

Take My Breath Away

by

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Klaine || AU || M

Blaine is a good boy, and he never wanted to fall in love with bad boy Kurt, but he can't help it. By mistake Kurt ends up having to take care of him after he suffers an asthma attack. After having spent hours together Kurt reveals he likes Blaine too. Now they need to figure out how to combine their so different lifestyles to be together - or if it's even possible.

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Chapter One

It was weird. He knew that, but he couldn't help it. How could he? Could anyone ever help it when they were in love with someone? That really is one of the purposes of love; it makes you do stupid things, that not even you can explain.

Blaine had gone a bit over the top, though. He knew that as well. Not only did he do some stupid things to get the boy to, not notice him - just to see him, know that he existed. The most stupid thing though was who the boy was.

Blaine was a good boy, he really was. He did his homework, worked extra hours in school to earn his straight A's, did volunteer work with foster children interested in music and had never even turned up in Dalton with an un-ironed shirt so much as once.

Yes, Blaine really was the definition of a good kid. Even his parents were proudly showing him off and bragging about him to co-workers and friends, regardless of how hard it had been for them to come to terms with him being gay. Apparently the rest made up for it, so being gay wasn't something they took too hard anymore.

However, if only they knew the mess he had stumbled himself into -

It was one day after he had finished a piano lesson with a 10 year old girl. He was always extra gentle with her because she had been put in a foster family after her mom had turned out to be verbally abusive - very rough stuff the poor girl had been through.

Blaine had been on his way to the gym when two motorcycles had stopped and cut his way off as he was about to turn down the parking lot.

The guys on the big machines took off their helmets and sent each other a grin. Blaine hadn't known what to do, so he had simply stood there; staring at them as one tossed the other a pack of cigarettes, both of them lighting one up.

"What are you looking at?" One of the guys asked. His skin was tanned, his lips pursed and he was sporting a Mohawk. He was wearing a pair of leather pants and a worn out Black Sabbath t-shirt.

"I - nothing. It's just... you're blocking my way," Blaine had awkwardly stammered, not interested in causing any trouble. He just wanted to go to the gym as he always did at that time.

"Your way? Pft - hear that, Kurt? Kiddie here thinks he's got his own way and we're blocking it," the Mohawk said with a laughter, looking to the other guy for response on his witty remark.

That was when Blaine saw him. That's when it hit him; this guy was the most beautiful person he had ever seen.

He had no idea how that was possible. How he managed to stay beautiful with his pale skin, cold blue eyes, torn jeans and leather jacket. His hair was perfect, but he looked bored. As if he had better places to be.

"Puckerman get your ass going. We had a deal. I'm not here to stare at some loser all day," he guy named Kurt, the beautiful guy, thrust out. He spat on he ground and looked at Blaine like he was something disgusting under his shoe.

"I just wanna - get to the gym," Blaine stuttered insecure, unable to take his eyes off Kurt. He was surprised that someone who was so tough could look so smooth - Blaine nearly couldn't help a need to reach out and brush a hand down his cheek. His skin looked so soft.

The Mohawk-guy laughed and took a heave of his cigarette, his entire body vibrating from his humor. Kurt raised an eyebrow at him before he threw his half-smoked cigarette on the asphalt and put his helmet back on. Mohawk-guy followed his lead and the motorcycles left Blaine to glance after them.

That was three weeks ago.

Blaine had seen the motorcycles around town a few times and he had seen the Mohawk-guy on several occasions. Only twice had he seen Kurt and it bugged him.

First time he saw him after the incident at the gym was a late Thursday night. It was just before midnight and Blaine's brother was in town. He and his brother Cooper had been in Westerville for a concert at Dalton and they stopped for gas on their way home.

That's when Blaine had seen him. He and the Mohawk guy had been sitting on a table with their motorcycles parked next to them. A couple of crunched up beer cans were lying loosely on the grass by

their feet and they had a good stash close. Kurt was chewing gum, loudly popping, while running his fingers through his hair.

"Come on, don't care about them," Cooper said quietly as they walked by them.

Blaine hadn't even noticed how openly he was staring. It was like some sort of magnetism pulled his gaze in Kurt's direction. He already knew that he shouldn't be glancing at them that way. They didn't seem like the kind of people to be too happy about people being too curious, yet he couldn't help it. Even after Cooper dragged him back into the car he turned his head to have another look. At first he thought he saw Kurt looking at their car, but he guessed that he was just imagining things.

The next time he had seen him he had been alone.

It was a Saturday and he had been at the mall with his friend Tina. He was looking for some clothes for a family dinner and she had promised to help him. They were on their way to Tina's house when they walked by a tire shop where Kurt was hanging outside.

Tina nodded at him and he raised an eyebrow but neither said a word. Tina simply sped up and Blaine almost tripped over his own feet when trying to catch one more glance at Kurt.

"Who was that guy?" Blaine asked, not really seeing how Tina knew him as Tina was just as much of a good girl as Blaine was a good boy.

"That's Kurt. He's a senior in McKinley. His dad owns the tire shop. He's really nice, but Kurt's a real jerk," she said flatly and Blaine knew that she felt that her statement was sufficient enough and that there was nothing more to say about that, so Blaine forced himself to keep the questions back.

When they reached Tina's house they fixed lunch and headed for the living room to catch up on TV shows. During a slightly less interesting episode of *So You Think You Can Dance?* it turned out that it was too hard. He had kept himself in check for over an hour but now he had to ask.

"What do you mean he's a jerk?" He asked, struggling to sound as innocent as possible.

Tina furrowed her eyebrows and stared puzzled at him. Obviously she had forgot that they had walked by Kurt earlier.

"Kurt. What did he do?" It was hard not to sound too interested. He was merely curious. Curious to know who he was, why Tina thought he was a jerk, what he was like. If his hair might be as soft as it looked.

"Oh him. Well, it's just the way he is. He always hangs out with Puck, and they spend their time drinking, smoking and harassing the younger students. He wasn't always like that, though -" she said and returned her attention to the TV.

That wasn't fair. She couldn't just act like she had explained it all now. Not when she had actually raised so many more questions than she had answered.

"What do you mean?" He tried again, now stubborn to not let it go. He was sure he couldn't be as bad as she made him sound. Even if he was he was sure there was a perfectly well explanation.

"He had a tough time. He's mom died when he was 6. There was this guy who bullied him really bad, and he was through some really rough bullying when he came out -" she started but Blaine cut her off.

"He's gay?" He burst out before he even knew it. That was a turn of events he hadn't foreseen.

"Yeah. He was tossed into dumpsters, pushed into lockers and such things, so he disappeared for a few months. When he came back he was changed. No more sweet, innocent Kurt - now he was hanging out with Puck instead, ditching lessons, showing up drunk in school and talking back at teachers. Why do you even care?"

It seemed like she only now realized how strange it was of Blaine to be so interested in this guy he had never even met.

"I don't. I just - saw him a couple of times and I wondered who he was, that's all," Blaine tried brushing it off casually, but he was painfully aware that as his best friend Tina would see through him.

"You don't have a crush on him, do you? God, Blaine - no. Don't do that to yourself," she said and he knew that she was only trying to look after him.

"A crush on him? Me? No! I don't even know him."

Tina knew him too well to fall for that and he had no idea why he even tried. He couldn't stop thinking about the guy.

"Listen, I know it sucks being single but there will be some guy for you out there. Someone who will be good for you, I promise. Kurt is a jackass and he would chew you up and spit you out if you ever got too close. Don't let yourself get into that," she said in a pleading voice and her hand clutching his.

"I don't have a crush on him. He's - handsome, but I don't know him," Blaine continued to argue regardless of how lost the battle clearly was.

Tina didn't believe him for a second and he didn't blame her. His face was boiling and he was pretty sure he was scarlet. He had never liked anyone before so he had no idea how powerful the feeling was, but the feelings that bubbled inside of him when he saw Kurt couldn't be ignored.

"Besides - he's a smoker. Like, a lot. If you got too close to him your asthma would kill you," she said as-a-matter-of-factly and let her eyes back to the screen.

There was nothing more to be said in the case Tina vs. Blaine regarding the knowledge of Kurt, the fallen angel.

xXx

He knew that he was being a little idiotic. Okay, maybe he was a gigantic idiot, but he needed to do it. He needed to see him - so Blaine made sure to walk by the tire shop as often as possible, or pick up Tina at school when he was off before her, sometimes he even walked by the gas station to see if he could catch a glimpse.

Sometimes Kurt was at the tire shop working on his motorcycle out front or smoking cigarettes while talking to Puck or some of the guys in grey jumpsuits. His hair was always as perfect as it had been the first time Blaine had seen him and he started wondering how he kept it so groomed when he wore a helmet on his bike.

He never saw him at the gas station or at McKinley though. He had a feeling that Tina perfectly well knew why he wanted to pick her up, but she never said anything. He had seen her looks and that was enough.

The first Monday after Blaine had ended school and was off for the summer he nearly had a heart attack. He was at the gym getting changing clothes to go boxing when lightning hit.

Puck and Kurt entered the changing room. Blaine hurried to hide behind the open door of his locker, but he kept sneaking glances after them. They settled down a few lockers from Blaine's so there was no way he could walk by them without being seen. Not that they knew who he was, but the thought of Kurt seeing him in his sweats made him dizzy. Not in the good way.

There was no one but them in the room and he struggled to be as slow as possible. Hopefully they would be done before him and he wouldn't have to walk straight past them.

"So you're coming Friday, huh?" Puck asked a bit down, and Blaine knew he shouldn't, but he couldn't help eavesdropping.

"I might. If I don't find something better to do," Kurt said, once again sounding like he was bored. Maybe nothing interested him at all.

Blaine started fumbling with his phone to look as if he was occupied in case they should notice he was even in the room. He didn't think they had even seen him, but he wouldn't want to be caught listening to their conversation, yet he needed to know where it was Kurt might be going.

"Why do you even wanna go to Scandal's anyway?" He heard Kurt ask as he pushed something loudly into his locker.

Blaine knew it was risky, but he snuck a peek around his locker door and he nearly choked. That had been a bad idea.

Kurt was only in his boxers. All black, super tight, all of his muscles as perfect as had he been flexing. His skin was just as pale and flawless on the rest of his body as it was on his face. His hair was a bit ruffled from he had pulled his shirt over his head, and he was staring at Puck with his chin cocked up.

"It's Bi Friday - means more ladies for me, at *once* -" Puck grinned and Kurt raised his eyebrows like the pieces fell into place.

"Hey - are you eavesdropping, dude? Stop peeking at the family jewels," Puck suddenly snapped and when Blaine realized the remark was meant for him he nearly fell backwards.

"I... no. I wasn't -" he tried getting out, but instead he hurried to smack his locker shut and rushed out of the room.

"Pervert," he heard Puck snicker right before he closed the door after him.

That had to be the most embarrassing thing he had done in his life. He nearly ran through the gym to the boxing studio so he didn't have to face anyone. There was no question that his face was flaming and he was already sweating.

He hoped to god that they wouldn't come into the boxing area, because he wasn't sure he would be able to live through that. He couldn't take in the idea of Kurt having seen that he was looking at him.

For over an hour he was punching merciless at the sandbag. He needed to get his embarrassment out somehow and this was the best way he knew how to. There was also the fact that he was deadly scared to return to the changing room. Not only was there a potential risk that he would have to walk by Kurt and Puck on the way, what would be even worse was if they were back in the changing room as well. Possibly showering.

Fuck.

When his arms started feeling like acid was pulsing through his veins he quit the punching bag. Instead he went to the cross trainers - in the area where usually only girls worked out. He simply wanted to kill time until he was sure he wouldn't be faced with them again.

He didn't. When he walked back to the changing room he didn't see them and they weren't out there. After he had changed, no showering though, he didn't even see their motorcycles as he left the gym.

At night he couldn't fight the image off. He tossed and turned in his bed, opened and closed his eyes, pushed the covers away and pulled them back on; he simply couldn't sleep. All he saw was Kurt.

The outlines of the muscles on his back, his strong thighs, and the way his pink nipples were strutting when he turned his side on Blaine. Yet, what was strongest in his mind was how sharp his eyes were - a mix of blue and green shining from his face. A lock of hair had been hanging down his forehead, and the light brown had been a perfect contrast to the color of his eyes.

Scandal's. He had to go to Scandal's. He had to see him again.

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Blaine started researching what he could about Scandal's. He had heard about it. The politicians in Lima were very much against it which gave the club a lot of free publicity on TV and newspaper frontpages. That was all he could find though. That, and the address on Yellow Pages. They didn't even have a website.

It didn't matter though. Regardless of what he could have found on that website he would still be going anyway. He needed to see Kurt again. He had to.

He felt lame, and he would never admit it to Tina, but when he had found out that Puck wasn't gay, therefore not Kurt's boyfriend, he had felt relieved. He knew that someone like Kurt would never take the slightest interest in someone like him, yet he still couldn't take the thought of Kurt being with someone else.

"I was thinking that maybe I could come to your place on Friday and we could watch Rent and sing along to all the songs," Tina suggested casually.

They were sitting by the fountain in the mall trying to get through their pretzels. Tina had needed sympathy-shopping as her boyfriend, Mike, was out of town for a college interview so Blaine had gladly offered his assistance.

"I uhm - I can't Friday," Blaine said, doing his best to shrug it off best possible to avoid any questions - they would come anyway, though. He knew that.

Tina stared at him confounded. He couldn't blame her. He never did anything Friday nights and if he did she would know, because it would usually be with her, or it would be something with his glee club The Warblers. He told her everything - at least he used to.

"Oh... what will you be doing then?" She asked and took a sip of her soda, her eyes wide with confusion and curiosity.

He looked around himself, searching for an excuse to not return her eyes but ended up having to stare into the fountain instead. He could feel that he did not seem casual which would probably lead to explanation problems.

"Nothing. I just have... stuff, to do," he tried, knowing he was working himself steadily towards shaking ground and it wouldn't be long until he had to cave and tell her.

"Stuff? What stuff?" She was starting to get suspicious. She knew that there was a reason he was withholding information on the upcoming Friday, and she had probably guessed what the reason was.

As if on cue Kurt walked casually by them. He was wearing tight black jeans, mirror aviators and a studded denim vest over a loose, white t-shirt with worn out converse. As always his hair looked soft and his skin was perfectly pale and smooth. It was impossible for Blaine not to stare after him. The way he walked looked like he knew that he was better than the rest of them and surely like he had much better stuff to do than stroll around a mall in Ohio.

"Blaine! You're staring!" Tina burst out and nudged him in the rib, nearly making him drop his bottle of water, instead choking on it.

He spat out water and gasped to breathe when he realized Kurt had turned his head to look. He rolled his eyes before he turned away and continued wherever he was headed. He still had seen the scene though and Blaine felt his face grow red and he wanted to kill Tina.

There was water everywhere. Down his cardigan, over his chinos, even staining his shoes. Of course he had managed to make a fool of himself in front of Kurt. Again. Not that Kurt even knew who he was, but he didn't care - now wasn't exactly the time to have him remember his face.

"Seriously, are you still goooing over Kurt? You need to stop that. You're only gonna get hurt," Tina sighed and offered him a pack of tissues as she started trying to clean up the worst of the mess they had caused.

"I'm not... *gooing*," Blaine tried, but knew that he might as well come clean. She was his best friend and she knew Kurt - at least she did once. If anything he could maybe get her to help him be close to him.

The thing was that Blaine didn't want to talk to Kurt, he was way too scared to even consider the thought. If he was ever faced with a situation where he didn't have any other choice than to have a conversation with him he would swallow his tongue.

No, all he wanted was to see him. Look at him. Not in a creepy way, just simply admire his beauty from afar. Whenever Blaine had walked by the tire shop and he had been hanging outside his day had magically turned better and he was sure that it was because Kurt was so enchanting.

He couldn't stop wondering how he was. If he acted just as tough when he was home with his family or if he was a completely different person. He wondered what had happened since he had transformed from

the innocent boy to the bullying punk, what kind of bullying he had been through and how it had affected him.

Even more Blaine imagined how it would be to actually talk to him. In a crazy school boy fantasy. At first he had only imagined how it would be to casually talk to him about stuff like borrowing a lighter or apologizing for bumping into him.

Later it evolved to bigger things; like how they could maybe find something to connect over. He had no idea what that would be, motorcycles probably as he and Cooper had spent hours of helping their dad working on cars and motorcycles in the garage at home.

Now it was way more complicated. Sometimes Blaine could lie in his bed and imagine that he would casually talk to Kurt and slowly he would open up to him. That Kurt would tell him how he had ended up being this way, and put trust in Blaine enough for them to bond and eventually Kurt would kiss him.

Stupid, idiotic, non-realistic, school-boy fantasies.

"Blaine. Every time you see him you practically sigh. You can't really hide it from me," Tina said and collected the now-soaked tissues in a pile on the tile between them.

"Of course, he's really... hot," Blaine said and rolled his eyes.

"It's just... I really like watching him. When he smokes or when he walks. The way his hair always looks like something suited for Dean Martin is just so -"

"Breathtaking?" She ended his sentence with a suppressed giggle, and oh god yes was he ever so breathtaking, but that wasn't exactly what he was ever planning on saying.

"I was thinking more like cool," he groaned and had to hold in the stream of adjectives screaming in the back of his mind.

Beautiful, dashing, perfect, soft, gorgeous.

Tina kept staring at him. She was only waiting for him to be honest with her and he felt guilty that he wasn't. In all honesty he wanted to talk about Kurt all the time, he wanted to milk Tina for information about

him in a way of finding out as much about him as he possibly could. He wanted to know all there was, and he wanted to see him all the time. He just wanted a way to get close to Kurt.

"So what if I like him? It's not like he would ever want to be with me anyway," Blaine muttered under his breath and he wasn't sure if Tina looked like she was displeased with him or if she felt sorry for him.

"He should be so lucky. You'll get over it. Just stay away from him and you'll forget him in no time," she encouraged and squeezed an arm around his shoulders.

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The next couple of days Blaine was considering how to do his expedition to Scandal's the best way. He was uncertain what to wear to be sure he wouldn't look too young, but he didn't want to attract too much attention either. He wasn't even sure he was going to go inside. Maybe he would just stay outside and hope for a glimpse of Kurt.

He still hadn't told Tina about it, but he was slowly being more casual about how interested he was in Kurt. He could feel that she wasn't being too thrilled about it, but whenever he was sneaky enough to turn their conversation in that direction she would go along with it, Blaine eagerly swallowing whatever she could tell him.

That wasn't much, though. All she told him was that the guy who had bullied him had turned out to have a crush on him in a way she wouldn't go into further details about. She also told him that his dad had a heart attack when he was in his junior year, a few months before his transformation.

That was all she told him.

Blaine started gradually feeling more and more sorry for him. Not only had he lost his mom at a very young age, he had also been through all kinds of other life-changing terrors.

If this had been a Hollywood movie he would be Julia Roberts in the form of a prostitute or a junkie right now, Blaine thought to himself with his throat tying up.

As Friday slowly dragged itself away Blaine started getting nervous. He had no idea what to do. Showing up alone in a club was horribly awkward and he didn't even have a fake ID in case he would need one.

He had just finished his shower and was putting last touch to his hair when his phone rang. It was Tina. Of course it was.

"You never told me what you were doing tonight? I saw your parents leave, so don't use the family excuse," her voice sounded without as much as a greeting from the other end of the phone.

"I'm just... going out," Blaine stammered knowing this wouldn't be elaborate enough for her. He was right.

"Out where? Blaine, it's not because I wanna pry or something, I just have this weird feeling," Tina sighed. He could hear that she was genuinely nervous, something Tina never was - because she never had a reason to.

Blaine kicked his paperbasket lightly, but ended up tripping it over and paper were all over the rug. He sighed heavily and sat down to pick it up when Tina stared talking again.

"Blaine? There's something you're not telling me and I don't like it," she persisted. Damn having been friends with her forever so she knew everything.

"Alright! I'm going to Scandal's okay?" He growled and gave up on the papers covering the floor.

Instead he got back to his feet and started fumbling around his closet to find something that didn't put him of as a good boy - but it was impossible. All he found was button-downs, cardigans and bowties.

"Scandal's? What are you - don't tell me, this is about Kurt, right?"

"So what if it is? I just wanna see him. Just... see him," Blaine finally caved in. He knew he was a bit harsh on her. She was only trying to help, but who said that he needed her concern? He could take care of himself. It wasn't like he was going to hang out with them or anything.

"Blaine - you can't just..."

"I have to get ready. I'll talk to you tomorrow, okay?" He hung up. He had never hung up on her like that, but he knew that if he stayed on the phone with her he would never go anywhere. She would do anything to keep him hanging.

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Blaine parked a bit away from the club. He didn't want his car in the parking lot, because he never knew if someone he knew would drive by they would recognize it. He didn't want anyone to know he was there.

It was a bit chill but it didn't matter. He had settled for wearing a pair of blue jeans, a blouse with red and white stripes and blue converse. That way he figured he wouldn't stand too much out in the crowd.

When he finally reached the entrance a huge group of people was standing outside. There was a great mix of all kinds of people. He immediately felt like he was way too young to be there, but did his best to navigate through the crowd. There were no motorcycles so he figured that he had to try and get inside to see if Kurt was there.

He was lucky. He wasn't even asked for ID so he hurried inside before he doorman changed his mind. He kept a tight grip around his asthma inhalator in one pocket and his phone in the other. He had no idea what to expect or where to go, but he guessed that following the stream of people would be the best way to get around it.

The club was small and dark. The music was loud, 80's style, and nobody seemed like they even noticed him there. Blaine took a look around but there was no hint of Kurt or Puck anywhere so he figured he would sit down by a small table in a corner. From there he had a pretty good view over the room.

After an hour he started to suspect that Kurt might not even show up. He did sound like he wasn't too interested when he had heard them discuss it. The dance floor had crowded up, and on more than one occasion had guys asked Blaine to dance but he had politely declined. If Kurt wasn't there he might as well go home.

Out of nowhere Puck's Mohawk showed by the bar. He was surrounded by a group of girls, arms around two of them, a beer in the hand and a smug smile covering his lips.

If Puck was there, there might still be a chance of Kurt either being there or coming later. A spark of hope sprung back to Blaine and he found a more comfortable position on the chair he had been occupying all night.

It was only five minutes before he saw Kurt's perfect hair over a couple dancing way too close and slow for the music playing. Blaine's heart started throbbing and he felt himself nearly jump in the chair.

Kurt was wearing a pair of trashed jeans with holes at the thigh right above the knee and a hole right under his ass, a black Iron Man t-shirt, the studded leather jacket and a pair of simple blue converse.

He looked to Puck and shot him a grin with raised eyebrows, he leaned against the bar and the bartender brought him a beer before he turned around to watch the dance floor. A guy came over and whispered something to Kurt, making Blaine's heart run even faster. Kurt smiled teasingly and ran a finger down the guy's chest before he turned around and the guy looked like Kurt had just said something gravely offensive to him - which he probably had. Blaine snickered to himself.

He couldn't quite comprehend how someone like this could look like that. If he really was as horrible a person as Tina said that he was, wouldn't he look more... bad? Sure, he always looked like he didn't care about anyone or anything, and he always looked like he was sick of being where he was - but did that mean he was a bad person?

"He's a bully. He harasses the younger kids," Tina's voice echoed in the back of his mind, but Blaine pushed it away.

Blaine kept observing him. Kurt talked a bit to Puck, occasionally shot out a remark to some of the girls surrounding Puck and flirted with the bartender. Other guys walked by him, tried flirting with him, but he clearly wasn't interested as he let them all down.

After around 40 minutes Blaine panicked. Kurt had left the bar and was headed towards the exit. Was he leaving? He couldn't just leave now, he had only been there less than an hour. He could see nothing else to do than get off his chair and run after him.

Right as he got outside he looked around to find him but he couldn't see anything but a group of drag queens in way too high platforms. Right as he was about to give up he saw Kurt disappear around the corner of the building so Blaine followed him.

He could hear his voice right at the other side of the wall so Blaine stayed by the corner, listening to him talk. After a minute it became clear that he was on the phone, and Blaine kept telling himself that he should be quiet. He couldn't stand the thought of Kurt catching him eavesdropping on him again.

"...it's fine, dad. I'll be home soon, I promise. I'll just tell Puck I'm leaving. You okay now?" Kurt's said, and Blaine felt a lump in his throat.

Apparently he was talking to his dad. Hadn't Tina said that his dad was sick, or had been sick or something like that? Maybe something was wrong.

He didn't get to think any further about it though, because a whiff of cigarette smoke blew into Blaine's face and he accidentally inhaled it. Hell was loose.

His throat started tying up, his eyes started watering and he couldn't stop coughing loudly. Damn the coughing was loud. He leaned against the wall, but no matter what it wouldn't stop. He fumbled around but his hand refused to find its way into his pocket.

"What the hell? Are you snooping on me?"

Fuck!

Blaine had slipped down to sit on the ground against the wall and Kurt was standing in front of him. Towering over him like a giant shadow. Blaine nearly couldn't make out his features from the tears in his eyes fighting to run down his face, but there was nothing he could do. He was completely helpless.

"You're the same guy lurking on me at the gym? Are you like stalking me or something?" Kurt kept going.

He was angry, shocked and Blaine only waited for him to kick him or punch him straight in the gut. He did deserve it. Right now he was just way too dizzy and pained to as much as apologize.

He finally got his inhalator out and sucked in as hard as he could. Again and again but it didn't feel like it helped. He was heaving for air, gasping and panting and he was sure his face was crimson red.

Kurt didn't say anything. He was holding his hands on his hips, staring down on him and Blaine was happy that he couldn't see his face. There was nothing he would like better at the moment than to dissolve into a puddle on the pavement under him.

"Are you done?" Kurt asked as Blaine's coughing started slowing down.

He nodded frantically and forced himself to stand up. His throat felt like sandpaper and his eyes were still watering. To Kurt it had to be looking like he was crying, which definitely didn't strength his situation.

He supported against the wall as he took another suck from his inhalator, hoping for it to take the last away, but he still felt like he was having a fever.

"Well - what the hell are you doing? Are you some kind of pervert? You look like you're 12," Kurt snapped, crossing his arms and running his eyes up and down Blaine with a wrinkled nose.

"I'm 17 - and I'm not... stalking you," Blaine gushed out, nearly impossible to say a word.

Kurt raised his eyebrows and looked to his inhalator in his hand before back to Blaine's face where tears were drying up.

"You could have fooled me. You're like everywhere! What the hell do you want from me?" He asked, his voice like acid and his blue eyes freezing.

Blaine drew in a heavy breath, hoping to keep away the next storm of coughs building up in the back of his throat.

"I'm gonna..."

He started to leave, but he didn't get anymore out before he was coughing like crazy again.

Kurt's arms dropped and he took a short step closer to Blaine, and when he looked at him Kurt looked like he didn't know whether to keep being angry or if he should do something else.

"Where's your friends? Get them to take you to the hospital," he said, his tone still hard but the acid wasn't as piercing as before.

"...alone." Blaine thrust out between coughs and shook his head.

"Dammit!" Kurt groaned and walked to Blaine's side and grabbed his arm hard with one hand.

"Do you have a car?" He bit, and followed he direction Blaine bobbed his head in.

He was strong. Like crazy strong. Blaine's arm was paining even before they left the parking lot, but he ignored it. Even if he was to have a bruise in the morning he didn't care. Kurt was following him to his car.

When they reached Blaine's car Kurt opened the passenger seat for him and pushed him in to sit before sitting in the driver's seat himself.

Blaine kept coughing and sucking on his inhalator. He was perplexed. He had never had an asthma attack as strongly as this before. That was one of the reasons he even started at the gym - to avoid coughing his lungs out in every-day-situations.

When they were almost at the hospital the coughing slowed down again. Blaine rested his head against the cold window and let the chill breeze from Kurt's open window fill his lungs best possible.

He was embarrassed, so incredibly embarrassed. He had really meant it when he said that he wasn't planning on talking to him, that he just wanted to see him. He knew that if he ever was face-to-face with Kurt he would embarrass himself greatly, but he had never imagined this at all.

When they reached the emergency room Blaine was still coughing lightly and they were pointed to a couple of free seats in a corner. Kurt started to leave, but the nurse at the reception asked Blaine if he had anyone he could call and he shook his head. His parents were out of town for the weekend and Cooper wasn't home. At this time Tina would have gone to bed - he had no one.

The nurse sent Kurt a sharp glance and he groaned dissatisfied before following Blaine to the uncomfortable chairs in the corner.

Blaine rested his head against the wall, clenching his inhalator strongly in a grasp with his hand on his thigh to make sure it was right there if he needed it again.

"So... why the hell are you following me?" Kurt asked and started flipping through a magazine he found on a table.

He quickly gave it up though and threw it casually back where he found it. He rolled his eyes and wrinkled his nose as he looked around on the other patients waiting.

"I'm not... following you," Blaine maintained with a rasp voice, wiping his eyes to make sure he didn't look like he was crying anymore.

Kurt stared at him in disbelief. His lips formed a thin line over his face and his arms were back to crossed over his chest.

"Quit the act, kid. I've seen you staring after me a million times. You're always where I am, so you might as well tell me what your problem is," he snapped.

Wait, was he amused? Was that a tint of a smile playing on his lips?

Blaine didn't reply. He stared at the inhalator in his hand, debating whether or not to lie again or to fake a heart attack.

He coughed a little again, this time not as bad as the previous times and he felt blessed. He didn't want to screw up anymore than he already had.

He couldn't believe this was happening. He was in the emergency room - and Kurt was sitting next to him. He wanted to turn to his side and stretch out to feel if his skin really was as smooth as it looked, or if his hair really was as soft as it appeared.

"I just... think you're - interesting," Blaine finally muttered, hoping he could avoid Kurt's eyes.

"So you think I'm hot?" Kurt asked, and Blaine could feel that Kurt was staring. He could feel his eyes on his face, and his cheeks had to be in flames if the temperature was anything to judge by.

"No I... I mean yes, but... you're really hot, but... fuck!"

He prepared to hide. Under a chair, behind an old lady - anything.

"My friend told me about you, and I just... I don't know, okay?" He finally thrust out, sick of circling around it. He couldn't exactly tell him that he liked him - he didn't know him at all, so that would possibly classify him as a pervert.

"You friend? Who's your friend?"

He didn't sound angry now, merely... curious.

"Tina Cohen-Chang," Blaine said, now his voice hard.

He was sick of this. He just wanted to go home and sleep. He knew that in the morning Tina would ask and he would have to tell her everything only to listen to her song of "*I told you so*." Really not what he wanted

to face at the moment. He was sure his chest had never felt as tensed as in this moment, and his face had never felt as flaming. He had never been so ashamed of himself.

"Oh... Tina," Kurt mumbled and looked like something fell in place.

"Blaine Anderson," a doctor called from the other end of the room and Blaine nearly jumped.

He got to his feet and walked awkwardly towards the doctor but the doctor didn't go when he got there, he was staring at Kurt.

"You're underage, is that your guardian? Is he over 18?" The doctor asked.

Kurt looked like a deer caught in headlights before he growled under his breath. He grabbed his jacket from the armrest and got to his feet. Blaine could feel him follow them into the examination room.

Blaine was told to sit down and Kurt leaned against the wall while staring at him.

The doctor asked a series of questions that he had been over uncountable times before after asthma attacks so he already knew the drill. That's when the worst part came. The doctor asked him to take off his shirt so he could listen to his lungs.

Kurt snickered at him.

Fuck.

After a few seconds of incomparable embarrassment he finally pulled his shirt off over his head and did his best to cover his front while the doctor examined his back. Only now he had to move around to his chest.

The metal of the stethoscope was painfully cold on his skin and chills filled his entire body. Naturally his nipples grew stiff, why wouldn't they? As much salt as could be added to the wound of his shame was needed.

When the doctor was done he rushed his shirt back on and looked away from Kurt as good as he could. He had no intentions on ever facing him again because this had to be the most humiliating thing he had ever experienced in his entire life.

The doctor told him that he was okay but that he should stay away from smoking causing a loud grump from Kurt. He was told to keep his inhalator close at all times and that he could go home.

He got to his feet and Kurt prepared to leave.

"Also, you should be under observation the next 30 hours - just in case something should happen and you can't call for help," the doctor said right as Kurt opened the door.

"But... my parents are out of town for the entire weekend," Blaine groaned and figured it would be easier for him to drown himself in a toilet on the way out.

"You don't have any friends or anyone who can come stay with you?" The doctor asked worried.

"No. Not now," Blaine said defeated and watched the panic spread on Kurt's face as the doctor looked to him.

"How about you, young man? You can't help out a friend for a few hours?" The doctor sounded judgmental.

"He's not my... okay, I'll fucking do it!" Kurt whined complaining and sent Blaine a glance that Blaine swore he could feel burn his skin.

They left the emergency room and Kurt pointed towards the passenger seat. Apparently he was the one in charge.

"Your parents better pay good babysitting money. Where do you live, Stalker?" Kurt growled, his voice back to acid as they drove out to the main road.

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When they pulled into the driveway Blaine was happy that he for once had remembered to clean his room when his mom had told him to. Not only was Kurt going to be in his house, but if his room had been a war zone it would only have made this weekend perfect.

He had only been coughing lightly since they left the hospital and his throat didn't hurt as much anymore, even his voice wasn't as rasp as it was only a few hours before which he greatly appreciated. He could not stand the thought of Kurt seeing him go through that again.

It was around 1.30 when Blaine turned on the lights in the kitchen. He noticed Kurt looking around, seeming like he was hiding an impressed expression, but neither of them said anything.

"I don't know if you... like... what you want? Sleep or something?" Blaine asked awkwardly and stopped in the middle of the kitchen without knowing what to do about himself. He wanted to look at Kurt, but he was scared to do so - what if Kurt was used to something more extravagant?

"Sleep? How would I hold you under observation if I was asleep?" Kurt pointed out, making Blaine feel stupid and his cheeks flush.

"Alright. That makes sense -we could go to my room and watch TV?" He suggested instead, shrugging to show that he was open to possibilities - not that he could see much possibilities for stuff to do at his house, especially at this hour, but he didn't want Kurt to think that he was planning on them sitting around doing nothing all night.

At first Kurt looked shocked. Then he raised an eyebrow and suspicion crept over his face.

"You're not going to drug and rape me are you? Cause then I will hurt you," he warned.

Blaine was surprised. Not over what he said, because that he had sort of expected. What he was surprised about was the way he couldn't figure out whether Kurt was joking or not. It seemed too much of a wish that Kurt would be standing in his kitchen joking with him, especially after he had just ruined his night.

"I'm not going to rape you, and I doubt we have anything stronger in the house than ginger and whiskey. Besides, if it ever came to that I box -" He thrust out the last sentence and immediately wanted to kick himself. He had no idea why he had said that - his time of having a remote chance to impress Kurt was definitely over long ago anyway.

"Let's just... this way," he hurried to say and guided Kurt towards the stairs in the hall. As he turned around the corner he saw Kurt staring at him with a glance he couldn't decipher.

As he turned on the lights in his room he immediately saw the pile of clothes he had forgot on his bed. He rushed to pick it all up in one armful and dumped it on his chair.

"You forgot this," Kurt said and held out a green bowtie with white dots between two fingers. He looked like he was examining the fabric very closely as if he had never seen such a thing before.

"Oh... thanks," Blaine muttered and grabbed the bowtie to put it on top of the rest of the clothes.

When he turned back he found Kurt lying on his bed without as much as having got rid of his shoes. He looked like he couldn't really make up his mind about the bedspread and the mountain of pillows, but on the other hand he still looked like he wasn't planning on ever moving again.

Blaine turned on the TV and sat down at the corner of the bed. He put the remote between them to indicate for Kurt that he could grab it as well if he wanted. He didn't want to move too close though, Kurt had already labeled him as his stalker and asked him if he was planning on raping him so sitting too close probably wouldn't be the best tactic to go with.

Some makeover show was running on the screen but Blaine didn't really pay attention. The fact that Kurt was in his house, in his room, was taking up way too much of his brain-capacity to let him focus on anything.

"When I said I would beat you up I only meant if you tried raping me. You can sit next to me if you want. Stalker," Kurt said dryly behind Blaine and he felt his insides tie up. He didn't dare look at him - what should he expect to see?

Ugh, what if I fall asleep and accidentally roll over to his side? He'll kill me!

"Come on. I don't bite... unless you're into that stuff, but then we'll have to discuss price ranges and I have a hard time believing you can afford me. Unless daddy pays your credit card," Kurt said coolly, his eyes locked on the screen.

Blaine felt his face go red and he considered opening a window. Maybe he should just have called Tina instead. That would probably have been a lot easier.

He looked back to the pillows by the headboard and considered it for a bit before he stood up to walk to the head end of the bed instead. He sat down, as close to the side as possible, and crossed his arms over his stomach. Determined to let Kurt know that he wasn't planning on trying anything.

They returned to watching the TV in silence. After a short moment Kurt grabbed the remote and started flipping through the channels until he found a newly started episode of CSI.

Neither of them said anything and all that could be heard in the house were the sounds from the TV. For a moment Blaine was afraid that he was going to fall asleep, but was brought back to conscious by Kurt kicking off his shoes.

"So... what did Tina say about me?" He suddenly asked, startling Blaine as he was starting to suspect he had fallen asleep.

Shit. I can't tell him. Either he'll kill me or Tina - or both of us.

"Uhm... nothing really. She didn't really say anything," he lied his best, hoping that as Kurt didn't know him he wouldn't be able to see through it.

He was wrong.

"Well, you said that Tina had told you about me - so either you were lying back then and you will have to elaborate that now, or you are lying now and you still have time to save it. Which one is it?"

Damn he's good. I'm sorry Tina, I don't have a choice.

"She just... she just said that you had a tough time." At least he tried to save it on the way. Didn't that at least count for something?

He wanted to look at Kurt to see his reaction. See how his face looked when it hit him that people said that about him. He was too scared to so he kept his eyes locked on the screen.

"I'm fine. Nothing's wrong with me," Kurt snapped sharply and shifted his weight on the pillows before he took off his leather jacket and let it drop to the floor.

"No one said there was. She just... said that you've been through a lot. That's all," Blaine argued, feeling like he should be defending Tina.

Now that he thought about it she never did say that anything was wrong with Kurt. She simply said that he had a rough life with a lot of horrible experiences and some day he changed.

Kurt didn't respond. Blaine dared to sneak a glance and he was still staring flatly on the show on the TV. However, it didn't seem like he was focusing at all. His eyes were glassy and distant.

"I'm fine. I don't need people's pity or anything," he suddenly exclaimed after a moment of silence.

Blaine turned it over in his head. He hadn't said anything about pity - but he did. He did feel sorry for Kurt because of the things he had been through even though he didn't really know anything about it.

"I don't pity you," he lied, feeling that was appropriate in the moment.

"She just said that you were very talented and bright, and she thinks it's a shame that you've thrown it away," Blaine argued, doing his best to make sure there was no chance Kurt would be confronting Tina about this.

The atmosphere in the room had changed. Not that there even was any atmosphere before, but now it felt tensed, like Kurt was holding something in.

On the screen the CSI team was on the edge of solving the crime in a lab filled with exploding puppets filled with blood-looking substances. One by one the puppets exploded and filled a glass cage with blood-spatter. Always a good way to lull yourself into sleep.

"Talented my fucking ass," Kurt snorted next to Blaine.

"She... uhm... Tina mentioned that you were in glee club together a few years ago. She said that you were the best performer in your group."

He figured he might as well try explaining Kurt that it was true. That Tina would never say something like that if she didn't mean it.

"She even said that in a lot of ways you were a much better singer than that Jewish girl. And she praises her to the stars constantly," Blaine said quietly, not wanting to cross any boundaries, or dig too deep in the subject if Kurt didn't want to talk about it.

"She said I was better than Rachel?" Kurt asked, and somehow his voice sounded different.

"Yeah. I couldn't remember her name, but that's what she said... my glee club was up against theirs for sectionals last year and she was pretty good so... you must be really great," he said, trying to steer the conversation back to how Tina insisted on Kurt being talented.

Kurt groaned a bit indifferent from next to Blaine and he figured that he shouldn't talk anymore so he kept shut and watched how CSI Nick and Greg arrested a guy by letting his own dog bite him so he couldn't run from them.

When the credits rolled over the screen Kurt asked for the way to the bathroom. At first Blaine feared that he was getting tired of hanging out in his room and was going to leave, but then he remembered that he had kicked off his shoes and his jacket was on the floor, so he tripped down the hall to show him the door.

As soon as he was back in his room he hurried to put away the clothes on the chair before he started pulling off his jeans so he could drag on a pair of way more comfortable pajama pants. He only got to lie back down when Kurt entered the room again.

He shot a look up and down Blaine when he realized he had changed his pants before he dumped back down. He found the remote and started running through the channels again. When he apparently didn't find anything interesting he growled loudly before he turned off the TV and threw the remote to the other end of the bed.

"As TV sucks and it's your fault I'm stuck here I guess it's your responsibility to entertain me so I don't fall asleep and can't watch over you," he exclaimed and shot Blaine a glance.

Shit. What the hell is he expecting now? I am not singing and dancing for him!

"Uhm... alright. I guess. What did you have in mind?" Blaine asked cautiously, ready to decline a way too inappropriate suggestion.

"I figure you don't have anything fun we can smoke? Or that your daddy doesn't have a liquor cabinet we can rob?" Kurt proposed, but he didn't really seem like he hoping for it to be.

"No. Nothing like that. My parents only drink when they're out or having a fancy dinner at home. We don't keep that stuff in the house, and if we should have something I would get killed if it disappeared," Blaine shrugged and hoped he didn't sound like too much of a prude. In reality he hadn't even tasted alcohol in his life and he didn't want to even consider what Kurt could be referring to when he said '*fun to smoke*'.

Kurt sighed heavily and slipped further down on the bed, pillows nearly falling into his face, making his hair fight to break free from its grooming.

He closed his eyes and nearly looked peaceful. The tough façade somehow seemed to melt away, and Blaine felt a need to move closer to him. Maybe he was warm and soft now, instead of cold and hard as he usually appeared to be?

"Are you tired?" Blaine dared to asked, his voice so low that he nearly was whispering.

Kurt turned to lie on his side and suddenly his blue eyes were piercing into Blaine's and it was like he was seeing him in a whole new light.

"Tired? It's only around three. Tell me about yourself instead, maybe that'll get me tired," he said and Blaine suspected that he was suppressing a yawn. In some way he nearly looked delicate and innocent the way he was lying there without anything but himself to show who he was.

"Mhm... there's not really anything to tell," Blaine mumbled, suddenly aware that all spot and focus was on him, and out of nowhere Kurt was showing interest in him. Admittedly because he was trying to keep himself awake, but still -

"When did you come out? Or... are you even out?" Kurt asked directly.

Wow. Blaine tried thinking back to figure out if he had even told Kurt that he was gay, but Kurt stopped him in his train of thoughts.

"Don't look so shocked. You were freaking stalking me. To a gay bar. Also, it's not like you leave anything to the imagination with those outfits you run around in," Kurt remarked dryly, clearly guessing Blaine's thoughts.

"Oh... I..." Blaine started to stammer, but in the end he figured that he'd might as well open. They still had around 27 hours to kill so he could just as well contribute to the entertainment some way.

"I was 14. I was terrified. I started out by telling my brother, but he was a jerk and I couldn't really trust him, so before I knew it my mom knew. She forced me to tell my dad. He didn't talk to me for 4 months," Blaine shared without looking at Kurt.

He didn't know why he had told him that much. All he had asked for was when he came out, not the extended illustrated version.

"Oh... that... sucks," Kurt stuttered, sounding surprised.

"I was 14 too. My dad said he already knew though. Said that he'd always known," Kurt opened and Blaine nearly choked on his tongue. Kurt had willingly shared a piece of information about himself.

"Did he... was he mad?" Blaine asked, uncertain whether he was allowed to ask.

"No. He was cool. My dad's pretty cool." Kurt shrugged. As if that was the most natural thing in the world and no one would have any reason to think otherwise.

"How about your... mom, then?" Blaine asked and only as the words left his mouth he remembered what Tina had told him - Kurt's mom was dead.

"I never told her. She died when I was little so... but I guess she knew just as well as my dad did," Kurt said and suddenly found a great interest in his nails.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know," Blaine mumbled and felt guilty. He hadn't wanted to stir up any bad memories and he hated himself for not having stopped it before he asked the question.

"'s cool. I was like... 6, so I wasn't really that affected," he said through a yawn.

"It's still sad," Blaine obtained. He couldn't imagine how it would be to live without his mom. He didn't want to imagine it. His mom was one of the most important people in his life.

"Can we please not talk about my dead mom? When did you start that fancy school?" He asked, and Blaine was shocked. He definitely knew that he hadn't told him about Dalton. There was no chance he would have mentioned that.

"I... how did you know?" He spat out, puzzled.

"The picture on the dresser," Kurt said and pointed towards the picture of Blaine and the other Warblers in their uniforms after they had won their first competition with Blaine as lead. He gave a relieved sigh, happy that he hadn't completely lost it.

"Oh... yeah. Well - I was in another school when I was 14, but then I had to transfer, so I did," he told. He didn't figure Kurt would listen to his dramatic tale of why he transferred. It shouldn't matter any way. It was years ago.

"Why did you transfer then? You got enough of the stench of public school?" Kurt asked with a snicker but silenced when he saw the look on Blaine's face.

"Actually I... it was right after I had come out, and there was this dance at my school. I was a bit insecure, so I asked one of my friends to go with me. He was gay too, so we figured that we could sort of stick together. We got beat up. I was in the hospital for three weeks," Blaine said and let his eyes flicker quickly over Kurt's horrified expression before he moved his attention to the bedspread.

"That's so - fucked up. Were you badly hurt?" Kurt asked, and Blaine thought he could hear concern in his voice, but he didn't dare looking back on him.

"Like I said; I was in the hospital for three weeks. They broke my wrist, and I... dislocated my shoulder, and my face looked like - something out of a horror movie."

Blaine sighed. Now he knew exactly how Kurt felt. He didn't want people's pity, he didn't want Kurt's pity - he simply wanted this part of his life to be gone and forgotten.

"I'm sorry. So... did you beat them up? After you started boxing?" Kurt asked, like that was the only logical resolution to the problem.

Blaine couldn't help shot out a chuckle. That was the most screwed up thing he had ever heard - to beat someone up to get revenge because they had beat him up.

"No. I never saw them again. I transferred to Dalton, and then I took up boxing. After I got into the school and started making friends I ended up starting a fight club - which you naturally know nothing about. That was just so I could defend myself if it ever happened again. I don't wanna hurt anyone," Blaine explained, emphasizing how much he didn't seek vengeance over these guys.

