incredibly aware of the insistent throb between his legs.

Kurt rolled over and sat up. He stared at Blaine for a moment, long enough that Blaine's small grin faltered and a worried look crossed his face. Kurt then smiled mischievously and jumped up. "I say if you wanna have me you're gonna have to catch me!" He turned and ran for the door.

Blaine was after him in a flash. Kurt had a head start but he didn't take into account how quick Blaine was or that he might still be a little sore. His laughter turned to squeals when Blaine caught him around the waist at the bottom of the stairs with a triumphant shout.

"Looks like I caught you, hmmm?" Blaine purred into Kurt's ear. "And I do believe there is a matter of a bet that I need to settle. My bed, let's go." He took Kurt by the hand and together they ran up the stairs, pausing every couple of steps to kiss each other with a passion bordering on desperation. They finally reached Blaine's bedroom and stumbled through the door together, arms wrapped around each other and mouths working furiously, all tongues and teeth and lust.

Kurt leapt onto the bed first and lay back on the pillows, reaching down with one hand to stroke his hard cock while watching Blaine approach the bed. Blaine moved slowly, chest moving with his breathing and eyes glittering as he watched Kurt on his bed. He knelt on the bed with one knee, keeping the other foot on the floor.

"I want to try something," Blaine said as he watched Kurt's hand stroking himself. "Turn over so you're on your hands and knees."

Kurt's eyes widened for a second before he moved to do as Blaine said. He flipped over to his hands and knees and looked back at Blaine with a saucy grin. "Like what you see?" he asked with a teasing wink, giving his ass a little wiggle.

"*God*, yes. You have no idea how often I've imagined you in my bed just like this," Blaine answered, his voice a throaty growl as he reached out to caress the swell of Kurt's ass lightly before sliding between the cheeks to rub teasingly at Kurt's hole. It was still stretched and slick from earlier and Kurt swallowed hard when he felt Blaine's fingers slide in effortlessly.

"*Bla-a-a-aine*," he moaned when he felt Blaine move to kneel behind him on the bed. "Stop teasing me, please. I need you."

Blaine chuckled as he opened another condom and slicked it up with lube. "So impatient. So greedy for my cock, aren't you?" He held his cock tight in his fist, circling Kurt's hole with the head tantalizingly.

Kurt twisted slightly to glare at Blaine. "I am so not going to stroke your ego right now, either you want to fuck me or you need to let me up so I can-ohhhhhhhh, God..." he broke off as Blaine pushed into him, bottoming out in one hard thrust.

Blaine was still for a moment to let them both adjust before pulling back and moving forward again. He alternated between shallow, teasing thrusts and deeper, harder thrusts. Leaning forward to wrap one arm around Kurt's waist, he pulled him up so that Kurt was kneeling with Blaine still thrusting between his spread legs and his back flush against Blaine's chest. The air was filled with the slick sound of their sweaty bodies sliding against each other punctuated with occasional grunts and moans and snatches of words babbled in passion.

*'Christ, you're so hot, so tight, so perfect...'*

*'Unnnnggghh, harder, YES, just like that...'*

*'Love you, need you so much, mine, mine...'*

*'Yes, yes, always, yours...'*

When Kurt began stroking his hardness in time with Blaine's thrusts, Blaine slid one hand from its tight grasp on Kurt's hip to cover his hand with his own so that their hands moved together. Kurt's mouth was open as he breathed hard and tossed his head back to rest on Blaine's shoulder. His lithe frame stiffened and he moaned low and long as he came with a hard jerk, white spurts shooting over their joined hands and onto the bed. He clenched hard around Blaine's cock, eliciting a loud groan and another hard thrust from him. Kurt fell forward to support himself with shaky arms, panting and head still swirling from the effects of his orgasm. He felt Blaine thrust a few more times before he froze momentarily and then melted against him with a low moan.

Blaine stayed like that for a moment, head hanging down, chest heaving and sweat dripping off his face onto the smooth paleness of Kurt's back. He moved slightly to pull out, causing Kurt to hiss at the sudden empty sensation. Blaine leaned forward with a soothing noise as he pressed light kisses on the lower part of Kurt's spine. He wrapped his arms around Kurt's waist and nudged him forward to lie down on the bed. Kurt moved to the side away from the damp spot on the sheet and fell forward onto the pillow. Blaine removed the used condom and tied it off before tossing it into the wastebasket. He lay down next to Kurt and wriggled around to pull him onto his side where he could cuddle up behind him. He took one of Kurt's



hands in his own, intertwining their fingers as he tangled their legs together. Their breathing slowed and their bodies cooled and dried as they lay there, content to be close to each other and just lay quietly as their hearts beat in unison, eyes fluttering closed as sleep came over them.

*"I love you."*

*"I love you, too."*

## Chapter Forty-Eight

Kurt came awake slowly, aware of bright sunlight and a nuzzling at the back of his neck from the warmth pressed to his back. He smiled and kept his eyes closed, content to let Blaine shower him with affection. His smile grew wider when he felt Blaine stroke his arm with feather light touches. He gave a little yelp when Blaine moved to tickle his ribs.

"Ha! I knew you were awake!" Blaine crowed triumphantly. He grinned when Kurt rolled back to look into his eyes, rolling his own.

"Ummm, the question might be *why*? Aren't you tired? Especially after your 2 AM wake up call?" Kurt tried to look annoyed but couldn't stop the smile from tugging at the corners of his mouth.

Blaine's grin grew slightly wicked. "I didn't hear you complaining at the time."

Kurt raised an eyebrow. "I will never complain about you moaning my name like you were when you came."

Blaine laughed even as his cheeks grew pink. He leaned over and gently pressed his lips to Kurt's for a quick kiss. He nuzzled into Kurt's neck again and scraped his cheek against the sensitive skin, causing Kurt to suck in a quick breath.

"Stubble! You are so gonna give me a beard burn if you don't watch it!" Kurt said breathlessly as he tried and failed to sound stern. He laughed when he felt Blaine scrape against him once more before he leaned back.

Blaine stared at Kurt with a soft smile on his face. Kurt was relaxed and gorgeous in the morning light. His hair was mussed from sleep and their activities the night before, but Blaine loved that Kurt was comfortable enough that he was okay with not being completely put together in front of him. He wondered, not for the first time, what he had done to deserve someone as gorgeous and fantastic as Kurt. The entire weekend had been amazing beyond Blaine's wildest dreams as they had explored each other and taken the huge step to physical intimacy. Blaine was both awed and humbled that Kurt had chosen him. And he had loved everything they had done. But there was something he felt was missing.

Kurt's gentle touch to his forehead startled Blaine back to reality. "Are you okay? You looked like you were lost inside your head for a minute there," Kurt said as he soothed the area above Blaine's brow with his thumb.

Blaine hesitated. He wasn't sure exactly how to say what was on his mind and struggled to put it into words. "I love you so much. This whole weekend has been amazing. It's just flown by and I really wish it wasn't over. I wish we could stay here longer, just us. No school, no Warblers practice, no anything but us. And I just wondered...that is, would it be okay if I...if we-" He broke off and closed his eyes in a mixture of frustration and embarrassment.

Kurt's eyes widened in concern. "Blaine? Talk to me. You know you can talk to me about anything, right? What's wrong?"

Blaine gnawed on his bottom lip nervously for a brief moment before looking directly into Kurt's worried eyes. "I want to try bottoming."

Kurt blinked twice before noticeably relaxing. "God, Blaine, you scared me!" He closed his eyes and tilted his head back, took a deep breath, then let it out slowly. He opened his eyes to look seriously at Blaine. "Sure, if that's what you want. But are you positive? I mean, I think I know what to do, that's not an issue. I just...I mean, have you even tried fingering yourself or anything?"

Blaine raised one shoulder in a light shrug. "Well, no. But does that matter? Does it hurt a lot?"

One side of Kurt's mouth turned up in a small grin. "Well, I'm not gonna lie, it does a little. At first, anyway. But once things get going, it feels pretty awesome. It's kind of hard to describe, exactly. You just feel so...I don't know. *Full*." He pressed his lips to Blaine's. "Complete. It's like coming home, having you inside me. It's like it's always been meant to be."

"Have I mentioned yet that I love you?" Blaine leaned down so that his forehead touched Kurt's and closed his eyes, feeling ridiculously close to tears at that moment. He loved touching Kurt and knew that regardless of their joking around, "fucking" was not an accurate description for them. He knew what he and Kurt did went so much deeper than mere physical joining, and corny as it sounded, he felt privileged to have spent a good portion of his weekend making love to the stunning boy next to him.

Kurt cupped Blaine's cheek gently and waited for him to open his eyes. When they finally did open, they were suspiciously bright. Kurt smiled softly and murmured, "I love you. And I can't wait to feel what it's like to be inside of you."

Blaine's breath caught and he managed a shaky laugh. "Well, you know what they say, no time like the present."

Kurt stared at him for a moment. "You mean like *now* present?"

Blaine laughed again, the sound a little more steady now even though he still had the nervous sensation of butterflies in his stomach. "Isn't that what present means?" He wrapped his arms around Kurt's neck and pulled him close. Leaning close, he nuzzled the sensitive spot below Kurt's ear that he knew drove him insane before whispering hotly, "I want you. And I want you inside of me."

Kurt closed his eyes as a chill of excitement ran down his back, both at Blaine's words and the tickle of warm breath against his ear. He leaned forward so that he rolled Blaine to his back and moved on top of him so that he lay between Blaine's spread legs. He caught his breath at the feeling of hot skin against hot skin, noting that like himself, Blaine was hard. Cupping Blaine's face with both hands, he lightly ran his lips over Blaine's. Not a kiss, just a whisper soft brush of skin meant to tease and tantalize. He did this several times until a soft whimper from Blaine tugged at his mind and he pressed their lips together more firmly. He nipped at Blaine's lower lip before sucking it into his mouth for a brief moment, encouraging him wordlessly to allow him entrance.

Blaine's breathing burst out in a low sigh as he felt Kurt's warm tongue slide wetly into his mouth. He let Kurt deftly explore his mouth, loving the sensation of his tongue sliding sensuously over the top of his mouth before moving against his own in a dance of pleasure that would never get old. When Kurt let go of his face to plant his hands on either side of his head, Blaine wrapped his arms around Kurt's neck to keep him held close and wrapped his legs around Kurt's waist for good measure. He took passionate control of their kissing, sliding his tongue against Kurt's and licking around it and sucking on it briefly before pressing forward and moving into Kurt's mouth. He mapped again the familiar recess of Kurt's mouth, knowing it easily as well as his own and loving it. He could feel Kurt hard against him and was unable to resist rolling his hips and grinding their hard cocks against each other, causing both of them to moan softly. When he felt Kurt's trembling, he pulled back to look at him, panting slightly.

"Are you okay? Do you need us to move?" Blaine asked, concern evident in his voice as he looked up at Kurt from under long lashes.

"No. I'm fine. You're just really hot. And I think maybe what we're about to do just hit me," Kurt confessed in a low voice. His cheeks were flushed and the blue of his eyes was impossibly deep. "I'm a little scared. I want so badly to do this right. To pleasure you like you have me, show you how much I love you. I don't want to hurt you or screw up."

Blaine hadn't known his heart could swell any more with feeling. "Kurt. Kurt, look at me. It's okay. I promise you I was terrified, too. But that's part of what makes us *US*. We're learning together. We love each other. We trust each other. And if having you inside me feels anywhere as good as having you wrapped around my cock, I might die today, but it'll be as a very happy guy," he teased. He was rewarded with a small tremulous smile playing on Kurt's still kiss-swollen lips. Blaine reached towards the nightstand to try to grab the bottle of lube, but it was just out of reach.

Kurt managed not to laugh at Blaine's small noise of frustration. "Here. Allow me." He grabbed the bottle and put it next to him on the bed before reaching back and shyly moving a condom within reach, his pink cheeks growing a touch more red. He popped open the cap of the lubricant and squeezed a goodly amount into his hand. He closed his hand and twisted his fingers to both warm the cool liquid and liberally coat his fingers. He leaned back a bit and repositioned himself so that he was slightly above Blaine. Nervously, he reached down and lightly slid his fingers in the crack of Blaine's ass. He tentatively slid his fingers back and forth before brushing lightly against the puckered hole, causing Blaine to jump before giving a nervous huff of laughter.

"Sorry. I wasn't-I mean, I was expecting it, but I just didn't-"

Kurt hushed him with a quick kiss. "Blaine, it's okay. I'm just gonna rub my fingers here right now, okay? Let you get used to it. Try to relax, it'll be easier if you can. Trust me."

Blaine nodded. "I do. I'm sorry, I'm being stupid."

Kurt's fingers halted and he tilted Blaine's chin up with his other hand to look at him. "Hey, no. Stop. It's okay." His eyes sparkled with mischief as he grinned down at Blaine. "Besides, I can't have you saying such things about my boyfriend." He leaned down to kiss Blaine gently.

Blaine lost himself in Kurt's kiss. This time when Kurt's fingers traced over his hole he spread his legs a little wider to allow better access. Kurt moved his fingers over and around the puckered opening, giving Blaine time to relax into his touch. After a time, he placed one slick finger at the entrance. "Ready?" he whispered against Blaine's lips. When Blaine nodded, Kurt pushed in, moving slowly to let Blaine get used to the new sensation. He felt Blaine stiffen ever so slightly at the intrusion, clenching briefly around Kurt's finger. Kurt paused his movement and kept kissing Blaine until he felt him relax, then pushed in until his finger was deep inside Blaine. He swallowed hard. This was already incredible for him and they had hardly begun. He slowly pulled his finger out, then slid it back in.