Kurt looked like he didn't believe him. He looked like he was turning his words over in his head, tasting them, weighing whether he believed that someone like Blaine could be capable of something like that - and whether he was completely mad for not having killed the guys who beat him and his friend up.

"You know what... you're not so bad, Anderson. That's pretty cool," Kurt finally said and Blaine felt it like a punch in the gut.

Not only had Kurt remembered his name, admittedly only his last name, but he had also said that something he did was cool.

"I swore to myself that if I ever saw the guy who bullied me again I would kill him. Luckily for him he was kicked out of school or I would have finished him completely. I took up fighting for the same reason... only this guy sort of - tried to rape me," Kurt said and gushed.

All blood disappeared from Blaine's face. He had not seen that coming. He had known that something terrible had happened to Kurt, that he had been bullied and had a really hard time, even compared to other victims of bullying, but this he had not expected. He was sure that no one knew about this.

Unable to stop himself Blaine had moved over and put his arm around Kurt to pull him into a hug. It was stupid, reckless even, but he couldn't help it.

"What the hell -" Kurt started to spat out and fell stiff on the bed.

"I'm sorry," Blaine whispered in his ear and did his best to channel all of his emotions into the hug.

Kurt smelled like nothing he had ever been near. A mix of summer rain and cigarettes. His body was warm against Blaine's and even though he was completely paused in a motion he still felt more alive than anyone Blaine had ever hugged in his life.

"If you ever do that again I *will* slap you," Kurt warned with dark eyes when Blaine pulled away.

Blaine didn't regret it in any way. He could see in Kurt's eyes that he was insecure now. He wasn't as tough anymore, and his lower lip was trembling.

"Maybe we should sleep? I guess if you're dying I will hear you even in my sleep or you can poke me or something. You aren't exactly quiet when you get like that," Kurt snapped and started to get up.

After taking in his words Blaine slowly got up as well. He excused himself and went to the bathroom to brush his teeth and when he returned the window was open. Kurt's clothes was in a pile on the floor and he was already under the covers.

Kurt groaned a bit before he turned around and sat up. He stumbled out of the door and down the hall leaving Blaine immobile.

Kurt had been in his bed, Kurt was going to sleep in his bed, in only his underwear. That could not be good. He could already feel his natural, teenage-boy urges press, so he rushed to the closet to pull on an old Dalton t-shirt so he could get in bed before Kurt returned. As loose as his pajama pants were he didn't have any plans on flashing a hard-on to Kurt.

He had only been in bed for a few minutes before the light was turned off and he heard the door close behind him. He could feel the mattress move as Kurt laid down but he didn't dare open his eyes to look at him so he pretended he was asleep.

"I went to five different therapists," Kurt suddenly said quietly out in the room.

Blaine kept his eyes closed. He was afraid that if he opened Kurt would stop talking and he would have ruined his chance of getting him to open up.

"They all told me it was my own fault. That when I chose to be gay I should have known this would happen. About that guy who... tried to rape me," he said thickly.

"That's not true. It could never be your fault," Blaine whispered, eyes still closed, and anticipation simmering in every single nerve and vein in his entire body.

Neither of them said anything. All that was heard was the sound of the wind in the trees in the backyard and the sound of their combined breathing.

"Goodnight, Stalker. If you're dying poke me so I can get you to the hospital. Not planning on waking up next to a corpse," Kurt exclaimed and turned his back on Blaine.

It didn't last long until he was snoring silently and Blaine had to constantly stop himself from reaching out to feel the smooth skin of his back.

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When Blaine woke up he nearly screamed. His room was dark, a chill breeze was filling the room from the open window - and an arm was folded around him while the person had mushed their lips against his shoulders.

It only lasted a moment before he realized that the person in his bed was Kurt.

Cute, handsome, beautiful, gorgeous, badass - and apparently also cuddly and nice-smelling Kurt. The guy Blaine had swooned over for weeks, the guy Blaine had dreamed about at night, yet had to face that he would never even get near - and here he was. Holding him in his sleep.

Never in his life had Blaine been so grateful for his stupid asthma and his stupid inhalator - and for the fact that a doctor had assigned him a babysitter.

However, Blaine was pretty sure that Kurt wouldn't be as amused to wake up with Blaine in his arms as Blaine was himself, so he heavyhearted decided that he had better try to push him away. At least give it a try.

He struggled to turn in Kurt's firm grip so he could lightly push him on the shoulders, but Kurt simply groaned and strengthened his grasp. What was he supposed to do now?

"Kurt? Kurt, you need to - move," Blaine whispered through the dark, amazed at how strong Kurt even was. He knew that he worked out and that he wasn't exactly weak, but wow!

To Blaine's surprise Kurt started moving his lips over Blaine's shoulder. His thumb found its way under the hem of Blaine's t-shirt and started brushing lightly over the cold skin of his now exposed hipbone.

Before Blaine knew it Kurt was pressing kisses to his neck and it would only take him a little twist of his head to catch his mouth with his own. Yet he stayed stiff in his spot and didn't know what to do.

"Kurt. Kurt, you're asleep. Come on, move!" Blaine tried again, softly gripping around Kurt's wrist resting over his waist, but he only fastened his grip in return.

"Kurt, wake up, okay?" Blaine groaned roughly and wriggled his body best possibly.

"Would you just shut the fuck up and enjoy the ride?" Kurt suddenly growled and started at Blaine with dozy eyes.

Out of nowhere Kurt moved to press his lips against Blaine's and it felt like a sun was exploding inside of him. Kurt's lips were in one time soft and hard against his own, and they moved with a lazy, but determined, speed.

Blaine had never kissed anyone before. He was terrified he was doing it wrong so he tried his best, his arms locked down his sides. He was scared to move - if he moved Kurt might stop and go back to sleep instead.

Before Blaine could even think Kurt's arm was under his t-shirt and his fingers had found his nipple. Blaine turned hard in his pants almost instantly and hoped to god that Kurt wouldn't get anywhere near that area.

He did his best to return the kiss and when Kurt bit his lower lip lightly he knew that it was an indication, so he let his lips part and welcomed Kurt's tongue into his mouth.

While their tongues moved together Kurt started massaging Blaine's nipple, making him express an unexpected moan into Kurt's mouth. He could feel that Kurt was grinning against his face and he felt stupid for being so affected by the simple touch.

"If this is going to work you're gonna have to touch me," Kurt said dissatisfied and grabbed around Blaine's hand where he guided it onto his naked torso. He put it on his ribs and as his own hand found its way back to Blaine's nipple Blaine let his hand slide onto Kurt's back.

He was confused and for a moment he considered that he had hit his head during his asthma attack and now he was in some sort of crazy, hallucinating sleep. However, he was pretty convinced that this was too real to be a dream - it felt too good to be all inside his head.

Suddenly Kurt started grinding his crotch against Blaine's and he was clearly hard. From Blaine's mouth a series of light whimpers were streaming out between kisses and his brain felt like it was about to go into cramp. He had no idea what to do, what Kurt wanted him to do, what was expected from someone in a situation like this.

"What the hell is wrong with you? Are you celibate or something?" Kurt snapped and pulled away from Blaine with a judging look.

Blaine's face was on fire. His hand was still on the smooth, warm skin of Kurt's back, and his erection was painfully throbbing in his suddenly very tight underwear.

"If you don't wanna do this; fine! Then I'm just gonna take care of it myself. Get me some tissues at least," Kurt exclaimed and fell to his back, where Blaine could see his hand started to work under the covers.

Shit. Shit fuck shit! Kurt is in my bed, almost naked - jerking himself off. After he kissed me. And now I'm just lying here staring at him after he... offered himself to me?

Blaine could still feel the burning from Kurt's fingers twisting around his nipple and the taste of beer and cigarettes from Kurt's tongue was still lingering in his mouth like a toxic trying to take over his brain.

"I want to," Blaine heard himself mumble. Kurt's hand stopped moving and he turned to stare at him, his eyes shining through the dark.

"You're a virgin, right?" He asked, his face indifferent and his hand apparently still in his boxers, though he wasn't moving. He was staring sharply and Blaine was well aware that he already knew the answer to the question, he simply wanted the satisfaction of hearing Blaine say it himself.

"Yeah, I... I'm a virgin," Blaine muttered and his eyes darted towards the door. Anywhere. To not look at Kurt as he would surely turn around. Or leave. Or work himself off with Blaine lying there next to him - awkward and ashamed of himself, himself being hard as hell because everything he had ever wanted was in his bed next to him.

Kurt didn't do anything. He stayed still in his spot. He kept his eyes locked on Blaine, but didn't so much as move a muscle, or flicker his eyes.

"Get those ridiculous pajamas off, would you? Such a turn off," Kurt suddenly said, not a clue on his face as to what his plan was.

"I... but -" Blaine started and felt heat rising in his body and his face.

"I am not gonna rape you. Just do it," Kurt told him, this time his voice more assuring and soft than Blaine had ever heard it. He let his hands back up the covers and moved closer. He put his mouth back to Blaine's; this time respectful and chaste.

With their eyes locked Blaine felt Kurt's one hand slide from his shoulder, down his stomach to hook his thumb in the waistband of Blaine's sleeping pants.

"Is this okay?" He asked and waited. Waited for Blaine's approval, his accept - so Blaine nodded carefully before he felt Kurt move his torso in over his own so he could slowly pull down Blaine's pants, leaving his underwear in their place.

As they were completely off Blaine instinctively let his knees meet. He felt naked and exposed. He didn't even shower at the gym and he always did his best to make sure he was alone when he was changing. He was definitely not confident enough about his body.

"Relax. Let yourself ease into it - I don't do this for all the guys, you know," Kurt assured him and his hand was back to Blaine's hip where his thumb was caressing his tensed skin.

"Or for anyone actually," he continued and sent Blaine a smile that he hadn't seen him wear before. It was like there was a guy behind the hard surface that was fighting to peek out in this intimate moment.

Blaine carefully let one hand up to hold on Kurt's wrist on his hipbone. Suddenly the situation that had felt like Kurt desperately needed a fuck had transformed into feeling sweet and innocent.

"Why me then?" Blaine dared to ask, afraid he wasn't allowed to ask any questions, or even talk at all - yet he felt that Kurt owed it to him. Owed him to explain this to him; if he didn't fuck all and none then why him? Was it out of pity because Blaine was a virgin? Was it out of pity because Blaine had been through a somewhat crappy life? Or was it simply because he was in Blaine's bed and needed it instantly?

"Because... believe it or not I actually like you," Kurt said and his cheeks flushed.

His damn, pale, beautiful cheeks flushed. The guy he had been warned about, the guy who had seemed like he was prepared to leave him to die in the middle of the parking lot - the guy who drove a fucking motorcycle - yes, that guy. His pale skin had turned a vague rosy.

"I have seen you... following me around, making sure you were where I was, seen you with Tina - and you sort of caught me," Kurt revealed and out of nowhere he turned his hand around to let his fingers blend into Blaine's.

Blaine's brain clogged up. This was overwhelming, way more than he could take. How could he expect anyone to have a reaction to that? He was making fun of him, the poor, innocent virgin falling in love with a biker - sure he couldn't think he was going to let that go unhumiliated away.

"You're just saying that, aren't you? To get in my pants?" Blaine asked suspiciously, his brows headed to meet at the top of his nose, not letting his hand fall into place with Kurt's.

Kurt's face dropped. He had seen this coming. He looked disappointed, sad even, that Blaine didn't believe his words.

He reached out and pressed a sweet and innocent kiss onto Blaine's lips before slowly pulling away to have a better look at him.

"Remember the other day? When you and Tina walked back to her house and you passed by my dad's tire shop? You had been to the mall, I could tell because you were both carrying bags - you were wearing a green cardigan and a yellow bowtie, am I right?"

Blaine was speechless. That would have been a bit of a longshot if he had been guessing. Only thing was that it was true. That was exactly how it had been. He had been with Tina to the mall to find her a dress for her dinner with Mike's parents, and then they had went back to her house to watch Gossip Girl. Passing by the tire shop as always. He had seen Kurt and awkwardly smiled at him, but quickly looked away to not blush.

"Would I know that if I was only claiming to like you to get into your pants?" Kurt asked patiently and let his hand tryingly squeeze around Blaine's, only this time Blaine squeezed back.

He couldn't breathe, but not in the horrible where-is-my-inhalator-or-I-will-die kind of way. This was the new Kurt-really-likes-me-and-he-is-kissing-because-he-wants-to kind of way.

This time Blaine was the one to stretch out. He arched his neck and was nervous he was doing it wrong, but it didn't really seem to matter at that point. All that mattered was that he was actually even doing it.

Kurt met him with a kiss and he managed to let Blaine fall back to the pillow. He released his hand and made it slide slowly from his hip, over his ribs, his chest, up his shoulder and up to cup Blaine's jaw. He slowly let his tongue back into Blaine's mouth and his time Blaine was ready for it.

Slowly Kurt started to rise on his free arm, making his other hand down Blaine's neck before he let their mouths part and raised his one leg a little in indication.

"Can I?" He asked, waiting with eyes full of something Blaine couldn't detect.

He turned it over in his head. This was the moment where Kurt would find out how hard he was for him - he was wearing underwear, they both were, but that definitely wouldn't be enough to cover it up. Yet, he nodded slightly.

"Are you sure?" Kurt asked again, raising his eyebrow in doubt when Blaine surprised himself just as much as he surprised Kurt and grabbed around his arms to try and drag him closer.

"I am sure," he stammered, the words sounding nowhere near as confident as he felt them.

Kurt bit his lower lip, making everything inside of Blaine twist and turn, before he slowly moved over to nudge Blaine's knees with his own one, forcing him to spread his legs so Kurt could slowly sink into place between them.

Blaine let out a sound that was a mix between a moan and a whimper. He nearly made his hand rush to cover his mouth, but instead he pressed his lips together to a thin line.

"You are really - hard," Kurt groaned as he pressed his crotch hard down onto Blaine's. Kurt was hard himself, resting on his hip next to Blaine's erection and he started fearing that he could possibly come just from the feeling of Kurt against him.

Kurt bent down to kiss Blaine's neck as he slowly started rubbing their crotches together. He supported on his palm against the bed next to Blaine's head, and Blaine appreciated it as he was sure that if Kurt had let himself completely down on him everything would have been wet and sticky within seconds.

Slowly Kurt worked his way up to kiss at Blaine's ear, sparks running through him from the startle of how sensitive his earlobe was. With his free hand Kurt let his fingers into Blaine's hair, forcing their way through the gel, and letting his breathing be a light ghost over his skin.

"Let go. You're doing good. I'm not gonna do anything you don't want to," Kurt whispered gently and nipped around Blaine's earlobe with his hardened lips.

A weak moan ran from the back of Blaine's throat and before he could stop himself his hands were gripping around Kurt's hips. Kurt was smiling at the new action and Blaine was sure it was okay.

"What do you think of when you masturbate?" Kurt asked, his hips still pressing lightly against Blaine's, and he felt like all blood in his entire body was rushing towards his groin like a wildfire.

"I don't -"

"Don't lie. It's okay. I do it too. Just tell me what you think. Maybe I can do it for you. Let it be easier for you now," Kurt encouraged before making his teeth grab a little harder on his earlobe.

"Mhm... fuck! I - I think of... you. Touching me," Blaine finally caved in. As much as he hoped Kurt wasn't planning on looking at him, just as fast were Kurt's eyes back to his.

"If you think of me this is gonna be much easier. No hot Ryan Gosling? No hot Channing Tatum? Maybe you're a little more old school and you're more into James Dean?" Kurt tried and let his hand brush down Blaine's arm to end on his hand that was currently palmed down on the smaller of Kurt's back.

"No. No - just... just you. Kissing me, touching me," Blaine thrust out.

He couldn't believe that he was doing this. Not only was Kurt on top of him, rubbing against him, but he had also made him admit that he thought about him while... touching himself.

It wasn't like it was something he did a lot. He had actually only just started to try it. He had tried it when he was younger, but he felt weird about it so he stopped. Until one day he had walked past the tire shop and Kurt had been hanging outside with Puck. It was a hot day and he had been wearing nothing but a tank top and torn jeans. Everything was covered in grease and his skin was glistening from sweat.

When Blaine had looked at him all he could think about was how much he wanted to run over there and lick a trail up his neck to taste his skin. When he had been in bed that night he couldn't sleep because of the heat and out of nowhere he was moaning Kurt's name into his pillow with his hand down his underwear.

"I've thought about you too," Kurt whispered against his lips, his voice nothing but a mere breathing now.

"Doing stuff like this," he said hushed and out of nowhere his hand was palming against Blaine's underwear, making a wet spot spread through the light cotton.

He pressed a little, not too hard, but enough for Blaine to express a whimper from the friction. He moved his hand a little further south, cupping up Blaine's balls and made him nearly clasp his teeth against Kurt's in surprise.

It felt like only a second went by before Kurt had pulled Blaine's shirt off and slowly started to work his fingers at the elastic band of Blaine's boxer briefs. He searched Blaine's eyes, knowing there was a possibility he would stop him, but Blaine merely gulped in response.

"You too," he stammered under his breath, terrified to be the only to be suddenly naked. If Kurt was naked as well it couldn't be that embarrassing.

For a moment he feared that Kurt would say no. He didn't understand why he would do that, but he had stopped and his eyes were still flickering asking between Blaine's.

Then he rose to his knees between Blaine's legs and started working his boxers down around his thighs. When his hard dick sprung free Blaine almost choked on his own tongue.

It was big, hard and flushed pink. He couldn't stop staring as Kurt slowly let his hand down to fold around the root at the neatly trimmed pubic hair and let his hand take a lazy stroke up the shaft. It looked soft and smooth, and when Blaine saw the tiny pool of pre-come gathered at the head he had to bite his tongue to not stretch out to lick it away.

"Your turn," Kurt said as he kept stroking his hand up and down around himself. Slowly, carefully, no pressure or speed. Simply keeping himself going until Blaine was ready.

He swallowed. He had to get a grip of himself and get back to reality. He could feel Kurt's glance burning into the skin on his face, but for once he didn't care, it didn't matter that Kurt knew how much he wanted him, because for some unknown reason Kurt was there and wanted him too.

After a second of a strong battle to force himself back to reality Blaine caught his boxer briefs by the waist and started pulling them down. Kurt moved to the end of the bed where he let his own fall to the floor while Blaine got rid off his own as well.

Now nothing but distance was separating them.

Kurt crawled on hands and knees up Blaine's body, back between his legs and up to press his body back down on his. He let a hand down to ghost his palm over his head and down his shaft, pre-come sliding down with his touch before he locked his hand around him.

"Holy..." Blaine thrust out before he could stop it.

"Don't be nervous. I'm gonna take care of you," Kurt assured him, slowly starting to work his hand up and down around Blaine.

"I'm not -" Blaine started to object, but he knew that it was a lost battle. Somehow Kurt could see right through him no matter what he said or how hard he tried denying so he might as well stop pretending.

"Maybe I'm a little - nervous. *Ooooh*," Blaine groaned weakly and Kurt smiled down at him, his hand working a steady, careful pace.

"It's okay. You can be nervous. You just need to get this over with and I can take you into boot camp for turning you into a sex god," Kurt grinned and sucked Blaine's lower lip into his mouth.

Blaine's brain turned foggy. Kurt wasn't actually planning on just dumping him after. Did this mean that they were dating now? *Oh god, Kurt's hand is on my dick.*

It felt like his blood was roaming inside of him. Like he had a whirlpool in his stomach, and everything was burning hot, on the edge of boiling. He forced his mouth hard onto Kurt's, harder than any of them had expected and Kurt growled into the kiss.

Without warning Blaine's hand shot up to lock around Kurt's length. He didn't move, he simply held it there. He was in panic. He was afraid to do it wrong, or to hurt him, or simply do it bad so Kurt would rather finish the job himself.

"No. No - this is about you right now. We'll get to me later," Kurt said into his mouth and released his grip around Blaine to remove his hand from his own dick. Blaine was baffled, but it wasn't like he was in a position to understand anything at all at the moment, so he released and let Kurt return to fisting around him.

"Is it good?" Kurt asked.

He nodded frantically. Desperate to let Kurt know how soft and good his touch was. How amazing his hand was, and how much he wanted the feeling to never stop.

"Good. I'm gonna try something else now," he said in response before he released his grasp and Blaine whined in return of the loss.

Kurt leaned down his head to kiss Blaine a little deeper than he had before, and then he sat up between Blaine's legs - full view to the entire image of Blaine's splayed out, naked body.

He grabbed around the tendons of Blaine's knees to bent his legs before he made his palms travel down his thighs, fingers lightly caressing the dark hairs. When he reached his hips he let his hands run down the V of the insides of Blaine's thighs to make him spread his legs a little wider, bending down between his legs.

Oh god, is this really happening? Oh my god.

"Oh my god!" Blaine nearly screamed when he felt Kurt's wet lips around his head. He could feel Kurt grinning around him, but the sensation was way too much for him to even consider being embarrassed about his outburst.

Kurt let his lips and tongue slide around his head for a moment before he slowly let them pop off so he could look up at Blaine.

"Now I'm gonna need you to be a good boy and try really hard to stop me before you come. I know it's gonna be hard, but I want you to come with my cock filling your ass. Do you want that?" Kurt asked, his voice steady and encouraging.

"God. Yes, just... don't stop, *please*" Blaine heard himself beg and had no idea where it came from, he just needed Kurt back.

"Good. I know you're a good boy, I'm sure you can do that for me, baby," Kurt concluded and let his tongue travel from the base of Blaine's cock and up his length before he let his mouth slide down around him, this time taking as much in as he could.

Blaine was moaning and groaning on the bed. Nothing he had ever experienced was like this. All of the highs he had gotten from standing on stage and winning competitions and standing ovations, all of the adrenaline rushing through him when he was beating up the punching bag at the gym - nothing could ever beat the feeling of being in Kurt's mouth.

His hands rushed into Kurt's hair as he bobbed his head up and down. His hips were fighting to buck upwards to meet Kurt's mouth, but he forced them to lie down to not push down Kurt's throat.

Kurt held his hands lightly on Blaine's inner thighs to make sure he didn't close them around his head in a natural reaction. He made his mouth down to the root and let his tongue lick flat and rough up the vein on the backside of his cock. He let his lips hold in only his head as he swirled his tongue around his erection.

Out of nowhere Kurt had let his one hand up to push his fingers into Blaine's mouth. He let his tongue travel around them, between them, wetting them up as good as he possibly could, imagining that he was finally allowed to taste Kurt on his tongue.

With a trail of spit following them Kurt withdrew his fingers and put his hand back to Blaine's legs. He started to tease around Blaine's hole with the tip of his index finger and Blaine could feel all muscles inside of him tighten.

"Do you want it?" Kurt asked, his tongue licking up Blaine's shaft, down his balls and back up to his head.

"Yes. Please, just - *something*," Blaine whined.

Kurt took him in again and at the same time made his finger slowly press in through the first ring of muscle. Blaine's ass was gripping around him, needing more, needing him to move, but Kurt held still to let Blaine get used to the feeling.

With his finger still immobile Kurt let his lips slowly up around Blaine's cock and sucked lightly on his head, the whirlpool feeling starting to go out of hand in his stomach.

"Close - fuck, so - fucking - *close*," Blaine burst out, causing Kurt's mouth to leave his cock before placing a light kiss on his head, so he could sit up and start moving his finger in and out of Blaine.

"That was good, baby. Real good," Kurt cooed and let his free hand caress up and down Blaine's thigh.

His finger was pumping in and out of Blaine's hole while the feeling of spit drying coldly on his aching member was freezing and painful. He missed Kurt's mouth back but he knew he wouldn't get it, so he didn't even bother to ask for it.

"Do you think you can take one more?" Kurt asked and flicked the tip of his finger upwards, his eyes locked on Blaine's face.

"You... I just - I just want *you*," Blaine panted needy. He couldn't wait to have Kurt inside of him. Not just his fingers, really have him in.

"Shhh, it's okay. You'll get my cock - as soon as you're stretched enough. I don't wanna burst your tight, little hole. I'm gonna need that later," Kurt assured him with a soft voice and pressed one more finger in, making Blaine's hips push upwards.

Kurt made his speed rise. He was driving his hand in circles, fucking his fingers in and out and scissoring inside of him. Blaine was sure that he could feel every curve and bent of Kurt's fingers, and when he way-too-fast added a third finger he let out a breathy cry he didn't know he had in him.

It was painful. But in the good way. He pushed his ass down against Kurt's hand, desperate to feel more - to let Kurt know that he didn't care about stretching, all he wanted was him, and it needed to be now, or it wouldn't happen at all.

"More. Kurt - *more*," he begged one last time, his fingernails digging into the back of Kurt's hand on his thigh and Kurt let out a sound that was a mix of a chuckle and a groan.

He grabbed around Blaine's hand and led it down his thigh, through the slick of spit and pre-come Kurt had managed to spread there, before Kurt stopped moving his hand inside him.

"Did you ever finger yourself?" He asked and Blaine's eyes flew open. That he could honestly say no to, he had never even considered the possibility.

He opened his mouth to reply, feeling his muscles still stretching and working themselves around Kurt's fingers without the slightest resistance. No sound but panting came out, so he closed and shook his head.

Slowly Kurt let his fingers exit Blaine's hole and he immediately felt empty, whining and heaving for breath from the loss, but a pounding in the back of his head promised that what was to come would be so much better.

He was surprised, to say the least, when Kurt started moving his hand further down his thigh where he started pressing Blaine's fingers into his own hole.

At first he stiffened. Scared shitless about what was happening, but when he saw the excited expression on Kurt's face he followed his lead and continued. He tried plugging his brain back in to remember what Kurt had just done to him, how he had moved his wrist and his fingers - where he had touched and pressed.

"You're really sexy. *So* not the good boy I thought you were," Kurt breathed and kissed his knee before he started crawling over the bed, his head leaking on he sheets.

"What -" Blaine started to ask, but Kurt looked back to hush him, his eyes darting to his hand between his legs to keep him going, so Blaine did.

He felt strange to lie there with his own fingers stuffed into his ass, but the thought that Kurt had told him to do it definitely made up for it. So he continued to pant and writhe, fucking his fingers in and out, doing his best to angle his wrist without his muscles complaining too much.

When Kurt returned he crawled back between Blaine's legs. He took a moment to look down on his hand working around himself before Blaine saw his arms move and he heard a breaking of foil.

Before he knew it Kurt's hand was on his wrist to stop him. He led his hand up to his face where he sucked both of Blaine's slick fingers into his mouth. Sucking, feeding on them, his eyes rolling back in his head with a moan and for a second Blaine thought he had already come from the feeling.

Kurt released Blaine's fingers and his wrist before he moved closer to his ass. Blaine could feel his insides throb, desperate and frantic to be filled again, when he suddenly felt something hard against his entrance.

"Are you ready?" Kurt asked and Blaine looked up at him.

Lust was wiped from his face, replaced by waiting and concern, sparks twinkling around his blue orbs as Blaine nodded with a breathy, inaudible "yes".

Kurt licked his lips and fell to rest his body weight on one arm next to Blaine's head, his other locked around his shaft, before he took a deep breath and pushed into Blaine.

Blaine expected him to stop at the head. He didn't know why, but he expected that, so when he kept pushing, further and deeper in, his body shocked and tensed all muscles.

When he was as deep in as he could Kurt moved his head around to kiss him. For some stupid reason all Blaine could think was *"Oh god, he hasn't said my name once, never. What if he doesn't even know my name? Fuck. No. Please no."*

Neither of them moved. Both let themselves melt into the kiss, and as Kurt's other hand appeared on the other side of his head, Blaine's hands rushed to run up his arms before down his ribs and back to end at the top of his ass. Pressing.

"Move. Please, move. I wanna feel you," he begged needy into Kurt's mouth, their tongues moving spit sloppy around their lips, cheeks and chins.

Kurt obliged. Slowly dragged out before pushing back in, and Blaine groaned. It wasn't enough he needed more, so he kneaded his fingers into Kurt's ass, hoping he would understand the indication.

He did. He slowly worked up a pace, his thrusts starting out slow and dragging, gradually turning into faster, tryingly harder. Blaine pushed his tongue into Kurt's mouth and Kurt eagerly sucked on it, before willing into a dance of spit and lips and tongues.

"Fuck. Kurt - god you're so -" Blaine thrust out, nearly biting down on Kurt's shoulder.

"Big?" He asked, a smirk crossing his face as he jerked in one particular hard time and grabbed Blaine's thigh to lift his leg up.

"Yes. Shit you're so big," Blaine agreed and dug his head deeper into the pillow under him, feeling Kurt working inside of him, and a need to fold his hand around his own cock building up, but he couldn't move his hands from their place, glued to Kurt's slippery skin.

Kurt hit right. Just right. Blaine felt a cascade of stars shoot through his veins and moaned long and hard into Kurt's shoulder. He continued thrusting at that spot, hard and fast until Blaine felt the whirlpool in his stomach flood and the boiling lava was headed for his crotch.

"Soon. Oh god now," he only just heaved out before he felt it coil in his balls to be pushed through his shaft and explode from his head over his stomach.

"Yes. Come for me, Blaine -" Kurt panted as his hand hurried to lock around Blaine's cock so he could fist him through his orgasm.

Blaine wanted to keep looking at Kurt, but it was impossible to keep his eyes open. He let them roll back into his skull, cross-eyed and heavy, as the stars from his veins danced in front of his closed eyes.

"Kurt, oh god Kurt, don't stop," Blaine kept crying out, only just louding out the sound of Kurt's thighs slapping against his ass.

He was drained he didn't have anymore in him, but Kurt didn't stop. He hadn't come yet, so Blaine forced himself to catch Kurt's mouth as he felt his ass oversensitive and clenching around Kurt as good as he could in his current state.

"Holy fuck! Blaine!" Kurt growled and his hips started jerking unsteady into his ass, Blaine's hole squeezing and tightening more than he ever thought he had before.

He kept going, fucking Blaine, working himself through his own orgasm until his arms gave in and he clasped flat down onto Blaine's chest.

It was like their chests were fighting for dominance to be the one to grasp for air. They were both panting and needing, as Blaine let his hand up to run through his fingers through Kurt's hair, only now feeling how soft it was - even softer than he had imagined countless times.

Kurt's hair was just as damp as Blaine's own felt. He didn't dare think about how he looked at the moment, but he didn't care - because no matter how messy he looked it was all because he had just had sex. Not only had he just had sex, he had just had sex with Kurt; the only guy he had ever wanted to have sex with.

Awkwardly, with tired movements, Kurt pulled himself out before he moved over Blaine's body so he could dump to the bed next to him. He dragged off the condom and tied it up before letting it dump to the floor.

Blaine wanted to look at him, not to stare, but to make sure it really was Kurt and not just someone else he had imagined to be him instead. He wanted to reach out to feel and touch and have Kurt's skin back against his own, but he didn't dare to. He didn't know where the boundaries were now so instead he stayed still, letting his breathing return to normal.

Without warning Kurt stumbled to his feet. He disappeared out the door and Blaine could hear him down the dark hall. He wanted to call for him, beg him to come back and hold him. He was holding his breath, scared that he was just going to leave him there, even though he knew that Kurt's clothes were spread around his floor.

It felt like an eternity, but Blaine knew that in reality it was probably only a few moments before Kurt returned to the bedroom. He threw a box of Kleenex at Blaine that he had stolen from the bathroom before he bent down to fumble around the floor. When he stood up a cigarette was in his mouth and he lit a lighter to fire it up.

"You can't smoke in here. Asthma, remember!" Blaine said shocked, sad that Kurt hadn't even remembered that.

"Oh... yeah. That's what got us into this mess in the first place," Kurt snorted with raised eyebrows and pursed lips as he pulled the cigarette from his lips.

"The... just go to the window," Blaine sighed defeated and threw the soiled tissues in a pile on the floor as he was finished cleaning himself off. He put the box of Kleenex on his nightstand and curled up under the sheets, determined not to look at Kurt.

He didn't know what he had expected, or hoped for. Maybe just a little more... tenderness. Kurt had said that he liked him. He had been so convincing. His hands had been so gentle and his voice had been so - assuring and soft.

Apparently it was just a scam to get in my pants. I knew it. There was no chance he would ever want me, Blaine thought angry at himself.

He felt stupid, used - heartbroken. Tina had been right all along; Kurt would do nothing but chew him up and spit him out when he was finished with him.

For a moment he considered taking his clothes back on, but he didn't want Kurt to have the satisfaction of knowing that he had hurt him. If he wanted to play that game he could be a cold bitch as well.

Kurt closed the window and threw the cigarette butt in the trashcan before he disappeared out the door again. Blaine could hear his footsteps and the door closing after him down the hall. For a second he had to stop himself from boring his nose into his pillow that naturally smelled like Kurt now, he could feel tears forming in his eyes and he was fighting hard to not let them get free run. There was no way that he was going to cry in front of Kurt.

He heard the light switch getting shut off and Kurt's footsteps were back down the hall until Blaine heard him close the door behind him. Now he was glad that he had chosen to lie with his back on Kurt, he didn't want to face him, because he was afraid that he was either going to be angry or start crying.

The mattress worked itself a little as Kurt sat down and climbed back under the covers. Blaine could feel him lie on his back next to him, and for a second he imagined himself turn around to force himself into his arms.

Stupid schoolboy fantasy.

The sound of Kurt's breathing was filling up the room. The tension was thick between them, and Blaine wished that he hadn't closed the window.

"I uhm... I sort of borrowed your toothbrush," Kurt suddenly said, and a spark of pain shot into Blaine's temple.

So fucking me, to humiliate me by pretending it never happened wasn't enough? He absolutely had to use my toothbrush as well. Great!

"You what? What the hell is wrong with you?" Blaine snapped and turned around to stare at Kurt in horror.

Kurt stared back with wide eyes, shocked at the sudden outburst, apparently not expecting good-boy-Blaine to be capable of standing up for himself.

"I'm sorry. I'll buy you a new one. I just didn't want to kiss you with nicotine breath. Relax," Kurt bit back, his eyes lightning.

What? He what?

Blaine felt like he had been slapped in the face. He wasn't sure he had heard correctly so he turned it over in his head a few times but still couldn't make sense of anything.

"You... you what?" He asked, awkward and insecure, his voice suddenly weak compared to the roughness only a moment earlier.

"I just figured you didn't want me to taste of nicotine when I kissed you, and since I don't have a toothbrush here, I figured it would be cool - apparently not. I'm just gonna buy you a new one tomorrow. Chill," Kurt said, his voice trembling between angry and hurt.

"You wanted to kiss me?" Blaine muttered weakly, ashamed of his reaction, ashamed of his thoughts.

"Yeah. I mean - if you want to. I just... I just guessed that -" Kurt started but was cut off by Blaine's lips to his.

At first he was stiff and still, probably startled by the unwarned action from Blaine's side, but he slowly let himself melt into Blaine's motions and let his hand over Blaine's waist to pull him closer.

Blaine could feel Kurt's naked body against his, and he couldn't stop the rerun of images and video sequences of what had happened between them from running wild in his brain. He let his hand run up Kurt's back to pull him closer, press their chests together.

"Wow, slow down there, tiger - I can't really go for another round already. And I'm out of condoms," Kurt panted and retreated, gasping for breath, as he let a hand softly up Blaine's back.

Blaine blushed and chuckled under his breath. It wasn't exactly like he was ready for a round two himself. He was exhausted, drained, completely empty. He just needed Kurt closer.

"I'm sorry. I'll... I'm just gonna go to sleep," Blaine apologized and bit his lower lip. He laid down on his back, ready to turn around when Kurt dragged him back to make their chests collide.

Kurt cupped his cheek with his one hand and placed a soft, deep kiss on his lips before he smiled at him.

"Where do you think you're going? Lie here with me instead," he smiled, and Blaine felt all the wings of a thousand butterflies dancing around his insides.

"Okay," he stammered quietly, and followed as Kurt guided him to lie down in his arms, his head resting on Kurt's shoulder. He folded his arm around his waist and dared himself to squeeze a little tighter, Kurt squeezing around his shoulders in return.

"I thought you didn't know my name," Blaine mumbled embarrassed as Kurt started running his fingertips up and down his back.

"Seriously? We need to do something your confidence - how could I forget your name? You were the reason I had to ditch my night out," Kurt said dryly and Blaine's insides knotted.

"I'm sorry," Blaine apologized, and for some reason the tears started pringling in his eyes again.

"I'm kidding. You gotta stop all that self-doubt crap, alright? I like you because you're cute and good, but you can be that without constantly thinking you're doing everything wrong." Kurt clenched his arms around Blaine a little tighter and kissed his hair.

They silenced. Letting the sound of the branches scurry against the window fill the room, mixed with their combined breathing. Blaine tried to suppress a yawn, but when he failed he ended it by placing a kiss on Kurt's chest under him.

He was sure that Kurt had fallen back asleep when he suddenly startled him.

"I should probably stop smoking then... can't have you dying around me," Kurt whispered as his thumb brushed up Blaine's naked shoulder.

"I... there's no reason for that -" Blaine objected, confused as to why Kurt would even say that. It shouldn't matter at all.

"Of course there is. It's expensive as hell, it stinks, it killed my mom - and I can't go around nearly killing my boyfriend all the time. That would be stupid," Kurt said as if it was the most logical thing in the world, and Blaine should clearly have known that.

"Boyf... you mean?" He asked, afraid that he was going to make a wrong assumption even though it seemed pretty obvious what it was Kurt was saying.

"Do you seriously want me to write you fucking letter with boxes asking you to be my boyfriend? Because I can do that, maybe even make you a drawing or something," Kurt groaned into Blaine's hair, a chuckling hiding under the surface.

"No. I mean... if you want to do it, I wouldn't be opposed to the idea. I never got a letter from anyone asking me to be their boyfriend," Blaine teased, gradually trying to ease himself into the thought of what it was they were discussing, but somehow he couldn't make his brain believe it.

"Fine. Tomorrow I'll write you a letter. But you better tick the right box, or I'll flip you over. For someone who runs a fight club you're pretty fucking tiny," Kurt laughed and grinned at him when Blaine looked up in a hope of seeing his eyes.

It hit him that he had never seen Kurt happy before. He had always looked bored or angry, usually both at the same time. He had seemed restless, as if he couldn't really figure out what to do about himself - until now, where he was grinning broadly down on Blaine.

"Then you better write me a damn nice letter. And make that drawing a piece of art," Blaine laughed back, and let the sparks in Kurt's eyes fill him.

"Would you just go to sleep now? I might need to fuck you when I wake up, so you're gonna need your energy," Kurt groaned and kissed him with his arms squeezing tightly around Blaine's shoulders and his fingers mushing themselves into his revolted curls

Chapter Two

When Blaine woke up his pillow felt weird. He blinked a few times before he realized that his face was lying on a piece of paper. He rubbed his eyes with his knuckles before grabbing the paper and falling to lie on his side instead of his front.

"Blaine Anderson

Will you be my boyfriend? X the box"

Under the message was a quick drawing of a heart that looked like it had been erased and drawn all over again a few times before the final result.

Next to the heart were three boxes. All three of them had options written over them.

"Yes", "Hell Yes" and "Fuck Yes"

At the very bottom was a post scriptum in the form of one more box with the option of *"Suck My Cock"*.

Blaine grinned. He couldn't stop himself from chuckling under his breath. He felt his cheeks go red and a teeny squeal was forming in the back of his throat. He nuzzled his nose into the pillow and bit his lower lip.

"Is that a good enough fucking letter for you?" Kurt's voice sounded and Blaine was startled. He turned around to see Kurt sitting on the desk with a cigarette in his mouth and the window open. Apparently he had been awake for some time considering he had found time to write the letter. He had even found time to put on his boxers.

He took one last heave of before he threw it out the window, blew the smoke out and jumped off the desk. He crawled over the bed on all four until he was hovering over Blaine with a hand and a knee on each side of him.

"Are you satisfied now? Cause I'm not gonna take no for an answer here," Kurt declared with a growl directly into Blaine's ear. He pushed a sharpie into Blaine's hand and sat up to rest on his hips.

"Alright. But don't peek - you'll see it when you get it," Blaine warned and twisted his torso in the best possible way to avoid Kurt sneaking his way to look.

He did what he could to take his time. Of course he did. It was more fun if he could keep him hanging a bit. He still couldn't believe that this was really happening. Yet, his ass was still sore as a proof of the night before - not to mention that he was still naked and Kurt was straddling him on top of his covers.

Yeah, and his throat was still a bit rasp from his asthma attack. That he had nearly forgotten about though.

He put the sharpie to the paper to give his reply, using his hand for support, before he folded it up and turned around so he could hand it to Kurt with a triumphant smile. He accepted it with a suspicious glance before he opened it back up.

"So - that's your final answer, huh?" He asked, eyes still locked on the paper in his hands.

In a quick motion Kurt dropped down so he could dig his hands under the covers. He pulled them down to reveal Blaine's naked frame on the sheets under him, and as he was looking down with his eyes tracing down to take in all details a victorious grin filled his face.

"So this is all mine now. That would mean I can do pretty much what I want with it. Including fulfilling your last wish as a free man -" Kurt exclaimed and his eyes flickered to the letter where Blaine had ticked "*fuck yes*" and "*suck my cock*" boxes.

As Kurt's eyes fixated on that particular spot Blaine could feel his dick twitch and knew that Kurt wouldn't to do anymore than so much as breath on it before he would turn hard as a rock.

Kurt let a palm travel down Blaine's chest where he let it end to rest on his solar plexus. He smiled and licked his lips with a saying look in his eyes, and it was a battle for Blaine to not let go of his hips so they could buck upwards, desperate to feel him in some way.

With a devious snicker Kurt bent down to press light kisses onto Blaine's hips. He looked back up and Blaine could feel all blood in his body rush towards his crotch as Kurt's Adams Apple was ghosting over his increasing erection.

He continued to kiss down Blaine's thighs, licking and nipping at the skin before he put a long, wet trail from his sac up his length. Blaine's dick immediately came to life and before he knew it he was hard and Kurt was teasingly kissing his head.

His hands rushed into Kurt's hair, fingertips caressing over his scalp while he struggled to kill the whimpers that were building in the back of his throat.

"Yes. Please, please," Blaine mumbled under his breath with the muscles of his thighs throbbing to be allowed to move. Kurt made his lips slowly slide down around his head, his tongue carefully running over his slit, before he slid his mouth back off with an excruciatingly slow speed.

He sat up and wiped his mouth with his eyes locked on Blaine. He was grinning down at him, and a smirk was filling his face as he watched Blaine's chest going unsteady.

"Why? Why, why, why would you stop?" Blaine asked panicky, his eyes flickering from Kurt to his aching cock and back to Kurt's face again.

"I'm gonna go brush my teeth because I wanna kiss you. Then I expect to get some coffee or I might die - or you might die," Kurt exclaimed and got to his feet.

"Feel free to finish that yourself," he said and fixed his boxers as they were probably pressing against his own obvious erection. Then he left the room, and Blaine was alone naked on his bed, the feeling of Kurt's tongue on him still burning his skin.

For a second his hand tryingly closed around his shaft. He could feel all the veins throbbing as he swiped a few times but eventually let go again. It didn't feel right, and he would much rather have Kurt to be the one to get him off.

He stumbled out of bed and clumsily got his clothes on. It was painful to be locked inside the fabric but he figured it would slow down and disappear after a little time of domesticities. When he was sure it wouldn't be too difficult to walk down the stairs he headed for the kitchen.

He fumbled around to make coffee and leaned against the counter with his forehead resting on a cabinet while he closed his eyes to get a grip of himself. That was a harder task then he had expected. Images, sentences, everything from the previous night was roaming around his brain and the feeling of Kurt's skin against his own was still warm like burn marks everywhere.

What has happened to me? Less than 24 hours ago I was nearly dying on the asphalt, and now I have a guy in my bathroom. Kurt. I'm with Kurt. I am with Kurt!

"No coffee yet?" Kurt's voice sounded behind him and Blaine felt his arms lock around his waist. He rested his chin on Blaine's shoulder and for a second Blaine was sure his heart was on its way out of his throat.

He stiffened for a moment, grasping himself and deadly scared because how the hell was he supposed to act around a boyfriend? He had never had boyfriend. *Shit, Kurt is my boyfriend!*

He carefully turned around, Kurt not unlocking his arms, so he was met by the scent of mint toothpaste and Kurt still only in his boxers. Blaine smiled insecurely at him and Kurt smiled back with a raised eyebrow in a what-the-hell-are-you-laughing-at-fashion.

"No. But uhm... soon," Blaine mumbled without knowing where to look. His eyes darted around the room, but eventually ended on his shirt crumpling between them.

"Are you still nervous? I told you I'm not gonna do anything you don't like, alright?" Kurt assured him with his eyes scrutinizing Blaine's face.

In response Blaine pressed his lips together, still afraid to look him in the eyes so Kurt grabbed his chin and forced him to meet his eyes.

"Are you having second thoughts about this? You don't wanna be with me anyway?" Kurt asked. His eyes turned hard and his lips pursed. Somehow his entire body seemed to go cold and stiff around Blaine.

"What? Why would you say that? Of course I do, I ticked the right box, right? I am crazy about you -" Blaine panicked, afraid Kurt would turn around to put on his clothes and leave, so Blaine prepared himself to beg him to stay.

To his relief Kurt turned warm and soft again. He didn't smile but let go of Blaine's chin and let his hand pull him closer. He stared at him for a moment, like he was considering whether he meant it or not, but slowly nodded.

"Good. Good then," he said and leaned in to put a kiss to Blaine's lips before he let go of him and walked to sit by the dining table.

Blaine stayed where he was. He watched as Kurt looked around the kitchen, taking in the scenery of where he was. Suddenly Blaine was very aware of the pictures of him and Cooper on the wall, and the picture of him and Tina from last Halloween where they were dressed as a pirate and a mermaid - homemade costumes, of course.

As soon as the coffee was done Blaine hurried to get two mugs and put one on the table in front of Kurt before he sat down in the chair opposite him. He turned his mug over and over again on the table in front of him, staring into the black liquid twirling around in front of him, and neither of them said anything.

"You live sort of fancy," Kurt remarked and gulped down a mouthful of his coffee, his eyes still grazing the room.

It was strange to sit there like that. Blaine felt like a stranger in his own home. Somehow it was like he wasn't the same person as he was when they had entered the house the night before.

He wanted to say something back, but he didn't know what it should be. He had never considered them to be living fancy, or particularly different than other people. So he shrugged and drank his coffee in silence.