"*Ohhhh*," breathed Blaine. The sensation was new. Different from anything he'd ever experienced before. It wasn't exactly comfortable, but it wasn't painful. He let Kurt slide his finger in and out, each time seeming easier and a little more pleasurable.

"Do you think you're ready for me to add another finger?" Kurt asked. He was proud at how steady his voice was. Watching his finger sliding in and out of Blaine's ass had been erotically hot, and Kurt was already praying to any deity that might exist that he could hold out long enough to pleasure Blaine. When Blaine nodded, Kurt pulled his finger back until just the end of it was still in Blaine. He positioned his second finger and dribbled more lube over his fingers, sure in the back of his mind he was making a mess but not caring. When his fingers were slick and glistening, he pressed the second finger in alongside the first. Again, he tried to move slow and not hurt Blaine. He winced when he heard Blaine's sharp intake of breath. "Too much?"

Blaine licked his lips and shook his head. "No. Don't stop." He knew the stinging burn would go away and he was ready for Kurt to move his fingers again. Kurt hesitated for a moment but nodded and pushed further in. Before long, his fingers were moving in and out of Blaine smoothly and as easily as the first had. Blaine had his eyes closed and was making small noises of pleasure. Kurt grinned to himself and twisted his hand slightly, moving his fingers forward to find...

"*Hnnnnnnhhhhhh!*" Blaine breathed out as his eyes flew open wide.

Yep. There it was. Kurt pressed again and could barely contain a giggle when Blaine raised both knees and then let them fall flat back to the bed again.

"Oh my God," he moaned softly.

"Feels good, huh," Kurt said, unable to keep the satisfied tone out of his voice. He was the reason Blaine was falling apart like this and he loved it. Moving his hand again, he added a third finger and was pleased that Blaine didn't seem bothered by it. Instead, he threw his head back a bit and arched his back, giving Kurt even better access. He continued sliding his fingers in and out of Blaine, each sound of pleasure the purest of music to his ears.

Blaine reached out and tugged on Kurt's shoulder. When Kurt didn't respond and kept moving his hand, Blaine pulled harder, making a noise that caught his attention.

"Now, Kurt. I'm ready."

Kurt froze for a moment. "Are you sure?"

Blaine wanted to growl in frustration. He knew Kurt was still a bit nervous and wanted everything to be perfect, but Blaine was sure he was going to explode into a zillion pieces if he didn't get Kurt inside him soon. As good as this was, he just knew having Kurt hard and pulsing in his ass would be incredible. "Kurt. *Please.*"

Kurt nodded and pulled his fingers out as gently as he could, knowing from experience the shock that the sudden emptiness would cause. With hands that trembled slightly, he opened the condom wrapper and positioned it. Before he could roll it on, Blaine's hands on him made him stop.

"Allow me," Blaine whispered.

Kurt nodded and swallowed nervously. Blaine's hands stroked him firmly, teasing him into being even harder. Blaine rolled the condom down on Kurt's cock and squeezed it teasingly before laying back on his pillow, eyes bright with excitement, lust, and a touch of nervousness.

Kurt moved between Blaine's legs again and captured his mouth in a kiss full of love and passion, all teeth and tongues tangled together. He positioned his cock at Blaine's stretched hole and looked at Blaine. He wanted to see him when this happened. They stared into each other's eyes.

"I love you," Kurt whispered as he started pushing in. The head of his cock pushed past the tight ring of muscle and he caught his breath. *Oh, holy mother of God.* He pushed again, slowly moving deeper and trying to keep a hold on his fragile grasp of his mind. Blaine was so hot and tight around him. It was

incredible. It was torture. It was perfect. He pushed until his hips were flush against Blaine and he was completely inside. Kurt was panting and sweat beaded on his forehead and trickled down his back.

Blaine was stunned at the feeling of fullness. It still wasn't quite what he would call comfortable, there was still a burning and stretching sensation, but the pleasure far outweighed all that. He wrapped his legs around Kurt's waist and whispered, "You can move now."

Kurt shuddered at hearing the words he hadn't realized he'd been waiting to hear. He slowly moved his hips back, pulling out as gently as he could, then thrusting back in. It was exquisite. He repeated his movements again and moaned when Blaine tightened his thighs around his waist.

"*There*. Oh, there, again, please there," Blaine moaned when Kurt angled himself slightly and hit that sensitive spot inside that made his eyes roll back and his toes curl. He gasped when Kurt thrust back into him, a little harder and aimed just right. Blaine experimentally rolled his hips in tandem to Kurt's and threw his head back as pleasure started melting his bones.

Kurt leaned down and began kissing and licking Blaine's exposed neck. He tasted the salty skin and bit lightly before beginning to suck at Blaine's favorite spot just above his collarbone. His hips moved in and out in a steady rhythm, the tight heat surrounding his cock nearly too much to bear.

Blaine closed his eyes as Kurt worshipped his neck with his mouth. He was meeting Kurt's thrusts with his own, grunts of satisfaction coming from him of their own accord. His cock was hard and trapped between them. Each movement Kurt made stroked him and he was nearly dizzy from the overwhelming sensations. A well directed thrust from Kurt hit his prostate again and Blaine felt the tell tale sensation of orgasm sweeping him up.

"Kurt, I'm close, so close," Blaine stuttered.

"*Mmmmmmm*," Kurt hummed in acknowledgment, unwilling to stop sucking on Blaine's tangy skin and unable to formulate exactly what words were anyway. He wasn't that far off himself, he knew.

Blaine moaned when he felt Kurt's teeth nip him lightly before going back to giving him what was sure to be an epic hickey. He reached down between them and took his cock in his hand. There was already precome at the tip and Blaine ran his thumb over the head before sliding down to stroke himself. His hand was tight and dry but he was too far gone to really care. With just a few strokes, he came hotly between



them, coating them both in thick white stripes. His orgasm pulled him tight and wrung him out, leaving him panting for breath as lightning-like lights flashed behind his closed lids. He was nearly overwhelmed with sensation, hyper aware of everything that was just *Kurt, Kurt, Kurt*. His pounding heart overflowed with emotion that Blaine knew went so much deeper than even the push and pull, the drag of skin at his most intimate of places and he was unable to stop tears from welling up and trickling from under his closed lids.

Kurt was on the brink, teetering on the edge. He had felt Blaine come, felt the wet heat between them and felt the clench of muscle around his cock, and was almost surprised he hadn't come right then himself. He rather wished he had been able to see his face, had seen Blaine's brilliant hazel eyes go soft as they usually did when he came, but there would be other times. He licked Blaine's neck again and nuzzled his shoulder. He leaned up to look at Blaine, his small smile of contentment falling when he saw tears on Blaine's face. He immediately stilled inside of Blaine, halting all movement.

"Blaine? Baby, what's wrong? Oh, oh, did I hurt you? Oh, God, I'm sorry! I'll stop!" Kurt babbled, distressed. He went to pull out of Blaine but was halted when Blaine tightened his legs around his waist and his arms around his shoulders. He opened his eyes and gave Kurt a watery but brilliant smile.

"It's just that I love you so much. It feels so good, you feel so good. Please, don't stop," Blaine whispered as he rolled his hips against Kurt. He was delighted when Kurt moaned softly and began moving again. Even though he was incredibly sensitive and starting to get sore, Blaine didn't want this to end. Each time Kurt thrust into him, he tightened his legs around him to pull him as deeply as he could. When Kurt's movements became more erratic and his breathing harsher, Blaine whispered, "Come for me, baby."

Kurt had been feeling the build up of orgasm moving up his spine, tingling and tightening. He could feel the grip of Blaine's thighs around his waist and the incredible pressure surrounding his cock as he moved closer to the precipice. His breath left him in heavy pants, and he was completely unembarrassed by the low pitched '*huh, huh, huh*' he was making. Blaine's whispered words gave him that final push and he grit his teeth as he thrust forward one last time, spasms shaking him and emitting a low whispered "*Ohhhhhhh*" as he came. He collapsed on top of Blaine, body sated, relaxed, and trembling slightly. Blaine's arms stayed around him, lightly stroking his sweat dampened back.

"*Mmmmmmm*," Blaine purred contentedly. Kurt made a soft noise of agreement.

After a short time of cuddling and catching their breath, Kurt leaned up. "I need to move."

Blaine stuck his lower lip out in a pout, causing Kurt to laugh. He kissed his adorable boyfriend and gently pulled out of him, making a small comforting coo when Blaine hissed in surprise at the loss. He pulled off the condom and tied it off before tossing it and the wrapper into the wastebasket. He eyed the number of condoms, wrappers and used Kleenex in it and said, "I hope to God you take your own trash out," causing Blaine to huff out a laugh.

"Even if I didn't, I wouldn't leave that around," Blaine teased. He stretched slowly and grunted in surprise at the sharp pain in his backside at the movement. Kurt rubbed his shoulder lightly. "It'll get better. A hot shower will probably help," he said soothingly. He sat up and smiled at Blaine. "We should go take advantage of your awesome shower while we can. I assure you, when I am showering in that tiny little dorm bathroom at Dalton I will remember it fondly and weep."

Blaine laughed and looked at Kurt with adoring eyes. "We'll just have to make sure we come back every so often and give you visitation."

Kurt grinned back at him. Then his look grew more serious, eyes softened. "But you're okay? Was I-was it okay?"

Blaine caught Kurt's hand and brought it to his mouth to kiss the back of it. "You were, you are, and you will continue to be devastatingly perfect." He pulled Kurt towards him for a kiss. "Now, let's go get dirty in my shower."

"Insatiable," Kurt sighed as he got off the bed and held out a hand to assist Blaine off the bed. Hand in hand they headed for the bathroom, both aware that their weekend was drawing to an end.

## Chapter Forty-Nine

Kurt pulled into a parking place outside of Dalton and turned off the ignition. It was starting to get dark outside and they would need to hurry if they were going to make curfew. He didn't doubt that Wes would cut them some slack, but the price would be dealing with his smug innuendos and whatever blackmail he could contrive. Kurt would just as soon avoid that if he could.

He looked over to the passenger seat, and his lips parted in a soft smile. Blaine was sleeping. His head was turned slightly to the right and his chest rose and fell with his even breathing. Kurt admired his boyfriend's flawless profile in the dusky light and felt his chest tighten with emotion. Their weekend had been amazing and utterly perfect. He loved Blaine with his entire being and had no doubt that his feelings were returned with the same intensity. No matter what their future might bring, Kurt knew he would never regret anything about losing his virginity. His smile turned a little wicked when he remembered exactly why they were running late and why Blaine was tired. He reached out and threaded his fingers gently through Blaine's loose and tousled curls.

"It's time to wake up, love," Kurt said, his voice gentle and loving. "We're here. Reality calls. And if we don't get a move on it, we're gonna be late for curfew."

Blaine stretched, licking his lips and making a quiet noise in the back of his throat as his eyelids fluttered upwards. He smiled adorably as sleepy hazel eyes slowly focused on Kurt.

"Hi," Blaine said, his voice roughened slightly with sleep and causing a little tingle low in Kurt's belly. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to fall asleep."

"Hey, it's okay. You must have needed your rest," Kurt teased with a wiggle of his eyebrows, grinning when Blaine's cheeks pinkened with a blush. He leaned over and gave Blaine a quick kiss before unbuckling his own seatbelt. "Come on, we've gotta hurry."

Blaine nodded as he undid his own seatbelt and opened the door. "Yeah. I'm sure the guys are laying in wait, ready to pounce on us."

"I have absolutely no doubt that you're right," Kurt sighed as he opened the back of the Navigator to get their bags. "Might as well go face the insanity, huh?"

"Together we die!" laughed Blaine shouldering his bag with one hand and holding the other out to Kurt as they walked toward the main entrance. "I'm sure that Wes probably has some sort of betting pool going with the Warblers on how many times we did it or who topped or something."

Kurt stopped mid stride, nearly causing Blaine to stumble as he was caught off guard. His eyes were wide and his jaw had dropped. "He wouldn't," he whispered, sounding completely horrified.

Blaine shrugged and grinned, used to Wes and his shenanigans by now. "Wouldn't be the first time."

Kurt closed his mouth with a snap and narrowed his eyes. "I will kill him. Kill him dead, I swear," he ground out as he strode for the door again, nearly dragging Blaine behind him this time.

They walked into the main foyer. Students and staff had been hard at work decorating for Christmas. A huge Christmas tree was in the corner and lighted garland was draped on the rail of the spiral staircase. Kurt caught Blaine's eye as they passed by the place where they met and squeezed his hand. The glow of a television was coming from under the doorway of the main student lounge and Blaine motioned to it.

"I bet we've found them," he said.

Kurt sighed. "Let's get this over with," he said. "But first..."

He turned and pulled Blaine towards him, deftly capturing his mouth in a deep and sensual kiss and sucking on his lower lip teasingly before releasing it. "If we don't live through this, just know I love you."

"And if we *do* live through this, just know I love you, too," Blaine replied breathlessly as he snuck another quick kiss. He would never get tired of the swoop in his belly whenever Kurt kissed him.

Kurt let his breath out in a whoosh and straightened his shoulders resolutely. He pushed the door open. "Good evening, gentlemen. We're ba-AACCKKK! WES!" he squawked as he was nearly toppled to the floor, his arms full of his roommate.