Blaine got off his chair and found out some cereal. He offered Kurt and he returned to the table where they consumed their breakfast without exchanging words. When they were done Kurt got off his chair and excused himself that he needed to smoke, so Blaine said that he would clean up himself.

When he returned to his bedroom Kurt was on the bed under the covers, curled up to a ball like a sleeping kitten. In some way he looked peaceful, almost like the angelic boy Tina had described that he used to be.

I wonder if he'll ever be like that again, Blaine thought to himself.

"Come 'ere. Lie with me. Please," Kurt mumbled into the sheets without so much as opening his eyes. He simply opened the covers to indicate that he was waiting for him to come to the bed instead of standing by the door.

At first Blaine wasn't sure. He shifted his weight a little and looked at Kurt as he was nearly hidden by the covers, but so openly presenting himself, wanting to be close to him. He chewed a little on his cheek, turning it over in his head before Kurt opened his eyes and sat up to stare at him.

Kurt watched him shifting, nervously twisting his fingers in his hands and feeling a need to jump into Kurt's arms but some sort of magnetic field was holding him back. The old feeling of Kurt never wanting to be with him.

Without warning Kurt moved to the edge of the bed where he stretched out to catch Blaine's hand. He pulled him closer so he was right in front of Kurt, nearly standing between his legs and observing his hands fumbling around as he could feel Kurt's eyes locked on him.

"Will you please stop that? It's getting kind of stupid, you know - I asked you to lie with me because I want you to, alright? By now you should have sort of figured out that I won't hurt you. I just wanna - try the whole cuddling thing people are so into. We still have a few hours to kill before this observation thing is over, so I thought we could at least..." Kurt said, and his voice was soft and begging. Blaine had never heard anything like it before and it was like it hit something inside him.

Blaine nodded, without words to offer. He forced himself to look into Kurt's eyes and keep it up, before he took a step further and Kurt made room so they could lie down together. Blaine laid on his back and Kurt put his arm around his waist to drag him closer. It felt odd, and he couldn't figure out whether it was comforting or scary that Kurt felt like he didn't know what to do either.

"Did you ever like... date anyone before?" Blaine asked quietly, staring into the ceiling without knowing where else to put his gaze.

Kurt's breathing was low and comforting against his neck, and he could feel that he was turning the question over in his head. That was kind of weird - it wasn't like he had asked his opinion on something. Kurt cleared his throat and Blaine knew that he was ready to respond.

"In my sophomore year there was this girl," he started out and Blaine felt everything inside him tie up by the word. A girl. There had been a girl once.

"A girl? I thought you were... gay?" Blaine burst out before he could stop it, and he realized that he sounded hurt. He didn't have anything against it if Kurt was bi or something, he just felt somewhat betrayed or lied to that Kurt hadn't told him that.

"I am! Would you listen instead of freaking out?" Kurt snapped and Blaine could feel his muscles tense. Apparently it didn't take much to push him over the edge, and Blaine noted that he had to remember that, to not piss him off.

"Sorry," he mumbled and fell quiet, hoping it wouldn't be too bad.

"So... there was this girl. In my glee club. We sort of made out for a week. She was a sleep-around, so I mostly kept asking her about what it was like to be with guys instead of making out with her. I only did it to get my dad's attention, though -" Kurt explained, and Blaine felt himself relax. So Kurt hadn't lied.

Blaine turned it over in his head. He could remember a few years ago when Tina had told him about a gay guy in her glee club suddenly being with one of the girls and how everyone had been shocked and confused. He couldn't remember anymore though. Maybe she had never told him how it ended.

"Did it help then? Did you get his attention?" He asked carefully, hoping he wasn't overstepping. He needed to figure out a way to find the lines, where it was okay to go and where it wasn't.

It was all so confusing and stressing. How was he supposed to be so intimate with someone he didn't know? He tried thinking over what he did when he was with Tina, but all he could think about was shopping and watching musicals and TV shows. Sometimes they went out for lunch or dinner, or stayed home to cook themselves - that wasn't exactly stuff he could see Kurt being into.

What would they ever do together?

"Yeah. Sort of. But - no. I've never *really* been with anyone before," Kurt said, not really sounding like it bothered him.

"But... you didn't exactly seem like you were a... virgin - last night?" Blaine stammered and closed his eyes. This was definitely private information.

Kurt laughed. He laughed loudly before it sort of died out and he fell silent with a sigh, making Blaine feel like he was missing out on a joke or something.

"No. Wouldn't exactly say that I was. There was this guy that I met in Scandal's last year - he did the job for me, and I've been with a few. No one material for anything serious though. Not like I've ever been serious about anyone," he explained like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Blaine wasn't sure how he should feel about that. *Not like I've ever been serious about anyone* - the words were echoing in the back of his mind. He couldn't figure out what position that put him in, but he felt like it would definitely be a push to Kurt's buttons to ask.

So he tried to ease his mind, ease his thoughts. He let his hand up to close around Kurt's arm lying over his waist, tried letting the scent of nicotine and summer rain fill his nostrils. He still smelled like sweat and sex, and it was hard to not focus on that instead.

"Were you... did you like - date anyone before?" Kurt asked, and Blaine was surprised. He didn't think it mattered to him whether Blaine had been with anyone before him. That he simply didn't care.

"No. I mean... the guy I knew in my old school, we sort of experimented with each other. We never did anything other than make out and such, but we didn't feel anything for each other. I never felt anything for anyone - like this," Blaine told him, and considered whether he should have added that he had never felt like he felt for him, for Kurt.

Kurt didn't say anything. His breathing was ghosting over Blaine's shoulder, and it made chills run down his spine as he felt goosebumps spreading all over his body. He wanted to take off his clothes, he missed the feeling of Kurt's skin against his, but he figured it would be weird if he started stripping off his clothes now.

"You mean like the way you feel about me," Kurt whispered and Blaine felt heat boil under his skin. His lips were ghosting over the skin on his cheek and Blaine wanted to turn to kiss them, it felt like it had been years since he had felt them against his own.

He nodded and he knew that Kurt was staring, taking in his expression. Once again he was overwhelmed by the sensation of being there with Kurt, being there in his arms and he suddenly felt a strong need to call and tell Tina everything about it.

"Blaine. I - I really suck at this. I have no idea how to be with people. All I ever do is - hang around with Puck pretending I'm tough. But... I don't wanna fuck it up with you. Because I like you, and it scares me," Kurt whispered and this time Blaine turned to lie on his side so he could stare Kurt in the eyes.

He really did look scared. Like this was something he had never thought he would ever say to anyone. Like he had promised himself to never let himself be vulnerable in this way.

"It's okay. I've never been with anyone either. I don't... I'm terrible at people relations. Somehow I always seem to mess up with people I wanna be close to. I have no idea why Tina have put up with me for so many years. But... I really like you too. And that's a good thing, right? At least we can be scared together," Blaine smiled at him, doing his best to be comforting and assuring.

Kurt grinned. A spark tinkled in his eyes, and it was hard to suppress an urge to reach up to brush a hand down his cheek.

"You're really beautiful," Blaine said, unable to stop himself, but in reality he didn't want to. He wanted Kurt to know how much he liked him, how beautiful he thought he was.

Kurt's eyes flickered between Blaine's before he suddenly raised an eyebrow and burst into a laugh.

"Okay, if you're gonna say stuff like that you have to warn me first. That is just..." he laughed and Blaine felt stupid.

His cheeks grew red and he wanted to turn around, to hide. He seriously needed to figure out what he could and could not say when he was with Kurt because there was no way he could keep embarrassing himself like that.

"You're really cute. In an innocent, Bambi kind of way," Kurt chuckled and dragged Blaine a little closer.

They stayed in bed for a bit. The tension between them was still strong. It was hard to find something to talk about, and Blaine felt like they should be talking, trying to get to know each other - in reality they didn't know anything about one another.

Around noon Blaine declared that he would go see if he could find something they could have for lunch, and Kurt groaned tired in response. When Blaine started getting out of bed Kurt pulled him back to kiss him and Blaine felt giddy all the way to the kitchen.

He couldn't help dancing and singing around the kitchen. He regretted that he hadn't thought to bring his phone so he could at least send Tina a long, hormone-filled text with a promise of details to come.

"I just figured we could like..." Blaine started to say and stopped in the door when he saw Kurt was on the phone.

His phone. Kurt was talking in his phone, and Blaine felt all blood disappear from his face. He had no idea why Kurt would be talking on his phone, or who he could be talking to but he didn't like the idea.

"No. It's none of your business... Because I say so - who says I can't actually like the guy? Just... *back off*," Kurt growled into the phone and hung up. He threw the phone to the bed and buried his face in his hands. He obviously hadn't noticed that Blaine had returned to the room.

"Why were you... were you just talking to someone on my phone?" Blaine asked insecurely and couldn't figure out if he was angry or nervous.

Kurt's hands left his face and he sat up to look at Blaine with a startled expression.

"Yeah. Uhm - your phone rang, so I figured I would take it to you, but I saw that it was Tina so I figured I would answer it and say hi, but she just freaked out," he explained and rolled his eyes.

He should have at least texted her. He knew he should. She had threatened to call him to hear everything about Scandal's.

Blaine didn't know if he should be angry. He actually didn't know how he should react at all. He didn't have anything to hide, but the second he had seen that it was his phone Kurt was holding his first fear had been his mom. He couldn't wrap his mind about his mom calling and a stranger, Kurt, answered his phone.

"What did she say?" He asked in a desperate attempt to push away the dreading realization that he would have to tell his parents about Kurt some day, and he was pretty sure he wasn't going to live to tell the tale.

"She went all chick crazy. Told me to stay away from you. She said that you weren't used to people like me, and that you deserve better -" he shrugged, as if it wasn't a big deal.

Blaine was shocked. He knew that Tina wanted him to stay away from Kurt, but he had never expected her to talk to Kurt like that - regardless of how much she didn't like the way he had changed.

He took a few steps closer to the bed. He looked at Kurt for a moment before he crawled over it to sit on Kurt's thighs. He was clearly as surprised over the sudden action as Blaine was himself.

"Don't... she doesn't know what she's talking about," Blaine cooed softly and let a hand onto Kurt's shoulder, wanting to caress his cheek but knew that it would only make the situation worse.

"Oh, but she does. You do deserve someone better than me," Kurt stated and let his hands lock on Blaine's hips as he was looking up on his face. From this angle Blaine was sure his eyelashes went on and on forever.

"I am a crappy person, with nowhere to go - but luckily for me I am selfish, and I am not gonna give you up, so Second-Chang can fuck off," Kurt declared with a flat voice.

Blaine was stunned. His mouth felt dry and his head had turned heavy. He knew that Tina would be difficult to get eased into this, but he had wanted her to find out in a different way. He had wanted to tell her nice and calm and explain it all to her.

"She's still my best friend, though," Blaine muttered lowly, suddenly facing the horrible fact that he wouldn't be able to have his best friend and his boyfriend in the same room.

Boyfriend.

"Is she really? If she doesn't think that you can take care of yourself? If she doesn't believe that you can be happy with me even if it's me you wanna be with? How good of a friend is she really, then?" Kurt asked harsh and his eyes had turned cold. If this had been any other situation Blaine would have been scared of him.

"She just doesn't know how are you when we're alone. She's just worried about me," Blaine tried again, determined not to give up so easily.

"Yeah, I bet she is," Kurt snorted and pushed Blaine away so he could lie back down.

Blaine fell to his ass on the mattress next to Kurt and stared at him. He was angry that Kurt would just brush it off like that and even more that he acted like Tina was a simple thorn in his eye - but he was also angry that Tina had made Kurt feel like he was worthless.

Blaine could help thinking that this wasn't how he was supposed to feel. He had just got a boyfriend, the guy he had been head over heels for, for weeks and they had even spent the night together; the day was supposed to be beautiful, and he was supposed to be happy and giddy - not angry and frustrated.

He sighed heavily and fell hard to the mattress. He stared into the ceiling that was way too white and stinging in his eyes. It was hot, so incredibly hot, and he just wanted to get rid of all of his clothes.

"I'm gonna go take a shower. You can take one after if you want," Blaine grumbled before he found some clothes in the closet and went to the bathroom.

He hadn't even waited for Kurt to respond, but he could feel him looking after him as he disappeared out the door. Having a boyfriend was much harder work than he had expected and they had only just got together. It made him scared to think of how hard it would be later.

The water was cold and soothing on his skin. He could almost still feel Kurt inside of him and it made him happy, because it made the memory so much more real. He missed the feeling of Kurt's fingers on his skin and he wished that it would be easier when he was clean. That he could somehow find the courage to curl up in Kurt's arms and it would be okay for him to do so. He longed so much to do it.

Suddenly a pair of slippery hands grabbed his arms. They turned him around and he was face-to-face with Kurt. He wasn't smiling at him, merely looking tired and worn out. He grabbed the shampoo and started washing his own hair while Blaine watched him in awe.

"I was supposed to keep you under observation. Not leave you out of sight," Kurt reminded him and pushed the shampoo bottle into Blaine's hand. He stared at it for a minute as if he had never seen anything like before he slowly started washing his own hair.

Kurt was watching him and suddenly Blaine felt very strongly that Kurt was taller than him. It was only a little bit, but right now it felt like miles, and Blaine felt like a child compared to him.

He let his hands drop to his sides and took a few steps closer. His one hand flew up between their torsos where he made his fingertips run lightly down Kurt's pale chest. It wasn't until then he noticed a tattoo on the inside of Kurt's left bicep. He couldn't make out what it was and he didn't want to ask, not now at least - but he wanted to know. Somehow it felt like it was crucial to understanding who Kurt was.

The water was streaming down over their heads. It was cold and such a relief compared to the steaming summer temperature outside. The sound of the streams of water hitting the porcelain under their feet was a relaxing humming and Blaine secretly wished that they could stay there forever.

"You're not as tough as you think you are. As you want me, other people, to think you are," Blaine exclaimed, his fingertips traveling from Kurt's wrist and up his arm. He couldn't help wondering whether

he had other tattoos he hadn't noticed. Suddenly an urge to discover every tiny detail of Kurt's body overwhelmed him.

"I think that maybe - somewhere deep down - you long to be the person you once was, the person you used to be," Blaine whispered and even though Kurt's eyes were flickering Blaine steadily held his eyes locked on Kurt's.

"He was a weak bitch. I'm not going back to being that guy again. Never," Kurt groaned with pursed lips and hard eyes.

"You still are that guy, you're just afraid you're gonna get hurt again -" Blaine argued. It wasn't because he wanted to change Kurt; he had fallen in love with his bad attitude and his way of not caring about what everyone else thought - but he couldn't stop feeling that it was all just a façade. All smoke and mirrors, and in reality Kurt wasn't like that.

"This is bullshit. You don't know me!" Kurt snapped and gritted his teeth as he took a firm grip around Blaine's wrist to stop his fingers from moving around his body.

Blaine was startled. It all went so fast. Yet, he didn't let it show that he was taken by surprise. He didn't want to give Kurt that satisfaction. He wanted to show Kurt that he could be in control as well, and that Kurt shouldn't just expect him to play by his rules all the way.

"Kurt - it's okay. If you want me to be your boyfriend you're gonna have to be honest with me. And you need to trust me, trust that I won't hurt you. I never could -" Blaine said softly, not even so much as struggling to twist his wrist out of Kurt's painful grip.

Without warning Kurt had pushed him against the wall with his entire body. He crashed his lips onto Blaine's and shoved his tongue into his mouth. He pinned his arm against the wall and the cold from the tiles made shivers run down his spine and spread to his entire body, making him shake and tremble.

He couldn't stop his growing erection from Kurt being pressed against him like that. Kurt's body was warm and wet against his own and the roughness of his kiss shot directly into Blaine's veins and towards his crotch.

Kurt was back in charge.

"If you ever get that sappy with me again I might have to tie you up," Kurt growled and sucked hard on Blaine's lower lip before he pushed himself away.

He grabbed another bottle and poured the blue gel into his hand. Blaine was still locked against the tiles as he felt Kurt starting to rub the shower gel into his skin.

It was weird how a soft gesture like Kurt's hands gently massaging his skin felt like the most intimate moment in his life. He let him do it, and when Kurt slowly put his lips to his ear to whisper for him to turn around he obeyed without questions.

"You're real damn hot, and I really fucking like you," Kurt said as he washed down Blaine's shoulder blades before he made his hands slide from Blaine's ribs onto his front and down his abdomens to take a grip around his shaft.

Kurt was pressing his own body against Blaine's and he could clearly feel that Kurt was hard against his ass. The cold from the tiles he was splayed against made his nipples feel like diamonds and he almost whimpered from the entire situation.

"Don't make me punish you. I would do that if necessary," Kurt said directly into his ear and caught his earlobe between his teeth before letting his hard cock slide between Blaine's cheeks with a firm squeeze around his dick.

"God, Kurt," Blaine moaned and turned his head with a hope for a kiss, but Kurt let go off everything and took a few steps back.

Blaine stayed against the wall to catch his breath and make sure his knees wouldn't buck under him if he moved. He could feel Kurt's eyes on his back and he was sure that he was admiring his work, so Blaine turned around, his back pressed against the wall, and made his eyes meet Kurt's.

"What if I want you to punish me?" He asked without so much as raising an eyebrow, but in reality everything inside him was turning. His insides were a confused mix of laughing at his own words, and crying and shaking at what he was doing.

What the hell am I getting myself into here?

Kurt smirked at him and grabbed his shoulder to pull him under the water again. Suddenly everything had changed as if it had never happened, and for a moment Blaine considered whether it even had - or if he had gone completely crazy.

"Wash up. If I'm staying here another night I will have to go home quickly and you're going with me. Doctor's orders," Kurt exclaimed and started finishing washing himself.

xXx

Blaine felt weird. He was back in the passenger seat of his own car with Kurt at the wheel. He kept sneaking glances at him from the corner of his eye, but mostly he kept looking out the front.

When Kurt stopped the car it was in the driveway of a house smaller than Blaine's own. Not that it was small, it was simply smaller. It had a neat front yard and it looked pretty much like every other house on the street.

As they entered the house a strange sense of home welled over Blaine. It nearly felt like he had been there before, or that he simply knew that he was welcome anytime he might need it - something that definitely didn't suit up with Kurt. The hall was long and slightly dark. Blaine followed Kurt to the living room where a man was sitting. Kurt went in to stand a few steps inside the room while Blaine figured he'd better stay by the door.

"Dad, I'm just gonna go grab some stuff and then I'll be back out again," Kurt said and the man stared at him, taking his eyes off the TV screen in front of him. He didn't look particular old, but more like time and troubles had aged him, like he was exhausted from being alive.

"Are you okay, kid? Who's your friend?" Kurt's dad asked and Blaine nearly jumped from the acknowledgment of his presence. He had done his best to keep in the background with a hope that he could manage to stay invisible.

"I'm fine," Kurt growled and balled his hands to fists, dissatisfied with the intrusion in his well-being.

"This is Blaine. I'm just babysitting him until tomorrow," he ended and turned on his heel. He rushed past Blaine and headed for the stairs in the hall.

Blaine shot the man a look that he hoped was apologizing before he hurried to follow Kurt up the stairs. His throat was burning and his eyes were stinging. He was just babysitting him, nothing else.

Kurt's room was filled by nothing but a bed, a dresser and a nearly empty bookcase. Clothes were shattered around the floor and a laptop was lying on the messy bed that Kurt gestured for him to sit on. Blaine couldn't help wondering what he would find if he turned on the computer and ventured around Kurt's files.

Kurt only slammed the door close before he started stripping off his clothes. All of it. He walked naked to the dresser before he found out a pair of tight black jeans, a washed out t-shirt with a skull on the front and ended with socks and underwear.

He rushed it all on before he disappeared through a door that Blaine could only assume was his bathroom. He could hear water running and stuff being moved around before Kurt returned with perfectly groomed hair. His face even looked like he had just washed it.

"Wait here," he warned with a sharp glance at Blaine before he went out the door to the hall. He had probably meant to close it after him, but the door went right open after him.

He didn't mean to. He honestly didn't, but when he heard voices from downstairs he couldn't help but eavesdrop. He was so curious to find out how Kurt was when he was at home and didn't have to keep up his attitude.

"Dad, are you okay? I can stay home if you want me to," he heard Kurt's voice say. It was completely transformed. It was soft and filled with concern.

"I'm fine, kid. Are you okay? You know I get worried about you. Especially when you don't come home at night," his dad responded, his voice a little lighter than it had been when Blaine was downstairs.

"I'm really good, dad. Don't worry about me. I've just been with Blaine and I'm going to his house again. It's not so long from here, so don't hesitate to call if you need something," Kurt assured him and Blaine felt the flames ease up a little.

There was a short moment of incoherent talk, sounds and words Blaine couldn't make out before his heart completely melted to a puddle in his chest.

"By the way... Blaine - he's not my friend. He's my boyfriend, actually. I really, really like him," Kurt said and he nearly sounded insecure and innocent. It made Blaine's heart jump and he had to stop himself from not squealing.

"Really? You should tell him that. He looks like a good kid, maybe he can get you back on track. I hope you're careful and take care of each other," Kurt's dad responded and Blaine thought he heard relief in his voice. He really hoped so.

"It's really not that easy. I - wanna let him know. I told him -"

"But did you show him?"

There was a bit more incoherent talk again, and Blaine started fearing Kurt might be on his way back to the room when his eyes nearly teared up.

"I have to go, dad. But please - if you need anything let me know. I love you, dad -" Kurt said with a thick voice, and Blaine could hear ruffling fabrics before here were footsteps around downstairs.

Blaine tiptoed over the floor to push the door close to make it look like he hadn't heard anything, and hopefully Kurt wouldn't even consider it once he returned.

When Kurt came back to his room he was chewing gum and carried a bag. He went to the dresser and started shoving clothes into it while Blaine leaned back to rest on his elbows on the bed.

"What the hell are you smirking about? Something funny?" Kurt asked with a suspicious glare and threw the bag on the floor where it landed with a heavy thump.

"Nothing. Just... you," Blaine settled for grinning and he knew that Kurt would only get more suspicious, he just couldn't help it.

Kurt snorted and took a look around as if he could see the reason for Blaine's smile somewhere. When he didn't find anything he took a few steps closer to the bed where he dropped down on top of Blaine, making him fall to lie completely down.

"Are you ready for a few more hours with me?" Kurt asked with a devious smile creeping over his face and Blaine felt like boring his nose into his neck so he could let Kurt's scent fill every fiber of his being.

He nodded as nonchalantly as he could muster, answered by Kurt attacking his mouth with his lips and tongue. His kiss was aggressive and he tasted like raspberry gum. Even though it was nearly painful Blaine wanted the kiss to never stop; it felt like Kurt was trying to mark him in some way and he wanted him to. He wanted a physical mark to proof that he was Kurt's.

xXx

When they were back in Blaine's house they realized they had completely forgot about lunch after the problem with Tina. It was already late afternoon so they decided to order pizza and watch TV in Blaine's room. Blaine didn't say anything, but he figured it better to keep Kurt as little in the rest of the house as possible because he never knew if there could somehow be any indications of his presence when they left and he really didn't want that conversation with his parents to happen.

They didn't talk much, except for the occasional comments to what was happening on the screen, or when Kurt suddenly felt the need to place a heavy kiss on Blaine followed by "*that was nice*". It felt a bit odd to be together in silence like that, but Blaine was simply happy that Kurt had even wanted to keep up his promise of the 30 hours and not just stayed home or done something else.

"I think... maybe I should call Tina. Tell her that I'm still alive and that you haven't... hurt me," Blaine stammered after a long time of silence where Kurt was sitting on the desk smoking.

He wasn't sure how Kurt would feel about it, but he already felt bad that he hadn't called her earlier to clear out what had happened between her and Kurt when he had talked to her in the morning.

Kurt didn't say anything, though. He simply stared at Blaine and grunted. It was hard to decipher his expression and Blaine wanted to ask him if he was okay with it, what he was thinking, but instead he scooped off the bed to find his phone.

He sat at the foot of the bed and decided that he wouldn't make it last too long. They could always talk it over properly when he wasn't with Kurt, so he figured he would simply make her know that he was still alive and agree for when they should meet again.

"Hey. Uhm... I just figured I'd let you know that I'm not dead yet," Blaine trilled into the phone when Tina answered.

There was a long time of silence. It felt like forever, but eventually Tina sighed heavily at the other end of the receiver.

"Blaine. What are you doing? I thought you weren't going to talk to him, only see him - then what is he doing answering your phone all the sudden?" Tina blabbered out and Blaine nearly couldn't make out the words.

He was not ready for that discussion. He squeezed his eyes shut and searched his brain for a way to get out of that. He could feel that even though Kurt was doing his best to stare out the window to emphasize how much he really didn't care, he was still shooting him glances from the corner of his eye. He was completely put on the spot.

"Would you relax? It's not like he kidnapped me or anything. Can we please not discuss this over the phone?" Blaine protested and felt his mouth go dry.

He hadn't even noticed Kurt leaving the desk by the window, but suddenly he felt kisses on his neck and his insides turned warm. It was like he was tickled all over his skin with a feather, and he wanted to push back into Kurt's embrace even though he knew that if he did that he would lose complete focus and all that would come from his mouth would be a mix of incoherent sounds which definitely wouldn't strengthen his case.

"You taste so good," Kurt moaned against his neck as he started tracing cat licks up his tanned skin, with his hands palming their way from his shoulders down his chest.

"What's that? Oh Blaine can't we just... I'm gonna come to your house. You're home right?" She burst out and he could hear that she was already getting ready to leave.

Kurt's hands were on their way down his shirt and he could feel that he was pressing his body against his back. His head turned light and it was a heavy battle to get himself back to consciousness enough to realize the disaster it would be if Tina suddenly showed up.

"No. Can't we please... do this another time? Kurt is still here," he tried to explain and his fingers were working their way into Kurt's hair as he had started kissing his way down Blaine's neck, towards his shoulder, but suddenly he did a dissatisfied sound of his tongue and retreated hands and lips to fall on the bed behind Blaine.

"He's still there? How long are you planning on him spending at your house? Please, this is really not because I wanna screw everything up for you - I want you to be happy. I'm just afraid that... you're blinded by all his smoke and mirrors. I don't want to comfort you when he hurts you, I hate seeing you hurt." Her voice went through a spectrum of shocked, through confused ending at concerned and soft.

He knew that. He already knew that, which was why he wasn't already freaking out at her way of going into it when it wasn't any of her business. Tina simply wanted him happy, and he loved her for it. He just wished that she could see that Kurt was the one to make him happy.

"Tina, he makes me happy. I really like Kurt, you know that - and he likes me. He's not the way you think he is. He practically saved my life last night. I'll meet you tomorrow night and we can talk about it, alright?" Blaine sighed and regretted that he had to have this conversation in front of Kurt.

"Saved your life? What is that supposed to mean? Blaine you can't just throw stuff like that at me and then expect me to -"

"Tomorrow, Tina. Alright. Love you," Blaine groaned with an eye roll and ended the call before she could spin it too far.

He dumped back on the mattress, hitting Kurt's feet with his head, but not caring. He closed his eyes and let the phone fall onto the sheets, desperately praying that Kurt would pretend he hadn't witnessed that.

He laughed. Somewhere behind Blaine Kurt was laughing, chuckling, for some reason that Blaine couldn't see.

"What's so funny?" Blaine asked without looking at him.

"You'd think that being gay would mean that you wouldn't have to deal with chicks anymore. Apparently that doesn't apply to all gays," Kurt chuckled and Blaine rushed to his elbows so he could turn around to look at him.

He wanted to be annoyed by Kurt's comment. He wanted to let him know that he wasn't going to keep putting up with his snarky remarks on his friendship with Tina because that was one thing that was never going to change. Nevertheless he couldn't build it up, the sharp comment or the firm request.

"Did she throw a fit at you?" Kurt asked, and Blaine was surprised. He hadn't thought he would be even remotely interested in how Tina would react - that he wouldn't care about how them being together affected Blaine's other relationships.

However, even though his voice was just as mocking as it had been only a few seconds ago a flicker of concern filled his eyes, and Blaine felt a sudden need to throw his arms around his neck.

He didn't. Instead he moved around to crawl on his knees to be between Kurt's legs. Kurt shot him a stare of sarcastic disapproval to his action but he didn't let it stop him. He dived down and kissed him hard, putting as much aggression into the act as he possible could. He felt Kurt's hands slide up his thighs to grab at his ass.

The feeling of Kurt's hands grabbing and his fingers running up the seam of his jeans at his crack made him fear his arms would buckle under his weight so he ended the kiss and fell to his side before causing any damage.

"She didn't. Could we not talk about that?" Blaine sighed heavily and turn on his side to look at the TV.

Kurt seemed surprised but returned his attention to the TV as well. Throughout the rest of the evening Blaine did his best to pretend Kurt wasn't there. Kurt changed between sitting on the desk smoking and lie on the bed, though it didn't seem like he was even watching the programs shown.

When Blaine started yawning he figured he might as well go to sleep. There was no reason to stay awake, so he went to the bathroom to brush his teeth and wash his face. When he returned to his room both the TV and the light was turned off and Kurt was sitting on the windowsill with his back on the room and his legs out the window.

Blaine started to change into a fresh pair of pajamas but was startled when Kurt spoke without so much as looking at him.

"Don't wear that stupid ass nightwear. You're not a girl," he exclaimed and blew out a mouthful of smoke.

He stopped in the middle of dragging on his pants to think about it. After a short moment he continued. It wasn't like Kurt was suddenly allowed to dictate his life choices and he was afraid that if he caved to him now he would never stop.

When he had pulled a t-shirt over his head Blaine stumbled to the bed and laid down. He grabbed his phone and sent his mom a text that he would go to bed and he was still doing fine before he came to the conclusion that he probably should text Tina as well.

Blaine: "You don't have to worry so much. Kurt is completely different when we're alone. I really want to tell you everything. Please just be happy for me."

At first he thought she wasn't going to reply. He guessed that she might already have gone to bed, or maybe she was with Mike, so he put his phone to the nightstand right before a text arrived.

Tina: "And I wanna hear everything. If you can be happy with Kurt then I am happy for you, as long as he doesn't screw up. Just promise you'll be careful around him."

Blaine: "I promise. He would kill me if he knew I told you, but he's really sweet. There's nothing to worry about. Goodnight xxxx"

Tina: "If not I'll have to kick his butt (: Goodnight xxxx"

Blaine was grinning to himself in the dark and it felt like an iceberg was melting in his stomach. It was a grand relief to have Tina finally be okay with it and he was sure that he could sleep easy.

He put his phone back to the nightstand and got ready to sleep. He didn't notice when Kurt had left the window but he heard the door open behind him. He heard Kurt's footsteps down the hall and wondered what he was doing, but tried his best to not let it take too much of his thoughts. He didn't want to be one of those guys completely caught up by their boyfriend - especially not when Kurt so clearly strived to be in charge of everything.

It was a long time before he heard Kurt come back down the hall. His footsteps were nearly inaudible over the floor in Blaine's room and he didn't even hear the door be closed. Apparently he was very considerate in not wanting to wake up Blaine.

He carefully climbed into the bed behind Blaine and moved as close to him under the covers as possible. He put an arm around Blaine's waist and pressed a kiss to his neck, softer than Blaine even knew he was capable of.

Blaine turned around to fold his arm around Kurt and hide his face against his chest where he could disappear completely in his embrace. Kurt let his fingers run under his shirt on his back and kissed his hair lightly.

"You smell good," Blaine mumbled and kissed Kurt's naked chest, a wish to taste his scent.

"I thought I asked you not to wear that lame pajamas," Kurt responded and pulled a little at the hem of Blaine's shirt.

Blaine moved a little out, doing his best to not let go but still have a clear view of Kurt's face, and he was happy to find that Kurt was looking at him as well.

"No. You didn't ask me. You simply ordered me to. You can't just think that you can tell me what to do or not do. It doesn't work that way. If you want a... someone you can boss around that's not me," he said, struggling to be firm, yet without sounding like he was giving an order himself.

Kurt's eyebrows sought for the middle of his forehead and he looked like he was thinking. Like he was turning it over in his head, and giving it an honest consideration, which had Blaine relieved because he had feared that it would end in a discussion about who had the right to do what.

It didn't. Kurt simply wiped it away and pretended it had never been said.

"You shouldn't go around telling people I saved your life. That's stupid. I didn't save you, if anything you would probably have been way better off without me," he said and kissed Blaine's forehead, Blaine's eyes widening in shock.

How can he say something like that? If anyone here is stupid it's him.

"You did save my life. If you hadn't taken me to the hospital I would have coughed my lungs out on the pavement. Would you stop that idiotic self-downgrading?"

He could feel that each time Kurt referred to himself in a way that made him appear worthless or simply downgraded himself he turned angry. He would gladly admit that there were some things Kurt could be better at, and that he could probably care a little more - he wasn't perfect, but he definitely wasn't worthless either.

"You really don't live in the real world, do you? It's okay, it's cute. As long as it doesn't get you into more trouble than it already has," Kurt said and pulled him closer.

"Would you please just take off that pajamas?" Kurt asked, this time his voice struggling to emphasize how much it was a question and not a demand.

"Why do you even care? I like them, they're cozy," Blaine objected, annoyed that Kurt was campaigning so hard for something as pointless as whether he was sleeping in his underwear or more. It was him who was being boiled in the summer heat.

Kurt looked away. He let his eyes trace over the ceiling and around the room. He bit his lower and moved his face so close to Blaine that his breath was moistening his lips, the moment suddenly very intimate and fragile.

"Because... I wanna feel you. I want your skin on mine. Please," Kurt whispered, and he was like a whole different person. A small, innocent and delicate boy.

At first Blaine feared he was joking. That he was simply pulling an act to make him strip off, but after having searched his eyes for what felt like ages he finally decided that there was no way this could be an act. This was Kurt simply being a boy who wanted to be close to his boyfriend.

"Uhm... okay then. Me too," Blaine agreed and started to take off his clothes.

It only took him a few seconds to have it all end up on the floor and he was in his underwear. He moved back to Kurt's arms and arched his neck to put a chaste kiss to his lips, happy that Kurt returned the innocence.

"I like feeling you. You're really soft and warm," Kurt whispered through the dark.

To know that Kurt could be like this; quiet and honest gave Blaine a sense of comfort. He had feared that Kurt's deep honesty would be something he was going to fight for, or that he might never be 1000% certain when Kurt was playing or he was being himself, and the thought had scared him

Chapter Three

It was early when Blaine couldn't sleep anymore and after some time lying in Kurt's arms and listening to his hushed breathing he started kissing around his shoulder, neck and collarbone, until he moved down to suck and lightly bite his nipple.

Kurt gasped and his fingers twisted their way into Blaine's curls. He hummed lightly and kissed Blaine's hair before Blaine moved back up to lie next to him again.

His eyes were still closed but he was smiling and it was creeping under Blaine's skin. Like his smile was caressing Blaine's nerves and muscles, and he never wanted the feeling to go away. He never wanted Kurt's smile to go away - especially because he was the one who had put it on his face.

"That's a nice way to wake up. If only you had moved a little further south it would have been perfect," he said softly and opened an eye to have a look at Blaine who was simply watching him.

"I - that..." Blaine started to stammer. He was definitely not ready for that yet. He wanted to, but he wasn't sure he was confident enough to actually do it. Not yet.

"Relax. It's fine. But one day you will have to learn - need to get my dick sucked sometimes," Kurt said as if it was the most natural thing in the world, which it probably was to him. Blaine didn't know what to say so he simply shuffled closer and hoped that Kurt wasn't expecting a promise of anything.

They stayed in bed and shared a handful kisses, some more passionate than others, and Blaine did his best to push the world aside.

"Those 30 hours have long passed, you know - any regrets?" Kurt grinned against Blaine's mouth and chills ran down his spine from the vibrations.

He didn't even need a second to consider that. He knew even before Kurt asked and he felt completely confident about it.

"Not a thing. I feel pretty good about it all, I would say," Blaine declared and sucked lightly on Kurt's lower lip.

Reality had started creeping up on him though. He wanted to ask Kurt not to leave just because the 30 hours had ended, he wanted him to stay in his bed forever, but his parents would be home during the afternoon and he had a feeling that he would need to have a talk with them before telling them that he was dating a guy who rode a motorcycle and a healthy appetite for sex.

"I... you need to leave soon. My parents will get home today and I don't know when," Blaine said apologetically and let his face drop. He hated having to kick Kurt out like that.

"And you don't want your parents to know that you're fucking a piece of trash and enjoying every second?" Kurt asked, not judging, more like he was stating a fact that he needed confirmed.

"No. That's not it. You're not trash! - and I'm not just... fucking you. I just don't think it's a good idea to introduce you to my parents before they even know you exist. That I have a boyfriend," Blaine desperately tried to explain, to clarify that this wasn't because he was ashamed or because he wanted to hide it.

"Good point. Let's get going then," Kurt agreed and smacked a kiss on Blaine before he got to his feet and found out a cigarette.

xXx

It was hell to see Kurt leave. As he had left his motorcycle outside of Scandal's Friday night Blaine had to drive him there so he could get it home. Kurt forced him out of the car and kissed him against the door with his palm rubbing against his crotch so hard that Blaine nearly came down his thigh.

"So you don't forget me," Kurt grinned and bit hard down on his lower lip before kissing him one last time and turning on his heel where he walked towards the single motorcycle left on the parking lot.

"Like I could ever forget you," Blaine muttered to himself when he watched Kurt drive away, and he had to force himself back in the car so he could go home.

Everything in his house seemed to smell like Kurt. Even the places where he hadn't been, and Blaine slowly started to guess that it was him carrying the scent around.

As soon as he was back in his room he dropped face forward on the bed and realized that his sheets definitely were reeking with the scent of Kurt so he hurried to kick off his shoes and crawl under the covers so he could bury himself on Kurt's side of the bed.

He knew that he would have to change the sheets before his parents came home. He should already have done it the day before as there were sperm stench over the dark cotton. It truly was disgusting, but he wanted to stay surrounded by the smell of Kurt always, and he knew that if he changed the sheets all he would have was the scent of his mom's fabric softener.

He made sure to keep his window open - he even sprayed a bit of his deodorant around the room to cover up the smell of smoke best possible. He knew that if his parents could smell that someone had been smoking in his room they would have a heart attack.

When his parents were home he managed to act normal, as if nothing was different than usual. He greeted them in the kitchen, asked about their trip and listened politely to their stories.

There were no questions and when he told them that Tina would be coming over after dinner they didn't even get suspicious even though he had said that he would be spending the entire weekend with her.

A little voice in the back of his head kept telling him that he should tell his parents about Kurt. At least his mom. He thought that she had the right to know that his son had a boyfriend - but on the other hand he wanted to wait. It needed to be done properly.

To sit with Tina was a completely different experience. He told her all about his trip to Scandal's and how he had nearly given up hope when Kurt had walked in. How he had followed him outside and Kurt had found out because he had an asthma attack. He told her all about the emergency room and how Kurt had woken him up in the middle of the night before they had sex and agreed that they were together. He even showed her the letter Kurt had written him in the morning.

"I really hope that he treats you well. You do seem happy, and I want that for you, you know -" Tina said as he ended his tale with a happy sigh and fell back on the bed that sadly reminded him of how much it didn't smell like Kurt anymore.

She fell down to lie next to him, and he was happy to have Tina next to him and sharing this important moment in his life with him. It wouldn't have been as good as if she hadn't been there to support him.

"So... how is it gonna be? I mean, you go to Dalton, so far away, and he goes to McKinley - when he bothers to show up. All of his time is spent at the tire shop or drinking with Puck. Will you be able to live with that?" She asked, suddenly serious.

Blaine hadn't even thought about that. He hadn't considered how things would be between them or how often they would spend time together. They hadn't even made plans for when they would see each other again. It wasn't until when he had stopped the car in front of Scandal's that he had remembered that he didn't have Kurt's number.

"I don't know. We didn't really talk about that. I guess we're just gonna figure that out along the way," he shrugged and felt a little dumb that he hadn't paid any attention to something as important.

xXx

Having a boyfriend was hard work. Like really hard work. Or maybe it was just because it was Kurt, Blaine didn't really know - all he knew was that he could get frustrated over everything very easily these days.

He still kept school, still was the top of his class, studying hard and was the energetic front man of The Warblers. He kept up his volunteer work with music lessons for the kids and still found time to keep boxing and hang out with his friends on the side. Nothing about that was changed.

Now, the hard work was more than one thing. It didn't matter where he was or what he was doing, or even who he was with - all he could think about was Kurt. He would fantasize about his soft lips and tongue against his own, his hands on his body, his intensely blue eyes or even the way he looked when he took a heave of his cigarette before he let his jaw and throat work to pulse it through his O-shaped mouth.

That definitely was a problem when he was in the middle of a test, or shopping with Tina, perfecting his vocals with The Warblers - or the worst; having lunch with his mom.

What also was hard work, probably even more, was the worrying. Blaine never knew when he would see Kurt again because Kurt had a horrible grudge against making plans in advance, and whenever Blaine asked him all he would say was "*We'll figure something out*". Sometimes there would even be days between Blaine hearing a word from him, and when he finally called Blaine back he would act like nothing had happened, so when Blaine gathered up the courage to ask why he had disappeared like that Kurt would say that he had lost his phone or something like that. Which Blaine knew was true, because Kurt rarely brought his phone anywhere, because it kept disappearing under his bed or in his laundry.

Now they were lying on Kurt's bed, Kurt on top of Blaine, rutting against him while they were kissing frantically, Kurt's hand on its way under Blaine's shirt. The heat through the fabric of their clothes was

unbearable and Blaine just needed Kurt's skin closer, yet he couldn't help the complaining in the back of his head. For a long time Blaine had feared that maybe Kurt wasn't so into him after all now that he had found out how boring he was.

He drew a heavy breath before he locked his hands on Kurt's moving hips to stop their heavy rubbing against Blaine's crotch. He stopped moving his lips into the kiss and waited for Kurt to retreat - which he did only a second later.

"What is with you? I thought we were going good?" He groaned and tried grinding his hips again but Blaine stopped him, happy that they were somewhat equally strong so their games of who to be in charge could be equal.

"I was just thinking - can we like... I know you don't really want to, but I have to ask," Blaine started out awkwardly feared that Kurt would start pursing his lips and cocking his chin as he usually did whenever they moved onto the spot of feelings and anything else serious.

"What, Blaine? Fuck I was *so* close to coming in my pants -" Kurt snapped and fell to Blaine's side with a heavy thump and his eyes locking on the ceiling.

Blaine immediately felt his own cock twitch and wondered if he would soon be ready to have actual sex again. They hadn't done anything since the first night they were together, only rubbing hard against each other or getting each other off through underwear. That was three weeks ago, but it was hard as they couldn't spend the night together because of Blaine's parents, and it made Blaine feel uncomfortable that they would simply have sex and then Kurt would leave after.

Kurt was impatient, but he rarely complained and Blaine knew he wasn't sleeping around. He did masturbate like crazy though. Sometimes he would call up Blaine to get off while hearing his voice and Blaine would talk him through, without using any too explicit words - he was much too shy for that.

The first time it happened he had nearly been asleep and he was confused as to why Kurt's voice was rasp and he was panting. Then it slowly hit him what was going on and he blushed and started stammering. When it happened more often it quickly turned flattering and hot instead, and lately he had even started palming himself over his slacks or pajamas as he listened to Kurt's increasing breathing and gasping his name into the phone.

"I just came to think... don't you, you know - don't like me anyway?" Blaine asked shyly and turned his head as he opened the question.

He could feel Kurt rush to lean on his elbows, eyes locking on Blaine, so he dared to send him another glance finding that Kurt was staring at him with shock painted over his face and in his eyes.

"Now what the hell kind of question is that? Why the fuck would you think that?" Kurt bit and Blaine watched his eyes grow darker. His lips transformed to a thin line over his face and Blaine feared what was to come.

"It's just - when we don't really have sex I'm so boring, and the way that you sometimes... just disappear from the face of the earth. When I don't hear from you for days I get nervous and worried," Blaine explained insecurely and felt put on spot from Kurt narrowing his eyebrows as his eyes reduced to slits, taking in Blaine's words.

"I'm sorry," Blaine mumbled and closed his eyes with a heavy sigh from the bottom of his lungs in an attempt to kill the knot in his throat.

Without realizing he had moved Kurt was suddenly so close to Blaine his breathing was moistening his cheek. His fingertips were brushing lightly over his chest with that soft way that always surprised Blaine that Kurt was even capable of performing.

He dared to open again and was met by Kurt's eyes on him, concerned and sad orbs filling his entire set of features.

"Don't be sorry. I should be sorry. I don't want you to feel like I don't want you, because I do. And as long as you talk me through getting off every now and then I can wait - for you," Kurt crooned sincerely.

There was no doubt that it was hard for him to say. Whenever anyone near him was close to the subject of feelings he locked down and either tried steering the conversation in on other things or pretended that he thought it was nauseating and lame.

"Are you sure?" Blaine asked, needing him to say it again somehow, needing the assurance to help him sleep at night.

Kurt sighed and rolled his eyes. His head lolled forwards, down on Blaine's shoulder where he growled loudly, and the vibrations made Blaine's entire body tingle.

He knew that Kurt was much more sensitive and vulnerable than he wanted the world to know. Blaine hadn't said anything, but when they fell asleep together during the afternoon he sometimes woke up from Kurt whimpering. He didn't cry, at this point Blaine suspected that he was incapable of crying, but he whimpered and mumbled about his dad being sick. Whenever this happened Blaine would carefully pull him closer and hum soothing sounds in his ear while running his fingers through his hair and over his back until he calmed down again.

He was just about to say something when Kurt's head bobbed back up, and his eyes were firm but in some way a vulnerable spark was playing.

"Blaine, I know I'm a sucky boyfriend, and I honestly don't know how you can stand being with me - but I really, really, really like you. You're - godammit you're the best in my life!" Kurt choked out, taking Blaine completely off guard.

His voice nearly broke and Blaine didn't know what to do about himself. He felt sick with himself, and when Kurt moved away to lie next to him rather than close to on top of him with his face boring down the sheets Blaine hurried to sit up to have easier access to touch him.

He let his hand fumble restlessly around right above Kurt's back, but when he couldn't figure out what to do he laid back down, now him on his side with his face so close to Kurt's that he couldn't avoid Blaine's eyes if he looked up. He folded his arm over Kurt's back and hoped for him to react.

"You're not a sucky boyfriend! If you were I wouldn't be with you - but sure, there are things that could be better, but it's fine. I know you're not really big on rules and stuff. Just - I just needed to make sure you still felt the same way," Blaine said and pressed a kiss to Kurt's cheek.

Kurt turned his head just enough for his eyes to meet Blaine's and flashed a flicker of doubt before it was taken over by relief.

"You're the best in my life too. Can we please just forget it now? I shouldn't have said anything," Blaine apologized and was surprised when Kurt put his arm around him as well.

"I'm gonna be better. I fucking hate being dependent on that shit but - for you - I'll try remembering my phone a little more. Just... I'll convince you to put out more, I miss your tight little ass," Kurt said, ending with a smirk when he saw Blaine blushing by his last comment.

He let his hand down Kurt's back pocket and leaned in to kiss him. Kurt grinned against his lips and bit down on his lower lip.

"I don't like it when we... disagree and snap at each other. Can we please not do that again?" Kurt hummed into Blaine's ear with kisses to the soft skin of his neck. Shivers ran down Blaine's spine, and his hips were aching to buck forward to meet Kurt's body again.

"I'd like that," Blaine grinned and caught Kurt's mouth in an eager kiss that had him choking for breath for a moment. Before catching up so he could return the favor.

"I have to leave soon. When uhm... when can we be together again?" Blaine asked carefully, dreading the answer of unknown.

Kurt closed his eyes and nuzzled his into Blaine's neck with teasing catlicks over his skin the way he knew would always reduce Blaine to a puddle of need under him.

"We'll fig - you know what, I'll be at the tire shop tomorrow, you can come there if you want," Kurt decided, and Blaine was surprised.

A grin snuck over his face and Kurt smiled at him.

"Are you going to school tomorrow?" Blaine asked and teased a finger down Kurt's chest, knowing that Kurt hated when he asked him that, but he simply worried that if he didn't do something to keep up his school work he would either flunk or get expelled - Blaine couldn't let that happen.

"If I feel like it. Maybe. Not like it matters," Kurt moaned and started licking up the shell of Blaine's ear, without a doubt to distract him from the serious issue of his future.

Blaine fought to keep his head straight, but the electricity running through his veins from Kurt's hand on its way back under his shirt kept pushing him off track.

"It does matter. If you don't start working for it you'll end up being kicked out, I don't wanna see that, you're too bright for that," Blaine objected, forcing his voice steady, but his fingers digging into Kurt's ass.

"It's cute how worried you are about a good-for-nothing," Kurt chuckled and bit down on his earlobe, making Blaine arch his neck a little.

"Please don't call yourself that. I hate it when you downgrade yourself that way. You mean the world to me," Blaine said softly and let his hand leave Kurt's ass to trace up his back.

"You're so sweet. You really are," Kurt smiled at him and brushed a hand over his curls.

"If it means so much to you I'll try see if I can get my ass out of bed. At least for some of the classes. Can't promise anything though," Kurt assured him and leaned in to peck his lips.

"Thank you. It really does mean a lot to me, because *you* do," Blaine said and knew that he was already late on his way home, but hated that he had to leave Kurt's arms - he would much rather stay there to sleep in his bed instead.

Blaine forced himself off the bed so he could get ready to leave. Kurt stayed flat on the bed with his hand rubbing up and down his crotch with low moans while watching Blaine before he sat up on the edge of the bed.

"I wish you didn't have to leave. I like it when I wake up next to you," Kurt moaned into Blaine's ear as he pulled him back with a firm grip on his arm.

Blaine lost his breath and had to take a moment to gather his thoughts before he could even try to fabricate an answer. How could anyone ever think that Kurt was bad for him when he said stuff like that?

"I wanna stay. But I can't. I'm sorry. But - what if I try talking Tina into letting me tell my parents I'm staying at her place over the weekend? Then I'll be with you instead," Blaine suggested, a little afraid he wouldn't be able to do it. He never lied to anyone, especially his parents would have him a nerving wreck if he even considered it.

Kurt's face twisted into a grin as he grabbed around Blaine's hips to force his own hard against Blaine's crotch with an enthusiastic growl.

"Do that. I want you in my bed for hours and hours, so I can appreciate your gorgeous body," he mumbled between kisses to Blaine's neck.

"Will you call me when you get home? I just - god, Blaine, I need your hand on my cock so bad," Kurt groaned sorely and Blaine had to shake his head a little to regain control of his brain.

Sometimes it was overwhelming, almost too much how much Kurt wanted him. He could just feel the need burning under his skin like a bubbling heat, and it was surreal and hot in a way he could never describe. Especially the way Kurt always found a way to combine it with the sensitivity that he didn't feel comfortable about showing.

"I'll call you. I promise - but I have to go now, or there's no way I'll ever be let out of the house over the weekend," Blaine apologized and traced his fingers down Kurt's chest where he could feel a hard nipple sticking out under the cotton of his t-shirt.

Kurt smiled and grabbed hard around Blaine's face to pull him in to an aggressive kiss that made all hair on his arms and neck stand on end. He couldn't help letting his hands run to Kurt's neck to trace his blunt fingernails down his back.

Each time Blaine tried to back away so he could actually leave Kurt dragged him back in with a chuckle and more kisses everywhere on his face and down his neck. It was the most evil form of torture because they knew that they had to stop so Blaine could go home.

Finally Kurt pushed him away and told him to hurry home so he wouldn't get into trouble, and so he could call him. Blaine obeyed and left his heart in Kurt's hands with their last kiss.

xXx

When Blaine finally walked in the door at home he was late. Only about ten minutes but his mom still looked like she was worried. He came in the kitchen to give a quick hi before going to bed, and she was staring at him like she had seen a puppy die.

"What is going on with you, Blaine? Why did you start always getting home so late, almost always after curfew, and I never see you anymore?" His mom asked and came closer, but Blaine instinctively took a few steps backwards to avoid her smelling Kurt on him. He didn't think she would be too pleased with the smell of another guy's perfume and arousal on her teenage son.

"Nothing, mom. I'm just having a good time with some friends. Nothing to worry about," he assured her but knew it wouldn't be enough to calm her troubled mind, so he hurried to excuse himself that he was tired and headed for bed.

He went through a quick shower and as soon as he was in the bed he found out his phone. He didn't even need to search because Kurt's number was right at the top.

"*Hey baby,*" Kurt's voice sounded breathy as he picked up the phone at the other end. Blaine could hear that he was in bed as well and he knew what he was doing and what was about to come.

Blaine shifted a little under the covers, happy that he had opened the window because what was about to go on would definitely make the temperature in his room rise.

"Hey. I missed you already when I left," Blaine smiled into the phone, Kurt's breathing already hard in his ear and he could only imagine how he would be lying under his sheets with his hand down his underwear.

"*Fuck I love your voice, Blaine -*" Kurt groaned and it sounded like he dropped the phone before he quickly picked up again with a fumbling.

"I love it when you sound like this. When I can hear that you really want me."

"*Hell yes I want you. Blaine - can... will you please just - suck my dick soon?*" Kurt growled heaving into the phone and the fabrics around him were rustling as he moved and Blaine knew that he was arching his back off the mattress.

He didn't know what to say. He wanted to. Lord knows he wanted to do it so bad. He had thought about it so often, when in the shower or in bed at night, sometimes he even dreamed about it, he just couldn't figure out if he was ready. He was so scared to do something wrong and Kurt would laugh at him and how hopeless he was.

"Yes, let me... have you in my - mouth," Blaine stammered and immediately felt dirty and embarrassed, but the whine muffled by a pillow followed by a "*God Blaine!*" was all worth it.

Without him noticing it Blaine's hand had found its way down his own underwear and suddenly he was palming himself, skin on skin. The sound of Kurt breathing heavy and needing him that way had turned him hard and he couldn't stop thinking about how it would be if it was his hand to get Kurt off instead.

He swiped slowly around himself with his phone trapped between his shoulder and ear. His breathing was higher and the sound of the sheets fumbling on his hand working around his shaft sounded louder than he felt good about.

"God Kurt yes," Blaine whined and his voice sounded weak and broken. His face was boiling and he nearly couldn't control his movements anymore. He was terrified that he was gonna be too loud and tried holding his sounds in, but they were merely reduced to choked moans and groans instead.

Blaine's lungs felt like they were pumping a little too hard, and he was beginning to hear the rush of blood in his ears. His wrist was starting to pain a little, but he didn't let go. He couldn't now, not with Kurt sounding so damn hot right there.

"Dammit, Blaine! Are you... jerking off?" Kurt gasped and Blaine could hear that he was close.

When he was almost there Kurt's voice always went down and low before going a little pitchy and thin, and it was only a matter of moments before he would be off.

"You're so... I couldn't... Kurt, you're so sexy," Blaine thrust out and his abdomens started to tense up to so hard it would be impossible to feel anything if a car was thrown on top of him.

"Fuck - Blaine I'm coming! Yes! Jesus Christ!" Kurt nearly screamed, but his voice was so thin it was almost incoherent.

Blaine kept going, swiping faster with his grip harder, as he felt himself grow closer. The sound of Kurt in his ear was nearly too much, and it was painful to know that he was so far away and couldn't even touch him.

"That's good, baby. Work yourself to the edge for me," Kurt panted, and Blaine could hear that he shifted his position, and he instinctively knew that he was lightly stroking his cock as it softened while he was talking Blaine through it.

"Kurt, *please*," Blaine groaned, his teeth nearly crashing against the phone as his stomach overflowed with heat and he pumped his fist frantically around his length while feeling his come splash over his underwear and pajamas.

"Are you okay?" Kurt asked, probably hearing how Blaine was gasping and heaving for breath.

He was glad the room was dark around him, because he was sure his face was scarlet. His hand was still locked around his dick and he felt ashamed of what he had just done. This was not him, he didn't do things like that - but Kurt just did things to him, and he couldn't resist that voice.

"Huh - yeah, I'm..." Blaine started to say but lost his voice.

He heard footsteps out in the hall and panicked. His phone fell to the floor with a loud thump and he was sure he heard someone stop and listen. Kurt was calling for him from the phone but all he could think of was getting something to clean himself off.

In a desperate moment where he couldn't find tissues or anything at all he pulled off his shirt and used that. As soon as he was sure he had got the best off his sheets and himself he let his boxer briefs fall to the floor before he picked up the phone.

"I am sorry. I panicked and I dropped my phone and -" Blaine started babbling as he ran through the room to get a fresh pair of underwear.

He rushed them on and tiptoed back to his bed in a hope that whoever had been walking around outside his room wouldn't think to come inside to check up on him. He crawled back under the sheets with the sound of Kurt's breathing returning to normal through the phone.

"Sorry. I am... back now," Blaine apologized and felt shame creep down his spine and take over his cells.

"*Are you okay? What happened?*" Kurt asked and Blaine thought that he sounded nervous.

"It's fine. I just... thought I heard someone coming to my room. It's okay though," Blaine explained and his breathing and heartbeat were back to their usual speed as well.

"*Good baby. Don't want them sneaking up on you. I don't wanna share you with anyone,*" Kurt hummed into the phone. His voice was dozy and Blaine suspected that he would quickly need to sleep, but he didn't prepare for it like he usually did.

"*That was really good. We should do that more often. Though I really hope we can do more over the weekend,*" Kurt crooned, and Blaine felt it like his voice was a liquid running through his nervous system.

"Was it - you know, good for you?" His voice drifted lower and more insecure, shivers running through Blaine and he wondered if he should close the window or if it was just the feeling of Kurt being so concerned about him.

"It was - your voice is... I just miss you," Blaine choked out and for some reason he felt like he was about to cry.

It wasn't supposed to be like this. He didn't want to be lying in the dark alone touching himself for release while his phone was lying on the pillow for him to listen to a voice.

"God that was just - you're so fucking hot, Blaine. I thought I was going to come twice," Kurt chuckled and Blaine's stomach tied up. He could hear that Kurt was smoking, the sound of him taking a heave and blowing out the smoke was so familiar by now.

He needed to sleep or he would end up crying. He had no idea why he suddenly had turned so emotional, he wasn't like that before he met Kurt.

"Blaine?"

"Yeah?" He stammered, not wanting to reveal his voice being broken.

"I miss you too. I really hope you can stay with me over the weekend. Not just for - fucking," Kurt mumbled.

Blaine's skin turned hot again and a smile filled his face. It was these moments where Blaine knew that regardless of what worries Tina might have, or how much his friends in Dalton thought it was strange of him to be with Kurt, Blaine knew that he was happier to be with Kurt than he could have been to be with anyone else.

"Me too. I wanna... cuddle you. Fall asleep with you," Blaine said and did his best to hold in a yawn, because he didn't want to let go of Kurt yet but he knew that he would have to soon.

"Don't get all chick with me and ruin the moment, babe -" Kurt warned and this was time - his voice said it.

"You should sleep. You promised me to go to school tomorrow," Blaine remembered and hoped Kurt wouldn't be too mad.

"Shit. Alright. I'll see what I can do. See you at the tire shop?"

Blaine nearly giggled. He was afraid Kurt had completely forgotten that he had asked him to come to the tire shop to see him and he definitely didn't want to show up unexpected. Now butterflies were flapping around his insides from Kurt wanting to see him so much that he remembered their plans.

"I'll be there. And now you go sleep - not that I wanna hang up or anything -"

"Blaine, baby - I'll see you tomorrow, alright? Goodnight." Kurt said firmly and he clearly was exhausted after his orgasm and needed to sleep.

"Sure. Goodnight."

"I miss you."

"I miss you too, Kurt."

Kurt hung up and Blaine was left with his horribly dark room filled with an even more horrible silence.

He put his phone to his nightstand and stared at the light slowly dying out while he forced his eyes closed. He couldn't help the smile plastered over his face from Kurt saying that he missed him and the thought that Kurt had actually agreed to make plans to see him again. Soon.

xXx

Blaine was nervous. He was going to the tire shop straight after school and Kurt hadn't seen him in his uniform yet. Only in the picture in his bedroom. He was so nervous that Kurt was going to laugh at him and find him ridiculous looking like that.

He parked his car outside and took a few deep breaths before he got out. Kurt's dad was positively going to be there - it was his shop after all.

Blaine hadn't been introduced properly to Kurt's dad yet. Or anyone in Kurt's house. Actually, they hadn't been with anyone but each other. Tina hadn't even mentioned her talking to Kurt after they got together.

He took a quick look around himself in the parking lot before he decided that he couldn't keep on pushing it away. This was it, he walked towards the big outdoor area where he had so often seen Kurt and Puck with their bikes.

Success. Kurt was on his motorcycle, lying back over the seat with his legs firmly on the pedals. He was smoking and wearing big sunglasses that reflected the baking sun. He was dressed in torn jeans, a white t-shirt covered in grease with the sleeves rolled up over his shoulders and studded combat boots - needless to say Blaine had to take a minute to remember how to walk, or even breathe from the sight.

"I can hear you coming, Blaine -" Kurt said and let a heavy cloud of smoke surround his head before he sat up, his abdomens so rock hard that he didn't even need to support with his hands.

Blaine stopped in surprise. Kurt had known it by the sound of his footsteps that it was him. He had to suppress a giggle but nearly slipped it out because he was so astounded by it. It only took him a few more steps over the asphalt to be by the motorcycle where Kurt put an arm around him to drag him into a kiss.

It only lasted a second before Blaine broke into a nasty cough, his lungs feeling like they were trying to release themselves from his ribcage. He pulled away and had to crouch to catch his breath and wipe the tears away from his eyes.

Kurt was down from the bike instantly, on his knees next to him with an arm around his shoulders and a loud gasp. When Blaine looked up through wet eyes Kurt was looking terrified and he wanted to kiss him again.

"I'm sorry. Are you okay? I should have - *fuck!*" Kurt apologized and Blaine couldn't help feel a sting in his heart from the sound of his voice.

"It's okay. I'm - fine," Blaine coughed lightly and did his best to send Kurt a reassuring smile, but he had to wipe the tears from his eyes instead.

Kurt on the other hand looked like he didn't believe that he was okay, and he clearly blamed himself. His sunglasses fell to the ground and Kurt threw his pack of cigarette as far away as he could.

"I should really quit that shit. I don't want to hurt you!" Kurt groaned and kissed Blaine's temple roughly. He fumbled his fingers around in his hair on the back of his neck and Blaine leaned into his touch with a smile filling his body.

"Thank you. You're so great," he said and turned to press a light kiss to Kurt's lips, the nicotine a strong taste there and Blaine wanted to lick it off until all he could taste was Kurt and only Kurt instead.

His kiss was returned before Kurt backed away and got back to his feet. He leaned against the engine of his motorcycle and reached down a hand to help Blaine up. He stumbled to his feet and nearly fell when Kurt hurried an arm around him to pull him back up.

Blaine mumbled an embarrassed "*thank you*" and received a wet kiss on his cheek. He chuckled and blushed with a hand on Kurt's stomach, a wish to reach under his shirt to feel his abs against his hand turning inside of him.

Kurt padded his ass lightly before he walked around the motorcycle while putting his shades back on. He pulled out a pack of gum and shoved three pieces of Juicy Fruit into his mouth before he ran his fingers through his hair in a way that Blaine was sure not even moviestars and models could do better.

"That outfit really does it for you. If you were a chick and I was straight - all Britney Spears video," Kurt snickered with a cock of his chin, and Blaine couldn't figure out if it was good or bad.

It was awkward. Blaine didn't really know what to do about himself because he and Kurt had only been together in his room for that first weekend they spent together and the rest of their time had been spent in Kurt's room. Now they were out in public and Kurt was dashing around to take care of his motorcycle, every now and then pressing a kiss to Blaine's mouth or sent him a seducing glance.

Blaine wished that he knew what to do about himself. Mostly he kept leaning against the wall or walking a bit around - or of course letting himself be dragged into Kurt's arms whenever Kurt felt like it.

"You're such a pretty-boy," Kurt laughed against Blaine's jaw, as he teasingly traced his teeth over his jaw, the feeling letting shivers run down Blaine spine and fill up his limbs. Kurt's arms were strong around him and he did his best to return with an equally strong grasp - even though he felt like he could melt any second.

Kurt smelled like a mix of his own perfume, oil and sweat. Usually Blaine would have wrinkled his nose by the last two bits, but when it was Kurt it was suddenly hot and arousing. He constantly had an urge to let his fingers slip into that little ruffled cut in Kurt's jeans right under his ass where the line of his boxers were showing when he walked.

He was right about to gain confidence enough to slip his hand down the backpocket of Kurt's jeans when he was stopped. He rushed to stand back against the motorcycle he had been leaning against and did his best to look presentable as Kurt's dad came out and looked from Kurt to Blaine and back to Kurt.

"Hey, what's up?" Kurt asked and his lips pursed like he was pissed, something Blaine found very weird since it was his dad.

"I just need you for a sec," his dad said and Blaine had a feeling that this was a moment where he should probably just dissolve into thin air so he wouldn't be present because the tension in the air was thick and he had no idea what it was.

"Are you serious? Can't you see I'm in the middle of something?" Kurt groaned and nodded towards Blaine who felt frighteningly put on spot.

He hoped to all the higher powers that Kurt's dad wasn't going to confront him with anything, because he was definitely intimidating.

"Come on, Kurt - it's one of the reasons I let you and Puck spend all of your time here; so you can help me when I need it," his dad argued and Blaine considered pulling out his phone under the excuse of having to call his mom or something.

Kurt did a dissatisfied sound of his tongue, and his dad sighed heavily.

"Alright. Fine. But just this one time - only because your boyfriend's here -" he warned and pointed a finger in Kurt's direction. He looked to Blaine who immediately stood tall with his lower lip caught between his teeth out of fear that he would do something completely inappropriate.

Kurt's dad turned on his heel and they were back to being alone. Blaine wanted to say something, felt like he *should* say something, but Kurt merely proceeded like nothing had happened so he figured he'd better do the same.

In some way Blaine couldn't help feeling a need to do a cartwheel over the asphalt to celebrate the fact that Kurt's dad had referred to him as Kurt's boyfriend, but he thought it best to keep all excitement inside.

Half an hour passed where Kurt didn't as much as look at Blaine, but eventually he sat up on his motorcycle and grabbed around Blaine's Dalton tie to pull him closer.

"You can't think that you can just stand there and look sexy when I want you over here," Kurt smirked against Blaine's mouth, his blue eyes drifting to Blaine's lips before his tongue was in Blaine's mouth.

Kurt's hands drifted inside Blaine's blazer and onto his back where they ran down to let his fingertips down the hem of Blaine's pants, making him gasp a little, but he couldn't do anything but let himself melt into the kiss.

Kurt's legs were nearly wrapped around Blaine's and he was breathing heavy. Blaine felt a little braver and made his hands run up Kurt's thighs, his right index finger catching a cut in his jeans to run under into the denim and under the soft cotton of Kurt's boxers where he could feel his soft skin.

"God, baby - you're so good," Kurt smiled when they parted and Blaine nearly whimpered from Kurt's lips missing on his. He wanted him back.

"Did you go to school today?" Blaine asked as innocently as he possibly could.

Kurt rolled his eyes and wrinkled his nose before he let his forehead drop to Blaine's collarbone with a growl.

"I'll take that as a no -"

"I did. I was there for like... one class or something," Kurt confessed and bit lightly down on Blaine's shoulder.

Blaine was grinning. He had actually gotten Kurt to get up and go to school. Sure, it had only been one class, but it was better than him ditching. He hated the thought of Kurt ditching school because he knew it would hurt his future.

He didn't get to finish his thoughts, because from inside the tire shop was heard a loud clonk and Kurt stiffened in Blaine's arms. It only took him a second to have Blaine pushed away before he was running into the tire shop.

"Dad? Dad are you okay? Did something happen?" Blaine could hear him call through the hall where all the mechanics were apparently absent at the moment and it suddenly made sense why Kurt had needed to go in to help his dad.

"I'm fine, Kurt. It's - I'm fine," his dad said in a little raspy voice and Blaine dared to take a few steps closer to the door to see what had happened.

Kurt's dad was fighting to get on his feet and Kurt was on his knees to help him up. Kurt was white as a sheet in the face and his eyebrows were wrinkling over his forehead in concerned folds.

"No, dad. You're not - god, dad you can't do this!" Kurt said, but he wasn't blaming or demanding; he was worried and sad.

"Kurt, come on. We've been through this a million times; this is what I do, and this is what I'll continue doing," his dad objected but reluctantly accepted the bottle of water Kurt was forcing into his hand.

"I'm sorry. I should have come when you asked me to. Just... please, let me do the heavy lifting okay?"

Kurt disappeared behind a car that his dad undoubtedly had been working on and Blaine could hear that he was moving some stuff around. He returned to Kurt's motorcycle and decided that he could just as well sit on it. So he sat up and found out his phone and figured he would wait for Kurt to finish.

He wanted to text Tina, to glow to her over how Kurt was kissing him and groping him in public and how he hadn't objected to his father calling Blaine his boyfriend - but all he could think about was the urgency in Kurt's voice and the worry on his face when he had rushed to his dad's side.

"If you scratch that I'm gonna kick your ass," Kurt said from behind Blaine. He kicked a screwdriver on the ground in front of him and put a kiss to Blaine's neck before walking around the motorcycle to face him instead.

Blaine wanted to mention it. Say how he thought it was incredible to see Kurt's reaction; to see how much he cared for his dad, even when he didn't want the world to know. He didn't say anything, though, because he knew it wouldn't get accepted. Kurt would turn cold on him and he was already back to acting tough.

So Blaine kept his mouth shut and stuck with watching Kurt fumble around with tools and washcloths. Every now and then he would see Kurt sending a glance he hoped to be discrete in the direction of where his dad was working and concern flushed over his face.

The sun was steaming down on them and it didn't seem like it was planning on easing up. Blaine wanted to take off his blazer but he was afraid to get it soiled, and he had a feeling that Kurt sort of liked the blazer on him - so he kept it on and bit through the heat.

"Here. Drink something. I don't wanna take you to the emergency room again, babe" Kurt said and pushed a bottle of water into Blaine's hand as he found out one for himself from a shelf on the wall just inside the door.

He hadn't even thought of that. He had been so caught up in watching Kurt working and his muscles move under his sweaty skin that he had forgotten everything about drinking or eating - things that weren't important when Kurt was around.

The blue bottle was cold in his hand and he hurried to follow orders with a relief. IT was nice to know that Kurt worried enough to think about his need to keep hydrated when he didn't even remember it himself. Usually only his mom thought about that.

Kurt walked by him and wiped his hand in a greasy washcloth before twisting Blaine's tie around his fingers to get him closer. He kissed him deeply and for a moment Blaine felt like he was kissing the real Kurt, the Kurt who wasn't hiding behind a façade of tattoos and vicious words.

"I - I lo..."

He couldn't get himself to say it. He wanted to say it so bad but he couldn't. It was true though - Blaine had come to the conclusion that he was in love with Kurt, he loved Kurt, and each day it felt stronger, and each kiss or touch or smile confirmed it. Yet he was scared that Kurt would never feel that way, or at least admit it.

"What, Blaine?" Kurt hissed, their mouths still so close that the feeling of Kurt's gum was sugar coating his lips as he breathed.

"Never mind. Kiss me again," he sighed and didn't care if his dress shirt got greasy; he pulled Kurt closer to feel him against his body.

Kurt was staring at him intensely. His eyes were so sharp that Blaine felt like he saw right through him. Like he could see all of his fears and worries, all of his hopes and dreams. For a brief second he even thought he was about to back off, but instead he was surprised by a soft kiss with Kurt's fingers rubbing at the back of his head, caressing the tips of his curls.

Kurt smiled triumphantly at him as he backed away. Like he had broken some sort of record or just won a prize, and Blaine was confused. He didn't get to ask or think further over it, because a terrible noise sounded and Puck was suddenly parking his motorcycle next to Kurt's.

He took off his helmet and threw it at Kurt who caught it with ease and threw it back at him, nearly hitting him in the chest. Puck barked with laughter and climbed off his own bike before he putting the helmet next to Kurt's on the ground.

"You brought your trophy-wife," Puck said and cocked an eyebrow as he leaned against the wall and took a glance at Blaine from head to toe and focusing back on his face for a second before he turned to Kurt.

Blaine wasn't sure how to react to that comment. It was a mocking and he didn't like the idea of being referred to as '*trophy-wife*' but Kurt didn't react to it with anymore than a snicker. He didn't even looked at Blaine.

Puck flashed a six-pack of beer that he brought and threw a can in Kurt's direction. He didn't hesitate to gulp down a huge mouthful and Blaine started feeling in the way an misplaced. He shifted a little in his seat and did his best to not so much as look at Puck. It sort of felt like he wasn't allowed to.

"I'm not thinking your wife would -" Puck grinned and gestured towards Blaine with his beer and Kurt sent him a short glance before snickering.

"Oh no. He's a good boy. He doesn't drink."

Kurt easily emptied his can and threw it on the ground before taking a walk around Puck's motorcycle. They started talking about all sorts of mechanical stuff and Blaine quickly tuned out.

He was a bit annoyed. It wasn't that Blaine didn't want to share Kurt with anyone else, it wasn't that he was jealous - he simply didn't like the way Kurt was around Puck.

There had been times when Blaine had been trapped under Kurt in a heated game of tongues and hands roaming between each other when Kurt's phone suddenly was ringing and it had been Puck. Kurt had answered it and the way he had sounded when he talked to Puck made Blaine feel like he didn't know Kurt at all.

"I'm just hanging out at home. No, you're not interrupting," Kurt had said and Blaine was lying under him with his erection digging hard into the zipper of his jeans and felt sort of violated by the way Kurt had acted like he wasn't doing anything more interesting than watching the news or doing the dishes.

Kurt didn't even move, he simply stayed on top of Blaine, rubbing his crotch against Blaine's every now and then, even letting his hand under his polo to massage his nipples even though Blaine was twisting under him and mostly wanted to get up and go home.

They had kept up a conversation for several minutes, and to Blaine it didn't sound like it was anymore than a discussion of engines and some girl Puck had hooked up with the day before - Kurt asking all the questions no gay guy in his right mind would be interested in knowing anything about, and Blaine definitely didn't want to hear about it.

As soon as he had hung up Kurt had simply retreated to licking down Blaine's neck, sucking and biting lightly, as if nothing had happened. Blaine didn't say anything, he had stayed under Kurt and let him do what he wanted the way they used to, but without taking much part in the game himself. Kurt didn't seem like he had noticed anything changed in Blaine's mood at all.

"So - latest gay fashion? Or are you just too fancy for wearing real people clothes?" Puck asked, aimed for Blaine and he was startled as he was dragged out of his stream of thoughts.

"Got yourself a rich-kid there," he snickered in the direction of Kurt who lifted his eyebrows in an agreeing manner, making Blaine's insides turn over.

"No. It's just... my school uniform," Blaine said awkwardly and tugged a bit at his tie, suddenly very conscious about his outfit and the way it fit around his body.

"Prep school, huh. Should've guessed." Puck did a dissatisfied sound of his tongue and Blaine saw that Kurt was rolling his eyes - not at Puck's remark, but at Blaine being in prep school.

It wasn't his choice, Kurt knew that. He had told him why he had transferred and that he didn't have a choice, how could he act like that? Like it was because he found himself too good to being in public school.

"Yeah. Impressive what money can do to people," Kurt chuckled dryly and lit up a cigarette from he package Puck was offering him.

That was it. Blaine go up and left. He didn't even bother to say goodbye - he secretly had a hope that Kurt would catch what was going on so he could follow him and say a proper goodbye.

He didn't. Not so much as a glance did Kurt spare Blaine as he walked towards his car. He felt sick and took a second in his car before he turned it on and drove home.

He didn't feel like doing anything when he got home. All he wanted to do was finish his homework, shower and go to bed where he could watch TV so he could push his thoughts away.

However, his parents had other plans and there was no way he could get out of dinner. His dad was in his *let's-act-like-a-happy-family-mood* so Blaine had to go through it with as good a smile as he could feign.

"Are you okay, darling? You look a little pale," his mom asked with worried furrows on her forehead. She put the back of her hand to his cheek and forehead to feel his temperature and Blaine mostly wanted to push her away but knew that it would be a bad idea.

"I'm fine. I'm just... a little tired. I had a long day," he said, and was happy that at least it wasn't a lie.

"Of course you are when you've been hanging out at that tire shop all day. Next time don't wear your uniform - I pay a lot of money for that," his dad said and Blaine stiffened in his chair, his arm paralyzed mid-motion with his fork halfway to his mouth.

Shit. He's seen me with Kurt. Oh god he's gonna kill me. He's gonna kill Kurt. Oh no, god no! Blaine panicked in his mind and he did his best to keep a pokerface but had a feeling that he was on his way over the edge of some sort of attack.

The thought of the consequences that would come from his dad seeing him with Kurt was too much for Blaine's brain to handle. One thing was for Blaine to be gay, his dad still hadn't accepted that, but another thing was for him to actually act on it, act on his feelings - and Kurt wasn't exactly the image of a son-in-law his mom had grown adjusted to when she finally came to terms with the way things were.

"I drove by that one... Hummel Tires & Lube today, and Blaine was hanging outside with two guys with motorcycles - it's good to see you have some real friends, son -" his dad told his mom, and Blaine's heart felt like it couldn't figure out whether it wanted to race away or if it wanted to simply stop beating.

He thinks we're friends. He thinks I'm hanging with Kurt and Puck doing usual heterosexual guy things like drinking and fixing motorcycles, fuck!

Blaine was torn. He knew he should tell the truth. His parents were talking next to him, but all Blaine could hear was a buzzing of their voices. He hated lying, he had never lied to anyone before, and up until now he didn't think that he had been lying about Kurt, simply waiting until he was ready to tell them - but now it was definitely a lie.

"I'm glad you're making some friends, honey" his mom said and smiled as his dad excused himself and headed for the living room. That was the cue for everyone being allowed to leave the table.

"Yeah. I uhm... I'm too, mom. I think I'll go take a shower and then go to bed after my homework," Blaine said with guilt firing in his stomach when he was done helping her with cleaning up after dinner.

She kissed his forehead and told him goodnight with a smile before he turned to leave before he broke down to tell her everything.

He really wanted to tell his mom. Every time Kurt had said something sweet or they had spent a really good day together that made Blaine happy and bubbly inside he felt like sitting down to tell his mom about all the things that drove him crazy about Kurt, all the things that made his inside tickle and his head feel like he was floating.

Also times like now. The times where he was sad and felt terrible because of something Kurt had said or done. That was the times where he wanted to hug his mom and tell her everything so she could comfort him and assure him that Kurt was just struggling with himself and that it didn't have anything to do with him.

Yet he knew that if he told his mom his dad would find out somehow. She wouldn't tell him directly, she would merely keep asking Blaine to tell him or let her tell him because she thought it was the right thing to do, and in the end something would happen and she wouldn't be able to keep his secret anymore.

...and Blaine was sure that his dad would go nuts, so he couldn't risk that chance.

His homework was impossible. He kept staring down in his book, but the numbers were doing a taunting dance and there wasn't anything he could do make them still. His window was open, he had choked down what felt like a gallon of water and he had changed between sitting on the chair by the desk and sitting on his bed.

Nothing helped. All he could think about was Kurt, so he gave up and slammed the book with a groan. He pushed it away and hoped he could find an excuse the next day as he went to his closet to find out some clean clothes.

When he was taking off his uniform before getting in the shower he was surprised that his parents hadn't commented on the heavy stench of smoke clinging to his tie and blazer. Usually his mom would have panicked and reminded him how sick he got around smoke, but he figured that his dad only saw it as a part of his scheme to turn him straight. In his dad's eyes his asthma was just another way where Blaine was less of a man.

After their horrible parting Blaine felt it nice to wash the feeling of Kurt off his skin. He didn't like the invisible marks he felt like Kurt left on his skin when he felt like this.

As soon as he left the shower he couldn't stop himself from taking a sniff of his shirt anyway. The scent of sweat, smoke and Kurt was still lingering there and he wished that he knew what perfume Kurt used so he could drench all of his own clothes in it.

He pulled himself away and got dressed. He brushed his teeth and combed his hair to make sure it wasn't too hard to sort out in the morning. Then he grabbed the remote to his TV and dumped heavily down on his bed.

He remembered that he hadn't checked his phone since he left the tire shop and when he found it out he found two texts from Tina, asking if he wanted to hang out Thursday and if he would be up for eating with her and her parents.

That wasn't what surprised him, though. No, his eyebrows headed directly for his hairline when he saw that he had five unanswered calls from Kurt. Five. That was more than Kurt usually called him in a week.

Blaine bored his nose into his pillow and growled. He couldn't figure out whether he wanted to call Kurt back, but he honestly still felt hurt and angry that Kurt had simply joined in on Puck's mocking of him,

especially about the Dalton thing - so he put his phone on mute before he turned his back on it and turned on the TV.

He spent two hours watching some terrible movie with horrible effects without even knowing why he was wasting his time on it. There were way too many naked women, way too much bad make-up and way too bad props. Even the acting and the dialogue made him cringe. At least it took his mind off things.

When the credits were finally rolling over the screen the clock on his nightstand showed 10.45 and he thought that he might as well go brush his teeth so he stumbled towards the bathroom.

He crawled back under his covers and got out his phone to put the sound back on. He was shocked.

Another three unanswered calls from Kurt followed by a bunch of texts from him.

7.58

Kurt: "Why won't you answer my calls?"

8.06

Kurt: "Fine. Be a bitch then!"

8.07

Kurt: "I didn't mean that. I don't think you're a bitch."

8.32

Kurt: "What the hell, Blaine? Why are you ignoring me?"

8.53

Kurt: "You're such a chick. The least you could do would be tell me where I screwed up."

Kurt: "Fuck you!"

9.04

Kurt: "Blaine. Please call me, text me. Anything, baby."

9.27

Kurt: "God! You're so fucking frustrating!"

10.01

Kurt: "What the hell do you want me to do? I can't make up for something if I don't know what I did wrong?"

10. 18

Kurt: "Whatever. Let me know when you're defrosted again and I'll see if I have time."

10.34

Kurt: "Blaine. Baby. I miss you. Come on. I didn't even get to kiss you before you left today. Are you okay? I'm starting to get worried here. At least let me know that you're alive."

Blaine was staring down in his phone. He counted them over and over again to be sure he was right. Eleven messages from Kurt was on his phone from the past two hours where he hadn't paid his phone any attention. Kurt who usually didn't even bother to keep his phone close.

He debated whether or not to react to it now. He felt bad that Kurt was clearly out of his mind, taking the messages in consideration, but he was still angry. He couldn't forget the way Kurt had simply laughed while he was being ridiculed by his friend.

He decided to wait. He could call him in the morning. By a little luck that would also make him get out of bed to go to school, and that way he would have fixed two things in one session.

Only thing was that he couldn't sleep. He turned restlessly in the bed, pulled the covers off and back on, shifted positions constantly and couldn't figure out if he was thirsty or if it was just because the open window wasn't enough to provide some cool for the heavy heat in his room.

There was no doubt in his mind what the real problem was but he kept pushing it aside. He didn't want himself to be dictated by his feelings for Kurt, but right now all that was booming like a raging storm in the back of his head was how Kurt was feeling after Blaine not having replied to his calls or messages.

In the end he knew that he didn't have a choice. If he didn't do it he wouldn't get to sleep at all, so he might as well get it over with. He picked up his phone and punched on Kurt on the display.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Kurt snapped as he picked up the phone after a few beeps.

Blaine was startled by the force and not at all prepared for this kind of talk so he waited and hoped Kurt would calm down so they could actually talk.

"I've called a million times, and left like 30 texts not to mention the way you just fucking ran off like a bitch in heat!" Kurt hissed and Blaine had to hold the phone a little from his ear because he was practically screaming.

"You called me eight times, and you left me eleven messages. Would you please calm down? I didn't run off like a bitch in heat," Blaine thrust out.

He was angry, so damn angry that Kurt felt that he had the right to act this way. He knew that Kurt was only putting up a shield when he was around Puck and that it wasn't really him, but he was getting tired of games.

"Then what the hell would you call that? Suddenly you were just gone, Blaine!" Kurt whined and if Blaine didn't know better he would think that his voice had broke halfway through the sentence.

He buried his face in his hands and had to bite down in the heel of his palm to not simply just yell at him.

"Kurt, you let your friend just stand there and mock me! What did you expect me to do? Laugh while you joined him? No, Kurt. I - it really hurt, okay? I hate the way you change around him. It was just... I feel like I'm dating Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde here," Blaine sighed heavily and felt the relief of getting his stress out.

For a long moment neither of them said anything. Blaine had sat up and he could hear rustling of fabrics from Kurt's end, so he guessed that he was in bed too. Kurt's breathing was a subtle humming through the speaker and Blaine nearly started to go at him again when Kurt finally spoke in a low, humble voice.

"I'm really sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. You gotta believe me. It was just... it was just a joke. I don't think you're a snob," Kurt apologized and Blaine had to swallow.

How can he always go from being a total ice queen to being the softest puppy in the world? I can never catch up with his moodswings.

"Just - I just really hate when you become like that, because... you don't feel like - my Kurt anymore. It's like you're a stranger," Blaine breathed out.

"I'm no one's Kurt, okay? Not yours, not anyone's, got that?" Kurt snapped and Blaine nearly hung up the phone in an instant.

"It's alright. We don't have to hang out with Puck anymore if you don't like him. Please don't be mad at me," Kurt continued, only now his voice sounded hurt and scared.

Blaine fell back down on the mattress, the springs squeaking under him and a loud thump when his head hit the pillow. It wasn't fair, because he honestly felt like he had the right to be mad at Kurt at the moment, but he simply couldn't keep it up when he sounded like that.

"Blaine... I care about you so much. Don't... don't leave me. Please," Kurt said quietly into the phone, his voice nearly inaudible, and something in it made a shiver run down Blaine's spine.

His heart felt like it slowed down so much that it nearly stopped. His palms were clammy and he was afraid that his mouth was too dry to speak.

"Hey - Kurt, I would never leave you. I couldn't. I... I hate it when you get like that, and I hope that you wanna try to... not change, but be better, you know. But I wouldn't leave you. Never," Blaine assured him thickly.

He wished that he could reach out and touch him. Caress his hand down his arm, or pull him into a warm embrace to show him how much he meant it. He did know that Kurt never meant to hurt him, but he wasn't planning on putting up with it either. He didn't know what to do.

"Good. Cause I don't wanna lose you just because I'm a prick. I - wanna be with you, baby -"

"I wanna be with you too. Can we forget this so I can tell you how much I miss you?" Blaine whined and had his face half-buried in the pillow so the sound came out muffled.

The atmosphere from Kurt's end changed and the ice Blaine hadn't noticed in his stomach started to melt. His shoulders eased up and he was back to wishing he could touch Kurt, only now he wanted to cuddle into his chest instead and place kisses everywhere he could trace a patch of exposed, pale skin.

"Will you still come to my house this weekend?" Kurt asked with a weak moan.

"If you'll still let me. I think it must be easier than I thought, because my dad saw us together today, but he thought we were just friends - not that I don't want my parents to know about us. I'm just..." Blaine said and started to ramble when he realized it sounded like he didn't want anyone in his life to know about them.

"Baby, Blaine! I know that your dad's an asshole. It's cool. I just want you in my bed," Kurt crooned into the phone and Blaine wasn't sure how he was still able to hold the phone up now that his muscles had betrayed him and turned to jelly.

He chuckled awkwardly and fought his way back under the sheets where he laid on his front with a perfect view to the moon bright and illuminating outside his window.

"I wanna be in your bed. With you. I'll figure something out tomorrow, alright?"

They agreed for Blaine to take it up with his parents the next day and he noted himself that he had to talk to Tina first. Unfortunately it was now late and Blaine had to get up early to go to school.

"Goodnight. I'll talk to you tomorrow - and go to school!" He reminded Kurt and was met by a groan.

"Sure, mommy! Goodnight. If you jerk off think of me," Kurt laughed.

"I could never think of anyone but you," Blaine answered, and both he and Kurt knew that he wasn't just referring to masturbating and he knew that Kurt wasn't either.

"Good. Goodnight, baby -" Kurt said, his voice revealing that he was already on his way to falling asleep.

"Goodnight."

"I love you," Blaine whispered after he had hung up.

Chapter Four

Dinner with Tina's family was nice. Blaine always felt welcome there as he had been best friends with her since he had been coming in their home for 6 years. He and Tina had met at a vocal coach when they were 11 and instantly bonded over their love for music.

They quickly became best friends and as they grew older their parents were definitely expecting them to kick their friendship to a romantic level, which was a bit more difficult because of Tina's sister's crush on Blaine.

When Blaine came out first it was to his friend in school who was also gay, after that it was Tina. She had been his refuge when his dad refused to talk to him, and when his mom had been confused and scared after his secret was out to his parents.

After eating Blaine and Tina went to her room. He had promised to help her get through preparations for a history test, and he was building up the nerves to ask her the big question: if she wanted to help him lie to his parents so he could spend the weekend at Kurt's house. At least one night.

They went through her notes and Blaine asked her questions from her text book and after an hour of revising they were sure their heads were gonna explode, so they dropped to the bed to consume the chocolate mousse Tina's mom brought them.

"I uhm... this is really unfair of me, I know, but I have to ask you something," Blaine began, doing his best to not look at Tina because he felt so guilty that he was even considering dragging her into this.

He could feel her tense on the mattress, and the way she was moving her spoon around in her bowl slowed down - she knew that this was completely unusual for him, which was a comfort. She knew that he would never ask her anything if he didn't find it necessary.

"Don't lurk around it, just ask me, Blaine -" she said and took a mouthful of chocolate with her eyes lingering on Blaine, her glance piercing into the skin on his face.

"It's just because... I was thinking - because the other day Kurt and I were in his room -"

God just say it. Ask her. It shouldn't be that hard. The worst that can happen is that she's gonna say no and I will have to listen to her worries. Just do it!

"Can I tell my parents that I'm at your house this weekend?" He finally forced out the second she had filled her mouth so she would have a moment to calm down before going crazy on him for his outrageous request.

Her eyes were wide and she was struggling to swallow her mousse so she could respond, and Blaine prayed that she would at least calm a bit down before she got a chance to go overboard.

"Blaine! What are you doing? You can't... you can't lie to your parents like that. Why would you do that?" She asked, shocked and probably already knowing that this was about Kurt. She always knew, and lately it was always about Kurt.

"Please listen before you go all Asian Attack on me! It was just the other day... we were at Kurt's house, and he was so sweet and he said that he wished that I didn't have to leave. That he missed waking up next to me - *and I miss waking up next to him too!* So I figured I would find a way to maybe... spend the night at his house," Blaine tried to explain, hoping she would understand once he told her how cute Kurt had been. Because how could anyone resist that?

Tina fell silent. She let her spoon trace around her empty bowl before she looked back up on him with a suspicious expression. She closed her eyes and drew a heavy breath before she looked back up on him.

"He really does make you happy doesn't he? And he treats you good?"

"He's... amazing. He's so different when we're alone. So - sweet and cute, in such an awkward way. Please, Tina. I'm really, really happy when I'm with him," Blaine begged. He knew that he had pushed it a little far, but he also knew that Tina was just as much of a sucker for romance as he was, so he wouldn't put off a chance of convincing her if that was what it took.

"What if your parents talk to my parents? I can't exactly ask them to lie -" she said, and she wasn't arguing - merely stating that this was a possibility.

"Why would they? When was the last time our parents needed to arrange our play-dates?" Blaine chuckled and poked her arm.

"Good point." Tina grinned and poked him back before she put her bowl to the nightstand and crossed her legs to face him.

"Okay, you can do this on one condition - no two!"

Oh god no. Hopefully she won't make me do her homework for the next month or something. I am so not up with energy enough for that, Blaine thought before he nodded a little reluctantly.

"First of all; if anything happens so that your parents find out that you aren't at my house I am allowed to be innocent and good and not know anything about it, got that?" She said sharply, and Blaine agreed.

"That sounds fair. What's the next?" He never wanted to ask her in the first place, this had only been because he didn't have any other options, so of course he would agree to this.

"I want you to tell me all the details. Not like... *those* details. Just - I wanna know how Kurt is when you're alone. And... I'm kind of curious about some things, so you're gonna tell me when I ask," she exclaimed and Blaine was sort of relieved - yet a bit scared.

He wasn't sure he was ready to share all of the details about his alone-time with Kurt with Tina, and he was even more nervous as to where her curiosities could lie.

"Uhm... okay. I guess. I'm not really sure what it is I'm agreeing to here," he said a bit apprehensive, excepting a million questions to pour down over him and he would have nowhere to run.

No more further questions came though. They took an hour more on Tina's homework before Blaine decided that he had to go home so he could talk to his parents about the weekend.

A text from Kurt ticked in as he was putting his blazer back on and Tina positively beamed as she got to his phone before he did.