"KURT! KURTIE PIE! NEVER LEAVE ME AGAIN!" Wes yelled as he got a running start and threw himself at a stunned Kurt. He wrapped his arms around his neck and jumped to wrap his legs around him as well.

Kurt looked helplessly at Blaine, who was eyeing his friend with a raised brow and quirked lips as he literally climbed his boyfriend like a tree and clung to him like a spider monkey.

"O-okay, Wes, that's great. Lovely. I hope you know how grateful I am that you hid your crazy until after Kurt and I started dating because I'm pretty sure he would have run away screaming a long time ago," Blaine said, patting Wes on the head. "How about you let him go now, there's a good boy."

"I was so *bored* while you were gone, Kurt. I couldn't very well have any Warblers practices without you guys, and watching TV with these guys sucks," whined Wes as he laid his head on Kurt's shoulder dramatically. Kurt sighed softly with relief as Wes let his legs' death grip on his waist relax and his feet fell to the floor, then sighed again a little louder and with more irritation when Wes tightened his arms around his neck.

Jeff was frowning at Wes. "No, man, *you* suck. You never complained about watching TV with us before."

"It's just so much more entertaining watching TV with Kurt. You guys couldn't possibly understand," Wes mumbled from Kurt's shoulder.

Kurt rolled his eyes and sighed again. "Okay, Wes, let me go. Personal space, remember? It's a good thing."

Wes huffed as he let go of Kurt and stepped back. "I just knew I loved you more than you loved me," he sighed, his sad tone belied by his wicked grin. "Besides, you had no personal space all weekend, and we all know it!"

"And so it begins," Blaine groaned as he buried his blushing face in his hands.

"Not cool, man!" shouted David as he tossed a handful of popcorn at a completely unabashed Wes. "You're supposed to wait until they say something!"

"Like they would," scoffed Wes, unaffected by the icy glare Kurt was giving him. "You know they aren't gonna be forthcoming with any info, so I beat them to the punch. Not like we don't all know what they were up to, literally at that, all weekend! So come on, spill, you two. Give us all the dirty details. Okay, so maybe not *all* the dirty details," he amended when Nick groaned audibly from the couch and Kurt's glare became a scowl, "but we're all friends here. Besides, B has listened to our tales of getting ass, it's only fair we do the same, right?"

Blaine lowered his hands to look wide eyed at Wes, then turned to the couch where Nick, Jeff and David were all lounging. "Just please, tell me there was no bets made."

David rubbed the back of his neck as Nick and Jeff shifted awkwardly in their seats. "Ummm, well, yeah, about that..." He flinched as Kurt's eyes widened in outrage. "It was Wes! It was his idea! Blame him!"

"Thanks, D, good to know who has my back," grumbled Wes as he gave Kurt his most charming smile. "Oh come on, it was all in good fun."

Kurt crossed his arms and narrowed his eyes at Wes. "I cannot believe...you know what, yes I can. Well you know what, Wesley? Fuck you. For that, not only do you get no details, you can now be worried about how I will get you back. Because rest assured, I will. Oh yes."

Nick laughed heartily at Wes, who was no longer quite so cocky and starting to look nervous. "You know, Kurt, you are fucking awesome. I know it was really shitty circumstances that made you come here, but I'm really glad you're here."

"Et tu, Nicholas?" Wes whined.

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Such drama. You deserve it, asshole. At least tell me it was just you bumhugs in on it and not all of the Warblers?"

"Just us four," Jeff piped up cheerfully. "At least Wes didn't get *that* carried away, right?" He batted his eyelashes hopefully at Kurt.

"You are all terrible people and I hate you all so much right now," Kurt grumbled. "You can all forget about getting any of my Christmas cookies. No," he continued when everyone in the room except Blaine groaned. "You have no one to blame but yourselves. Next time maybe you'll consider being a little more respectful to another's privacy. Especially if it's mine! Now, I'm going the dorm, it's going to take some time to sort my clothes and put my things away." He turned to Blaine and smiled softly. "See you later?"

Blaine grinned and nodded. "Absolutely."

Kurt reached out and tenderly stroked Blaine's cheek as he walked to the door. He paused for a moment to glare at the three boys on the couch momentarily before swinging his gaze to Wes. He gestured to his own eyes with two fingers before turning them threateningly to Wes, then stalked out of the room.

David let out a breath. "Holy Jesus, but he can be utterly terrifying when he wants to be."

"No doubt," agreed Nick. "I wasn't sure what I wanted to do more, burst into tears or crawl over to Kurt's feet and beg for forgiveness. Wes, dude, you can keep my money if you want. I don't want any part of that anymore."

Jeff nodded emphatically. "Same goes for me. Consider it my penance for being such a wretched sinner."

Blaine walked over to a plush chair and plopped down in it. "You fuckers should donate it to charity or something. Buy yourself some good karma. I bet Kurt would approve," he said, giving his friends a mischievous grin.

Wes gave himself a shake and grinned back. He strolled over to Blaine's chair and clapped a hand on his shoulder. "Kurt should be at the room by now. So, ol' buddy, ol' pal, let's get to the point. Tell us. Was our favorite blue eyed Warbler a suitably divine lover?"

Jeff facepalmed and Nick groaned loudly as David threw another handful of popcorn at Wes.

"Jesus Christ, Wes!" David yelped, looking at the door as though he half expected Kurt to vengefully appear.

But Blaine's mischievous grin turned positively wicked and his eyes glittered with relish as he leaned back in the chair, hands clasped behind his head and legs stretching out to cross at the ankles. "Exquisite beyond words."

"That's my boy!" Wes crowed triumphantly, punching a victorious fist into the air. Nick and Jeff grinned at each other and high fived while David pretended to wipe tears from his eyes.

"It just happens so fast. One day they're hiding in the back row of Warbler meetings, the next they're all grown up and fucking their hot boyfriend!" he wailed, then grinned at Blaine. "Good for you, though, bro. Happy for you."

Blaine straightened up slightly and raised a brow at his friend. "You think my boyfriend's hot, do you?"

"Well, duh!" David said sarcastically. "How many times have I managed to catch you two in some sort of sexual act? He's a hot dude. Even as a man totally into tits and pussy I can see that and speak it as truth. But can we talk about how the fact I say your boyfriend is a total stud is what you latch onto?"

"Isn't he adorable when he's jealous?" cooed Wes as he ruffled Blaine's hair.

Blaine shoved Wes' hand away. "Knock it off, asswipe. I would be pissed at you if I wasn't in such a great mood after my awesome weekend. If I were you, however, I would worry about what Kurt might do to you. He can be devious when he puts his mind to it."

"And no cookies," Jeff lamented. "I should never have let you talk me into a bet, Wes. Once again, let me tell you how much you suck. Cookies, Wes! Cookies made by Kurt!"

"Hey, I'm missing out, too! And he didn't swear revenge on any of you fuckers, may I remind you," Wes argued. "Seems kinda unfair if you ask me, since you all took part."

Blaine stood and brushed his pants off. "Well, it's what you get for being the instigator. What did you...you know what, never mind. I don't want to know the bet. I'm gonna head for our room, D. See you there."

"Just so you know, I totally would have given you and Kurt a break if you'd come in late. You know that, right? Shouldn't that count for something?" Wes whined.

Blaine laughed as he opened the door, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "The road to hell is paved with good intentions, my man. And hell hath no fury like Kurt Hummel scorned. It's been a pleasure knowing you, though. Good night, guys."

Wes slumped down in the chair vacated by Blaine. "I'm so totally fucked, you guys. If I'm not at breakfast come make sure Kurt hasn't pillowed me while I slept or something."

---

The next several days were busy as classes prepared for midterms before the holiday break. It was common to hear vocal complaints in the hallways about the presumed sadistic nature of all the teachers, and coffee sales in the cafeteria were booming. The library was crowded with students studying and doing research for term papers, and the Christmas break had moved beyond being anticipated and was now being discussed with actual reverence.

Despite the heavy scholastic load, Wes found plenty of time to schedule extra practices, and before long the Warblers were mentioning his name along with the teachers' in regards to being an utter sadist. Even



David and the other council members were starting to mutter darkly under their breath when Wes had his back turned, and Thad had gone as far as threatening to put the gavel through a wood chipper.

When Wes demanded one more run through before dismissing for the evening on Thursday, Jeff had leaned over to Kurt and whispered, "I think we could take him, Kurt, and I guarantee that everyone here will back up our story."

Kurt snorted in response, wiping sweat off his forehead and taking several swallows of water from his water bottle. He was exhausted and really needed to study for his trig midterm, but he privately felt that Wes' dedication to practice was a rather refreshing change from Mr. Schue's method of deciding on songs mere days prior to a performance and hoping for the best.

Finally, Wes caved to the lateness of the hour and the fact that he, too, needed to study. He dismissed the grateful Warblers with a loud bang of his gavel.

"Kurt, Blaine, I'll need to hear you guys on Baby It's Cold Outside before the performance," Wes called over the scrambling noise of boys running before he possibly changed his mind.

Kurt gave him a deadly sweet smile and said, "No problem, Wes, I'm sure you'll agree we have it down to perfection."

Wes grinned back. "Sheathe your claws, Kurt. I'm not picking on you. Believe me, the last thing I want is to incur your wrath again. And remember, I apologized, and in front of witnesses at that!"

Kurt's response to Wes' bet idea was to peel an onion and put it under his pillow, and then to put fresh garlic in his closet and each of his drawers. Wes had spent that entire afternoon doing laundry and having his uniforms express dry cleaned. That night he had called Blaine, David, Jeff and Nick to their dorm and prostrated himself at Kurt's feet to beg for forgiveness. Kurt had let him sweat it out for a long moment, then burst out laughing before hitting him in the face with a throw pillow.

Blaine rubbed his eyes tiredly and said, "Sure, Wes, but tomorrow, okay? I'm beat and I still have to finish writing a ten page paper on the American Revolution before 5th period tomorrow."

Kurt moved behind Blaine and started rubbing his neck and shoulders. "Do you need my help with anything?"

Blaine nearly whimpered out loud as Kurt's hands went to work on the tense knots in his back. He sagged back against Kurt and moaned, "Just don't stop doing that. Or maybe you should, because I'm not going to be able to move if you don't."

"God, you two are nauseating sometimes," Wes grumbled as he packed his satchel.

"You're just jealous it's not you he's rubbing," Blaine said, and then frowned. "Wait..."

Kurt laughed and took Blaine's hand. "Come on, we can study in my room. Yes, *study*, Wes, so don't look at me like that. We can sing for you tomorrow, but for now we are going to take appropriate measures to stay academically eligible. See you later."

As they walked hand in hand for Kurt's dorm, Kurt turned to Blaine and said, "So Carol called and wanted to know if you were still coming for Christmas. You are still going to spend it with us, right?"

"Yeah! Yes, of course I am!" Blaine assured him. "I already told my parents what my plans were and everything. I'm really looking forward to it, you know. It's the first Christmas I've actually been excited about since I found out Santa wasn't real."

Kurt smiled happily. "Good! I'll be sure to text her and let her know. I was thinking I would go shopping for Christmas presents tomorrow after school. Did you want to come with me? We can sing for Wes and then leave right afterwards. Hopefully he won't keep us long or make us sing it ten times before he approves of it. We can hit the mall and have dinner?"

"Sounds awesome. And don't worry about singing for Wes. You and I are gonna kill this thing," Blaine said confidently, giving Kurt's hand a squeeze.

"I love you, you know," Kurt said as he unlocked the dorm room door to let them in. "Let's get our studying and classwork done so we don't have to worry about that. I can't wait to take you shopping!"

Blaine grinned in response. "Love you, too. Forever. I must, since I am willing to brave the mall with you at Christmas time!"

"Oh, but honey, I promise to make it so worth your while," Kurt purred as he unpacked his school books to get ready to study.

Blaine blinked and bit back a groan. Kurt was just so sexy sometimes. It was probably hazardous to his health and might kill him in the long run, but then again, there were definitely worse ways to die. "I'm gonna hold you to that," he said huskily and he plugged in his laptop to start working on his paper.

## Chapter Fifty

David flopped down on a chair in the student lounge and groaned. "Tell me again why we decided it was a good idea to do a huge Christmas performance so close to midterms? Whose idea was this anyway?"

Jeff grinned as he patted David on the shoulder. "That would be *your* best friend, dude. The Dread Pirate Wesley. Our fearless leader."

"Not looking so fearless right now," Nick interjected, motioning with his chin toward the hallway where Wes had just run through the doorway with eyes wide and looking as though the devil himself was in close pursuit. He spotted them watching him in amazement and veered in their direction.

"Oh my god, hide me, you guys," Wes panted as he skidded to a stop next to David's chair and looked around in a panic.

David rubbed his forehead and gave a long suffering sigh. "What did you do now?" He watched in amazement as Wes dropped to the floor and crawled behind his chair.

"Why do you always assume it's my fault?" Wes whined as he tried to make himself as small as possible.

Nick snorted. "I can't believe you just said that. Like we don't know you or something. *Of course* it's your fault. Now come on, 'fess up."

"At least tell us who's trying to kill you so we can decide if it's worth us getting involved," Jeff laughed. "Because I'll be real honest, if you've pissed Kurt off again, I might go for Team Switzerland and stay out of that shit altogether."

"Oh my god, you did NOT just make a Twilight reference!" squawked Nick indignantly. "Dude, I can't even *look* at you right now!"

David rolled his eyes. "And you recognized said reference. I can't look at either of you. Now," he said as he turned in his chair to face Wes, "explain yourself."