Kurt: "Baby. Did you figure something out with your parents? I really hope you can come. I miss your kisses."

Blaine was dying. He wanted to jump and squeal from the text. This was definitely one of Kurt's better days. He hadn't heard from him all day so he had guessed that he was in a bad mood, but this text had

Blaine completely melting to a puddle of gush. He was just happy that Tina had seen one of his better texts and not one of his grumpy ones.

"Just... run off and be in love, okay?" She grinned when she hugged him before he left her room with a kiss to her cheek.

xXx

When Blaine came home his dad was in the living room watching the news and his mom was doing laundry which was a major relief. He hurried upstairs to change into his pajamas before he went back downstairs to catch his mom before she was finished.

"Hey sweetie. Had a good time at Tina's?" She asked and kissed his cheek when he entered the washing room.

He leaned against the counter and watched her as she fumbled around by the washing machine.

"It was good, as always. We got through her history homework. More or less," he laid out softly.

It was stupid. He had never had any problems about getting permission to stay at Tina's house. His mom knew that he was gay and that it wasn't going to change, so there wasn't any chance of them doing anything inappropriate. She also knew that Tina was with Mike and she had seen them together at Blaine's birthday - seen how much in love they were.

"I uhm... I was wondering if it would be cool with you if I spent the weekend at her house? We were talking about watching a lot of TV shows and studying for our exams together, and it would be sort of easier if we could... you know, just keep going all night if we hit a good steam," he tried and he was shocked and scared at how easy it came to him.

Guilt was piling up in his chest and he wanted to tell his mom that it had nothing to do with Tina, that it was because he was going to sleep in another boy's bed - an incredible boy that he was in love with.

"Sure. That sounds lovely. If it's good with her parents it's fine for me," his mom smiled and she clearly didn't suspect anything out of the ordinary going on.

Blaine was relieved and depressed.

He thanked his mom, kissed her goodnight and went to wash up. As soon as he was in his room he went directly to bed and found out his phone so he could let Kurt know the news.

Blaine: "I talked to my mom. She said that it was fine. It took a bit convincing from Tina but she let me say that I will be at her house."

It only took a second before his phone was ringing and he dozily picked up.

"She said yes? You're coming to my house tomorrow?" Kurt asked in an anxious voice, like he needed to hear the words rather than just reading them on the display of his phone.

"Yeah. It's cool. I'm thinking to just go home to shower and pick up some stuff after school and then I will come to you. Would that be okay?" Blaine asked and realized how tired he actually was.

He turned to lie on his side so he could curl up to a pillow and imagined how great it would be to be with Kurt for an entire weekend - again.

"Are you kidding? This is gonna be awesome! Don't even bother to bring clothes, I'm just gonna rip it off you anyway. Besides - that uniform was kinda kinky," Kurt chuckled into the phone, and the sound of his happy voice made Blaine nuzzle his nose into his pillow to hold in a giggle.

"If I don't bring clothes I'm not sure your dad will be all too happy about me walking around naked in his house," Blaine pointed out, doing his best to ignore the comment on his uniform. He had no idea what to make of that.

"My dad? Seriously, like I was even planning on letting anyone see you naked but me," Kurt said dryly and Blaine kicked his feet in excitement.

He had never thought he would feel like a giddy schoolgirl from chick flicks, because he had promised himself that he would never be that type of boyfriend, but right now he couldn't help himself.

"Go to bed. You're gonna need your strength when I fuck you senseless tomorrow," Kurt ordered.

It was always a wonder to Blaine how he could make such hard and inappropriate words sound so soft and caring. Nearly affectionate. *Maybe it's just my mind going crazy.*

"I'll be looking forward to that. Goodnight, Kurt -" Blaine mumbled into the phone and got ready for hanging up.

"Blaine?"

"Yeah?"

"I... I can't wait to sleep with you again. Like... really sleep in your arms," Kurt said shyly, his voice making Blaine's stomach take a roll.

"That... sounds good," Blaine choked out, afraid his voice was going to break from being overwhelmed by affection.

"I think I'm gonna sleep. Hopefully there won't be long until I see you when I wake up," Kurt yawned.

Blaine felt a sting in his heart. He wanted to ask Kurt to not hang up, to leave the phone on so he could fall asleep to the sound of his sleepy breathing, but he had to stop himself. He could do that once he was there with him instead.

"Kurt? You're amazing."

"So are you. You chick," Kurt snickered and Blaine's face dropped.

"Goodnight, baby. I'll ravish you tomorrow," Kurt groaned into the phone.

"Goodnight. I'll look forward to that," Blaine sighed, happy that Kurt didn't go completely mocking on him, and they hung up.

He was just about to put down his phone as he remembered something he needed to do before sleeping.

Blaine: "Go to school!"

Kurt: "Fine, mommy! Let's see how it goes."

Blaine: "You're gonna thank me later."

Kurt: "I doubt it. Now sleep. You'll need your strength and energy tomorrow."

Blaine: "As you wish. Goodnight."

Kurt: "Goodnight."

Kurt: "xxxx"

xXx

It was late afternoon when Blaine arrived at Kurt's house. He had done his best to take good time on showering fixing his hair and packing whatever he would need for the weekend.

To be honest he was nervous like crazy. He had no idea what he and Kurt could get their weekend to go with, and he had to admit that as tempting as it sounded he really hoped that Kurt wasn't planning on spending every minute awake on having sex.

Luckily Kurt had said the house would be empty until around midnight so he could just go in, but Blaine was way too nervous for that so he sent Kurt a text saying that he was in the driveway, and Kurt was holding the door open for him within seconds.

"You could have just come in," Kurt groaned as he moved to let Blaine come inside. Once the door was closed he grabbed around Blaine's collar to pull him in for an aggressive kiss that left him panting when Kurt let go and walked down the hall.

Blaine nearly tripped in following him because he couldn't stop staring at the way his muscles moved under his tanktop on his back, and on his shoulders and arm when he reached up to run a hand through his hair. Once again Blaine had to admit that he had no idea so hot guys could be found outside the edited glossy pictures in magazines.

He wanted to run the few feet between them so he could put his arms around Kurt to let his hand under his shirt where he could feel everything, but he stopped himself with the thought that he should wait until later. He definitely needed to feel it all.

Kurt went out in the garden where he apparently had already been sitting when Blaine came. A stack of magazines were piled at the foot of a tanning chair and a nearly empty bottle of water was standing on the side.

He picked up the magazines and the bottle before he walked back inside, Blaine following him around with his bag in hand and nerves on his sleeve.

When they entered Kurt's room he let the pile of magazines drop in a still neat stack on his bed and gestured for Blaine to put his bag in the corner. Blaine sat down on the bed and the magazines nearly tipped over from the contraction.

Kurt came over to stand between his legs where he bent down to kiss him deeply before he booped his finger to his nose and excused himself. Kurt left the room and Blaine fell down to the bed, making the magazines scoop down in a mess.

He curled up to push his nose down the messy covers to find a good place to sniff in the scent of Kurt. He couldn't help grinning broadly by the fact that he was in Kurt's room and he was going to be there for the rest of the weekend.

When he opened his eyes he was face to face with the magazines that were nearly covering the bed now. He decided to take a look and found that it were motorcycles and tattoos...

...and a few copies of Vogue.

Blaine rushed to sit up. It was the latest few months' copies, he knew them because he had a subscription. He had all of the latest year's copies at home and he had spent hours going through them with Tina when they arrived in the mail each month.

He was stunned. Kurt had Vogue. That was probably one of the last things he would have expected to find in Kurt's room, and here he was with the pretty pages in his hands. It was ridiculous - sure, it was really not Kurt's style, and he was shocked, but for some reason he couldn't help finding it cute to a point where he had to press his hand to his mouth to hold in a giggle.

As soon as he heard footsteps on the stairs he hurried to put the magazines back in order and put them back in a stack so Kurt wouldn't know he had seen them. Something told him that Kurt wasn't too keen on having Blaine, or anyone, know that he was into that kind of stuff.

"Don't you look sexy," Kurt said and pushed the door closed with his foot as he came back into the room. Blaine grinned at him and hoped that he wasn't being too obvious; he didn't want Kurt to think that he was lurking around his room when he wasn't there.

Kurt picked up the magazines and put them in a drawer before he fell down on the bed, making Blaine bounce a little in his seat. Kurt grabbed around his elbow and pulled him down to lie next to him.

"Now we're all alone," he said in a teasing voice.

His eyes were staring really intensely into Blaine's and it was making it hard to breathe. Now that they were so close Blaine could see that tiny freckles were starting to show across the back of Kurt's nose. His skin was moist from sweating and his eyelashes were fluttering up and down every time his eyes blinked.

He looked innocent, and tired. As if he had been working all day.

"Did you go to school today?" Blaine dared to ask, wanting to have it over with so it wouldn't pop up in the middle of everything over the weekend.

Kurt closed his eyes for a moment before he looked straight back into Blaine's.

"I sat through an entire period of English. Then I hung out with Puck and he talked to a few of the glee nerds - and I went through European History," Kurt shrugged as if it wasn't a big deal.

Blaine couldn't stop the grin forming on his face. He knew Kurt didn't want it to be pumped up to something wild because he didn't think he was good for it.

"That's really great. I'm so proud of you!" Blaine beamed without thinking. He clenched his hand around Kurt's between them and placed a wet kiss to his cheek.

Kurt pushed him away with a soft, but firm, hand to his chest and wiped his cheek off. His lips pursed but his eyes were flickering.

"Stop that bullshit. Don't be - proud of me. I didn't end the war in Afghanistan. I only showed up in a freaking classroom, so contain your excitement," Kurt hissed but Blaine could hear that it was only a half-hearted reprimand. Something told him that Kurt was happy that he had said that he was proud of him - regardless of how lame he thought it was.

"Well, I am! And there's nothing you can do about it. I think it's good that you went to school and stayed for so long - and now you're going to kiss me and shut the fuck up!" Blaine demanded and was surprised by the force of his own words - not to mention the words he had used.

It was like something snapped in Kurt's head and suddenly he was straddling Blaine's hips while pinning his wrists to the bed on the sides of his head. His bare feet found their way under Blaine's calves and he leaned down to kiss Blaine forcefully while he let his hands slide from his wrists and strongly up to let their fingers intertwine.

Even with all the weight he was using to hold Blaine down, and all the force he was using to move his lips against Blaine's, somehow it felt like the most gentle kiss they had ever shared. It was like there was more passion in it in some way, and it was in one time scary and comforting.

"I really fucking like you," Kurt smirked as he broke away and sucked Blaine's lower lip into his mouth. He was grinning and his eyes were sparkling.

Blaine lost his breath and were on the edge of coughing. He smiled crookedly and fumbled for words in his brain but somehow they all clogged on the way to his mouth.

I love you.

"I really fucking like you too," he chuckled and kissed Kurt's chin.

If I say it he'll break up with me.

"What do you wanna do?" Kurt asked and he was back to his soft voice, and his hands were soothing in Blaine's.

"I don't know... I figured we could - I don't know," he chuckled and felt a little dumb. He wished that he could have a line-up of fun and exciting things for them to do, but his mind was blank.

"I think I - just wanna stay here - and enjoy you with me now that you are finally here," Kurt declared and started pressing gentle kisses to Blaine's lips, before he continued down his cheek.

Blaine let his legs wrap around Kurt's and he was sure that he had never felt so protected in his life.

He expected Kurt to continue kissing down his chest and the rest of his body, the way he so often did in the hope of getting permission to suck him off, but this time he didn't. When he reached the crook of Blaine's neck he pressed a light kiss beneath his ear and nuzzled his nose into his hair.

Kurt tightened his fingers between Blaine's a little and hummed against his neck, and it didn't seem like he was planning on moving. Blaine wanted to put his arms up to fold them around Kurt, to caress his back and let them be completely enveloped in each other, but he didn't want to let go of his hands either, so instead he stayed and closed his eyes to let all of his senses take in the feeling of Kurt's body.

After what felt like an eternity Kurt stretched his legs so he could carefully slide them between Blaine's. He slowly released his fingers from Blaine's so he could slide his palms over his arms, up his shoulders and down his sides to sneak them under Blaine's shoulders to fold as good around him as possible.

Blaine saw that as his opportunity to put his arms around Kurt where he stroke his fingertips up and down his back. The fabric of his tanktop was soft and Blaine had a suspicion that it was really expensive cotton. He would know that feeling any day.

The feeling of Kurt lying on him that way, in a way that was completely innocent and non-erotic even to Kurt, was close to overwhelming. The way he slipped his head down to rest on Blaine's chest, and the way he did what he could to fold all limbs around Blaine's body made him feel like Kurt was doing all he could to keep him safe - and there was nothing else in the world that could make him feel safer.

They laid liked that for a while. Blaine had closed his eyes and kept his hand running up and down Kurt's back in soothing patterns, every now and then he hummed into his ear and the sound was received with a tender moan back. Sometimes Kurt strengthened his grip on Blaine's body lightly, and Blaine kissed wherever he could reach him.

He was starting to suspect that Kurt had fallen asleep when he pressed a few dozy kisses to Blaine's cheek before he slowly sat up, his fingers quickly finding Blaine's again as if per instinct.

The room had grown dark around them, but Blaine could still see that Kurt was looking even more tired now. His hair had almost left its original grooming and it was softly bobbing around on his head as he moved.

"Wanna go see if I can find us something we can eat?" Kurt moaned lazy and played around with Blaine's fingers while he was looking down on him.

Blaine agreed and they awkwardly got to their feet. As soon as they were both standing Kurt let his hand slide back into Blaine's and didn't let go as they slowly walked towards the kitchen through the dark, soundless house.

While Kurt rustled around the kitchen to make them some pasta Blaine sat on a chair watching him. Every now and then Kurt would walk by but stop to kiss him with a smile and it was hard for Blaine to not tell him to forget about food so they could go back to bed.

As soon as their dinner was done they took their plates and went to the living room. They turned on the TV and ate their food in silence. When they were done eating Kurt leaned in to press a kiss to Blaine's temple and softly mumbled "*I'll do this*" and grabbed the plates before he disappeared back to the kitchen where Blaine could hear him rummaging around until he returned.

When he was back Kurt gently pushed Blaine's right leg up on the couch so he could lie between his legs with his head resting on his chest. He kissed the tips of both of Blaine's index fingers sweetly before he folded Blaine's arms around his waist and clenched them to his body.

"My dad and Carole will be home soon. Wanna go to bed?" Kurt asked and kissed Blaine's bicep before his head dumped back to Blaine's chest after an hour and a half.

"Yeah. We could do that. I'm tired," Blaine agreed and stopped a yawn halfway.

Kurt turned off the TV before he stood up and took both of Blaine's hands to help him up. When they were both standing up Kurt wrapped his arms around Blaine to hold him close for a moment before he grabbed his hand and led him back upstairs.

They stood next to each other by the sink and brushed their teeth in silence, their elbows rubbing against each other every now and then, sometimes sending each other a lazy smile in the mirror before they went back to Kurt's room.

"Please, please, *please* tell me that you aren't planning on sleeping in actual clothes tonight - I wanna feel you, not your \$100 pajamas," Kurt begged and put his shirt in the hamper by the bathroom door.

Blaine dumped to sit on the bed and stared at the bag in his hand. Sure, he had brought his pajamas - but the way Kurt said it made him want to throw it away to never use it again.

"Of course not," he stammered awkwardly, and he could see that Kurt knew that it was a recent decision.

Blaine folded his clothes neatly and put it in the bag before he crawled into Kurt's bed. He had never been in Kurt's bed in only his underwear before but he immediately felt it like he was bathing in a tub that was filled with only the scent of Kurt and nothing else. The sheets were soft and smooth against his skin and suddenly he had no idea why he had even considered wearing anything at all.

Kurt slid under the covers himself and adjusted himself to a comfortable position before he cupped Blaine's face and started kissing him. Blaine was completely taken aback from the affection, but let his hands up to covers Kurt's on his face. He simply never wanted him to let go.

He heard a car in the driveway, and the door in the hall was opened. Kurt kept kissing him and as much as Blaine felt it weird to have Kurt's parents in the house while they were nearly naked and close, kissing each other that way, he didn't want it to stop.

"I think you're really gorgeous. I like it when you're in my bed," Kurt whispered, like he didn't want to break their safe bubble of peace in the dark room.

"I like being in your bed," Blaine whispered back and smiled shyly.

Kurt kissed his forehead, his nose, his lips and his chin before he kissed his lips again and smiled with a suppressed chuckle. He ran his fingertips down Blaine's ribs, causing a tingling sensation to run through his body, before he gently tugged him closer so Blaine could rest his head on Kurt's chest.

All that was heard in the room was Kurt's heartbeat and their combined breathing. Blaine found it remarkable that even though they had only been together in a few weeks their breathing immediately adjusted to each other whenever they were close.

He could hear footsteps on the stairs outside the door and he instinctively squeezed his grip around Kurt a little tighter, causing a soft "*Shhh*" from Kurt followed by caressing fingers up his back.

Suddenly there was a quiet tap on the door and Blaine panicked. Kurt's parents couldn't see them like this; next-to-naked and wrapped around each other. He started to move away to lie down next to Kurt, but Kurt kept him in place.

"Hey Kurt. I just wanted to check that you were home," his dad's voice sounded throughout the room.

Blaine kept his eyes squeezed shut and stayed as still as he possibly could. If he didn't move or breathe maybe Kurt's dad wouldn't notice him lying on his son.

"I'm here, dad. It's fine. We were almost asleep," Kurt said quietly, his fingers softly massaging Blaine's neck at his hairline.

"Good. We're going to bed as well. Goodnight," his dad said and Kurt told him a soft goodnight back before the door was closed and the room was back to being dark and quiet around them.

"Goodnight, baby -" Kurt cooed and kissed Blaine's hair.

xXx

When Blaine woke up the next morning it was from Kurt kissing his fingers. As soon as he realized Blaine was awake he immediately turned all his attention to his mouth. Even though Blaine felt like he was having a terrible morning breath he couldn't deny himself the affection of Kurt's lips and tongue.

He didn't know how it happened but suddenly he was on top of Kurt and everything was kisses and passion. Kurt's hands were on his back with his fingertips down the hem of his underwear and Blaine could feel that Kurt was hard as he pushed his hips up against Blaine's.

A strong morning erection had filled Blaine's boxer briefs and he couldn't stop pressing down on Kurt. He sucked on Kurt's tongue and let himself feel how heavy Kurt was against his hip.

This was it. He was going to do it now. His mouth was watering by the thought of Kurt's dick; he wanted to taste it, feel the weight of it on his tongue and make Kurt twist and writhe the way he had done himself when Kurt had been sucking his own.

There was no excuse anymore because he kept dreaming about how big it would feel in his mouth and he was sure that if he did something wrong Kurt might laugh at him but he would just be happy that he had even tried and then talk him through it.

Blaine sucked on Kurt's lower lip and started kissing down his cheek. His cock was twitching in anticipation and he considered taking off his boxer briefs already to at least not feel like he was trapped in the fabric. He nipped at Kurt's earlobe and Kurt's fingers found their way into his hair where it luckily had wrestled itself out of the gel from the day before.

He continued down Kurt's neck, biting and licking with giggles and moans streaming from Kurt's mouth. The feeling of his fingers running around Blaine's curls and the tender sighs were reassuring and Blaine knew that he was doing something right.

He kissed his way down Kurt's shoulder to go further down his arm. God he loved how muscular his arms were and he couldn't just ignore them, so he kissed the bicep when he suddenly stopped in the middle of action, confusion swimming over his brain and all lust put completely on hold.

"No, no, no, why did you stop? It was so good, baby -" Kurt complained and padded he back of his hand down in the mattress to indicate for Blaine to get back to work.

"Who's... Elizabeth?" Blaine asked and rose to support on his hands rather than his forearms.

"What?" At first he looked confused but then his eyes quickly turned cold and his lips pursed.

"The tattoo on your arm. It says Elizabeth," Blaine explained, but he knew hat Kurt was perfectly aware what he was referring to.

Blaine looked from Kurt's face and down to the dark letters on his skin. Even though it was clearly old and worn from being hidden on the inside of Kurt's bicep where it constantly brushed against his side or clothes it was still a strong contrast to Kurt's cream skin.

The letters were so tiny that Blaine knew that if he hadn't been so close he would never have been able to make out the name. Under the name was a date and Blaine wanted to trace a finger over it to feel the letters, feel the ink as a smooth part of his skin.

"Weren't you in the middle of something?" Kurt groaned and tried dragging his arm away but Blaine held it to the bed so he couldn't move.

"No Kurt, tell me who it is," Blaine protested and started preparing himself for the heat that undoubtedly was about to be thrown at him. Something told him that this was going to be one of their strongest fights ever.

"That's none of your business!" Kurt used his free arm to push Blaine away and hurried to sit up, dragging his arm away so he could fold it over his ribs to hide the tattoo.

It was so frustrating. Why couldn't he just be honest for once? Open up and give an answer. It wasn't like Blaine was expecting a long, heartfelt conversation and dragging up in anything - he simply wanted to know who the name belonged to. Considering Kurt had taken the thought-through decision of having it inked into his body in a way that Blaine could imagine was very painful, it had to be someone who mattered to him.

"Come on, Kurt. Why won't you ever tell me anything that's important to you?" Blaine was hurt. He wanted to tell Kurt everything about himself, his past, his hopes and dreams - everything. He wanted to share his entire life with Kurt, but Kurt wouldn't even share this one thing with him.

"Because it's none of your goddamn business, so back the fuck off!" Kurt snapped, and Blaine nearly moved back on the bed from the force.

His eyes were lightning and his teeth were clattering together. Blaine had never seen him so angry, and if he hadn't known that Kurt would never do that he would be afraid that he was going to hurt him.

"I'm sorry. I just really wanna know. I wanna know everything that's important to you, because *you're* important to me," Blaine tried explaining as softly as possible, doing his best to emphasize that it in no way was because he wanted to invade his privacy.

"Whatever," Kurt growled and rolled his eyes.

He turned his back on Blaine and Blaine didn't know what else to do than sigh heavily in his defeat. He was annoyed, stressed over how defensive his boyfriend was. He adjusted himself on the pillow and wondered if the rest of their weekend was going to be spend on Kurt being pissed at him.

It was childish, Blaine knew that, but he refused to apologize. He hadn't done anything wrong. All he had done was find interest in his boyfriend and the things that mattered to him. Why was that so terrible? Any person in the world would be thrilled to have their partner being honestly interested in them.

So he stayed silent. He watched Kurt's back moving with his every breath. His muscles were strong and visible through the pale skin, and Blaine could see subtle lines from he had been wearing his top outside the day before. A few freckles covered his shoulder, but they were so vague that Blaine was sure he was the only person to even notice them.

"It was my mom," Kurt suddenly said. His voice was so soft and low that it was nearly inaudible. He was lying completely still and for a second Blaine wondered if he had only imagined it.

"Oh -" was all he could say. He had no words, no idea what to say. He felt like he should have guessed that, but he couldn't see how he could.

"I got it because I felt like she was being pushed away when my dad remarried," Kurt told and Blaine wished that he was brave enough to put his arms around him.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled, stupid and insufficient.

Kurt turned around and Blaine felt a knot tie up in his throat when he saw that his eyes were glassy.

"I can't just let her be forgotten," Kurt stated in a broken voice.

"I don't think you ever could," Blaine said softly and turned to lie on his side so he could see Kurt better.

"Do you miss her?"

What an idiotic question! Of course he misses her, it was his mom!

"All the time," Kurt responded and moved so close to Blaine that there was nothing he could do but fold his arms around him.

Kurt put his arm around Blaine as well and buried his face in his chest. His breathing was warm and moist against Blaine's naked skin. He kissed his shoulder and felt like he should be rocking him back and forth while humming soothing sounds in his ear.

"I'm really sorry, honey -" Blaine cooed into his hair and he could feel Kurt calm down in his arms.

For a long time neither of them said anything. Blaine put kisses to Kurt's hair and shoulder every now and then until Kurt tightened his grip around him really hard, before releasing completely so he could move a little away.

His cheeks were completely flushed and his eyes were still a little glassy. Blaine couldn't decide whether it seemed like he had been crying, but he figured that if he had Blaine would have felt it.

"She was really amazing," Kurt suddenly opened and Blaine nearly choked from the surprise.

"She taught me to sing. I was only a kid, so it's not like it matters much. My dad was nervous, but she encouraged me to... do all the kinds of things I did as a kid. Until she... well -" He sighed heavily and let his eyes drop to Blaine's chest instead to avoid eye contact.

Blaine wanted to say something. He felt like he *should* say something - but what was one supposed to say when they were listening to their boyfriend talk about his dead mom?

"God, if she could have seen me now - she would have been *so* disappointed. She always told me to be a good boy, stay in school and stick to performing and playing with clothes. Boy, if she saw me now. Not like I could ever live up to a parent's wishes anyway," Kurt snickered and rolled his eyes with a wrinkle of his nose that made the vague freckles much more pronounced.

"That's not true. First of all; she could not be disappointed in you. Come on, you're so incredible and fierce. Second of all; baby, you can still do those things. It's not too late. Of course you can go back to performing and play with clothes or whatever - you already are playing with clothes, and you do it pretty damn good, if I should say so -" Blaine argued, a need to let Kurt know that he hadn't run dry yet.

"You're just saying that to get in my pants -" Kurt groaned, but Blaine could sense a spark behind the cold façade in his eyes.

"That too. But I really mean it. Kurt, I think you're amazing, and I am sure that your mom would think so too. Now cuddle with me, please" he ended and Kurt looked down to the pillow, his cheeks getting a little rosy and Blaine knew that his mission was accomplished.

"How on Earth did I end up with someone as sappy and manipulating as you?" Kurt teased and pressed a kiss to the corner of Blaine's mouth.

He grinned, happy that he hadn't ruined the rest of their weekend together. He already felt bad for having taken up the subject of his mom, but it wasn't like he knew, and as Kurt was always so reluctant when it came to sharing he couldn't really have guessed it would be something of this caliber.

"Because you want me," Blaine grinned and returned the kiss.

"Yeah. I love fucking your ass," Kurt growled and bit down on Blaine's lower lip while he cupped Blaine's cock, making Blaine express a weak groan into his mouth.

"Wanna take a shower with me?" Kurt asked under his breath, rubbing up and down Blaine's crotch.

He couldn't think, he couldn't breathe, all Blaine could do in response was nod without caring how needy he seemed - because he was. So he stretched his neck and crashed his mouth to Kurt's with something that mostly sounded like a weak whimper.

Blaine put his hands to Kurt's chest and pushed him lightly away. With a confused glance from Kurt he got off the bed and headed for the bathroom where he started to take off his boxer briefs.

"Are you coming? Or should I just shower alone?" Blaine called before he turned on the water. It was only a minute until Kurt was by his side. He let his own underwear drop and pressed his body against Blaine's to a kiss while pushing him under the stream of water.

They stayed there. Kissing and feeling each other while Kurt kept running his fingers through Blaine's hair as if to will it free from the tight gel keeping it locked to his head.

Not much to Blaine's surprise Kurt quickly turned hard against Blaine's crotch, causing a grin to fill Kurt's face and a moan to rust from his throat as Blaine let his palm slide up his length. This was their first time completely naked together since Blaine's room a few weeks ago and he was not planning on letting it be boring.

"I wanna try something but - don't... don't laugh at me if I do it wrong. Just - let me know what you want," Blaine said, his hands cupping Kurt's face but afraid to see his eyes.

"That would really depend on what you're planning on doing cause to me it sounds like this could be either really hot or damn spooky," Kurt chuckled and took a firm grip on Blaine's ass so that Blaine did a little jump from the surprise.

"Of course. I promise, no laughing!" Kurt mused and pecked his lips.

Blaine took a nervous deep breath before he forced himself to stare into Kurt's eyes.

"I wanna - suck your dick," he blabbered awkwardly out. At first Kurt looked like he didn't know whether it was a joke or he meant it, but he quickly transformed to filling with lust and his fingers digging into the flesh of Blaine's ass, pressing their crotches close.

"Yes, baby, please -" he moaned and stuck his tongue into Blaine's mouth to dance with his before Blaine slowly lowered himself down to his knees instead.

The porcelain floor was slippery and the water was streaming down over him. His hair was dripping down on his face and for a second he was afraid he was going to choke from his nerves.

He was face-to-face with Kurt's cock. He had never been so close to it with his face and it was terrifying. It was big and hard and it smelled so much of man and Kurt and sex. The flushed pink was glistening in front of him and he just needed to feel it.

He squeezed his eyes hard and tried thinking back to what Kurt had done when he had been sucking him, and then to what he had seen in porn when he had tried educating himself about sex - but instantly back to Kurt. All he wanted to think about was Kurt.

"Don't be nervous, baby, it's okay - you won't be perfect, it's your first time. But you're gonna be good. You work your tongue so good, Blaine -" Kurt assured him and when he ran his fingers through Blaine's curls it was like his nerves calmed down; he could do this!

He let his tongue out and carefully licked from the root to the head. He let his tongue over the head and slid his palms from Kurt's knees, up his thighs to softly hold flat a his hips. Then he tried getting his tongue to swirl around the head but it only caused for Kurt's head to clash against his cheek and he could feel and hear that Kurt was strangling a chuckle.

God I'm so terrible at this. Oh shit. He will hate me for this. He will never want to have sex with me again. Fuck.

He tried locking his lips around the head and Kurt sighed - he was doing something right, good. He was just starting to think that maybe he could do this after all when Kurt yelped out and grabbed hard around his hair.

"Fuck Blaine your teeth! You're not going to eat me here!" He snapped with a pained voice and Blaine flew back to nearly dump to his ass on the porcelain.

"Oh god I am so sorry! Did I hurt you? Oh no, I can't do this. I am so sorry, Kurt," Blaine rushed out to apologize in panic without knowing what to do when Kurt awkwardly crouched next to him.

"Hey, Blaine, stop that bullshit - it's fine. It's not like you bit it off. It didn't even hurt that much, I was just... startled. I never expected you to be awesome at this when you've never done it before," Kurt comforted and kissed his forehead.

This is ridiculous. I can't even blow my boyfriend and he's comforting me. I should be put in isolation.

"Now I'm gonna stand back up and you're gonna use a lot of tongue and cover your teeth with you lips, and then you will suck my cock, alright?" Kurt cooed and waited for Blaine to react.

He didn't say anything. He let his eyes flicker between Kurt's to see if he could detect any form of annoyance or disappointment hiding behind Kurt's calm surface, but there was nothing but patience to be seen, so he nodded insecurely.

"Thank you. You're amazing," he mumbled and kissed Kurt deeply.

"So are you. And I've felt what you can do with your mouth and you're gonna need to do some serious good stuff with that, cause you have the potential to blow me like you were a pro, because your mouth is fucking divine -" Kurt grinned before he slowly stood back up.

Blaine sat back on his knees and swallowed hard when he suddenly felt Kurt's one hand on his shoulder, down his arm to lift it up. Blaine got the idea and as his hand was in Kurt's he felt Kurt lock them tightly around the base of his cock. Meanwhile his other hand had found its way through Blaine's curls and over his jaw to slightly help him open his mouth.

Blaine closed his eyes and wished for luck as he licked back up the shaft, relieved that Kurt expressed a sigh from the feeling. Even though they were in the shower and there was water everywhere it somehow still felt dry on his tongue. He licked back up again, this time a little harder to really feel the resistance.

Kurt cupped the back of his head, sighing as he reached the head and Blaine could feel him looking down on him.

"That's right, baby. You're doing good. Now take it in, take it in for me," Kurt guided softly, his voice steady and breathy, and somehow it had Blaine feel like he was being taken care of.

So he took another deep breath and closed his eyes before he opened his mouth fully again. He did his best to fold his lips over his teeth and let his mouth sink back down over Kurt's head.

"Yes, Blaine. Fuck that's good, baby!" Kurt thrust out as his hand started to feel a little stronger on the back of his head.

"All the way down, darling. Just stop when it feels uncomfortable."

The way Kurt's voice was soft and trusting made Blaine feel a little more confident. He had been scared to death that he was going to screw up - again. Now he felt like he might actually be able to do this somewhat good for Kurt.

Not to mention how hard and strong Kurt felt in his mouth. As he slowly started to move his mouth down around the shaft Blaine couldn't stop marveling at how heavy and smooth Kurt was feeling on his tongue.

When he was as far down as he could he stopped for a moment there. He let himself enjoy the feeling of Kurt's fingers gently massaging around in his hair in time with his breath being filled with tender "*Mhm*" from Blaine around him.

He wasn't sure what else to do at this point. He had made it this far and now he hoped that he would make it out alive. There was also the important fact that he wanted to taste and feel the sensation of the reality that he was on his knees in the shower with Kurt's dick in his mouth.

"Mhm, you feel good, baby. Now start working that great mouth of yours around me," Kurt pushed gingerly and Blaine was reminded that he had to continue.

He tried to take a deep breath through his nose, an action that nearly resulted in a cough, so he let his mouth slide back up, his lips tightening a little around the shaft. When he was up he dived back down and this time tried letting his tongue trace the vein on the underside of Kurt's cock and Kurt took a little firmer grip around his locks.

He slowly started bobbing his head up and down, trying to steady himself by keeping his hands on Kurt's hips. It was much harder than he had expected, but in return he was much more turned on by it than he had expected.

The taste of Kurt's pre-come was slowly starting to spread over the entirety of Blaine's mouth mixed with the taste of flesh. He could the come leaking at the roof of his mouth, and when he arched his neck lightly to not get a cramp in his neck Kurt rushed out "*Yes, just like that*" and Blaine nearly grinned.

He worked up a bit faster pace, and dared himself to let the tip of his tongue tease at the rim around the head. Kurt's fingers were working quickly around his hair and sometimes even down his neck. Blaine could feel that he was resting against the wall and he couldn't do anything but take that as a good sign.

"Suck it, baby. Just... fuck - suck," Kurt begged through moans.

That's what I'm doing! Blaine thought desperate, but then he remembered having read something about creating a vacuum in his mouth.

He sucked. Sucked as hard as he could whilst bobbing his head up and down, his tongue following the movement when Kurt thrust out a sore "*Oh my god, Blaine!*" and his knees nearly buckled under him.

His hands rushed to Blaine's shoulders to force him up. Blaine's lips slid off Kurt's cock with a low squish and he hurried to stand back up where Kurt forced him against the wall to kiss him forcefully.

Kurt started thrusting his hand quickly around himself and Blaine had to pull out of the kiss to breathe. The look on Kurt's face was definitely the one he wore whenever he was close, so Blaine pushed his hand away to take over with his own fist.

As soon as he was back in charge of his breathing he crashed his mouth back to Kurt's. Within a few seconds Kurt's one hand was gripping hard around Blaine's shoulder and his hips started jerking against Blaine's.

Blaine could feel his shaft pulse in his hand and he almost bit down on Kurt's tongue from the thought that it was him, his mouth, his tongue, his hand that had brought him to the point where he was coming.

Hot spurts covered their bellies and were quickly washed off by the water running down over them. Blaine's wrist was killing him but he kept going until Kurt's forehead fell to his shoulder and he was chuckling.

"Fuck. You little... shit," Kurt groaned against Blaine's shoulder.

He started kissing over his shoulder and dozy let his hands up to fold around Blaine's waist. Blaine kissed down his ear and over his neck before he reached his cheek. Kurt tasted like salt and Blaine couldn't help but wonder whether it was him who had made him sweat so much that even through the water he was tasting like that or if it was just the temperature of the water.

"Was that alright?" Blaine asked insecurely, hoping that the blowjob had been good enough.

Kurt lifted his head and clasped his hands to Blaine's face. He kissed him soft and deep, not even using tongue, before he moved back just enough to look Blaine in the eyes.

"Some day you're gonna be my sex king, baby. And I'm gonna keep you to myself and tell all the guys how fantastic you are, and everyone will be freaking jealous because you will only be my sex king," Kurt grinned and gently brushed a lock of hair away from Blaine's cheek.

His eyes were still swimming and Blaine was afraid that the glaze covering his deep blue orbs would be enough to make him pass out.

"Okay. I can live with that," he mumbled awkwardly and received yet another kiss, before he was dragged into a warm embrace that felt almost out of character for Kurt.

They stayed with their arms around each other for a few moments before Kurt slowly found out his shampoo and started washing Blaine's hair. Blaine nearly snickered when he saw the expensive brand but decided to not mention it, the same went when Kurt started washing his body with a blueberry scented gel.

Once they were finished washing up Kurt folded a huge towel around Blaine before he snuck his way into Blaine's toweled up arms. He kissed his collarbones and hummed into Blaine's neck.

"You're pretty awesome," Kurt said lazily.

"You're pretty awesome too," Blaine smiled and kissed his temple, strengthening his grip around Kurt.

If this was how it would feel whenever they weren't bickering and bitching at each other he thought that the rough patches were completely worth it in the end. Maybe Kurt would even soften up to be like this a bit more often.

Chapter Five

The Saturday after their shower evolved to be a dozy affair. Kurt found out some breakfast that he and Blaine brought to his room; apparently he didn't find it necessary for them to socialize with his family. When they were done eating Kurt asked Blaine to go with him to the mall, clearly after a lot of self-convincing.

Blaine was nervous. He didn't know how Kurt found it appropriate for them to act in public when going out together that way. At the tire shop it had been completely different because Kurt was busy so Blaine had been hanging casually around. Now they were going out together - but would they go out together as a couple?

Kurt's house wasn't very far from the mall so they walked there. Blaine was unusually self-conscious and kept sneaking glances to Kurt's hand between them, even though they were walking with a foot's distance between them as had they simply been friends.

As soon as they were at the mall Blaine started feeling even more self-conscious. His friends came to the mall, his friends who were nervous about him being with Kurt. He didn't want to bump into them if Kurt was planning on acting like they were friends.

To Blaine's surprise Kurt stopped in front of a clothing store. It wasn't really Blaine's style so he kept a bit away but before he knew it Kurt had grabbed his hand and pulled him close.

"Are you okay? Don't go around moping. You have a freaking lovely smile and I wanna see that," Kurt mumbled against Blaine's temple before he kissed him there with a sore '*mhm*'-sound.

Everything inside of Blaine flushed. He squeezed Kurt's hand tight and grinned broadly at him. He was sure that his cheeks were red as well but it didn't matter because Kurt was holding his hand and kissing him in front of all of Lima.

Blaine waited for Kurt to look at clothes, waited for him to try on jeans and black t-shirts. Suddenly Kurt dragged him into a changing room where he kissed him and started rubbing against him - and Blaine was sure that everything was going to be good and beautiful for the rest of his life.

However, they were quickly asked to leave by a woman who didn't find the moans from behind the curtain suitable for her store, so they left without buying anything. Kurt was laughing loudly from the look on the woman's face and Blaine was completely unable to stop watching him as he let totally go off himself.

Kurt's laughter was high pitched and giggly. In Blaine's opinion it was the cutest thing in the world and even though he had been a little embarrassed about what happened in the store he definitely found it all worth it to hear Kurt laugh that way.

Before going home they went to get coffee and when Kurt was about to pay for himself Blaine took his chance and hurried to pay for both of them. For a second he thought he saw Kurt blush and smile from the gesture, but in a second Kurt simply took his coffee and walked away.

In the coffee shop they found a quiet corner where Kurt put his arm around Blaine and pulled him close on the bench they were occupying. Blaine felt giddy and filled to the top with the feeling of Kurt holding his arm around him in public -

...when a two young boys walked in.

Blaine's friends smiled and waved awkwardly at him, and for some reason Blaine's own enthusiastic smile in their direction frowned and felt misplaced. He didn't say anything but drank his coffee and fell a little deeper into Kurt's embrace.

When they were walking back to Kurt's house he was a little surprised by Kurt not letting go of his hand on the way. Blaine clenched tight all the way back and did his best to push away the thoughts of his friends' faces.

xXx

When they entered at home the house was humming around them. Clearly Kurt's entire family was home and when they walked past the living room Blaine saw that even the Jewish girl (*what did she say her name was?*) from Tina's glee club was there. She was holding the hand of a tall guy who should be looking like a man but actually looked like an oversized boy.

"Come on, babe. Let's go upstairs," Kurt mumbled and before Blaine could say or do anything they were back in Kurt's room.

Kurt let his bags drop in a pile on the chair by the desk before he turned around to put his arms around Blaine. The feeling of Kurt's strong, warm embrace reminded Blaine of a reunion after having been apart for years. He wanted to ask about Kurt's family and why he was doing his best to not let Blaine meet them, but Kurt's arms around his shoulders made him dozy and instead he wanted to curl up on the bed with Kurt and never move again.

"I like the feeling of your arms around me. It feels like you never want to let me go," Kurt cooed with his nose boring into Blaine's hair. His voice was soft and tender, and Blaine suspected the cold, hard features that usually occupied his boyfriend's face had transformed to more innocent and smooth ones.

I could just tell him that I love him. Wouldn't anyone be happy to know that they are loved? Especially by their boyfriend, Blaine argued internally with himself. He wanted to stand on a mountaintop and scream it at the top of his lungs for the world to know - he was just afraid that Kurt would hear.

"I don't. I wanna stay here always," Blaine said in a cracking voice. It was terrible really, that it was bothering him so much. He should just push it away.

There was a knock on the door and Kurt grew stiff in Blaine's arms. It was like he was expecting a dungeon keeper to show up and if he stayed still no one would notice their presence.

Unfortunately it wasn't so. There was another knock and the door was opened. Blaine had his back on the door so he couldn't see who it was, but Kurt released his grip around him and hurried to the door with hasty steps.

"Dad! I'm coming out instead, okay -" he snapped and the door was pushed closed behind him as he disappeared into the hall after his dad.

Blaine fell down on the bed, curious to what was going on. He found it odd that Kurt didn't want him to meet his family, but when he thought closer it wasn't exactly like he was planning on introducing Kurt to his family either - which was mostly because there was no way it would turn out good if Blaine showed up with his boyfriend who was a leather-wearing, smoking, school-ditching punk with studs all over his everything.

Maybe that was the point really - Kurt didn't want his family to know that he was dating a prep school boy. A boy who always did his homework, did volunteer work and could never dream of doing anything out of line. Maybe Kurt was embarrassed of him.

After a little while Kurt returned to the room. A dark look was covering his face so Blaine figured it best to not say a word but keep shut instead. He watched as Kurt sat on the desk and lit up a cigarette. He pushed open the window and leaned against the wall to stare at the sky going dark outside.

"Sorry. I tried talking us out of it, but we have to go have dinner with the fam tonight," Kurt said as he blew a cloud of smoke out the window and winced his face by the thought of what was to come.

"That sounds cool. I'm cool with that," Blaine said carefully with a hope that he could stay presentable for Kurt so he wouldn't have to feel ashamed of him. What worried him was that Kurt didn't look at him or so much as grunt at his accept.

xXx

The atmosphere in the kitchen was warm and homely. Blaine felt it like he had been there a million times before, but as he was standing partially hidden behind Kurt as they entered the room it was clear to him that to Kurt this was just something that had to be done and over with.

The oversized boy was sitting at the table with a broad grin. He introduced himself as Finn, Kurt's stepbrother. At the end of the table a woman with light brown hair was sitting. She was smiling maternally at him and told that her name was Carole. She was Finn's mom and married to Kurt's dad. Blaine sat down next to Kurt and awkwardly introduced himself.

After a few moments of awkward silence the Jewish girl tripped into the kitchen where she sat down next to Finn. This was Rachel, girlfriend of Finn. Apparently she had seen Blaine perform with The Warblers and was very impressed. Kurt's dad came as well and everyone was gathered to eat.

Kurt didn't talk at all during dinner. Whenever one of the others directed a question or comment at Blaine he felt put on spot. He looked to Kurt who kept staring into his plate before he awkwardly responded.

Kurt's behavior made him feel abandoned and lost. He didn't know if Kurt was okay with him having conversations with his family even though he did his best to stay as polite as he possibly could. He didn't

want to ignore them either so he was torn between Kurt being cold and Rachel fretting him for information of where The Warblers were in their preparations for Regionals in two weeks.

As dinner drifted towards the end Blaine felt more and more like trying to grab Kurt's hand under the table. The more Blaine discussed show choir with Rachel the more it felt like Kurt was moving away from him and he didn't like the feeling - on the other hand he enjoyed discussing solos and dance numbers with her, Finn every now and then joining in with a comment of how hard a certain routine was or how he couldn't understand the way the others in the New Directions didn't need to eat an entire buffet after performing.

"What about you, Kurt? You could come back to glee club, it would be fun -" Rachel cheered, and Blaine's instincts told him that she had stepped wrong.

"Why would I ever do something as stupid as show choir again? I can't sing, I can't dance, I sound like a freaking girl whenever I try and Mr. Schue made it pretty clear that I am not talented enough for your precious glee club - not to mention how the other freaks treated me. I honestly don't know how I ever was as pathetic as I was back then," Kurt snapped and jumped out of his chair.

In a matter of seconds he was down the hall and they could hear him thundering up the stairs. Blaine was shrinking in his seat and Rachel looked like she had just had her nose shoved into a pile of horse dumping.

"I should..." Blaine tried and started to get up from his chair but Rachel clammed her hand around his wrist.

"No. Leave him alone or he'll eat you. And what he said about how we treated him - we didn't do anything!" Rachel rushed out.

Blaine rested back in his seat. Worry was filling his body and Kurt's words mixed with Rachel's were roaming around in his head. He felt caught in the middle and knew that Rachel was right; if he went upstairs to Kurt he would be eaten raw.

"He'll calm down. Kurt's been going through a tough time lately. It's been making him a bit moody, but he'll be fine," Kurt's dad assured Blaine.

Suddenly it felt like all eyes were on him and the empty seat next to him. Carole started cleaning out the table and Rachel joined her, everyone going about their business as usual.

"No I... I better go talk to him. Excuse me -" Blaine apologized and hurried down the hall to the stairs that he quickly climbed.

He knocked Kurt's door carefully but there was no response. After knocking a third time he heard Kurt growl loudly on the other side and Blaine decided that he could just as well walk in instead of waiting for permission.

Kurt was sitting by the window with a cigarette in his hand and a cloud of smoke around his head. He stared at Blaine like he had just popped up in the middle of the room without using the entrance.

"The others told me to leave you alone, but I just figured -"

"They were right. But I don't care. They can bitch about me all they want, I don't give a shit," Kurt groaned and let his head thump heavily against the window frame. He blew out a cloud of smoke and watched it as it dissolved in the air before he threw the used up filter to the lawn under him and went to fall on the bed.

"So I am guessing you'll be heading back home now?" Kurt asked casually and played with the foil around his cigarette package.

"Do you - you want to - do you want me to leave?" Blaine asked. He had not seen that coming and to be honest it was definitely a punch in the gut. He couldn't believe that Kurt was asking him to leave; had he really been that terrible at socializing with his family?

"Well - now you've witnessed the circus that is my family, and seen how screwed up I am... It would only make sense," Kurt explained, and his eyes seemed like a flicker of sadness was running through them but his lips had formed a thin line.

"No. No - no, Kurt, I... I don't care about your family, I only care about you," Blaine said and took a trying step towards the bed. He wanted to hug Kurt, to assure him that all that mattered to him was to be with him, to let him know that he thought that he was amazing just the way he was and that he didn't care that he wasn't in glee club.

"Are you sure? You're not freaked out?" Kurt asked and slowly sat up, concern and insecurity filling his face.

"Of course I'm sure. Kurt, I l... I am crazy about you," Blaine smiled weakly and stepped over to stand directly in front of Kurt sitting on the bed in front of him. Kurt smiled up at him and took his hands in his own, staring at the way their fingers were falling perfectly into place with each other.

"You're sweet. And brave - or really stupid, for not letting my family terrify you," Kurt mumbled with eyes stilled trained on their hands.

Kurt fell back on the bed, taking Blaine with him so that he fell down on top of Kurt. They laughed a little by the action before Kurt kissed his nose. Then they re-arranged themselves to lie properly down, facing each other with their hands locked between them.

"So - you wanna tell me what that was all about?" Blaine asked hesitantly. Apparently it was a sore spot for Kurt, but he felt like he needed to know in order to know Kurt better. He also felt that he needed to ask to show Kurt that he cared.

"There's nothing to tell. I was in that stupid glee club, but when I came to my senses and stopped being such a fag I quit - simple as that," Kurt explained with a dry voice.

"Don't... Kurt, it's really hard believing you when I've heard stories from Tina. You are talented, you just need to believe it yourself," Blaine said, ending with a sigh from the feeling that he was fighting a pointless battle.

He hated whenever he had to bring Tina into their conversations of whether Kurt was worthless or not. It shouldn't be necessary, Blaine should be able to argue for himself instead of using his friend's arguments.

"Quit the crap, Anderson, you don't know shit about my talents just because Girl Asian tells you stuff," Kurt snapped and Blaine was taken aback.

He sat up in the bed and Kurt stared up at him like he had just set his motorcycle on fire.

"So what you're saying is that I'm a fag because I love being in glee club, I'm stupid for liking your family and my best friend is a liar? Some boyfriend I am, huh -" Blaine thrust out, desperate to let Kurt understand what it was he was saying to him, that it wasn't just random words.

Kurt looked like he had just had his head dipped in a tub of ice cubes. He hurried to sit up, struggling to sit properly next to Blaine and grab around his arms.

"No baby, that wasn't - I didn't mean it like that. I don't think you're a fag -"

"But you just said that you were a fag when you were in glee, and since I'm the frontman of my glee club that would make me over-fag," Blaine said pointedly.

"God, can't you just listen to what I'm saying?" Kurt growled, his fingers digging a little deeper into the flesh on his arms.

"I am, Kurt! That's my point. Every time you talk trash about yourself you talk trash about me too, because the things you say apply to me as well. but even worse; I get so hurt, because what you're saying isn't true. You're not that terrible - I would kill to get to see you perform, and I hate that I missed that proud, life-loving Kurt that I've heard stories about," Blaine said defeated and had a need to bury his face in the pillow and just scream until his lungs hurt.

Kurt let his hands drop and let his forehead fall to Blaine's shoulder. He tried to suppress a groan but it turned out as a low growl at the back of his throat.

"Dammit, Blaine. You know I suck at these things. Like... I just can't be good enough for you. Not that you expect too much from me but it's just - I don't feel that I'm good enough for you. I always wanna do the best I can but... you shouldn't be with me, because there are so many great guys that you deserve to be with instead of a bum like me. I'm just selfish and hope that you won't realize it any time soon so I can keep you. I'm - so afraid that one day you'll realize how much I suck and you'll leave me," Kurt revealed with his face hidden against Blaine's shoulder. His voice sounded broken and weak - like he truly was scared.

Everything inside Blaine turned over. It was like his blood was freezing, and he had never expected Kurt to open up to him like that.

"Kurt - I couldn't leave you. I'm to crazy about you to do that. But you are so terrible with feelings, but you're getting better and I feel blessed that you will waste your time on me. I wanna be with you, Kurt, but I want you to like yourself, because you are so extraordinary, you just need to allow yourself to see that," Blaine tried explaining.

Kurt raised his head and looked up at Blaine from under crazy long eyelashes. It was like Kurt was seeing him for the first time.

"I'm gonna disappoint you very soon," Kurt sighed.

"No, you can't disappoint me - that's impossible," Blaine cooed and pressed a kiss to Kurt's forehead.

Kurt stretched up to press a kiss to Blaine's lips, his hands grabbing Blaine's face with his thumbs caressing over his cheeks.

"Now tell me about when you were in glee club. I've only heard stuff from Tina but I wanna hear from you," Blaine tried again as they drew apart and fell to lie back down.

He adjusted himself to a comfortable position with his head resting on his arm so he could keep up eye contact with Kurt. Now he waited, watching Kurt roll his eyes and bite his lower lip - he was thinking, he actually wanted to tell him about it.

"First of all - when we first started out everyone was very excited about pointing out how gay and girl I was. Which was before I came out. I was pretty much the collective joke of the school," Kurt told dryly.

"Then they wouldn't let me do a certain song because originally it's done by a chick - and I was pushed into lockers, slushies shoved in my face and thrown in dumpsters regularly." Kurt was staring into the sheets and Blaine wished that he would look at him instead so he could have a chance of knowing what he was thinking or feeling.

"And theeeeen - god it's so lame. Then everyone naturally kept making fun of me. When this new guy started both Finn and my dad said I shouldn't ask him to sing a duet with me because I'm gay and apparently he would feel violated - and then it resulted in no one wanting to do a duet with me so I did it by myself, and when a guy in school kept bullying me more and more no one cared. A few of the guys confronted him but it didn't really make a difference. No, they just wanted to keep me around to have someone to mock," Kurt blabbered off under his breath before he let his head dump heavily to the pillow under him.

Blaine was speechless. He couldn't believe what he had just heard. It was devastating to hear Kurt talk about the tormenting he had been put through, and Blaine couldn't stop imagining different terrorizing scenarios.

"I'm sorry. Kurt, it's terrible. I wish I had been there to... support you. Didn't your dad do anything? Or your teachers? And how your dad just..." Blaine asked, hoping to find some kind of sunlight in the dark story.

Kurt chuckled. Apparently he found the thought of someone actually being there for him completely ridiculous.

"No. My dad was... he had a tough time dealing with me, so when he met Finn's mom he finally got the man of a son he always wanted, so no need for me anymore. And my teachers? *Please*. They pretended to care but didn't really do much - except for the coach of the cheerleading team. She gave up a position as principal in protest of the school board not doing anything about the guy who bullied me and threatened me. So since a worthless piece of nothing was all they ever saw that is what they get," Kurt told.

It was hard for Blaine to not scoop him up into his arms to hold him and promise that he would take care of him forever.

No one will ever hurt you again. I love you and that's all that matters.

"No one should be treated that way. But - just because they treated you like that doesn't mean it can't be different. I'm not saying you should go back to glee club and pretend everything is cool, because it really isn't. I'm just saying that - you aren't worthless, you aren't nothing. And they should see that, you should be rubbing your awesome in their faces!" Blaine tried, and his mission succeeded - a vague, but sincere, smile spread on Kurt's lips.

"You are the world's most obnoxious human being," Kurt grunted and rolled his eyes.

Blaine felt defeated. Apparently nothing he said could make Kurt feel just a tiny bit better about himself. It was hopeless, and sometimes he felt the need to grab his shoulders and just shake him until he understood what it was he was trying to tell him.

"Thank you. No one's cared about me like that before. You shouldn't - but I'm glad that you do," Kurt muttered and poked a finger into Blaine's belly.

"But could we not talk about me now? Who were those guys at the coffee house earlier? Competitions that I have to slay to keep you to myself?" Kurt asked with a sharp look. Blaine couldn't see through whether he was serious or not, so he guessed that he had to stay on the safe side of things.

"No. That was just Nick and Trent... from my school. They're not gay, so nothing to slay anyone over there."

"Then what the fuck was their problem? They were staring at you like you had just peed in their pool," Kurt snorted. He definitely wasn't too happy about the way the strangers had been looking at his boyfriend. Blaine couldn't help but find it cute.

That wasn't his main occupation at the moment, though. He had completely pushed away that he had seen Nick and Trent at the coffee house and the way they had looked at him. It stung to think about and he didn't want to think about it.

"They're just... worried about me. They don't really understand why I'm with you. I mean - they want me to be happy, they're my friends... but they're afraid you're gonna hurt me. I told them you won't, but it's just because they don't know you."

Blaine felt terrible. He didn't want Kurt to think that The Warblers were bad friends trying to take Blaine away from him, but he had no idea how to explain to Kurt why they were so concerned. Because he actually understood their concerns to a certain point even though there was no reason to it.

"But you're the one dating me so they should just shut the hell up. They shouldn't put their snout in your private life so what's the big deal?" Kurt tried, his eyebrows meeting above his nose and lines filling his forehead.

"It's making you upset? I won't let anyone make you upset!" He declared when he saw the look on Blaine's face.

He let his hand run from Blaine's wrist, over his arm to end on his cheek. His blue eyes pierced into Blaine's and somehow he managed to simultaneously seem both soft and sharp.

"If they upset you then fuck them! No one is worth so much that they are allowed to upset you, you fucking hear me?" Kurt exclaimed, his voice completely different from Blaine had ever heard him.

Kurt's eyes were searching Blaine's intensely and it felt like the world had gone silent around them, waiting for Blaine to have a reaction.

"Kurt, they're my friends, I -"

"No. If they hurt you I will kick their ass. You're way too precious for that."

Kurt strengthened his grip on Blaine's cheek a little before he stretched his neck to press a kiss to Blaine's lips. A forceful kiss that felt like an exclamation point for what he had just said.

"They won't hurt me. I promise. Like I told you; they're just worried about me. As soon as they see how darn happy you make me they'll change their minds, I promise," Blaine smiled insecurely.

Kurt grinned at him and dragged his face back to a kiss, this time more innocent and light.

The rest of the night they spent watching a movie on Kurt's bed. Kurt was lying behind Blaine and occasionally pressing kisses to his neck and ear whenever he was bored with the movie. It was hard for Blaine not to let himself completely into Kurt's power and simply abandon the movie in turn of Kurt's lips and touch, but he also enjoyed the feeling of them doing something together that wasn't kissing and hands all over each other all the time. Those were the time he really felt that they were a couple.

When they finally decided that it was time for sleep Blaine was sure that Kurt spent over an hour kissing him all over his body without so much as insinuating that he was trying something sexual. He simply worked his lips, and sometimes tongue, slowly and sensually around Blaine's nearly-naked skin.

Smiling and warm Blaine fell asleep with the thought that maybe Kurt wouldn't be so mad if he told him that he loved him after all.

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When Blaine woke up it was in the middle of the night. Everything was dark around him, nearly black, and he had a massive headache from the heat filling the room. At first he thought that he had woken up because he was hot and thirsty but then he realized what was going on.

His bare chest was nearly soaked and Kurt's arms were clinging to him. He was writhing and whimpering with tears rolling down his face.

Blaine panicked. He was used to Kurt every now and then having bad dreams when they were napping together after Blaine got off school. He would whimper and cling hard to Blaine until Blaine had him eased down to earth - but he had never cried, never been complaining this bad.

"Please... he's sick!" Kurt sobbed in his sleep, voice thick from sleep and crying.

His fingers were digging into Blaine's chest and his tears were warm against his skin. Blaine had no idea what to do. He was afraid that if he did anything at all he would wake him up, and Blaine wasn't sure how good an idea that was.

He made a snap decision: Blaine folded his arms around Kurt and gently pulled him closer though it was nearly impossible. Kurt was now so close that his cheek was clasped against Blaine's skin. Blaine started singing quietly, a lullaby his mom had sung to him when he was a kid. He had no idea where it came from but it was the first that popped into his head.

"Mom. Please don't leave me. No -" Kurt begged weakly, but his breathing and sobbing had slowed down now. Blaine kissed him on the hair between verses and brushed his fingertips up and down his back, hoping for a miracle to end this terrible dream Kurt was having.

"Shhh, it's okay, baby. It's just a dream," Blaine tried quietly to comfort him, but the tears were still wetting their skin and whimpers were still floating from Kurt's lips.

Blaine stayed with arms locked tightly around Kurt for a good while. He kept singing to him, brushing soothing patterns around his skin and whispering comforting words like *"it's gonna be okay"* and *"you're just having a bad dream"*.

The sobbing and whimpering slowly faded out before it stopped altogether and Kurt's breathing was reduced to its usual sleepy humming, so Blaine kissed his temple, silently whispering *"that's good, baby"* and got ready to go back to sleep when Kurt suddenly sat up and stared at him through the thick darkness.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" He snapped, his eyes lightning even though it was hard to make out the rest of his features from the lack of light in the room.

"I was just... you were having a bad dream, and you were crying so I -"

"I don't cry!" Kurt cut him sharply off. Blaine was definitely thrown off his feet. This was completely unfair. He hadn't done anything wrong, he was only taking care of him. Or at least trying to.

"Well you did, Kurt! And I tried to comfort you because it breaks my heart when you're sad!" Blaine thrust out in confusion, a mix of anger and frustration filling his body.

"Fuck you," Kurt grunted and moved as far to the other side of the bed as he possibly could without falling to the floor. He laid with his back on Blaine, but it was only a few short moments before Blaine could hear in his breathing that he was back asleep.

He couldn't believe it. He had just tried to comfort his crying boyfriend only to be cursed at like that. It was impossible for him to do anything right. However, he didn't regret his attempt at comforting Kurt.

The darkness felt like a suffocating blackness around Blaine and he constantly had to stop himself from moving closer to Kurt, from putting his arm around him and kissing his shoulder. Instead he curled up on his own side of the bed and watched Kurt's ribs rise and fall every time he drew a breath.

"I just love you. Why is that so terrible?" Blaine whispered, doing his best to make sure Kurt wouldn't hear him even if he was awake.

xXx

"Why are you lying all the way over here?" Kurt's sleep-drugged voice sounded directly into Blaine's ear as he woke up to chill fingers on his ribs and teeth around his earlobe.

Kurt was pressing a morning-erection against Blaine's ass and he could feel how Kurt was doing his best to let it find between Blaine's ass cheeks through the fabric of his underwear.

At first Blaine let a smirk fill his face. He liked waking up that way. However, it only took him a moment before he remembered why he was sleeping at the other side of the bed. He quickly turned around to face Kurt with a shocked expression and sharp eyes. At least he hoped he had sharp eyes.

"Are you kidding me? Kurt - you pushed me away, you told me to fuck off and then you moved as far away from me as you could. For a second I wondered if you were planning on sleeping on the couch instead," Blaine exclaimed. Now it was his turn to be angry, though his anger quickly turned to guilt when he saw the expression painting Kurt's face.

"I don't remember doing that. I'm sorry," he mumbled ashamed. He looked like a kid who had just eaten his best friend's last cookie on accident. He moved back to the other side of the bed, back to sitting as far away from Blaine as he could without standing up.

"You did, Kurt. And I was really hurt. You were clearly having a nightmare and you were crying and all I did was try to comfort you and you told me to fuck off and left me to feel horrible about myself. You are being so selfish sometimes!"

Blaine instantly regretted his words. All of this had happened because Kurt had been crying, had needed him - who was he to judge whether Kurt was selfish or not if he didn't want his comfort? Surely he was allowed to decline if he didn't want it.

"I don't fucking cry," Kurt snapped halfheartedly.

His eyes were avoiding Blaine's and his lips were slightly parted in an insecure fashion. As if he was caught off guard, or push off the edge in surprise. The loud-mouthed Kurt Hummel had turned speechless.

Before he even had any idea of what he was doing Blaine was crawling across the bed to sit on his haunches in front of Kurt. He grabbed his hands in his own, looking at himself caressing Kurt's hands before looking up on his face.

"It's okay. It's... I don't find you any less of a man for crying. Quite the opposite. When I woke up and you were crying and mumbling in your sleep I got scared. Really scared. I had no idea what to do. All I could do was try to comfort you. But crying takes bravery - even in your subconscious you're brave, you just need to allow that courage get back through that armor in the form of that leather jacket you're always wearing. I know you have it, Kurt, you're just hiding -" Blaine tried, well-knowing that Kurt would feel totally off course from the deepness of his words.

"Stop being such a girl -"

Kurt's attempt on being hard failed. His voice nearly broke halfway through the sentence and he had to look away. His cheeks flushed and his eyelashes were fluttering.

"I'm not being a girl, Kurt. Stop saying that - I'm being your boyfriend. You boyfriend that cares about you, your boyfriend that hates seeing you sad - even if you never want to admit that you actually have feelings. I'm being your boyfriend that won't give up in my quest of making you feel better. I know you have it all in you," Blaine smiled and tried catching Kurt's eyes.

"Your quest? What are you? The knight in shining armor?" Kurt laughed dryly. He clearly wanted it to be mocking, but it fell completely apart when Blaine saw the peek of affection sneaking out in his eyes.

"If you want me to be your knight in shining armor that is exactly what I will be," Blaine said and surprised Kurt by throwing his arms around him and press a wet kiss to his lips.

It felt like Kurt melted in his arms. The tension in his body faded away and his hands slowly drifted up Blaine's back to make his fingers into his curls. Blaine couldn't help feeling that this was how it should have ended over the night; with Kurt safe in his arms where he could show him that he would never let anything hurt him.

"You can't force me to be your princess, you know -" Kurt moaned against his lips, brushing the tip of his nose against Blaine's.

"I don't want you to be. I don't want a princess. I just want you. But the real you, not the façade-covered punk you want people to think you are," Blaine sighed.

"That's who I am," Kurt argued, not even trying to sound hard now; he knew that Blaine would cut it down within seconds.

"No it's not. And I'm gonna get the façade off so I can dig through to the real Kurt - you do have feelings, you are brave and proud and I am sure you are fabulous," Blaine chuckled. He wondered if he had crossed the line, but Kurt merely let his lips back to Blaine's and his tongue into his mouth in a passionate way Blaine wasn't sure he had felt before.

When they released each other Kurt slid down under the covers and forced Blaine with him. He started to teasingly bite Blaine's shoulder before he kissed it and rested his temple against it and drew a heavy sigh.

"I really fucking hate us arguing like that. It makes me sick. I don't wanna fight with you," he said in an exhausted voice and made his fingers into Blaine's before staring up at him, his eyelashes nearly clashing against his eyebrows.

"I don't wanna fight with you either. I just need you to... not be so defensive all the time. I need you to trust that I'm not out to hurt you. Quite the contrary. I want everything that is good in this world for you," Blaine assured him and kissed his forehead with a smile.

It was weird how they could from bickering to cuddling in only a matter of minutes. Of course Blaine didn't want them to ever fight, but he had to admit that he loved how sweet and affectionate Kurt was after.

"God - you're gonna turn me into mush with all that romance crap. How do you keep it up? Is there a fairy hidden in you or something?" Kurt chuckled and poked him teasingly in the ribs, making Blaine giggle highpitched and surprised.

"You love it," Blaine maintained, determined to keep it up until the one day where Kurt would cave and admit that he was just as much of a romantic as Blaine himself.

"Dork!"

xXx

The entire Sunday was spent on kissing in bed until Finn knocked on the door and asked if they wanted to join him for lunch since their parents were out of the house. Blaine thought it was a good idea, but he didn't want to say anything in case Kurt would kill him. To both Blaine's and Finn's surprise though Kurt grunted his acceptance and told Finn that they would be down in a minute.

As soon as the door was closed he dove under the covers and forced Blaine's underwear down to suck on his head quickly, his tongue sliding around the slit, before he neatly placed the boxer briefs back in place, kissed Blaine's bellybutton and got out of bed.

Blaine was left panting and whimpering on the bed from the adrenaline-shock, but Kurt threw a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt in his direction before he pulled his own on with a satisfied smirk covering his face.

"That was so unfair!" Blaine exclaimed once he was safely on his feet and dressed in too-long-for-his-liking sweats.

"I just really love the taste of you, baby," Kurt smiled gleefully and put a kiss to Blaine's nose before opening the door and heading down the hall towards the stairs, Blaine right after him.

Lunch with Finn was odd, but luckily it was quickly over as Finn ate faster than anyone Blaine had ever seen. Kurt rolled his eyes at Finn when he was slurping a glass of milk loudly down and Blaine had to look away to not giggle from the pair.

"You're disgusting, man -" Kurt groaned when Finn was finished with his food before Blaine and Kurt were even halfway through theirs.

"Hey dude, not cool," Finn protested before he headed towards the living room.

"True, nonetheless," Kurt said and smiled at Blaine over the top of his coffee mug. Blaine hurried to bring his attention back to the bagel on his plate.

As soon as they were back in Kurt's room the terrible reality hit them straight in the face; it was Sunday, and Blaine had to leave early to make it realistic that he had been at Tina's place over the weekend.

While Kurt was sitting by the window smoking Blaine started to make sure he had everything in his bag he had brought there. He changed into his own clothes while feeling Kurt's eyes absorbing his every movement, and closed up. He had to go home.

When Kurt had crossed the floor and put his arms around him he coughed a little, but assured Kurt that it was okay when he started to pull away. He smelled like sleep and Kurt and cigarettes - the best combination of scents Blaine knew. Everything that involved Kurt was.

His skin tasted like salt and his lips and his tongue tasted like coffee and nicotine. Blaine had grown so accustomed to the taste over the weeks that he could actually see himself describe it as a taste he enjoyed. Even though Kurt always did his best to brush his teeth, eat half a pack of gum or remove the taste another way before kissing Blaine after he had been smoking - it was impressive how considerate he was about that.

"I want you to stay with me. How am I ever gonna fall asleep in that huge bed without you?" Kurt complained while kissing down Blaine's neck.

It was hard not to get smitten when Kurt was being so touchy and affectionate, and Blaine wished that he had more will-power so he was sure to make it home before it was suspiciously late up the day where he usually would already have been home.

But Kurt's hands and lips on his skin made his knees threaten to betray him and his heart run faster. If Blaine could have it his way he would spend every single of his last living minutes this way - only he couldn't, because he had parents in charge of everything.

"I wish I could. If you call me tonight I can help you not feel so lonely," Blaine suggested and sent Kurt an apologetic smile.

They discussed the misery of having to break apart for a good 20 minutes before Blaine finally got himself together and left. Kurt walked him to his car and pressed him against the door to kiss him one last time before walking back into the house.

The entire drive home Blaine had to remind himself to stay focused on the road instead of the hearts and butterflies filling his intestines.

xXx

When he entered at his own house no one was home. He figured that his mom was out for lunch with her friends and his dad was probably playing cards with some of his friends - a pretty typical Sunday at the Anderson residence.

The freedom of being alone was very welcomed because that meant the chance of being able to unload his bag, shower and get back to his usual doings before he had to face his parents, which was a good thing because at the moment he was a rainbow of joy and he wasn't sure how to explain that.

Luckily he was drawn to halfway asleep over his English essay when his mom came home. He was sitting in the living room and could hear her heels click around the tiles of the kitchen floor before he could hear her walk down the hall and cross the woodwork of the living room floor.

"Hey sweetie. Had a nice weekend?" She asked as she sat down and kissed his cheek.

For a moment he was close to sighing relieved but had to remind himself that it wouldn't go. If they had somehow figured he hadn't been at Tina's house they surely would have called him so he had no reason to be nervous at all.

"Yeah. It was okay. We had fun," Blaine shrugged, struggling to keep himself from blabbering out about how in love he was with this amazing guy.

"Why are you doing your homework now? Wasn't that the reason it was so important for you to be at Tina's for the weekend? So you could help each other out on your homework?" His mom asked confused and took off her pumps.

She was dressed in a classy dress in a sky-blue color that matched her dark eyes perfectly. Her brown heels were her favorite to wear on a casual day and Blaine knew that his theory about her being with her friends had been right.

That was one of the moments with his mom he loved the most; when she had just been with her friends and her mood was light and uplifted. This was the way he wanted it to be if he ever found the guts to tell her about Kurt.

"Yes, but this one was more tricky than I thought, so I didn't get quite through it," he smiled at her.

"What is that? Are you... Blaine, why does your clothes smell like smoke? You're not smoking are you? Honey, your asthma can't take it, and it's dangerous," his mom said with a wrinkled nose. She was gripping around the hem of the sleeve of his t-shirt with two fingers, looking like she was ready to burn it right then and there.

"No, mom. Of course I'm not smoking. If I ever so much as tried I would end up in the hospital. We just... I just... On my way home I stopped at the gas station and I walked by some guys who was smoking. No big deal," he said, hoping he sounded convincing to her, because he wasn't sure he would have believed himself.

"Good. You scared me for a moment there. As long as you don't socialize with them. I've heard they're a really bad influence," she sighed relieved and kissed his temple before grabbing her shoes and getting back up.

"Throw that t-shirt in the hamper and I'll wash it tonight," his mom called down the hall as he could hear her walk towards the bathroom at the other end of the hall.

"Shit," Blaine whispered to himself and let his forehead fall to the table in front of him.

That was close. Really close. He should have known better than to put on one of the shirts that had been lying in his bag in Kurt's room over the weekend.

Rookie mistake, I'll remember that later, Blaine promised himself silently as he started to gather his books.

Regardless of how panicky he had been from his mom noticing the smell of smoke in his clothes he couldn't help feeling proud that he had gone through an entire weekend without them noticing he wasn't

where he had said he would be. He had been nervous that maybe his mom would run into Tina's mom or maybe even Tina herself and hell would break loose.

He also found a bit of unease to her comment of him "*not socializing with them*" and "*them*" being "*a bad influence*" - Kurt wasn't a bad influence on him. This was one good thing about his parents not talking too much with each other; by a little luck his dad wouldn't tell his mom who it was he had seen Blaine with at the tire shop.

The rest of the day Blaine spent with his mom. She showed him the new clothes she had bought the day before, they played cards and watched TV before helping each other cook dinner.

When his dad came home it was so late that Blaine was on his way to bed, and he honestly wasn't complaining. It had been good to have a day with his mom without worrying or fussing over anything, besides his smelly t-shirt.

The second he was in bed he texted Kurt and it only was a minute before his phone was ringing.

"You know, my bed feels giant without you in it," Kurt groaned into the phone as soon as Blaine answered.

"I miss you too," Blaine grinned in response, knowing Kurt would roll his eyes, but smile and maybe even blush a little.

"I am guessing that your parents didn't slaughter you completely?" Kurt asked and yawned loudly into the phone.

"No. Have to disappoint you. I'm still alive -"

"Stop that!... But - I really need to sleep, I'm exhausted. I just wanted to tell you goodnight, babe," Kurt said dozy, and Blaine could only imagine how worn out he would be looking.

"Goodnight. I really do miss you," Blaine said and shifted so his face was nearly hidden under the covers.

"Goodnight. Let's figure something out soon, right?" Kurt said and Blaine could hear that he was getting ready to hang up, a burning feeling spreading through him because he wasn't ready to let go yet.

"Hey, Blaine..."

Blaine was surprised. He hadn't expected anymore to come.

"Yeah?"

"Thank you. For being there last night. Nightmares sucks. I'm glad you were there - even though I was a bitch," Kurt said weakly.

"You're not a bitch. But I'll always be there. If I'm not actually there you can always call me. Always," Blaine said softly, hoping Kurt could feel the hug he was mentally sending him.

"Thanks, babe. I better sleep now. G'night - knight in shining armor," Kurt yawned with a sleepy chuckle.

"Goodnight, gorgeous."

Chapter Six

The next few weeks were incredible in Blaine's opinion. He and Kurt were going strong. They spent more and more time together and the more time they spent together the more often did Kurt manage to drag himself to classes, which Blaine naturally saw as a giant victory.

They would spend time at the tire shop or at the mall, but mostly at Kurt's house since they were sure to have some privacy there. Blaine had started to actually enter the house by himself and whenever he came to the Hummel-Hudson home he made sure to greet everyone present before he headed for Kurt's room. Kurt's family was nice and cheerful and Blaine wished that he could thank them for sharing Kurt with him, because the feeling of coming in Kurt's house made him feel welcomed.

Unfortunately did The Warblers not win Regionals, but Tina's glee club did on the other hand, so he took off a night to celebrate with her and Mike. The entire evening Blaine's phone was buzzing with texts from Kurt, and Tina constantly snuck her way to lurk on their conversation. He didn't mind because he was simply happy that for once it was him that had cute texts going that they could giggle over.

It was a major relief that it seemed like Tina had eased off her worries, and she even mentioned it to him every once in a while when she had seen Kurt in school. She would tell him if they had been in the same class or if she had managed to get her smile returned in the hallway. It made Blaine happy, because it made him feel like maybe he could have Kurt and Tina in the same room one day despite his previous fears.

Kurt was slowly starting to loosen up as soon as they were alone. He wasn't as short-tempered as usual and he didn't curse much at Blaine anymore. He had even started to be much lighter at telling Kurt that he missed him. One evening he even let it slip that he thought everything would be easier if they could run away together and never come back to Lima. Naturally he hurried to pretend it had been a joke, but Blaine could hear that he meant it.

xXx

The mall had been slow-going this Saturday afternoon. Blaine and Tina had been looking for ribbons for her glee club's costumes for Nationals and now they were done they were sitting on a bench outside to have a slushie before going home. Tina's parents were out and Blaine had promised to keep her company over night.

The sun was hot and the knowledge that April was almost over, and with that school would be so too, it seemed like nothing could push Blaine off his high horse. Maybe spring really did bring better times.

"Isn't that my hot piece of ass sitting there?" A familiar voice sounded.

Blaine looked up from his slushie to find Kurt walking in their direction. He was wearing silver skinny jeans, a plaid shirt with the sleeves cut off to deliver great peeks at his perfectly sculpted torso and his usual aviator sunglasses. This was yet another moment where Blaine was extremely proud to be the one to kiss Kurt, because surely everyone had to be jealous - especially the group of giggling girls staring at Kurt from the corner.

Blaine wasn't sure what to do about himself so he awkwardly stumbled to his feet where Kurt clasped his hand onto his face so he could kiss him forcefully. Naturally Blaine didn't have any objections. On the contrary he let himself melt into the feeling without caring that Tina was right next to him, and the group of girls had started to look more pouty than giggly from Kurt's obvious approach.

"Didn't expect to see you here, sexy. Out showing the guys what they can't have?" Kurt grinned and squeezed Blaine's ass teasingly in a way that made Blaine blush. Kurt kissed his temple and sat down next to the spot where Blaine had just been sitting.

"Actually, we were out looking for stuff for the costumes for New Directions when we're going to Nationals in a month," Tina beamed at Kurt as Blaine sat down between them.

It made him happy that she was polite and sweet as ever. Now he only hoped Kurt would offer her the same gesture as well - especially after Blaine had spent so much time emphasizing how sweet and considerate he really was in their relationship.

"Uh-huh," Kurt responded absentmindedly, his eyes trained on Blaine's lips and Blaine had to admit to himself that he had a hard time not directly attacking his mouth.

"Wanna come to my place? No parents, no Finn. Just you and me, baby," Kurt tried and licked his lips in a saying fashion. His fingers were strongly locked around a fistful of Blaine's shirt, making Blaine feel extremely observed by Tina.

"I can't today. I promised Tina to hang out with her because her parents are out of town until tomorrow," Blaine said apologetically but didn't even make it to weigh how much he wanted to be with Kurt as well.

"You could come to my place and hang out with us!... If you want -" Tina burst out and Blaine could have kissed her right then and there.

Never in a million years would he have expected that Tina would ever invite Kurt to join them at her house. Now he was only anxious to hear if Kurt would accept the invitation, because he wasn't so sure the excitement was returned.

"I'm not really into the whole skin-care-and-glossy-magazines-routine," Kurt snorted at Tina with his nose wrinkled.

Blaine was shocked. How could Kurt talk to his best friend like that? All she had done was invite him to come have fun with them. Tina, on the other hand, couldn't look less surprised. She mostly seemed like it wasn't anything she hadn't expected, her defeat strongly pronounced in the heavy sigh she drew.

"Be nice, Kurt! You can't talk to her like that," Blaine warned him and poked a finger to his ribs, making Kurt hunch a little forward in surprise. He pursed his lips and put his sunglasses back on before pressing a kiss to Blaine's lips.

"See you later. Don't forget me while you play hetero-couple with your girlfriend," Kurt said dryly and squeezed Blaine's hand before he got up and walked away from them.

Blaine stared after him in horror. He couldn't believe what he had just witnessed. He couldn't believe how unfair Kurt was being. It was ridiculous, but Blaine couldn't help feeling ashamed of the way Kurt had talked to Tina - and to him in front of Tina.

"I'm sorry, Tina. He usually never -" Blaine said embarrassed, but Tina stopped him.

"It's okay. It's not your fault that he's totally forgotten the time when he actually had manners. I'm sorry he talked to you like that. Are you okay?" She asked with a trying smile.

"Yeah. I'm fine. Let's just go home," Blaine lied and collected his things before they headed towards Tina's house.

xXx

Their evening was fun. They cooked dinner and ate in the backyard. After eating they stayed outside and discussed what was going on in their lives. Tina told Blaine about her worries for the summer when Mike would be going to college and Blaine told her about Cooper's latest idea of wanting to start teaching acting courses.

They only touched the subject of Kurt's behavior briefly and Blaine assured Tina that it was okay. They quickly forgot about what had happened and ended up laughing loudly at the memory of Tina's sister's face when they had told her that Blaine was dating Kurt.

Around twilight they moved inside to put on their pajamas before they started watching *Clueless* - an absolute must for their nights together.

Alicia Silverstone was just about to figure out that her crush was gay when the doorbell chimed and they stared at each other in surprise.

"Are - you expecting anyone?" Tina asked confused, but Blaine couldn't do anything but shake his head.

The bell sounded again and Tina put her bowl of ice cream on the table before jumping out of her seat to check who it could be. It was nearly 10.30 - no one ever came to the Cohen-Chang house that late.

It was a few minutes before Tina reappeared in the living room, looking at Blaine with wide eyes and a perplexed expression.

"It's Kurt. He asked if he could join us. I... I didn't want to say yes before talking to you - I mean, he was pretty rude to you earlier," she said and Blaine was just as shocked as she seemed to be.

He hadn't heard from Kurt since they met at the mall earlier. Nothing but a text saying "*I miss your ass*". Blaine had suspected he was out getting drunk with Puck somewhere and didn't want to interrupt with boyfriend-y texts, but now that Kurt was at the doorstep Blaine wasn't sure what to believe.

Blaine got to his feet and went to the front door. He wasn't sure why. He could just as well have asked Tina to tell him to come in, but for some reason Blaine would rather do it himself. Maybe he subconsciously wanted to make sure Kurt wouldn't be impolite to Tina again.

"What are you doing here?" Blaine asked insecurely.

Kurt was leaning against the brick wall with a cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth. His motorcycle was parked nearly straight in front of the door and Blaine wondered how they could have missed the noise.

The second Kurt saw Blaine he threw away the cigarette and turned to catch Blaine's mouth in a kiss. He forced his fingers into Blaine's gel-filled curls and hummed sorely into his mouth with determined lips. Blaine's arms quickly found their way around Kurt's waist to pull him closer and he could feel Kurt smile against his mouth from the action.

"I really, really missed kissing you. I just missed being with you," Kurt mumbled as he pulled away, just enough to be able to talk and to look Blaine in the eyes.

For a few seconds Blaine couldn't do anything but stare into Kurt's eyes, feeling how sincere and vibrant they were. Kurt's eyes always had a way of creeping under Blaine's skin in the best possible way. He wanted the feeling of Kurt to fill his body and be everything that occupied his every cell.

However, it only took Blaine a brief moment to shake himself back to reality. He couldn't let Kurt think he could get away with acting the way he had been acting, and there was no way Blaine was going to simply pretend everything was fine when he had been so arrogant to Tina and was now asking her to let him spend the night with them.

"Kurt, you were so rude to Tina earlier. How can you just show up here and expect that it's cool?" Blaine asked. He took a step back to make sure Kurt didn't try to kiss him again. If he did it would be a battle for Blaine to return to his point.

Kurt let his hands drop to his sides. He was glaring at Blaine with a "*are-you-fucking-kidding-me*"-glance and his lips slightly parted and still moist from their kiss. So gorgeous and pink and kissable.

"I come here and tell you that I miss you and that's the thank I get?" Kurt's words were stumbling. A sure sign that he knew that he was on thin ice. Blaine had slowly learnt how to read the signs of when Kurt felt that his façade was in danger.

"You can't just... expect that you say something sweet and kiss me and then everything is alright. It doesn't work that way," Blaine exclaimed, determined to stand his ground.

"I - I want you to be here. I'm happy to see you, and I would love to be with both you and Tina at the same time. But you really owe her an apology," he ended and hoped that he hadn't been too sharp on him.

Sometimes dating Kurt was like taking care of a puppy. He could be noisy and not care about what he tumbled down, then he would ignore it and act like nothing was wrong, like everything was good and he would do his best to be sweet and cute in a hope that Blaine wouldn't notice or waste time on what he had done - as soon as Blaine would, in some way, show that he wasn't going to just let it go Kurt would put on a sad and hurt face that would be able to drive even the biggest war-heroes to their knees.

"That's just... it wasn't anything. I only reminded her that I'm not one of her girls," Kurt snapped, but his tone fell apart when it was mixed with his glassy eyes.

"No. You were really mean. Now go tell her you're sorry. Please. Just do it and you can come eat half of my ice cream and finish the movie with us. Come on," Blaine pleaded and pulled around Kurt's waist.

Kurt let his forehead drop to Blaine's shoulder with a growl before he kissed Blaine's neck and leaned down to grab his helmet. Kurt gestured for Blaine to show the way and Blaine beamed satisfied at him. He turned on his heel and led Kurt down the hall to the living room.

When they entered the living room Tina's confusion was quickly exchanged for a broad grin. Blaine kept his hand locked with Kurt's as he sat down next to Tina, making good room for Kurt on the couch. As soon as they were settled Kurt shot a look around the room, but Blaine hurried to send him a sharp look that made him draw a heavy sigh.

"Tina - I'm sorry I was so rude to you today," he said. Blaine could see that he was struggling not to roll his eyes, but he was simply happy that Kurt had even pressed the words out.

"It's fine, Kurt. Don't worry about it," Tina smiled at him.

To avoid any awkward silence they agreed to quickly start the movie again. Kurt folded his arm around Blaine's shoulder and dragged him close so he could kiss his cheek and neck whenever he was bored with what was happening on the screen, something that apparently happened pretty often.

During the movie Blaine felt his phone buzz and he found a text on his display. A text from Tina.

"He's so cute! I could just stare at you two forever!"

He couldn't stop grinning. He hurried to put away his phone, hoping Kurt wouldn't see the text and sent Tina a look that he had a feeling made him appear crazy. He was sure that the shade of his face was resembling a beet and appreciated the dimmed light of the living room greatly.

After seeing Tina's text Blaine allowed himself to fall deeper into Kurt's arms. To begin with he had done his best to not be overly couple-y to make sure Tina didn't feel like a third wheel; now he was sure that she didn't. He buried his face in the crook of Kurt's neck and kissed his collarbone, earning a low moan from the back of Kurt's throat and fingertips running through his hair. After having been bored for a little too long Kurt started to get through the remainders of Blaine's ice cream, every now and then feeding Blaine a spoonful or two in a way that Blaine was sure would make both him and Tina explode. This had to be a side-room to Heaven, no doubt.

When the movie finished it was around midnight and this was the time where Blaine and Tina usually went to bed when they didn't have anything planned. Tina went to the bathroom and Kurt didn't waste any time in finding Blaine's mouth and get his hands under his pajama shirt. His hands were rough against Blaine's skin but he didn't want him to stop. The feeling of Kurt's skin against his was the most safe feeling he knew.

"I don't see you enough," Kurt whispered against his lips as he ran his fingers through Blaine's hair the way he always did when he tried getting his locks to breakaway from his grooming.

"We see each other almost every day," Blaine smiled and kissed Kurt's lower lip that was taut and pink and delicious right in front of him.

"It's still not enough," Kurt objected and sighed.

Blaine fell to rest his head against Kurt's chest with his arms locked around his waist. He didn't want Kurt to leave. He didn't want to let go of him and he wanted to keep the scent of Kurt's perfume and nicotine in his nostrils always.

Unfortunately it wasn't so easy. Tina returned to the living room and asked Blaine if he wanted to help her clean up. He sent Kurt an apologetic glance before he got up and helped her. They picked up the bowls and the glasses and carried it to the kitchen where Tina danced on tiptoes in the middle of the floor.

"Wanna ask him to spend the night?" She asked in a high pitched whisper. Excitement was radiating from her as she was nearly jumping from the suspense.

"Are you serious?" Blaine asked. He wasn't sure whether he dared believing it. Except for Tina's sister they had never let anyone join their nights together - not even Mike, and here she had already let Kurt be there for the movie, and now she was suggesting for him to spend the night.

"My bed is big enough for three of us, so why not? I love seeing you so happy, Blaine. You deserve it - and Kurt really is sweet like that, and uhm... I heard you when you were talking by the door. So cute!"

Blaine threw his arms around her neck. He didn't have a single doubt that he had the best friend in the entire world.

"I love you, Tina!" He grinned as they let go and hurried to finish cleaning the kitchen.

"I love you too. But - no funny business in my bed. I really don't wanna witness my friend and my... former friend - getting down to anything," she warned him with a pointy finger at his nose, but a grin occupying her entire face.

Tina was positively bouncing all the way to her bedroom. They had agreed that Blaine should go talk to Kurt to hear if he even wanted to stay for the night.

When Blaine came back to the living room he found Kurt leaning against the doorframe with his helmet in his hand and his jacket back on. He looked like he was ready to leave and Blaine hoped that he didn't have any plans for the rest of the night.

"I guess I better get going then. It was good seeing you, babe. Even if it was just an hour or something," Kurt said and drew a heavy breath. He looked tired and maybe it was just the shadows of the darkness filling the room, but to Blaine he seemed sad as well.

"How about you don't get going?" Blaine asked with a smirk and snuck his hands into Kurt's jacket to find their way to his back. He kissed his nose and fluttered his eyelashes against his cheek, doing his best to appear as flirtatious as possible.

"What is that supposed to mean?" Kurt asked confused but a smile was teasing at the corners of his mouth.

"I mean - Tina suggested that you could stay. Come sleep next to me tonight," Blaine continued flirting and he could feel Kurt easing up as he registered what exactly it was his boyfriend was saying.

"I wanna sleep next to you, babe - I love sleeping next to you," Kurt moaned and caught Blaine's mouth. When he swung his arms around Blaine's neck his helmet was heavy against Blaine's back and the heat between them felt steaming hot.

"Let's go to bed then," Blaine smiled and grabbed Kurt's hand to lead him towards Tina's room.

Blaine and Tina went about their business as usual. They washed their faces and brushed their teeth. While Tina braided her hair to avoid it getting in Blaine's face over night he pushed his toothbrush into Kurt's hand. Kurt had been sitting on the bed, looking awkwardly around the room, his face telling that he had no idea how to act in this sudden new environment.

"What? I thought you didn't want me to use your toothbrush -" Kurt said confused.

"That was different. It's not like you've never been in my mouth before," Blaine teased with a raised eyebrow and a grin cracked over Kurt's face. He took the toothbrush and disappeared into the bathroom.

Blaine followed Tina under the covers after she had turned off the lights and Blaine realized that this would be the first time he would sleep next to Kurt and actually wear his pajamas - because there was no way he could sleep in his underwear next to Tina.

"This is awesome. I'm so happy that you're happy, Blaine!" Tina whispered eagerly in the dark as they listened to the water running in the bathroom next to her room.

"You are - the best friend in the world!" Blaine responded and smiled beamingly at her. They both fell silent when they heard the lock turn and the door was opened.

He closed his eyes and enjoyed the sound of Kurt's footsteps over the floor. Maybe it was because he was crazy, but Blaine was sure that the sound of Kurt's footsteps was really distinctive and he was sure that he would recognize the sound anywhere. He listened to the rummaging of denim, soft fabrics and the heavy thud of his belt buckle as Kurt let his clothes drop to the floor before he crept under the covers and put an arm around Blaine.

"Mhm you're so warm, babe," Kurt mumbled quietly into Blaine's hair as he kissed his ear with a low humming. Blaine turned his head and found Kurt's lips, doing his best not to be too noisy but it was hard not to let himself completely into the intensity of the moment.

Tina was already snoring quietly next to them. Blaine didn't mind at all. It wasn't long until Kurt's hand was under his shirt and Blaine had his body pressed against Kurt's. It felt safe and comfortable, and the way Kurt's tongue slowly moved against Blaine's made him feel like this was perfect.

He knew that it wasn't right, that he had promised Tina, but when Kurt started letting his hand down the backside of his underwear Blaine didn't protest. He loved the feeling of Kurt wanting him like that and surely no one could blame him.

"Kurt... I promised Tina that - we wouldn't do anything," Blaine moaned weakly against Kurt's lips when Kurt started to rub his palm against Blaine's crotch. Sometimes it was too damn inconvenient to be a boy when how much he wanted Kurt was so obvious compared to how bad he was at pretending that he didn't.

"Shhh, just be silent. I'm not gonna do anything, I just - ugh - wanna feel you for a moment," Kurt assured him as he pressed his hand a little closer, his hand now cupping Blaine's too-clear-erection while moving his hand up and down.

"No... Kurt, please, it's... god it feels so good -"

"See - you want this too, Blaine," Kurt smiled and a sweet chuckle escaped his lips.

"Yes but... oh, Kurt - not in Tina's bed," Blaine objected, this time a little firmer. He knew that if he didn't stop Kurt now he wouldn't be able to keep up contact to his brain long enough to do it before it was too late, so he grabbed Kurt's wrist and stopped his movements.

"Come home with me tomorrow. My parents are going to some fancy art thing and won't be home until late evening - then you can do whatever you want with me," Blaine tried, hoping the promise would be enough to hold Kurt back.

Lord knows he wanted it too.

"Okay. That sounds good. I like it best when I can make you be loud - you're so fucking sexy when you moan my name," Kurt beamed excitedly and sucked Blaine's lower lip into his mouth while letting his hand leave Blaine's cock to retreat to his back, innocently on the smaller of his back without any inappropriate touching.