"Fine," Wes huffed as he settled on the floor and pulled his knees to his chest. "I had gone into the music room to finalize the finale for our performance, just minding my own business. When I walk in, I see Kurt

laying on that couch we have in there. Didn't think anything of it, hell, I've caught a nap in there on free period before myself. We're all tired with midterms and practices, and I'm sure if Kurt is half as worn out as I am from his constant eye sexing of Blaine, he has to be fucking exhausted. So, I'm trying to be considerate-shut the fuck up, Jeff," he snapped as Jeff failed to cover a snort of laughter. "ANYWAY, I'm trying to be quiet and let him sleep, I'm only gonna be there for a few minutes, right? So there I am, working as quick as I can so I can get out of there when he starts fucking dry humping the couch."

"What?" yelped David in shock.

Wes nodded. "I'm not even finished! So I think he must be having a sex dream or something. I'm trying to figure out how to try to wake him without embarrassing both of us when all of a sudden I see another arm pop out from under him that isn't his."

"Fuck me, Blaine was there, too, wasn't he?" cackled Jeff.

"Totally! I mean, shit got heavy fast, too. We're talking belts being unbuckled and pants unzipped, heavy breathing, the whole shebang. They are practically fucking right there on the couch in the music room! And I'm just sitting there fucking *paralyzed*, wondering what the hell I'm supposed to do," Wes said, gesturing with his hands. "Like, do I announce my presence? Make noise so they know I'm there? Or try to sneak out without them noticing me?"

Nick made a small noise of outrage. "They were making out on the Warbler couch? Dude, I'm never gonna be able to sit there again. I liked sitting on that couch! Do you think the janitorial staff would clean it?"

David ignored Nick and narrowed his eyes at Wes shrewdly. "So...what DID you do, if you are currently running for your life? Seeing as you seem to have some sort of death wish where Kurt is concerned?"

Wes' reply was cut off by the door being pushed open and an outraged and slightly disheveled Kurt Hummel storming into the lounge, eyes blazing with irritation and holding a crumpled piece of paper in his hand. Wes whimpered softly and slouched down further on the floor as he tried to make himself smaller.

"Where is he? Wes, you asshole, I'm sure you're in here somewhere! You get your ass out here!" he shouted.

"Kurt! Hey, how's it going?" grinned Jeff as he stretched his legs ever so slightly, pointing his toes toward where Wes huddled on the floor behind David's chair. Wes scowled at him from behind David's chair, his eyes promising retribution.

Kurt stalked over to them and glared at David, who looked like he would rather be anywhere else at the moment. "Where is he, David? I'm going to kill him and I would just as soon not have to take you down with him."

"Now, Kurt, let's not be hasty," David replied in a soothing voice as he made calming motions with his hands and shifted slightly to keep Wes hidden. "Why don't you tell me what's going on and why you are once again struck with the need to kill your roomie and friend."

"Friend!" snorted Kurt. "Would any sort of friend have done *this*?" he demanded as he thrust the crumpled piece of paper he held in David's face. "Read it. Tell me that isn't creepy."

David smoothed the paper and looked at it. There, in Wes' distinctive scrawl, was written:

*Thanks for the show, figured I should pay you guys for it.*

"Oh, Wes." Rolling his eyes heavenward and sighing, David began to try again to calm Kurt, hoping to prevent bloodshed and possible castration of a particular dumbass lead Warbler while he slept. "Okay, so I admit, this is both incredibly rude and rather crass, but-"

"He put money in the note and threw it at us as he ran out the door, David," complained Kurt.

Jeff perked up. "Oh yeah? How much? OUCH! Damn it, Nick, what the hell was that for?" he complained, rubbing his head where Nick had smacked him.

"Not helping, asswipe!" hissed Nick, watching as Kurt's cheeks darkened to a deeper flush and his eyes snapped icy blue fire.

Kurt reached into his pocket and pulled out two crumpled hundred dollar bills. He pinched the bridge of his nose and closed his eyes for a moment before breathing out a deep breath. "Okay, you know what? Fine. *Fine!* I know you're in here somewhere and you can hear me, dickweed. I want you to know I'm keeping your money and I'll use it in some way I see fit. Maybe I'll use it to Christmas shop, or maybe I'll use it to buy sex toys and porn. Just watch me sexile you at least three times a week until the end of the

school year. Maybe I'll do something with you in the room, since you seem to enjoy it so. I'll make sure you hear it all, too. You'll know first hand which one of us is the dirty talker and which one is the screamer." He turned on his heel and stomped off, making sure to slam the door behind him.

Jeff, Nick and David all looked at each other for a moment before bursting out into shaky laughter.

"Jesus Christ, Wes, you sure do know how to pick the hill you wanna die on!" Nick laughed somewhat hysterically. "Thank god you didn't offer to be manager for their Internet porn career or something, else Kurt might have shoved your balls so far up your ass that when you open your mouth to brush your teeth you could scratch them at the same time!"

Wes crawled out from behind David's chair and stood up, eyeing the door warily as if he expected Kurt to come barreling back in at any moment. "He looks like such a nice guy. You'd never think he was hiding a serial killer underneath that schoolboy image."

---

The Warblers' performance at the Christmas Extravaganza was a huge hit. True to prediction, Kurt and Blaine's rendition of Baby, It's Cold Outside was a crowd favorite and garnered some of the wildest and loudest applause of the night. They did two curtain calls after singing, and the Warblers did two encores.

On the way back to Dalton, Kurt and Blaine sat together cuddled in a seat. Blaine lay with his head on Kurt's shoulder and Kurt had his arm around Blaine, resting his head on top of Blaine's.

"Are you packed and ready to leave tomorrow?" Kurt asked softly, reaching his other hand to take one of Blaine's. "I figure we can leave early and grab breakfast on the way. Dad and Carol won't care if we take a nap once we get to my house."

Blaine stirred slightly and snuffled sleepily. "Yeah, I have everything ready to go. I figure I'll do my shopping with you, if that's okay?"

Kurt smiled and pressed a soft kiss to Blaine's temple. "Absolutely. I would love for you to go shop with me. But what about gifts for each other? I can't buy your present with you right there next to me. Maybe I can get Cedes and Tina to meet us out and they can keep us company while we shop for each other."

"What makes you think I don't have your gift already?" Blaine teased.

Kurt felt his face grow hot with a blush. "Oh! Well, I still need to shop for you, so I'm sure Dad won't mind if you stay with him while I-"

"Kurt, I'm only teasing you," Blaine said as he leaned up to press a kiss to Kurt's jawline. "I know what I want to get you but I don't have it yet. I want to shop with you and I am really stoked about hanging out with your friends."

Kurt smiled and squeezed Blaine's hand tighter. "I'm glad. Thankfully I got some of my shopping done online, so we don't have to brave the mall madness for too long. There are just a few more things I need to get. What about you?"