They continued kissing and caressing each other for an hour before they fell asleep. It was strange, but felt good, to lie in Tina's bed with Kurt's arms around him. Blaine was sure that he could easily get used to falling asleep next to Kurt every night for the rest of his life.

xXx

Blaine had no idea why he was so nervous. It wasn't like he had never been alone with Kurt before. They had been alone most of the time they had spent together throughout their entire relationship, and Kurt had been to his house before, so it wasn't like it was a big deal.

But we haven't really had sex since we started dating, Blaine reminded himself making his nerves stand back on ends. They had been dating for almost two months now, and only had sex the night they had got together. Everything else had been hand jobs, blow jobs and phone sex. But now he was determined to do it. He was needing it too much to ignore it.

To wake up next to Kurt in Tina's bed was a sensational feeling. It made Blaine feel that there was absolutely nothing in the world that he wouldn't be able to stand against, that no matter what happened nothing else would matter than the fact that he had his best friend and his boyfriend and they were actually capable of being in the same room.

They had breakfast together, a quiet affair, and when they were done Blaine collected his stuff before he and Kurt both said goodbye to Tina.

Blaine said goodbye to Kurt by his motorcycle and they agreed that Kurt would be at his house straight after he had been home to shower and let his dad know that he was still alive.

Now it was around one and Kurt had texted him that he would be there soon so Blaine had texted him back that he could just come to his room. Blaine was sitting on his bed, walking around the room and then back to sitting. It was utterly crazy that he couldn't even figure out what to do about himself in his own room just because Kurt was coming over.

"Is it me you're waiting for?" Kurt's voice sounded as his arms folded around Blaine's waist from behind.

Blaine hadn't even heard him entering the room as he was standing with his back on the door after he for the third time had got to his feet and walked around his bedroom. Kurt was already placing light kisses on his neck and was pressing his pelvis against Blaine's ass. Clearly he was just as excited for this as Blaine was himself.

Blaine turned around and let his mouth crash onto Kurt's. Without warning he started leading Kurt towards the bed, their mouths never leaving each other, and in a second Blaine pushed Kurt to fall on the bedspread before he crawled to lie between his legs.

Out of nowhere Blaine's adrenaline went up and he started rubbing his hips against Kurt's while struggling to get his own t-shirt over his head which turned out to be a harder task than first thought.

"You're pretty eager today. I like that - my kitten is turning into a tiger," Kurt chuckled as he helped Blaine pull off his shirt before he dragged off his own.

Having Kurt's naked torso against his own was almost more incredible than Blaine remembered it. It was stupid because they had had lots of shirtless make out sessions, but with the promise of something more to happen just around the corner it somehow felt more intense and real.

It only took Blaine a minute before he was kissing down Kurt's torso, teasing his nipples with his tongue before sucking and kissing further down. He struggled with his belt but quickly had it open to drag his jeans down. Kurt's fingers were buried deep in his hair and low moans of "*yes baby*" and "*damn Blaine good*" were streaming from his mouth only egging Blaine on in his quest.

Kurt was already rock hard in his black underwear and Blaine couldn't help but smile at the outline of his dick smoothing its way over his hip, an open wish to be freed from the fabric. While he started working on getting his own pants down he started mouthing at Kurt's head through the cotton, every touch of his lips and tongue made him twitch and beg for more.

As soon as Blaine's pants were finally open he stood up at the end of the bed and let it all fall to the floor. He made a big deal out of letting Kurt see it all and the expression on his face was totally worth the show.

"You're so fucking hot," Kurt groaned as he sat up on the bed and grabbed around Blaine's ass so he could pull him closer. He licked a wet trail with a broad tongue from Blaine's sac and up his shaft.

It was nearly impossible for Blaine to keep on his feet from the feeling. He tried steadying himself with his hands on Kurt's shoulders, but as he let his lips fold around Blaine's head and sank down only to hurry to bob his mouth up and down around him Blaine nearly buckled and hunched forwards.

"Let me... mhm... let me fuck you... hard, baby -" Kurt begged between licks over his head, his tongue twirling around the shaft and mouth sucking at his head.

"Yes. Please, yes - Kurt..." was all Blaine could thrust out which he nearly regretted instantly.

Kurt let his lips pop off Blaine's cock before he got to his feet and pulled his own boxers down. He pushed Blaine to lie on the spot he himself had been lying on some minutes (or hours?) ago before he dug into the inner pocket of his leather jacket and found a bottle of lube.

The bottle was new. It still had plastic on. Somehow it made Blaine feel safe that Kurt had gone to the trouble of buying a new bottle of lube to be with him. In some way it felt like he really meant every touch and kiss.

As soon as he had thrown the plastic to the floor Kurt dove between Blaine's legs. He leaned down to kiss him while he bent his knees to plant his feet solidly on the mattress before the lid on the bottle popped.

Kurt made sure to have the lube warmed up as good as possible on his fingers before he let his hand down to where Blaine was needing him so badly. Blaine was fighting to hold his sounds back, because he knew that if he let completely go he would be whimpering and whining pathetically.

When Kurt let his finger meet Blaine's hole everything inside him tensed up, and the way he was rubbing slow circles around made Blaine wonder if he even knew how to breathe anymore.

"Are you ready, baby? Just stop me if it's too much," Kurt cooed with his free hand running down Blaine's thigh. As soon as Blaine was nodding mindlessly he felt Kurt carefully press inside.

"Holy... god, Kurt!" Blaine thrust out.

Kurt held his finger still and kept his hand running soothingly over Blaine's thigh. He wasn't grinning like the last time, he was smiling sweetly and waiting for Blaine to be okay enough to continue.

Blaine took a moment to gather himself, to get used to the feeling, before he insecurely nodded and asked for more.

Little by little Kurt obeyed all of Blaine's wishes. He fucked his finger in and out of him, he kissed his knees and thighs and added more fingers whenever Blaine felt the need for it. Everything was a mess of tongues and fingers and ass, and the way Kurt was looking down at him with complete bliss filling his face made Blaine savor the moment more than anything he had ever felt.

"I can't... god I need to... be in you. Blaine -" Kurt whined needy as he tried rutting his leaking cock against the back of Blaine's thigh.

"Yes. Please. God your dick, Kurt - in me. Please..." Blaine begged and was surprised by Kurt's lips so quick and wet on his.

Kurt started to pull his fingers slowly out of Blaine. Each little bit of them left Blaine whimpering and needy after being filled again.

Unfortunately Kurt had to crawl off the bed to find his jacket to look for condoms, and Blaine had a weak moment of feeling cold and exposed before Kurt was back between his legs. He kissed Blaine one more time before sitting back up and grabbing at the root of his cock when Blaine had a feeling that something was out of place.

"Kurt? You did... you did find a condom right?" He asked insecurely, and suddenly it was like all the passion in his body had been put on snooze. It was impossible that Kurt could have found out a condom and put it on that fast.

"No. I don't have any. Apparently the expired one I threw out the other day was the last - but it's okay, babe. We only fuck each other, and we're clean, right?" Kurt groaned and prepared to dive back to another kiss when Blaine put his palm to his chest to stop him.

"Have you been tested?"

Kurt's forehead filled with lines and his lips pursed. He hurried to sit up on his haunches between Blaine's legs, and it was suddenly very real to Blaine that he was stark naked and not even so much as a sheet was covering him.

"Don't you trust me? Do you think I fuck other guys behind your back?" Kurt snapped and his eyes were lightning.

Blaine hurried to sit up and put his legs together. He rushed the bedspread over him, and felt his intestines knot up.

"Of course I don't - I could never - No, Kurt, I don't think you would ever cheat on me. I just... if you haven't been tested, you know. I wanna be sure," Blaine tried explaining, but all that did was make Kurt's features even sharper.

"So you're saying I was a slut before I met you and then you came and saved me from whoring myself out, is that it? A real fucking Cinderella story!" Kurt growled and started to aggressively pull his clothes back on.

"No, Kurt! It wasn't like that. That's not what I meant. Please stop," Blaine begged, searching his brain for a way to explain himself.

Kurt was already in his jeans and had started to pull on his t-shirt. Blaine had to face his defeat; there was no way Kurt was going to stop now.

Blaine sat on his knees on the bed, not caring that the bedspread fell to reveal his still semi-hard cock. He simply needed to do everything he could to make Kurt stay.

"Please don't go like this. Just... we can talk about it. Kurt, please," Blaine pleaded, and he didn't care that tears were forming in his eyes, because by any luck that would make Kurt at least feel sorry for him and there was a chance he would stay.

"You know what? Fuck you, Blaine - just... fuck you!" Kurt thrust out. He flipped him the finger and marched out of the room.

"Kurt, please. Come back!" Blaine called, but all he could hear was Kurt's footsteps thundering down the stairs.

Blaine sunk down on the bed, under the bedspread and curled up to a ball where he cried harder than he ever could remember having cried in his life. He could hear Kurt's motorcycle roar in the driveway, and even worse; he could hear the roaring disappear down the street and fade out the further away he got.

Everything was black as Blaine squeezed his eyes as hard as he could and clung himself to the bedspread that still had that distinct scent of summer rain, cigarettes and Kurt's shampoo.

He was sobbing and still pleading for Kurt to come back even though he knew it was too late and he had already left. He wanted to reach out to find his phone so he could text Kurt or call him - anything to get him to come back, but he was frozen, paralyzed, in his spot and he knew that he would be for a long time, because all his energy was absorbed by his crying.

Chapter Seven

Blaine didn't go to school Monday. He didn't go to school Tuesday either. Wednesday his mom stayed home from work and came to his room after his dad had left for the office.

"Sweetheart, at first I thought you were just having a bad headache, but since you still didn't leave your bed for the last two days I am officially worried about you. Why won't you tell me what's going on with you, Blaine?" His mom asked as she sat down on the side of his bed.

It was only around 6.30 in the morning but Blaine wasn't sleeping. He hadn't slept properly for days. He was clinging his phone strongly to his chest but he hadn't heard a word from Kurt since he walked out on him Sunday afternoon. Not even a reply to one of Blaine's messages of "*I'm sorry*" or "*Kurt, please talk to me*". No calls either and whenever Blaine had tried calling him the dial went directly to his voicemail, so he had given up and was now hoping Kurt would contact him instead.

He wasn't much better himself, though. He hadn't replied to any of Tina's messages and when she called he put his phone on mute and pretended it wasn't there. He couldn't stand the thought of talking to anyone who wasn't Kurt - and even worse; talking to Tina would mean he would have to relive the terrible fight.

"Baby. Please tell me what's wrong. I can go call a doctor if you need that," his mom said worried and Blaine knew that she was only trying to help but all he wanted was to be left to himself.

"Just leave me alone, would you?" He groaned and heard his own voice crack but didn't care for it. Instead he buried his head in his pillow and expressed a sound resembling a hurt animal that he didn't know he could do.

"Blaine, I know we never really... talked about these things. But - is this heartache? Honey, is this about a boy?" His mom asked insecurely.

He couldn't blame her for being nervous to take up the subject. They had never discussed that one day he would potentially have feelings for another boy. Even less had he been open about it when he had seen a guy or man he found attractive when he and his mom were out shopping or watching TV or something like that. He didn't want to make her uncomfortable and he knew that she didn't know how to handle it.

However, her words struck like a thunderstorm. All he could see was Kurt's face with the hard lines trying to suppress a smile but in the end gave in to whatever it was Blaine had said or done. All he could hear was Kurt's high pitched laughter from the times where he forgot to play hard and really let go off himself. All he could feel was the ghost of Kurt's hands and lips on his skin.

Tears welled up in his eyes and it was impossible for him to hold back his sobs. He didn't want to cry over a boy, over Kurt, in front of his mom - but he couldn't help it. His abdomens were screaming and aching from the over stimulation from crying so much over the last few days and his throat felt like sandpaper, even his eyes felt swollen and worn out.

"Oh sweetheart," his mom crooned when she realized he was crying. She stroke his hair and whispered cooing sounds while waiting for him to calm down. But he didn't.

Blaine forced himself to sit up and swung himself into his mom's arms. He let himself melt completely into her warm embrace of safety. If possible, his sobbing got even stronger but the feeling of her hands slowly caressing up and down his back had been just what he needed. He had nearly soaked the shoulder of her dusty blue shirt and his fingers were cramping from digging hard into her back, but he didn't want to let go. He couldn't.

"Tell me about it, sweetie. What happened with this boy?" She asked and Blaine nearly blabbered out with everything. He wanted to tell her so bad. He needed to tell her and have her comfort him and tell him that Kurt would come back to him - only problem was that he couldn't tell her about Kurt, and he was pretty sure Kurt wasn't going to come back to him.

"He doesn't want me, mom. He doesn't - he doesn't want me," was all Blaine could choke out. His voice nearly sounded like a stranger's and it was scary.

"Well - if he doesn't want you... then he doesn't deserve you," she tried awkwardly. Her one hand was back to stroking his hair and it was soothing and easing him up, but her random kisses to the back of his head only made him miss Kurt's kisses even more.

"I don't care. I just -" Blaine sobbed, but stopped mid-sentence. He had no words appropriate to share with his mom.

"Shhh, darling. He doesn't know what he's missing out on," she tried and kept giving comforting sounds and hums into his hair.

Blaine couldn't help feel sorry for her. She was sitting with her heartbroken son in her arms and there was nothing she could say or do to mend his pain. It only made it worse that she had no idea what had really been going on. His poor mom was completely helpless.

"I just wanna help you, but I can't if you don't talk to me, sweetheart. What about Tina? Have you talked to her?"

Blaine shook his head. He hadn't even read the endless stream of texts she had been sending him, he had just deleted them. She knew nothing about what had happened and he couldn't take in the thought of telling her.

"Come on. Let's get you out of bed and down to have something to eat. You won't forget him if you lie here all alone," his mom said one last trying time, the feeling of defeat soaking through her voice.

"I'm not hungry," Blaine pouted and fell back to the pillows with a heavy thump.

"Blaine. You haven't eaten for days. I'm not letting you continue this," she exclaimed and pushed his covers aside. There was nothing he could do now, when his mom was in this mood she would win eventually.

Blaine followed his mom downstairs and into the kitchen. Everything reminded him of Kurt and it stung. Kurt had only been in their kitchen twice, but somehow everything represented him badly; from the kisses by the counter to the innocent silence at the table.

His mom made him sit down on a chair while she cooked up something for him. He really didn't feel like eating, but he didn't want to upset her anymore than he already had, so he indulged her and forced himself to get it down. She sat down opposite him and watched him eat in silence.

"Baby, you'll find the right boy for you some day. You are so full of talent and wit - and you are so handsome. Some day all the boys will be fighting over you," his mom smiled and let her fingers run through his curls as she took away his plate.

"I don't want boys to fight over me, mom -" he sighed and had to bite his lower lip hard to not burst out with *"I just want Kurt to fight for me"*. Her smile faded away and she was back to looking hopeless and defeated. It was devastating to see how much she wanted to be there for him, but nothing would help.

She leaned down to kiss his forehead before she drew a heavy sigh. She continued with her rummaging around the kitchen before turning to face him again; her face dark and grave.

"You can just go back to bed, sweetie. I'm gonna work from home today, so I'll be here if you need me. Please promise you'll tell me if you need anything."

Blaine hurried to his feet and threw his arms around his mom. He clenched her tight and fought back the tears that were lurking behind his eyelids.

"Thank you, mom."

"I just want my smiling boy back. I hate seeing you like this, and it kills me that there's nothing I can do for you," she squeaked in a broken voice. For a moment Blaine feared that she was crying to and the sound made him feel like his heart was shrinking in his chest.

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When Blaine left the kitchen he went to take a shower. As soon as he was done he tried sleeping but he couldn't. He tossed and turned in his bed, so instead he ended up texting Tina to come over after school.

"I was starting to think you and Kurt had run off together, but Blaine, you look terrible," she said when she threw her arms around his neck the moment she stepped into his room.

"What? No - it's just..."

He broke down again. He told her about how they had been going romantically and cute for it. How good it had been and how excited they both were when it all came down to the stupid condom and Kurt freaked out. He explained how Kurt had asked him if he thought he was cheating on him and in the end how he had stormed out of the room.

It was a pain to relive the moment. He could feel it all over again; the shock from Kurt's reaction, the slap in the face from the sight of Kurt's expression when he told him to fuck off and the cramp in his heart when he was lying on his bed and heard the motorcycle drive away.

Tina held him and rocked him back and forth with soothing sounds. She stroke his hair and kissed his temple. She was so incredibly patient and let all of his tears and frustrations run freely. She waited for him to calm down and even though she had all right in the world to say "*I told you so*" she didn't do it once.

She told him that she hadn't seen Kurt in school all week. Puck on the other hand had been to nearly all of his classes which was strange since they always ditched together. They didn't discuss it further because Tina figured it would be best for Blaine to think about something else.

Around 10 she had to go home and hugged him so tight he feared his head might pop off. She assured him, nothing less than three times, that if he needed anything he could just call or text her and she'd be there.

That night Blaine let his mom talk him into drinking some herbal tea to help him sleep better. He went directly to sleep; a dark, dreamless sleep.

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The next few days were unbearable. Blaine went to classes but excused himself from Warbler practice. He said that he was feeling really sick lately and his friends were worried but understanding even though he didn't tell them that it had something to do with Kurt.

Saturday he had still not heard anything from Kurt. He hadn't said anything to Tina but he was starting to face that he might never hear from him again. He didn't want to say it out loud, though. That would only make it more real, and he wasn't prepared to have it permanent and true.

Tina and Blaine were lying on a blanket in the Anderson's backyard. They were listening to music and running through old editions of different fashion magazines. It was a hot day and Blaine had lost count of how much water he had been drinking. It was on days like this one he wanted to run off to LA to visit Cooper so he could get away from Ohio - and spend the day on one of the sunny, white beaches.

"Blaine. There's a guy asking for you by the door," Blaine's mom said as she appeared in the French doors leading to the Anderson's living room.

Tina's eyes darted directly to Blaine's face as he snapped to sit up. He hurried to get to his feet and debated quickly with himself whether or not to put his shirt on before facing Kurt. When Tina pushed him in the direction of the door he dropped the shirt and headed to the front door, Tina closely behind him.

When they reached the hall Blaine's heart dropped. It wasn't Kurt by the door. It was Puck. With heavy feet and heart he went to face the guy who was wearing a very gloomy expression, Tina only a few steps behind him now.

"What the hell did you do?" Puck thrust out before Blaine even reached the door. He looked like he could swing a punch for him any second and Blaine nearly slammed the door in his face.

"What are you talking about?" Tina asked confounded. Her face was lying in confused lines as she appeared next to Blaine in the door opening.

"What do you mean, what am I talking about? Kurt is completely screwed up. I haven't seen him for a week. He doesn't come to school, he hasn't been at the gym - his phone is shut off. When I was at Finn's place for Call Of Duty last night he told me that Kurt hasn't even left his room. He just came home Sunday and slammed the door and have been refusing to talk to anyone ever since," Puck exclaimed and pursed his lips as he crossed his arms over his chest.

Blaine felt his throat tie up and he couldn't figure out if he was losing balance or if it was something he was imagining. So Kurt was a complete mess. Why? It was him who had stormed out of there. Him who didn't wait so they could talk it over.

But it wasn't necessarily because of Blaine he was acting like that, it couldn't be. If he was upset about their fight he would just have picked up his phone or come to see him. Wouldn't he?

"You broke him! Now you better get your queer ass over there to fix him!" Puck nearly yelled at him and pulled Blaine out of his train of thoughts.

"It's not Blaine's fault. He didn't do anything wrong, Puck," Tina objected sharply.

It was like their voices were under water. Like the sound was only a ghost of their actual conversation.

"If he wanted to talk to me he would've just said so. He hasn't replied to any of my messages or my calls, so clearly he doesn't want anything to do with me -" Blaine said with a lump filling his throat.

There. He said it. Kurt would never want to see him again. He hadn't contacted him in nearly a week, and there was nothing he could do about it.

"Would you stop that shit and just get over there? Trust me - I've known Kurt longer than you," Puck argued and moved with a gesture for Blaine to come out.

"Puck, stop it. Blaine hasn't done anything wrong. If Kurt doesn't want to talk to anyone it's not Blaine's responsibility. Kurt is probably just hibernating or something. Leave Blaine alone," Tina groaned at him and leaned against the wall.

"I can't... he doesn't want me anymore. He's made that pretty clear. I can't force him to be with me, and I can't force him out of his room, so please - just leave," Blaine said and he realized that his voice had turned begging. Talking about Kurt like that, to constantly deny himself seeing Kurt again, was painful and he wanted to run over there and fling himself into Kurt's arms without second thoughts.

"Please. Kurt's dad is really worried. I am really worried about him. I know he's changed a lot over the last two years, and I've really done my best to take care of him - but I've never seen him like that. Finn says that he thinks he can hear him cry at night. If he doesn't want to talk to you then so be it - but the least you can do is try! If not for him or me then for his dad," Puck ended and turned to walk towards his motorcycle.

Blaine looked to Tina who was standing straight. Concern had filled her eyes, her entire face, and she was shifting her weight between her feet. What was he supposed to do now?

"I can't.... I don't - this isn't fair," Blaine moaned and closed the door before bumping his forehead against the cool wood.

"What should I do?" He asked desperately and turned to Tina.

"I... I think you should go and try talking to him. If you're sure you can handle it. If you know you won't be okay with it, then I don't think you should do it. But - he's clearly devastated too. I've never heard about him being so beat up... not even before he changed. If it's not about you then I guess it's none of your business, but - it couldn't hurt trying. Maybe you can sort things out," she suggested and Blaine was happy. It was exactly the response he had been hoping to get.

It was the exact thoughts that had been rummaging around the back of his head, but he had needed Tina to say it - to make sure it was the right thing to do and not just some insane idea of his subconscious because he was so desperate to get Kurt back.

Without warning he ran back through the house and hurried to his room to change his clothes. Tina entered right as he was about to put on his shoes. She put the pile of magazines and the blanket from the backyard on his bed before sitting down while he checked his hair in the mirror by the closet.

"You look great. You'll charm him off his feet in no time. Again," Tina smiled and Blaine grabbed his phone and keys off the desk before meeting her by the bed.

"You're sure you're okay with me dumping you then?" He asked insecurely even though he knew that she really was okay with it. She would never have suggested it if she wasn't, but there was no way Tina would ever set one of their lazy afternoons over Blaine trying to save his relationship, if there even was anything left to save.

She assured him that she wanted him to go see Kurt way more than she wanted to lie in the backyard and do nothing all day. They hurried downstairs where Blaine called to his mom that they were leaving. He said goodbye to Tina and rushed to his car.

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When Blaine was standing in front of the Hummel-Hudson house he turned and walked back to his car only to return to the doorstep five times before he actually got himself worked up to ring the bell. The second he pressed the button he was ready to run away or hide in a bush like a kid on Halloween.

To his major relief it was Carole who answered the door. He wasn't sure if it would have been worse to have Finn or Burt answer, but Carole was definitely harmless in Blaine's opinion of who he would rather sink into the ground than be faced with at the moment.

"Hi Blaine. We haven't seen you around here for a while. How are you?" Carole smiled warmly at him and stepped aside to let him enter the house. He had completely forgot how much he missed the atmosphere of Kurt's home so when he was inside it hit him like an avalanche.

"I uhm - I don't want to be rude or anything, but... I'm actually here to see Kurt. Puck came to my house and said that... Kurt wasn't feeling well -" Blaine tried explaining as politely as he could.

When he mentioned Kurt it was like a black cloud drifted over Carole. Her otherwise warm and cheerful spirit had transformed to a concerned and depressed expression surrounding her entire being.

"Yeah. Kurt has been... not good, lately. He's barricaded himself in his room for days. I don't know what to do anymore. Burt is completely frustrated over it and has no idea what to do," she sighed.

Blaine felt a sting of guilt. It wasn't his fault, not really anyway, but he still felt that if he had just kept his mouth shut and enjoyed being with Kurt instead, and not having yelled up about insignificant details such as condoms they would still be okay and if they were still okay he would have been able to be there to support Kurt in whatever it was that was troubling him.

"I'm sorry. Puck just - he asked me to try and talk to him. I don't know anything I just... I can't stand the thought of Kurt being miserable like that -" Blaine sighed. His voice had gone weak and he felt nauseous. He wasn't prepared to be a bigger man and do this for Kurt's sake. No, he was selfish and his first priority was to convince Kurt to take him back. Or at least get an explanation.

Carole drew a heavy breath and led him upstairs. She stopped in front of Kurt's room where she carefully knocked the door. There was no answer so she tried again. And again. There was no reaction until the fifth time where Blaine was starting to consider leaving.

"Go to hell!" Kurt roared from the other side of the door. Blaine shrunk next to Carole in the hallway. Not only did Kurt's voice strike him hard but he also felt terrible that Kurt talked to his family that way.

"Kurt. Open the door for just a minute. There's someone here to see you, sweetie," Carole tried in the maternal way that always made Blaine think that even if he hadn't had his own mom he would always find a mom in the Hummel-Hudson house he could turn to.

A loud crash sounded from the other side of the door and angry footsteps were menacingly approaching. The door was flung aggressively open, making Blaine take a warning step backwards.

"Don't you get that I'm just waiting to die here! I don't want your fucking doctors or any of your other shit. I just want you to leave me the hell alone!" Kurt roared even before the door was open, but even as he appeared he kept the door closed enough so that only his face was visible.

His hair was more perfectly fixed than ever, nearly as if he had used a ruler to make sure it was even. He was wearing a grey sweater that looked way more expensive than anything Blaine owned paired up with a

tight pair of white jeans - clothes Blaine never would expect to see Kurt in. But Kurt was a hot mess - he had dark rings under his eyes, and Blaine thought he looked like he hadn't slept forever. His lower lip was trembling, and his movements were fidgeted.

"Kurt, please. Blaine just want to speak to you for a moment," Carole explained and it was obvious that Kurt hadn't noticed Blaine's presence. By the sound of his name Kurt's eyes flickered to the side where Blaine had stepped a little to the side and though it seemed impossible a moment ago his eyes became even darker.

"I don't want that freaking midget here!" Kurt thundered. Blaine was positive that if this had been a cartoon he would have been thrown against the banister to the stairs behind him.

Carole rubbed her palms over her face before she let her hands drop to her sides. She gave Blaine an apologetic look before she turned back to Kurt.

"Listen - I don't know what's been going on with you two, but I'm not planning on getting in the middle of it. Now you two are going to talk and I'm gonna go downstairs to give you some privacy. Blaine, you can just leave if he gets too much, okay?" Carole exclaimed softly and smiled at Blaine. The smile was the one of a person who wants to be encouraging but knows that it's only an act. She didn't feel like he should do it.

Carole sent Kurt a sharp glance before she turned and walked back downstairs. Blaine was frozen. It was like he was nailed to the spot and paralyzed. He wanted to scream and cry and beg Kurt to take him back - finally tell him that he loved him and that he didn't care about protection, he just wanted to be with him. That would definitely be a wrong turn.

Kurt watched Carole disappear down the stairs. He didn't even look at Blaine as he turned around and walked away, leaving the door open behind him. He was reluctantly inviting him in.

Blaine was shocked to see his room. He had expected a mess, a chaos of another world - but it was anything but that. Nothing was out of place, everything was even arranged symmetrical. His bed was made; it was the first time Blaine had seen his bedspread lying neatly over the sheets with a smooth surface only interrupted by the print of where Kurt obviously had been lying. The room didn't even smell like cigarettes. The only thing not where it belonged was the alarm clock from the nightstand; it was lying a few feet from where it usually sat and looked like it had been thrown.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing? You have nothing to do here!" Kurt exclaimed, his eyes avoiding Blaine's face. It was hard to tell what was going on behind his eyes. Blaine had never seen his eyes this dark or his face so hard before, it was like it was carved in stone.

"I just... Puck came over and asked me to talk to you -"

"Well I don't wanna talk to you! Get the fuck out of my life!" Kurt growled, his back now on Blaine, apparently determined to never see his face again.

Blaine took a few steps back. He turned around to leave. It was obvious that he had nothing to do there, that his presence only made things worse. He couldn't remember when he had closed the door, but when he put his hand to the doorknob he was taken by surprise.

"You are so fucking selfish! Did you ever for a second consider how it would make me feel?" Kurt said behind Blaine. He was afraid to turn around to face him. His voice sounded broken and worn out, but at the same time it was like he had rehearsed the outburst over and over again.

"I only came because Puck asked me to. I get that you don't want me anymore. Clearly it was a mistake of me to come here, so I'm just gonna leave now. I'm out of your life," Blaine responded under his breath. He nearly crashed forward into the door. He felt like his legs had forgotten how to keep him up.

"Please don't leave me."

Kurt was begging, his voice was trashed and weak. Blaine dared himself to turn around and nearly choked when he saw Kurt. Tears were streaming down his face and he looked paler than ever. His lower lip was trembling and his hands were balled up to fists.

"Kurt - you were the one who left me. You stormed away just because I made a request to take care of myself. This is not - it's not fair of you to act like that," Blaine tried. He didn't want to give in to the pain in his heart from seeing Kurt like this, he didn't want to let it go - even though what he mostly wanted to do was pull Kurt into his arms.

"You called me a slut, Blaine!" Kurt whined, struggling to keep his voice even, to pretend he wasn't crying regardless of how obvious it was.

"I did not! I would never call you something like that! I just said that since you've been with others before me -" Blaine started to explain, frustrated over how Kurt turned it all around, but he was cut off.

"But the worst part was - you accused me of cheating. Cheating!"

"I didn't -"

"I could never cheat on you. I love you, Blaine! I only want you!" Kurt screamed the last sentence at him before he sunk down on the bed like he had put the rest of his energy into the revelation.

"What the hell is your problem? Why can't you just listen to what I say instead of twisting it into the worst possible? I just wanna make sure we are both safe, Kurt. Make sure we won't be sick," Blaine thrust out with his hands thrown in the air in front of him.

He sat down on the bed next to Kurt. He was afraid to sit too close, but the way Kurt was sniffing with his face hidden in his hands he really wasn't that intimidating anymore.

"I just - wanna be sure we don't get sick. I don't know how these things worked for you before... me. Why is it so bad that I wanna be safe and protect myself?" Blaine asked with a sigh. He wanted to touch him, to comfort him and promise him that everything would be alright - but he knew that if he first got the feeling of Kurt back against his skin he wouldn't be able to focus on his point anymore.

"I was so scared. I did some - I was with these guys before I met you, and I don't know if they... had anything. I kept telling myself that we since used protection so it should be fine. There's just this little voice in the back of my mind whenever I'm alone - what if I'm not safe anymore -" Kurt forced out.

Blaine felt like he had just taken a punch to the gut. Never in a million years would he have thought Kurt would have these kinds of thoughts. Kurt seemed like he pushed everything heavy away, like he had a gift for closing his eyes to stuff he didn't want to be bothered with, and then it only came back to him in his sleep. Like when he had nightmares about his mom or his dad being sick.

"I am so, so sorry I almost put you to that. It only occurred to me when you started talking about it and I snapped and - Blaine I am so sorry. I completely understand if you hate me now. *I hate me!*" Kurt apologized and tried choking a heavy sob but all he managed to do was reduce it to a violent throb of his entire body accompanied by a rasp cough.

"Kurt, I could never hate you. But - what you did was really bad. What if we both ended up being sick? The important thing is that it didn't come to that. Alright," Blaine tried.

He knew that he should be angry at Kurt for not thinking of the consequences it would have for him if Kurt was sick and they didn't use a condom. He knew that he should be outraged and yelling - but to be honest it seemed like Kurt had already beat himself up enough for a lifetime over the past week. Only thing left for Blaine to do now was to find a way out of this mess they were in.

Kurt was still crying next to him. It occurred to Blaine that their roles were completely reversed and suddenly he felt sick with himself from the way he had talked to Kurt. He remembered all the times he had felt dumb and weak when Kurt had talked a little harsh to him, and here he was doing the same when Kurt was scared and vulnerable.

He closed their little space between them and put his arm around Kurt. He quickly let his hands fall so he could put his arms around Blaine and made himself disappear in the crook of his neck. His crying evolved to a sobbing with his entire body shaking and Blaine couldn't do anything but hold him close and wait for him to cool off.

"I have an idea," Blaine said softly as Kurt's sobbing slowly faded into sniffing and Kurt dried his eyes and moved a little away to breathe.

"How about you and I go down to the free clinic and get tested? Both of us. We can be anonymous and you will be sure you are clean," Blaine suggested and dried a tear off Kurt's jaw before it fell from his face.

"If I'm clean, will you be my boyfriend again?" Kurt sniffed with swollen eyes and trembling hands.

"Kurt, I will always be your boyfriend. Even if you aren't clean. But you used protection, so of course there's nothing wrong with you - it's just to ease your mind, baby," Blaine cooed and closed his hand around Kurt's.

Kurt squeezed his hand back before he fell heavily back on the bed and buried his face in his hands to growl loudly into his palms.

"God. I'm such a loser!" He groaned and kicked frantically with his legs before falling limp again, his hands falling to the sides of his head.

"Of course you're not a loser. If you ever act like that again - I just can't accept that. But you were scared, so I understand. But you don't have to be scared anymore. There's nothing wrong with you," Blaine said and turned to lie on his front next to Kurt.

Kurt opened his eyes and Blaine was glad to see that they weren't dark and scary anymore. They were back to big and blue, but sad and concerned. He let a hand up to brush down Blaine's face and then back up to run over his hair.

"I missed your face," he smiled softly and turned to lie on his side. He grabbed around Blaine's elbow and pulled on it to make him lie closer to him. Blaine welcomed the invitation and moved into Kurt's embrace, glad to finally be where he had longed to be for almost a week.

Kurt kissed Blaine's nose and closed his eyes before snuggling a little closer. Blaine knew that if they wanted to go to the free clinic they should get going soon. He just wanted to enjoy being back in Kurt's arms for a moment.

"Did you... did you really mean what you said?" Blaine asked quietly when it hit him what had just happened between them.

"What?" Kurt mumbled and drew a heavy breath.

"What you said about... do you really love me?"

He was prepared to take hiding. It hadn't seemed like Kurt had meant to let it slip, but the words were echoing in the back of Blaine's mind now. He couldn't help but wishing that he had heard them in a different relation, but now that they had come from Kurt's mouth he was feeling warm and bubbly inside from the thought.

"Of course I love you, Blaine. You're my knight in shining armor, right?" Kurt moaned and sighed, like he was relieved to finally be saying the words out loud.

"I - I love you too," Blaine beamed. Before he could stop himself he had fallen on top of Kurt to kiss him heatedly. He ran his fingers through his soft hair and nearly moaned from the feeling of Kurt's tongue back against his own - there was no doubt; this was where he belonged.

"Let's go to the free clinic before it closes. The sooner we get there the sooner it's done," Blaine said and jumped to his feet where he grabbed Kurt's hands to drag him up with him.

"Can't we do that tomorrow? I just wanna be with you right now," Kurt objected and put his arms around Blaine to kiss his neck.

"No, Kurt. You can't postpone this. Tomorrow it's Sunday. And it can be weeks from they do the tests until we get the results," Blaine explained as patient as he possibly could, but all he got was a dissatisfied groan from Kurt.

"Besides - as soon as we have the results you won't have to buy condoms ever again, and I have a great idea of how to celebrate that. How does that sound?" He teased and Kurt popped his head from Blaine's neck. A smirk crossed his face before he attacked Blaine's mouth hungrily.

"Damn I love you," Kurt smiled against Blaine's lips before he broke away and headed for the door, sure to keep Blaine's hand in his own.

Blaine was sure his face was scarlet and the grin covering his face was probably way too easy for the world to interpret, but he didn't care. He was back with Kurt, and Kurt loved him - he said so himself. Nothing else mattered.

xXx

Getting Kurt to calm down while sitting in the waiting room was much harder than he had expected. He was constantly pacing the floors before sitting back down next to Blaine on the uncomfortable plastic chairs. Blaine did his best to ease him down by holding his hand and telling him that it would be alright, but more than one time he asked if he could leave.

Even when Kurt was called into the doctor he turned to Blaine and asked if he really had to do it, but Blaine assured him that it would be alright and that he would be waiting for him when he was done.

"Just go, Kurt. It'll be fine. I promise. I love you, baby -" Blaine said and pushed Kurt in the direction of the waiting doctor.

And Kurt followed the doctor with heavy steps, leaving Blaine to himself and his hopes that Kurt wouldn't make it too difficult for himself. He was so nervous about how Kurt would handle his test that he hadn't even thought about his own.

"It's really... I've only ever been with my boyfriend, and we used protection so - I'm just doing it to support him," Blaine explained awkwardly to the doctor.

The tests weren't as terrible as he had feared. He had heard terrible stories about urethra swabs. Some of the guys in his school had told vivid tales about giant q-tips that made all the boys hold their legs crossed for the rest of the day. Blaine had really planned on avoiding that for his entire life. *The things I so willingly go through for my boyfriend*, Blaine thought heavyhearted as he entered the small room.

Luckily that wasn't one of the tests he had to go through. All he had to do was pee in a cup and have a blood sample taken. When he was finished he was such a wreck that he was surprised he could even walk out of there himself.

"Finally. I need a fucking cigarette now!" Kurt muttered the second Blaine returned to the waiting room. Kurt grabbed his hand and led him out the door. Blaine smiled and thanked the receptionist and followed Kurt outside.

The second they were in the parking lot Kurt lit up a cigarette and rested against the yellow brick wall, his eyes closed and face directed towards the blue sky above them. A few clouds were drifting around, seeming nearly misplaced on the otherwise clean celestial concave.

"That wasn't so bad. And only a week - could've been worse," Blaine said and kicked a rock on the pavement while doing his best to stay away from the smoking streaming from Kurt's cigarette and mouth.

"Yeah. It was a real hoot. Now let's go have a party," Kurt said sarcastically and rolled his eyes. He stretched his leg out to wrap it around Blaine so he could make him come closer. He hurried to take one last draw of his cigarette before throwing it away and blew the smoke as pronouncedly away from Blaine as he possibly could.

"What do you wanna do now?" Blaine asked and coughed a little from the smoke that was still hanging around Kurt.

"I wanna go get something to eat - haven't eaten for ages. And then I wanna go get a beer. Wanna be my date?" Kurt grinned and let a finger run down Blaine's chest, causing chills to run down his spine.

The thought of going somewhere with Kurt as his date was in one time intimidating and thrilling. He hadn't forgot the way the guys at Scandal's had eaten him with their eyes or how many guys had tried hitting on him, only to have him turn them down. To be the one to hold his hand in front of them would be the final corner stone to show the world that Blaine was in fact Kurt's boyfriend.

"Mhm, let's do that," Blaine smiled and pressed his lips against Kurt's.

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Blaine was a little shocked by himself. He hadn't even felt bad when he had lied to his mom and said that he was going to spend the night at Tina's house. He had told her that they were going to watch a movie with Tina's sister and she had just been happy that he seemed like he was happy again. Luckily for him she didn't ask any intruding questions.

As soon as he was on his way to Kurt's house he had called Tina and told her everything. Tina had been happy that they had worked things out but taken good time to make sure Blaine hadn't just gone along with everything Kurt had said. He assured her that he hadn't gone against himself in anyway and she wished him a happy night with Kurt.

He didn't tell her that he had told his mom that he would be sleeping at her place. He didn't like asking her to lie for him, so he figured that it would be easier to simply keep her completely out of the equation.

Now he was holding Kurt's hand on the way across Scandal's parking lot. He was dressed in a white shirt with a red sweater vest over, it was matched up with navy bowtie, chinos and boat shoes. He had been really nervous about what to wear - he wanted to make sure Kurt didn't find him completely dorky, but he still didn't want to appear too casual either. But when Kurt sent him a sharp look from his shoes, over his pants, to his bowtie and ended on his hair he raised his eyebrow and bit his lower lip. Blaine felt approved.

Kurt himself was wearing a simple pair of black skinny jeans with a silver shine, a tight Black Sabbath t-shirt and his usual leather jacket. He had mixed the entire thing up with his studded black combat boots and his hair looking messy like he had just rolled out of bed - a look Blaine didn't mind at all.

The doorman nodded at Kurt like they knew each other well and when he realized Kurt was holding Blaine's hand he looked surprised. Blaine sent him an awkward smile and followed Kurt inside. When they reached the bar the bartender greeted Kurt and sent him a flirtatious look but Kurt just nodded and ordered two beers.

"I don't... really drink in public places," Blaine said and remembered quite a few embarrassing things he had done during parties with The Warblers - stuff he didn't exactly feel like repeating in front of Kurt or the rest of Scandal's.

"One beer can't hurt," Kurt smiled and wrapped his arm around his waist. That definitely was his cue. Blaine grabbed the beer from the counter, because as long as Kurt would hold his arm around him in front of every gay man in Lima nothing could be so bad that he couldn't have a single beer.

Blaine took a mouthful of his bottle and Kurt chuckled before he kissed him on the cheekbone. Kurt led him through the club to a small group of tables by the pool-table. A group of girls were standing around the green table and nodded at Kurt as they saw him. He nodded back and sat down on one of the chairs. Blaine prepared to sit on the chair on the opposite side of the small table but Kurt cut him off and pulled out the chair next to his own instead. Blaine grinned and took seat, Kurt immediately finding his hand to his thigh.

"See these chicks?" Half of them are gay, the other half aren't they're just pretending. They have some sort of idiotic idea that if they impress me enough they can turn me straight. They've been going at it for months," Kurt whispered to Blaine with a flirtatious smile in the direction of the girls.

Blaine wasn't really sure how to react to that. He knew that Kurt definitely was gay, and he definitely wouldn't go straight for any girl at all - but he was still a bit smug by the thought of him being with the one people wanted.

"I'm gonna go play with them and tease them a bit. You'll be okay, babe?" Kurt asked. When Blaine nodded he slid his hand a little further up his thigh before kissing his cheek and jumping to his feet.

When he got to the girls he put an arm around two of the girls who had been eating him with their eyes. He winked at Blaine over his shoulder and proceeded to find a cue. As they quickly worked themselves into a game guys started flocking around the table and Blaine noticed how most eyes were directed towards Kurt's ass or arms.

Blaine stayed on his chair and observed Kurt walking around the table, every now and then brushing lightly against one of the girls who would send frantic eyes to her friends as soon as he looked away.

As soon as Kurt announced that he was finished playing a handsome guy with tanned skin and dark hair walked over to him. He nearly pressed Kurt against the wall with his body as he was obviously flirting. Blaine watched Kurt lick his lips and flutter his eyelashes. He let his free hand travel down the guy's well-shaped bicep and ran the neck of his bottle down his chest.

Blaine's mouth turned dry and he noticed that most people had gone back to their business, but the ones who were still hanging around their table was staring at Blaine. He started closing in on himself as he watched Kurt talking to the guy who was starting to make gestures for diving in for a kiss.

Right as Blaine was considering to get up and leave Kurt gave the little sarcastic chuckle he always made and nodded in Blaine's direction with a smile on his face. The tanned guy stared back at Blaine and pursed his lips. He slowly backed away and sent a cruel look in Blaine's direction before he marched away.

Kurt strut over to straddle Blaine and crashed his mouth onto his. Kurt tasted like beer and cigarettes and his tongue was swirling around Blaine's like it had been years since he had kissed him. Blaine worked up the courage to work his hands up Kurt's thighs and down the top of his ass.

"What was that about?" Blaine asked, dozy from the kiss, as Kurt left his mouth to breathe. He was looking at Blaine with eyes that clearly only saw him. His hands were working their way under Blaine's vest and a smile was covering his face.

"He's been after me since I started coming here. I've never been with him, but I keep flirting with him because he buys me drinks if I just grope him every now and then and let him grope me -"

Blaine's smile froze. He didn't like the thought of other guys groping his boyfriend - or his boyfriend groping other guys. Not even if it was to get free drinks.

"That was until you came along of course. I haven't been here since I almost killed you - so I told him that I'm a hitched guy now. That I only have eyes for my man. He was a bit pissed but he'll get over it," Kurt grinned and let his eyes pierce into Blaine's.

He was beautiful, breathtaking - and had just started spreading the rumor that he didn't want to be with anyone but Blaine. There was no doubt that news spread like a wildfire in this place and Blaine was very satisfied with that.

"Wanna go home? I miss... being close to you. Feeling you. I promise I won't try anything," Kurt suggested, and let his hands out of Blaine's sweater vest. He stood up and offered Blaine his hand. When Blaine was back on his feet Kurt fixed Blaine's clothes and padded his belly gently before grabbing his hand and leading him out of the club.

"Sorry ladies. I only want this guy," Kurt grinned as they passed the group of girls who was smoking outside.

"Screw you, Hummel!"

"Oh yeah, he will," Kurt chuckled and pressed a kiss to Blaine's mouth before they left the parking lot with the choir of girl voices lively chatting behind them.

Apparently it was a big deal that Kurt was off the market.

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"It feels good to have you back, babe -" Kurt hummed into Blaine's hair. He was in nothing but his underwear with his one leg tangled between Blaine's, half on top of him. Blaine was in his underwear as well and was stroking his fingertips over Kurt's arm.

"It's good to be back. I've missed this," Blaine responded and had to take a second to not let himself be too obviously overwhelmed.

"I've missed you. It felt so wrong not to... talk to you all the time," Kurt groaned and let his lips ghost down Blaine's neck.

It was hard not to let his hands run free around Kurt's body, simply to feel his skin everywhere. It had only been a week, but it felt like a lifetime since he had been close to Kurt like that. He could feel that Kurt felt the same way, but somehow it seemed like Kurt wanted to be respectful and keep his hands clean. He didn't want it to be about sex or teasing - he just wanted to be back with Blaine.

"I cried. All the time. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat - I was just in my bed crying and missing you. Hoping you would call or text me," Blaine revealed, a little ashamed of how pathetic he had been, but he wanted Kurt to know.

Sadness swam over his face and he looked away for a brief moment. When his eyes were back to Blaine's they seemed glassy and dark.

"I am so sorry, baby. I will never, ever put you through that again. It felt terrible. I kept... I kept telling myself that if I waited long enough, if I just ignored the world long enough and pretended I had never met you, maybe I wouldn't miss you so much. But it just got worse," Kurt told and let his head rest on Blaine's collarbone.

"It doesn't matter now. We won't be separated again," Blaine assured him and brushed a hand over his hair and down his back.

Kurt fell to lie next to him. He smiled through the dark, and it was like a whole new glow was surrounding him. He sighed heavily and closed his eyes before snuggling close to Blaine, putting his arm around his waist in a way that indicated for Blaine to hold around him too so he did.