Blaine shrugged his shoulders. "I usually give my parents gift cards. So I don't have much to do, really. I'm along to buy your gift, keep you company and carry your shopping bags. And ogle you in the changing rooms if the opportunity presents itself."

"Deal. You can ogle me anytime, baby," Kurt snickered. "I'll put on a show just for you."

Blaine hummed in approval as he closed his eyes and dozed against Kurt's shoulder.

When they arrived at Dalton, it was late. The exhausted Warblers piled off the bus, each grateful that it was over, including Wes, who was already planning the Regionals practice schedule for when they got back after holiday. Kurt called out a soft reminder about caroling with the New Directions over break as everyone trudged to their rooms, too tired to joke around, meet in the lounge, or even raid the kitchen.

Kurt walked Blaine to his room and gave him a soft kiss and a teasing pat on the butt before heading for his own bed. He gave brief thought to just sleeping in his clothes, he was so tired, but he knew it would be uncomfortable after a while. He stripped down quickly and opted just to sleep in his tshirt and boxers. Brushing his teeth took only a short time and Kurt looked briefly at his facial products before deciding it wouldn't kill him to put it off til morning and made a note to set his alarm for earlier to accommodate. Wes was already snoring in his own bed when Kurt crawled into his own bed with a low groan at the sheer amazingness of his pillows and blankets.

The next morning when Kurt got downstairs to the dining area Blaine was already there with a huge grin on his face. He was packed and ready to go, and Kurt gave him a fond smile.

"Excited much?" he teased as he put his own duffel bag down next to Blaine's.



Blaine blushed a little as his smile turned sheepish. "Yes, actually. This is the first Christmas in a long time that I'll be spending with someone other than my grandmother or being alone."

Kurt stared wordlessly at Blaine for a moment, his heart aching at the idea of Blaine being so lonely at Christmas. "I'm sorry," he blurted out.

"For what?" Blaine asked, looking confused.

Kurt shook his head and tried to make sense of his own words. "Just...no one should be alone at Christmas. I'm sorry that you've been alone before. And I want you to know that I will always want you with me at Christmas, okay?"

Blaine's eyes softened and he gave Kurt an adoring smile. "Me, too. About you."

"Let's get this show on the road so we can get to my house and snuggle. I still vote we stop for breakfast on the way instead of eating here." Kurt shouldered his bag and waited for Blaine to get his own bag before taking his hand and walking out to his Navigator.

---

Later that afternoon, fortified with a long nap, lunch with Carol and coffee from the Lima Bean, Kurt and Blaine went to the mall. Kurt frowned at the full parking lot and sighed.

"Crap. I knew it would be crowded but was hoping it wouldn't be quite this bad," he grumbled as he scoured the parking lot for a spot that wasn't all the way at the end of the rows. He made a small noise of triumph when he spotted someone pulling out closer to the entrance and hit the gas to move in before anyone else could take the space.

As they got out, Kurt gave Blaine a small smile of apology. "We won't be here long. It's too crowded. Stay close to me, okay? Tina and Mercedes will meet us at the food court in an hour to give us the chance to shop for each other." Blaine nodded in silent agreement. Neither of them felt comfortable holding hands openly here where there were so many people around.

They made their way through the crowded mall, window shopping along the way and ducking in and out of stores to look around. True to his word, Blaine carried the growing collection of bags as Kurt made his purchases. They stopped at a bench on the lower floor to give Kurt the chance to check over his list.

"Let's see. Dad, Carol, Finn..." Kurt murmured as he scrolled through the list app on his phone. Suddenly a voice rang out, causing him to freeze, eyes widening in shock and panic.

"What are *you* doing here?"

Blaine looked at Kurt in concern before whipping around to see who was talking to them. A large guy wearing a McKinley High letterman's jacket was striding toward them with a sneer on his face.

Kurt stood straighter and narrowed his eyes. "We're here shopping for Christmas, Karofsky. Same as everyone else," he stated, his voice sounding a little forced. He noticed Blaine's startled reaction to realizing that standing before them was none other than one David Karofsky, the bully who had once forced Kurt into a very unwilling kiss.

Karofsky looked pointedly at the Frederick's of Hollywood across from them and crossed his arms. "Lingerie, huh? Why am I not surprised? I was on my way to the sporting goods store to buy some new weights when I got word you two were here spreading your fairy dust all over the place."

"Would you just give it up?" Blaine snapped, looking furious. "You can live whatever lie you want, but don't pretend that the three of us don't know what's really going on here." He smirked in satisfaction when Karofsky went pale as he realized that Blaine knew *something*. The panic was quickly replaced by anger.

"You don't know squat, butt boy," Karofsky snarled.

Blaine's eyes snapped with green fire and before he knew what he was doing, he stepped forward and shoved Karofsky, putting himself between the big jock and Kurt. He dropped into a fighter's stance, ready to defend Kurt and himself if needed. Hours of boxing and fight club hadn't been for nothing, after all.

Karofsky started to come after Blaine, but suddenly someone stepped in between them. Blaine was surprised to recognize Santana.

"Hey, hey! Break it up!" she yelled. "This is no place for this bullshit."

"You're real brave with your fists," Kurt said as he stepped forward, "but you're a coward when it comes to the truth."

Santana looked bewildered as she glanced between them. "Truth about what?" she asked.

"None of your business, J-Lo," Karofsky snapped.

Santana narrowed her eyes and glared at him. "First of all, anything you do became my business when you decided to toss that slushie up in my grill." Kurt gave her a surprised sideways glance.

"I think I can take a couple of queers and a girl," Karofsky scoffed.

Santana smirked and raised one finger as she stepped closer to the hulking jock, much to his discomfiture. "Ha, but see, here's what's gonna go down. Two choices: you stay here and I crack one of your nuts, right or left, that's your choice. *Or* you walk away and live to be a douchebag another day." She gestured to her long hair, which was hanging loose around her shoulders. "Oh, and also? I have razor blades hidden in my hair. Mmmhmm *tons*, just all up in there."

Karofsky stepped back, looking warily at her. "You guys are crazy!" He turned on his heel and stalked away.

"That's what I thought," Santana said as she turned back to Kurt and Blaine with a smile. "You guys okay?"

Kurt stared at her for a moment before bursting out laughing. "Santana, you really are something else."

"Just so you know, we could have handled that. Totally under control," Blaine grinned at her.

Santana nodded her head as a genuine smile crossed her face. "I never doubted you, hobbit. But it was more fun doing it together." She pulled out her phone to send a text. "Rumor has it you two are meeting Tina and Mercedes so you can shop for each other, so I figured I'd tag along and give you my suggestions. I haven't steered you wrong yet."

Kurt grinned even as he blushed. "This is also true. Okay, let's get moving. The food court is on the other side of the mall from here and were supposed to meet up in ten minutes."

Blaine rolled his eyes with amusement as he gathered the shopping bags and followed them in the direction of the food court.