"I really love you, Blaine," Kurt whispered.

"I love you too, Kurt."

Chapter Eight

To not have the slightest problems with Kurt anymore was strange, but a good kind of strange. Okay, it wasn't that there were no worries or troubles left, they simply didn't seem as pronounced as before.

Kurt still didn't really tell much about himself but at least he didn't get pissed anymore when Blaine asked. Now, instead, he would say that he didn't feel like talking about it or that he would tell some other day. He still wasn't all awesome with his phone yet, every now and then there would go nearly an entire day without Blaine hearing anything from him and it would turn out he had forgot where it was or simply forgot to bring it out. He was also turning more needy in time; not like he couldn't do anything by himself, but he got easier sad or annoyed when Blaine said he had other plans and sometimes he would sound really sad when he called him at night to tell him that he missed him.

Tina told that Kurt had started to actually acknowledge their relation in school. One day she had called him in the middle of the day and sounded frantic. *"Oh my god Kurt just sat next to me an entire lunch break and I had no idea what to do,"* she said in shocked voice. Blaine was surprised too. In his imaginations Kurt always hung out with puck or sat by himself without talking to anyone. *"He asked me how I was and I sort of panicked,"* she said embarrassedly. After that Kurt started sitting at Tina's table nearly every day. Usually they didn't talk, but when they did it was mostly random conversations of *"how's it going"*.

A little more than a week after their visit to the free clinic they went back to get their results. Kurt was scared, Blaine could feel it - but he obviously didn't say anything. He made sarcastic jokes and sharp comments on everything he could see. In the end Blaine stopped him before he got out of the car and kissed him. *"It's okay to be scared. But I'm sure everything is fine. I'm sure you are okay."* Kurt had attacked his mouth for a needy kiss and as soon as they left the car he hurried to grab Blaine's hand and squeeze it really hard.

They were both clean though. They insisted on getting the message together and as soon as the doctor told them that they were both fine and healthy Kurt turned to throw himself into Blaine's arms. As soon as they were in the parking lot Kurt stopped Blaine by getting in front of him. *"Thank you - for forcing me to do this and for not letting me freak out."* They never got around to celebrate though. Blaine had a lot of tests in school that he needed to prepare himself for and it made Kurt sad even though Blaine took a few classes off here and there to be with Kurt.

Now Blaine was in the middle of what could easily be the most boring biology class he had ever attended. It was almost two weeks since they had their results back and they hadn't had a single fight since the terrible fight of the condoms. Blaine was pretty satisfied about it all. He looked at the clock and the last 15 minutes of the class seemed like they were planning on getting him completely down. Until a text ticked in.

Kurt: "I think it's completely outrageous how much time we spend at school compared to how little time I get to be with you."

Blaine snickered to himself. He loved it when Kurt sent him messages like this one. He tried so hard to show how much he cared. It was very obvious to Blaine that Kurt still felt like he wasn't good enough for him and it pained him.

Blaine: "I think you are right. If only we were in the same school we had been able to see each other there too."

Next to him Nick pushed him with his elbow. He sent him a glance Blaine could only really interpret as "*pay attention*" but he didn't really care. He did his best to hide his phone a little better under the table and ignored Nick's stare as his phone vibrated again.

Kurt: "How do you feel about ditching school and be with me all day tomorrow?"

At first Blaine almost said yes. It was so tempting, oh so tempting. He was sick of school and whenever he was in his uniform all he could think of was how Kurt had once called it kinky, or how much he'd rather wear his own clothes (or no clothes) and be with Kurt instead.

It was terrifying because Blaine had always loved school. After he transferred to Dalton he had always been excited to go to school to be with his friends and even the teachers were really cool there. Now going to school had started to seem like a duty that only took time away from Kurt.

Blaine: "I would love that - but I can't."

It only lasted a moment before his phone vibrated again.

Kurt: "Why not? Don't you wanna be with me?"

Ugh. That was unfair. He was completely playing dirty.

Blaine: "That's not what I meant and you know that. I can't just ditch school for a whole day. But I can come to your house after."

He sighed internally. He hated when Kurt played the "*don't you love me*"-card. Kurt knew perfectly well that Blaine wasn't one to sneak away from his duties such as school and it had nothing to do with how much he loved him - still Kurt seemed like he thought he could use it against him and it was nerveing.

Kurt: "Alright. Will you come to the tire shop today?"

And naturally he acted like everything was forgotten. Like everything was fine. Never had Blaine experienced anyone with mood swings like Kurt's. Sometimes when it really annoyed him he suspected he was bipolar.

Blaine: "I have Warbler practice and a music lesson after school."

Not even a moment was before his phone was off again.

Kurt: "But I feel like I never see you. I miss you when I'm not with you."

Blaine: "I can come over as soon as I'm finished."

Blaine: "I really miss you too. It's not because I don't wanna see you."

The bell rang and the other boys started to collect their things and leave the classroom around Blaine. For a moment he didn't do anything but stare into the blackboard, waiting for his phone to buzz again, but when it didn't happen he shoved his books absentmindedly into his satchel. Right as he walked out of the room and started down the hall his phone went off.

Kurt: "I know, baby. I just wish we could be together all the time. But see you later then."

Blaine: "Good. I'll text you when I'm on my way."

Kurt: "Blaine?"

Blaine: "Huh?"

Kurt: "I love you"

Blaine was sure his smile was illuminating the entire school. He was ready to jump on the furniture and sing all the love songs of the world. He really hoped they were doing a love song in Warbler practice today.

Blaine: "I love you too."

"*Anderson*, do we have your attention?" a sharp voice said and Blaine was aggressively pulled out of his love haze to face that he was already in the practice room and every single Warbler was staring at him.

"Yes. Sure. I am... focused," he stammered and let his phone dump to the bottom of his bag.

Apparently they had all been waiting for him and everyone was already in their usual seats so Blaine hurried to find his place on the neat sofa. It suddenly occurred to him that the atmosphere was different than usual and even though he was sitting down and paying attention all eyes were still on him.

"What's going on, guys? Did something happen?" he asked nervously. He loved being in the spotlight and he loved being the frontman of The Warblers, admittedly he was a bit of an exhibitionist, but not in this way.

"After several members have approached The Council with their concerns we have agreed to let today's Warbler practice be a Warbler meeting instead. Throughout the last few weeks a lot of the Warblers have expressed their concerns for one of our members and we see it as our duty to do something about this," the leader of The Council explained in his usual official tone.

Blaine looked nervously around on his friends. He hadn't noticed anything to worry over in any of his friends. He had to have missed something and he didn't like that no one had told him what had happened. If something was wrong with one of The Warblers he surely should know.

"This is officially a Warbler-vention!" The Leader said and banged his hammer once to declare the meeting open.

"A Warbler-vention? What is this? Who does this concern?" Blaine whispered to David on his side, but he merely looked at Blaine like he had fallen directly from the sky.

He had heard about Warbler-ventions but never been to one. The Warbler practices stuck to the music and choreography and all personal life was kept outside the practice room. The Warblers were all friends and took care of each other but once they were in the practice room they were more colleagues acting professionally. Warbler-ventions were only held if something really disturbing was going on with one of the members - like drug-use or increasing fowl language in classes.

"Mr. Anderson - lately it has been brought to our attention that you have had... a change of nature. And it worries our members and The Council," The Leader said and all eyes were back to Blaine.

He felt like he had been slapped in the face. Like he had just been thrown into a pool of ice water. Everything inside him froze and he wasn't sure whether he was going pale or scarlet. He opened his mouth to speak but no words left his mouth so he shut it again and closed his eyes in attempt to figure out how to tackle this.

"What? I - I didn't do anything," Blaine tried but knew that this wasn't exactly helping his position.

His friends were watching him with lines on their faces and squinted eyes. Several of them had crossed their arms over their chests now and Blaine saw Nick and Trent looking like they mostly wanted to hide. Jeff looked incredibly uncomfortable; he kept looking around the room and was sitting restlessly in his seat, constantly changing his position. Jeff had never been good with serious matters - he was more one to play and have fun.

"It's just that... lately you have changed. You have been skipping classes and the other day when we met at the mall I heard you lie to your mom. You've even started canceling your music lessons with the kids - its really not like you, Blaine," Trent said. He looked like he was ready to dig himself into a hole. He was clearly feeling guilty about putting Blaine on spot like that, but Blaine was well aware that Trent would never do this if he wasn't deeply troubled.

"Guys, it's fine really. I've just had a need for some free time. That's all," Blaine tried but he already knew that he couldn't brush this off so easily. They would never agree to let it go.

"This is more than just a matter of having some free time. More than once have you been seen walking into Scandals. That's a bar, Anderson. You're not even old enough to come there," one of the other Council members said and a low murmuring spread throughout the room.

It was true. He and Kurt had been to Scandals a lot over the past few weeks. They came there early to have a drink and talk to some of the other guys there. Kurt was teaching Blaine how to play pool and they had found fun in the way people were staring jealously at Blaine whenever Kurt was kissing him or touching him. They were never asked for ID because Kurt was known there, and now Blaine was known as Kurt's boyfriend.

"Yeah. So what? Kurt and I come there to hang out and play pool, that's all. I don't get drunk or anything."

It seemed like most of the Warblers flinched by the mention of Kurt and Blaine didn't like it. His nerves were starting to turn into irritation. They had no right to snoop in his privacy like that.

The murmuring grew to a little louder talk between the members and all Blaine heard was "*Kurt*" and "*boyfriend*" and "*bad influence*". He wanted to stand up and tell them to mind their own business but he was shocked by the way they apparently had been talking behind their backs.

"I *will* have order!" The Leader of The Council demanded and hammered aggressively to pull people's focus back. Everyone returned to whispering before the room turned quiet.

"It's just that... we're worried about you, Blaine. You hardly ever pay attention in class anymore because you're always focused on your phone, you forget our choreography and I swear I saw Mr. Michelson sent you a warning look when we were handed back our reports the other day. You always get top grades in every class. And if you're lying to your parents..." Nick tried with hopelessness filling his entire presence. He really didn't wanna do this either.

"This is about Kurt. It's simply because you don't like me being with Kurt, right?" Blaine burst out. He was now sitting on the edge of his seat and he could feel that adrenaline was slowly getting ready.

"It's not that - we really want you to be happy. We really do. It's just that all of these things started when you began seeing him. We're not saying that... we just feel like he's a bad influence on you. You're a good guy, Blaine," someone behind him said, but he didn't even bother to look who it was.

Blaine got to his feet and looked around the room. This room had been his other home ever since he had been driven out of his old school. These guys had welcomed him in when he didn't have anybody else. These guys were his friends, his other family - at least he thought they were. Now he didn't really feel that way.

"So I'm a good guy and he's not? Is that? You want me to break up with him so I don't screw up your choreography?" Blaine exclaimed.

Deep down he knew that they were only doing this out of concern. That it was because they were worried about what consequences it could have for him if he kept skipping classes and didn't pay attention. Actually, it was the exact same concerns he had for Kurt.

"No. We're not saying that you should break up with him. We're just saying that... maybe you should consider putting a bit more effort into your school and obligations instead of, you know - being with him all the time. He doesn't exactly have a good reputation, he might hurt you, and you've been through so much already -" Trent tried carefully, clearly nervous that he was crossing the line.

"Kurt loves me, okay? Remember what I told about the night we got together? *He saved my life!* He would never hurt me. We have our differences, but that's all -"

"I - I saw you at the free clinic some time ago. I've heard that he's - been around. Did he get you sick? Do you have some sort of creepy STD now? Is it serious? You're not going to die are you?" Jeff blabbered out. He obviously regretted his words instantly. He fell back in his seat and looked like he wanted to apologize.

Blaine rushed to his feet in horror. He couldn't believe what they were thinking about him. How could they actually say these things. He headed for the door, sure that if he stayed he would say something he would regret later - he just couldn't stand being there right now.

"And just for your information - I love Kurt as well, alright? I thought you guys were my friends. I thought we were supposed to support each other not... bitch about each other," he said with a disgusted face before he turned on his heel and marched down the hallway.

xXx

The Lima Bean was comfortably chill from their excellent air conditioning. Blaine really enjoyed that since he was dying from the heat in his Dalton uniform. His ice coffee was a good help for his headache and he wished that he didn't have a music lesson in half an hour. He really wasn't prepared to be anywhere where he had to be nice to anyone.

For a moment he considered dropping it and go to the gym instead, but he figured he had to do it or he would have to listen to more complaints in school the next day.

His shock of the Warbler-vention had gradually developed into anger. He was mad that they felt that they had a right to even do it. They hadn't exactly been supportive of his relationship with Kurt. When he had told them that he had got a boyfriend they had all been excited and congratulated him - when they heard that his boyfriend was Kurt most of them turned awkward. Their faces dropped and they started fidgeting around with other stuff. They had clearly heard about Kurt before.

Blaine tried telling himself that he didn't care, but it was a lie. He did care. He cared a lot. The looks on their faces and the concern in their voices made him feel sick. Of course he was aware that they were doing it because they cared about him, but it didn't make him feel any less sick because he knew that apparently all of them had been discussing it behind his back for quite some time now, and not one of them had mentioned anything to him.

And that they actually felt that way about his relationship with Kurt, that they actually wanted him to consider taking a break from Kurt - he couldn't stand the thought. He wondered how they would feel if he suggested that one of them were to break up with their girlfriend. Would the others just go along with that then?

xXx

The boy he had for vocal lessons this afternoon was a bit distracted so luckily his mom asked for only doing 30 minutes. When he left the house he was relieved, but his headache had got worse. He knew he had promised Kurt to come over when he was done but he wasn't in the mood for hanging out at the tire shop.

He drove there nonetheless and sat for a moment in his car before finally convincing himself to get out. As he crossed the parking lot he could see Kurt walking around in his torn jeans, a greasy tank top, worn out converse and aviators hanging from his pocket. His hair was looking messy and as Blaine came closer he could see that the sun had spread more freckles than usual over his nose.

"Hey there, sexy. Is this an invitation for playing?" Kurt smirked and grabbed around his tie when he saw Blaine. He pressed his lips to Blaine's and grabbed his lower lip between his teeth before smiling against his face.

"I love it when you wear this. So hot," he teased and tugged a little more on the tie.

"Hey you," Blaine said, forcing a smile out. Kurt seemed to be in a good mood and he didn't want to bring him down. He wanted to be happy and enjoy their time together.

"Are you okay, cute-face?" Kurt asked and released his tie. He took a step back and let his eyes eat up Blaine's face. His forehead lined up and his eyebrows furrowed a little.

"I'm fine. Don't worry about it. You look good today," he lied and tried steering the conversation in another direction. He crossed the asphalt and peeked inside to see what Kurt had been doing when he came.

A big, old-school Cadillac had all windows, lights and mirrors covered in plastic and tape. The paint was partially worn off and Blaine was sure Kurt had been getting ready for painting. He wondered if Kurt would be the one doing that, if he had some artistic skills he hadn't revealed to Blaine.

"Why are you lying to me? Don't think I can't see when something is nagging you," Kurt said sharply. When Blaine turned around his arms were crossed over his chest and his lips were pursed. He definitely wasn't amused. He had cocked his chin up the way he always did when he expected a fight coming up, and his eyes were hard. He wasn't going to let this go before he knew what was going on.

"It's really stupid. I'm not feeling that well. I think I'm just gonna go home. I'll text you later," Blaine sighed and started walking towards his car.

He couldn't tell Kurt what his friends had said about him. He couldn't tell him that he had a reputation of being loose. That his friends had accused Kurt of ruining everything for Blaine that way.

Kurt's footsteps were coming closer behind him and Blaine hadn't expected anything else. When he was by his car he turned around and was faced with an annoyed expression covering Kurt's face. He stopped when Blaine was trapped between him and the car and put his hands on his hips.

"Don't just walk away from me. If something is bothering you then tell me. Did I do something?" He said, and Blaine could see in his eyes that he was nervous that this was about him, that he might have stepped out of line without knowing it.

"No. You didn't do anything, I swear. I just don't feel like hanging out here today, that's all." It was stupid that he was lying, he knew that - and it wasn't because he wanted to. He was going to tell him, just not now when it would only spoil his mood.

"Baby, I could just close this up and we could home. Do you wanna do that? I can always finish this another day," Kurt asked and let a finger crook itself into Blaine's.

"You are - the best boyfriend - ever," Blaine smiled and punctuated his words with chaste kisses to Kurt's lips.

"But I think I really just need to get home, take a shower and forget about the world for a moment," Blaine said apologetically and tugged a little tighter around Kurt's finger.

He couldn't believe that he was actually turning down those gorgeous blue eyes. Kurt's face transformed from annoyed to worried and sad. His pursed lips turned into a pout and his eyes went big and glassy.

"Alright. Okay. Will you be okay? I don't like it when something is wrong with you," he said and let all of his fingers fall in between Blaine's. He kept Blaine's eyes locked with his and brushed a lock away from his forehead with the back of his hand.

"Yeah. I think I just need some time to get rid of my headache. You're so sweet though," he assured him and tried avoiding his gaze to keep the guilt to a minimum.

"I'll text you later. Don't worry about me." He feigned a smile and kissed Kurt before getting into his car so he could drive home.

xXx

It really did help to shower. The water had really soothed out the worst of his headache and he felt like he could take a round with his homework. He collected his books and his laptop and sat in the kitchen. He loved doing his homework in the kitchen because it reminded him of his childhood where the hardest of his worries were whether Cooper was in a bad mood or not.

"Hey. I thought you were with friends today," his mom said confused when she entered the kitchen. After putting her purse down she came over to sit next to him offering him a bottle of water.

"Are you okay? You look sick, honey -"

Concerned mother-mode was full on, he could feel it and he was not up for it. He missed the time when he told his mom everything, but if he was to tell her about what had happened in school he would have to tell her about Kurt as well.

"Yeah. I just started feeling a little bad in school, but I'm better now. Don't worry about it," he lied and accepted her kiss on his cheek.

He texted Kurt that he still wasn't all good but a little better and thanked him for being so understanding. He apologized for dropping out on their date and promised to make it up to him somehow. He wasn't sure what he meant about that but he made a mental note to figure something out. Kurt was cute; he told him to get better and said that if he wanted he would call him later before ending his text with a few X's.

Blaine continued with his homework while chatting randomly with his mom. She was rummaging around the kitchen to cook dinner and he nearly felt like things were back to before he felt like he had to hide things from her.

"Mom, I... do you ever think it's weird that I'm gay?" Blaine asked when he closed his computer and laid over the table to rest his head on it. He wasn't sure why he was asking but now that he had he was really curious to hear her answer.

"What? No. Why would I do that?" She asked. She stopped chopping vegetables and turned around to stare confounded at him.

"I don't know. I just figured that... maybe sometimes you could hope that I would come home with a girl instead of a guy, that's all -" he shrugged.

"Blaine, I thought we discussed this," she sighed and put down her knife. She dried her hands in a dishtowel and crossed the kitchen to sit down next to him.

He turned his head, still resting his cheek on his laptop, to have a better look at her. Sometimes he found it incredible how beautiful of a woman his mom was. He couldn't believe that she was only a lawyer when a face like that could have taken her anywhere in the world. When he looked at photos from she was young he always imagined that she could have been whatever she wanted, because she held the combination of brain, beauty and humor that was rarely seen openly in women in the circles she grew up in.

"Yes. There once was a time when I was dying to have a daughter-in-law that I could take shopping and get manicures with - but hopefully one day Cooper will get me that. And who knows, maybe you'll get me a son-in-law I can do those things with... for now I'll just do that with my friends - and you every now and then." She smiled and tilted her head in that way only his mom could do without making him feel like he was being patronized.

"Are you sure? Do you ever think of what it would be like for you - for me to have... you know, a boyfriend?" Blaine asked and tried imagining Kurt in a nail salon or Kurt arm-in-arm with his mom on a shopping spree, and he nearly giggled by the thought - now, there was an image he would never get to see.

His mom looked pensive. Like she was really turning over the question to weigh her answer carefully. Blaine couldn't figure out if he saw that as a good or a bad sign, but he appreciated how serious she was taking the conversation.

"Yes. I do. And I'm really scared. I'm scared that I will mess it all up and be completely terrible. I'm scared that I will do all the things I shouldn't do and embarrass you in front of this... boy, that will be so important to you. But as to whether I will feel weird about it - not at all. I really don't think so. Sure, it might be odd for me to see my beautiful son holding the hand of another boy, and look at another boy with hearts in his eyes. But baby don't think I could ever feel uncomfortable about it. If the boy you will take home one day makes you happy he will make me happy," she assured him with big weary eyes.

Blaine didn't know why, but suddenly he felt on the edge of tears. He couldn't stop himself from sitting up and pull his mom into a hug. He felt overwhelmed by this revelation, but he also felt guilty. He couldn't stop this chaos of feelings running around inside of him and he knew that they were on the tip of his tongue waiting to blabber out.

"Thank you, mom," was all he settled for saying, and he knew that he could never express his gratitude properly anyway, regardless of how much he said.

"Why are you suddenly asking this? Is this about the boy you were -" She started asking but Blaine hurried to stop her.

"No. It's just... I was just curious. Thank you. I think I really needed to hear that," he smiled at her and started fumbling with the label on his bottle.

"You would tell me if there was anything, right?" She asked one last time before she stood up and headed back to the counter.

"Of course," he lied and was happy she wasn't looking at him. He seriously needed to figure this out soon.

xXx

His mom didn't mention anything over dinner, which was a good thing because he definitely wasn't ready to have this conversation with his dad. He had a feeling that he wouldn't have quite the same approach to the subject as his mom had.

Luckily his dad was in a good mood. He had been driving by the tire shop again and Blaine's blood froze over when he mentioned it, but apparently all he had seen was Blaine taking in the sight of the taped up car Kurt had been working on, and Kurt walking around looking over what he needed - at least that was Blaine's dad's version, Blaine was pretty sure what Kurt had been looking over was his ass in his uniform slacks.

After dinner Blaine helped his mom cleaning the kitchen and sat down to have a cup of coffee with her before heading for his room. He figured that he wouldn't sweat anymore over his homework for the day so he thought he was allowed to disconnect his brain and watch some TV instead. When nothing caught his attention he put on Moulin Rouge with the thought that it wouldn't matter if he fell asleep to it.

He only reached 20 minutes into the movie before there was a knock on his door. He paused the movie and sat up, a little confused since no one ever really came to see him in his room.

"Blaine. There's a boy at the door asking for you. I said he could just come in but he said that he didn't want to interrupt but he just had something for you," his mom said when she opened the door.

Blaine was confused. Was Puck back? He really hoped Kurt hadn't done anything stupid, or that he was back to being a mess again.

He assured his mom that he would come down and zipped a hoodie over his t-shirt. Suddenly he was very aware of the fact that he was in his sweatpants and an old Dalton t-shirt. He hurried down the stairs and felt his heart jump when he came down in the hall.

Kurt was waiting for him. He had clearly been home to shower because his hair was in its usual flow, he was wearing his black studded boots, black jeans and a white, tight blouse under his leather jacket.

"I know you said you just wanted to be alone, I just... I was worried, so I figured I'd drop by with this. But I promise I'll leave you alone now. I - I just don't like it when you're not feeling well," Kurt shrugged and handed Blaine a bottle of vitamin D water with elder flower - his favorite.

Kurt pulled a plate of white chocolate and a rolled up magazine from the inner pocket of his jacket. He handed it to Blaine with a sheepish smile.

"I know how much you love this stuff, and I just hoped it would cheer you up a bit," he said awkwardly. He was staring around the hall like he wasn't really sure what to do about himself. He kept speaking very low as if he was afraid to be heard and Blaine appreciated the gesture since he had no idea where his dad was in the house.

"That is so - Kurt, you didn't have to do that," Blaine smiled and had to stop himself from kissing him right in the middle of where his parents could come and see them.

"I know, but I wanted to. I'm just gonna..." he said and started turning around to reach for the doorknob.

"Wait... wanna come up? You don't have to leave," Blaine invited as he unrolled the magazine. It was the newest issue of Nylon. He wasn't sure how Kurt knew that, but Nylon was definitely on the top of the list of his favorite magazines.

"Are you sure? I don't wanna intrude, or make you feel like you have to be with me, I just wanted to help you get better -"

"Kurt, come on. I will get better if you go upstairs and watch a movie with me, okay?" He assured him and wished that he could hold out his hand for Kurt to take it.

Kurt smiled and Blaine saw his eyes going for his lips, but fortunately he had sense enough to hold himself back. It was almost like Kurt was changed, like he wasn't his bad, going-for-menacing self, but more the guy under the surface, the guy Blaine so often had hoped to see. Just a boy meeting his boyfriend's parents for the first time - except they had no idea what the real nature of their relationship was.

It was strange to have his parents in the house while Kurt was there. The other times Kurt had been there they hadn't even been in town, and now they were only in the next room. They walked down the hall and Blaine hoped they wouldn't stumble into any of his parents on the way - naturally his wish wasn't granted.

"Blaine? Are you going back upstairs?" His mom asked as they passed the kitchen door and he knew that he had to go back to face her.

He carefully appeared in the door opening and he could feel that Kurt had no idea what to do about himself which he didn't blame him the slightest for.

"Yeah. Kurt is staying for a movie so we're just gonna... you know, go to my room," Blaine shrugged hoping it would be enough to satisfy her curiosity.

Of course not.

"Well, are you planning on introducing me to your friend?" She teased, and Blaine knew that she was only teasing. She was probably expecting that Kurt was already upstairs, but before he realized it Kurt was next to him in the door opening.

"Hi. Mrs. Anderson," he stammered awkwardly and Blaine felt his entire face flame.

Kurt had just, completely polite and appropriately, introduced himself to his mom. Never in a million years would Blaine have thought this day would ever come - especially not so soon.

His mom hurried across the kitchen floor to stretch out her hand. Kurt quickly accepted and shook her hand, following all the rules of being a gentleman and Blaine was afraid a squeal might slip his mouth because the entire situation was way too surreal.

"Mom, I think we're just gonna... you know, go upstairs," Blaine stammered and hoped she couldn't see how flushed his face was or noticed the wide grin he was struggling to hold back.

"Alright. Have fun, boys," she cheered and winked at Kurt before she returned to whatever she had been doing.

Blaine hurried up the stairs, on the edge of scared to look at Kurt after the embarrassing encounter that had been his mom.

The second they were in Blaine's room and the door was closed Kurt grabbed Blaine's face to kiss him. Blaine dropped everything he had in his hands on the bed behind him and let himself into the act. He quickly got Kurt's jacket pushed off so he had better access to holding around him while Kurt hummed into his mouth.

The second they broke apart Blaine pressed his lips together to not scream from his happiness. Kurt smiled crookedly at him and kicked off his boots before crawling onto the bed. He padded on the bedspread next to him in indication for Blaine to join him.

"I'm sorry about that. That was really - awkward. My mom is a bit..."

"Your mom is cool. I like her. And she's really pretty - no wonder you're so gorgeous," Kurt chuckled as Blaine crawled across the bed to sit next to him.

"Yeah, she's really something," Blaine said a little embarrassed.

"What are we watching?" Kurt asked, and Blaine was caught off guard by the sudden change of subject. Suddenly Blaine wished that he had chosen something other than Moulin Rouge when he had decided what to watch.

"Uhm... Moulin Rouge - I really like the music." He blushed and was glad that the only light in the room was from the TV.

"You're such a softie. You're adorable. Come here and lie with me," Kurt grinned and made room for Blaine to lie so he could rest his head on Kurt's shoulder.

Blaine turned on the movie and folded his arm around Kurt's waist. The way Kurt was clenching around his shoulders made him feel safe and loved, and he was pretty sure the world had completely disappeared around them.

"Are you planning on telling me what was wrong earlier?" Kurt asked softly after a little time where they had done nothing but watch the screen. He placed a kiss on Blaine's hair and brushed a hand up and down his back.

Blaine's stomach took a roll. He had finally forgot about it. Now it all came streaming back to him and all of his frustrations took over. He squeezed as hard around Kurt's waist as possible. He buried his nose in Kurt's chest and took a deep breath before forcing himself to letting it out.

"It's really stupid -"

"I know. You said that. But if it was stupid it wouldn't make you so damn upset," Kurt objected.

"It was today in school... I came to Warblers practice and everyone was just acting weird. And it turned out they were all - I know they're just worried about me, but I really felt sort of betrayed -"

He knew that to Kurt he probably wasn't making any sense. He was just rambling around. He simply couldn't bring himself to tell Kurt the things they had said about him.

"What did they say to you, baby?" Kurt's voice was soft and patient and filled with concern.

"Basically they want me to break up with you. They say that I've started to fall behind in school and that I'm acting weird, that I'm not myself and they say it's because of you - and then one of the guys said he'd seen us at the clinic and then they all thought you had given me all kinds of weird diseases and asked if I was going to die. And they said some really mean things about you - and Kurt, I just couldn't listen to it," Blaine blabbered out and before he could stop it tears were welling out of his eyes.

It was like all the frustrations and all the anger he had forced himself to hold back when he had been sitting in the practice room took over and he couldn't get away.

Kurt hurried to sit up behind him and let his hands softly cup Blaine's face. His thumbs brushed the tears carefully away and his eyes were piercing into Blaine's, holding them locked with his own.

"I just - I thought they were my friends, that I could count on them. And now they're -" Blaine cried and rested his face in Kurt's hand, only now realizing how immensely exhausted he was after this long and painful day.

"Baby, sweetie - listen, if they can't accept that you wanna be with me then screw them. I wanna be with you, and just because some clones in a crappy rich-kid school doesn't like me I don't give a fuck. All I care about is you, and I won't let them hurt you. You want me to kick their asses? I bet you could beat all of them up yourself," Kurt cooed and gave him a trying smile.

"That's the point - I don't want to kick their ass or anything. They're my friends. I want them to be happy for me. I want them to - see how amazing you are, and how happy you make me," Blaine sniffled, glad that his tears had stopped before he turned into a sobbing mess.

Kurt let his arms drift down around his shoulders so he could hug him. This was exactly what he had been needing all day; Kurt's arms to make him feel safe and loved. Kurt's arms to make him feel that nothing else mattered. Kurt's arms to make him forget the world.

"Seriously, babe. If they treat you like that either they're really worried about you, or they're some real assholes. Just... relax. But don't think for a second I would let you go without a fight -" Kurt said as he laid back against the pillows.

"I'm not breaking up with you. It's not gonna happen, so don't worry about that," Blaine sighed, still trying to get back to normal after his embarrassingly lame outburst.

"Oh I'm not worried. You love me, you're not going anywhere -" Kurt grinned and drew a heavy breath. He looked tired and for a moment Blaine considering asking him to stay for the night - he knew that his parents would never allow it, but he figured they could just pretend they had fallen asleep during the movie.

"That's true. I'm not going anywhere -" Blaine agreed and fell back to the pillows.

They locked their hands and sat as close as possible while watching the last bit of the movie. That would be Kurt was watching the last bit of the movie, Blaine was watching Kurt. He was astounded by how beautiful he was. By how his features managed to go so soft and delicate now they were hidden in the dark of his room and Kurt seemed to have forgotten that he had a reputation to keep up.

"Kurt - are you crying?" Blaine asked as he noticed Kurt's eyes go moist as they watched Satine fall to the floor on the screen. He couldn't believe it. He moved so close to Kurt that his lips were nearly grazing over his skin. He kissed his cheek and a stunned smile filled his face.

"Crying? Pft... No!" Kurt objected in a thick voice before he looked away.

Blaine knew that he was lying. He had been crying. He was crying. Kurt was crying over a movie, not just any movie; one of Blaine's favorite movies.

He stretched up to press a kiss to Kurt's lips and was relieved when Kurt returned the action. They sunk down on the bed and entangled their limbs in each other as the credits rolled over the screen.

"Seasons may change

Winter to spring

But I will love you until the end of time..."

Blaine sang quietly against Kurt's lips as he watched Kurt's closed eyes and felt his breathing ghost over his lips. Kurt's eyes flickered open and Blaine could swear his cheeks had turned slightly pink.

"You're such a cunt," Kurt whispered, but Blaine knew that it was in the most loving of ways ever. His eyes were glistening and filled with stars. The credits ended and the room fell completely dark around them.

It was time for Kurt to leave. As much as Blaine didn't want him to leave his bed ever there really was no way he was going to wait until his mom came and told Kurt that he had to go. As if Kurt had read his mind he pressed his lips softly against Blaine before he sat up with heavy movements.

"Will you come see me after school tomorrow?" He asked as he started pulling on his boots.

"Are you going to school tomorrow?" Blaine asked, hoping it would make Kurt at least consider it. He was so close to his senior year exams, and Blaine figured that if he could only keep him going for a few more weeks he might even be able to get him out of high school alive.

"Are you gonna blackmail me into going to school for the rest of my life?" Kurt rolled his eyes and dragged his jacket on.

"Only until you're out of high school. It's not so long, you'll make it. After that I promise I'll let it go -" Blaine assured him and got off the bed.

"You know I never really thought I could find sweats so fucking sexy - but somehow you make it work," Kurt sighed and demonstrated just exactly how much elasticity the waistband of Blaine's sweats held.

"I think you can make anything work. Or maybe I'm just really horny for you." His voice was nearly just a breathing now, his eyes piercing into Blaine's.

"I think it's the last one," Blaine gulped.

It was now. It was nearly 10.30 and Blaine knew that if he didn't get Kurt out of the door soon his mom would come banging on the door and he definitely didn't have any plans of that happening so he pressed his body against Kurt's with his arms locked around his neck so he could have one last kiss.

"You're really good at that. We should do that more often," Kurt grinned and walked towards the door with heavy steps.

"I'll see you tomorrow, okay? I just need to get to the gym. If not I'll get fat and you won't want me anymore -" Blaine grinned.

"Shut up. You won't get fat - if you get fat I'll whip you to the gym. I can always use the whip for other things after," Kurt laughed and opened the door.

Blaine walked him to the door. Before he left Blaine carefully squeezed his hand around Kurt's and smiled softly at him, hoping he would ever find a way to express how grateful he was for Kurt actually loving him and being there whenever he needed it.

After Kurt had closed the door and Blaine had to face that he wasn't coming back tonight he locked up and headed for the living room to say goodnight to his parents. He quickly hurried to brush his teeth and change into his pajamas so he could sink under his covers and bury his nose in the scent of Kurt.

He was just on the edge of falling asleep when there was a knock on the door. He rushed his eyes open, a quick thought that maybe Kurt was back anyway sneaking into his head but was pushed out again just as fast it had entered, before he called whoever had knocked.

"Are you asleep, sweetie? Can I come in for a moment?" His mom asked as she showed in the door.

This was strange. His mom never came to his room after he had gone to bed. Well, his mom usually didn't come to his room, but lately it felt like she was starting to make a habit of it. He nodded and rubbed his eyes before turning to lie so there was room for her to sit down.

"Why didn't you just tell me that you have a boyfriend?" She asked.

"I don't - he's not -"

"Blaine. I saw the way you looked at him. And the way he looked at you. Don't think a mom won't see when her son is in love." She shook her head. She wasn't angry, she wasn't even disappointed. She merely wanted to let him know that she knew.

"Have you said anything to dad?" Blaine settled for asking, not seeing any point in arguing and lying. His mom had seen that he was in love with Kurt, and that Kurt was in love with him.

"No. I think we should wait for the right time, don't you think?" She asked and drew a heavy breath.

"Thanks mom. Thank you," Blaine said relieved and squeezed his mom's hand on the bedspread between them. It felt like the world had just melted off his chest and shoulders. He could breathe a little more freely in his own home again.

"He's cute. You really could have told me. If I had known you would run off with such a babe I would have kicked you out to fall in love a little sooner," she laughed and Blaine cringed.

"Mom, really - my... boyfriend," Blaine said and rolled his eyes. It definitely was weird to hear his mom call Kurt "*a babe*". He seriously hoped he wouldn't hear that some time again soon.

"I'll let you sleep now. Just... don't keep secrets from me again, Blaine. And please don't lie to me. You used to tell me everything that was going on in your life - I really miss that," she said and kissed his cheek before going for the door.

"I promise, mom" Blaine yawned and hoped she was planning on letting him sleep soon.

"Good. And I expect to hear all about him. So sweet! Now, goodnight sweetheart."

And she left. Finally she left. And Blaine could squeal into his pillow from the thought that his mom finally knew about his boyfriend, about him being in love, about who he was in love with.

Chapter Nine

When Blaine woke up the next morning he was in a good mood. He was in a really good mood. He had spent the evening before wrapped in his boyfriend's arms and he had finally come clean to his mom about said boyfriend, and school would soon be over for the season. His life was actually going pretty good.

Until he remembered why Kurt had even come to his house to begin with. The awful terrors of the Warbler-vention from the day before crashed in over him. He felt sick about it and wished that it had all just been a dream. A horrible, horrible dream.

He got up and put on his uniform as usual. He collected the books he would need for the day and got into his car. He drove as far as the city border with ice in his stomach before he turned around and suddenly found himself in front of a familiar, cute house, knocking on the door without realizing what he was doing.

"Hi. Uhm - I'll go see if Kurt is even up," Finn stuttered awkwardly when he saw Blaine on the doorstep in front of him.

Finn stepped aside to let him in before he stumbled his way down the hall to the staircase that he started to climb. Sometimes Blaine couldn't help be impressed that Finn even knew how to walk considering how he always looked like he was super confused about everything.

"Blaine? What are you doing here at this time? Shouldn't you be on your way to that snobby school right now?" Kurt asked through a yawn. He was wearing a pair of navy blue cotton pajamas pants and a white t-shirt with small anchors on. Incredibly cute, and incredibly not-Kurt-styled. If Blaine hadn't been so wrapped up in his worries about his friends he would have giggled from the sight.

Yet, he still couldn't help noticing how Kurt's hair was a mess, his eyes were heavy and his movements dozy. He definitely had still been asleep when Finn had come to his room.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to wake you," Blaine apologized, now feeling bad that he had waken him up.

"No. It's cool. I should get up soon anyway. Some annoying little brat is blackmailing me into going to school, and since I have a thing for demanding men with gorgeous hair and body I don't have much of a choice do I?" Kurt chuckled lazy and tugged a little on Blaine's tie, causing his shoulders to lock in on himself like he was cold.

"What's up? Have you taken your blackmailing to a new level and decided to come drive me to school yourself?" Kurt ran his fingers through his hair and if Blaine hadn't felt so lost he would probably have found it incredibly hot.

"I was on my way to school, but when I reached the town border I couldn't do it. I don't wanna go back to face them today, not after what happened yesterday. I still need - to process it," Blaine explained quickly.

"And you're telling me this because? - I'm sorry babe, but you can't really expect my brain to function properly at this time of day," Kurt groaned.

"Is that offer on a ditch-day still open?" Blaine asked before he could regret it. He nudged the tip of his shoe casually against his other before Kurt's arms were suddenly around him and a wet kiss was pressed to the tip of his nose.

"I have a spot in my bed just your size," he chuckled and walked toward the stairs, Blaine right behind him.

As soon as they were in Kurt's room Kurt turned around and started peeling of Blaine's clothes. He started with the blazer that he swung casually over the backrest of the chair by the desk. Then he started unbuttoning his shirt, easily dragging it off to lie over the blazer. Now Blaine was only wearing his slacks, his tie and his footwear, since Kurt was already folding his undershirt carefully.

Blaine kicked off his shoes, not caring where they landed, while Kurt let his palms run smoothly down Blaine's pecks. Kurt quickly got his belt and pants open, and as Blaine slid them down his legs Kurt grabbed around his tie and pulled him in to a hungry kiss.

"You really like that tie, don't you?" Blaine asked against his lips and Kurt nodded with a grin.

When Kurt finally caved in and let Blaine's tie join the rest of his clothing he let his own clothes follow before they went for the bed where they curled up around each other. Kurt's hands were soothing around his body. It almost felt like he was doing his best to soothe Blaine's sadness over his friends via tender touches of hands lips on his skin.

"Don't worry about it. If they really are your friends they'll come along eventually," Kurt cooed and pressed his soft lips to Blaine's temple. He hummed silently in response and did his best to ignore the guilt in the back of his mind.

He knew that by going to Kurt's house instead of school he was simply proving their point - but how was he supposed to face them, to go to class, to be near them, after what they said to him? He felt this great void in him where The Warblers used to be.

"When I first came to Dalton it was because I had nowhere else to go. They took me in, and it was only a short while before I felt like they were my second family. I've never felt uncomfortable about going there - until today. I felt so sick, I just couldn't go there," Blaine sighed.

It felt good to say it out loud. To open up and get it out. The worry and stress had been weighing harder on him than he thought and suddenly he felt exhausted just from talking about it. He did his best to suppress a yawn but in the end it completely took over.

"Are you tired? It's only eight, so we can sleep if you want? We have the house to ourselves for hours." Kurt smiled and missed Blaine's forehead as he brushed his hand lightly over his hair.

"Sure. I just don't wanna sleep my day with you completely away," Blaine smiled hazy and wondered if Kurt had other things than his cute sailor pajamas that he wore or did whenever he thought people wouldn't see it. It was so out of character for Kurt to even have a pajamas, especially considering how much he had mocked Blaine for his.

He didn't get to think it over too deeply though because Kurt started stroking soothing circles around his back in a slow, comforting rhythm that had him nearly moaning against Kurt's shoulder from the tender touch.

xXx

When Blaine woke up Kurt was wrapped around him with his cheek resting on Blaine's shoulder. When Blaine looked down on him from a terrible angle he was struck hard by how innocent and trouble free Kurt looked - nearly angelic.

He sighed and reminded himself that this was the Kurt he had always known was in there, the Kurt he had been aching to see - the Kurt he had only seen brief glimpses of when they had been fighting and his façade was cracking.

Blaine didn't have the heart to wake him. The alarm clock on the night stand showed 10.34 so he figured they had lots of time together. Instead he kissed Kurt's hair and adjusted himself to simply enjoy having Kurt in his arms.

"Hey prince," Kurt mumbled around 10.53 when he groaned and kissed Blaine's collarbone, only to realize that he was already awake.

"Morning, gorgeous -" Blaine mumbled back and brushed a brown lock lightly away from Kurt's forehead.

"Since when did I become a prince?" Blaine chuckled but was secretly squealing on the inside from Kurt actually calling him that.

"Since you were born but magically was separated from the royal family -" Kurt said through a yawn and tightened his grip on Blaine with both his arm and leg. Sometimes it nearly felt like Kurt was trying to have them melt together and he didn't mind at all.

Out of nowhere it occurred to Blaine that Dalton potentially could call his mom because of his absence. He hadn't been that much away from school but he had no idea how much it would take for them to contact his parents. He didn't find the idea of his teachers calling his parents very appealing, especially not now when he felt like he was finally on the right track with his mom again.

"What do you wanna do today? Just stay here and be lazy all day?" Kurt yawned and let his index finger tease down the hem of Blaine's boxers. He wasn't trying anything, he simply liked the feeling, Blaine knew that. To hook his finger on the hem of Blaine's clothing was one of his favorite things to do when they were cuddling - Blaine had a feeling that he found it to be a way of marking his territory.

"I haven't really thought of that. Do you have any suggestions?" Blaine shrugged. He sank farther down in the covers and curled his leg around Kurt's best possible. Kurt didn't even have a morning hard-on for once, but he definitely was cuddly.

"I was planning on going to school when someone found their way into my bed and kept me away - but other than that I actually thought I would take you out. I really suck at dates but... we've never been on a date. I wanna take you out -" Kurt said insecurely and let a fingertip travel over Blaine's jaw line.

Blaine stared at him in surprise. Never had he expected Kurt to suggest such a thing. Was Kurt slowly starting to tear his walls down to be with him?

"I thought it was dates when we go to Scandals?" Blaine said, perplexed and completely off turf in the conversation he had never thought he would have with Kurt.

"I mean a real date. You know - where you dress up nicely as you do, and I... try to dress up appropriately like I never do - and we go have dinner and I pay, and then we go home and I screw you so hard that you can't sit down tomorrow."

"Kurt - are you turning soft on me?" Blaine teased with a chuckle. He nuzzled his nose against Kurt's cheek and let his fingers run down his naked torso. His skin was smooth and hot from sleeping. Blaine loved the feeling of his skin.

"I just wanna be a good boyfriend for you, that's all! I know being with me isn't exactly a picnic, so I figured I would do something nice - try being a normal person for a change. I can give up trying if I'm that terrible at it," he pouted.

He glanced at Blaine as if he wasn't quite sure what to do next. Like he actually thought that Blaine didn't think he was doing a good job in being a good boyfriend.

Blaine turned to the side so he could cup Kurt's face properly. He locked his eyes on Kurt and for a few seconds the blue-green ocean of corneas made him completely forget what he had been about to say.

"Kurt - you're the best boyfriend I could ever ask for. And the fact that you even thought of this - it's sweet and adorable and... I love it. I would love to go on a real date with you," he smiled.

For a long time Blaine had a suspicion. He suspected that Kurt was afraid people didn't think he deserved his gender. That was why he rarely talked about feelings, and whenever he did he hurried to make sexual innuendos or be really rude straight after. Of course there were also the times where Kurt didn't mean to reveal something regarding his feelings but couldn't hold it back. Like in the middle of a fight - when they were fighting Kurt would often lose himself altogether and forget the façade he was fighting so hard to keep up. Those were the times Kurt had revealed most about himself and his feelings.

Blaine hated it. He knew that Kurt had been through a lot, a lot of hard stuff, and he knew that was what had brought him to be the person he was - but he still did the best job he could. In the beginning it hurt whenever Kurt would call Blaine a chick or girl; Blaine was definitely not a female and he certainly didn't

want his boyfriend to think so. Now he only saw it as a defense mechanism for whenever Kurt actually liked the direction their talk of feelings were going but didn't want to admit it.

"I love you, you know -" Kurt said and let his cheek rest softly in Blaine's hand for a moment. He closed his eyes to properly linger into the feeling and Blaine thought he saw a flash of the innocent Kurt being back.

"I know. And you're really good at it," Blaine cooed and leaned in to kiss him gently.

Suddenly Kurt stretched his entire body with a purring and Blaine couldn't draw his gaze away from the way his pink nipples peeked out from the covers. Never had he expected himself to be into nipples - that was for straight guys and lesbians. But Kurt's nipples just did something to his head.

"Don't move. I'm gonna get something," Kurt smiled and before Blaine could say or do anything he was out the door and Blaine could hear him down the stairs.

Blaine turned to curl up on his side while waiting for Kurt. He hugged the covers and breathed in deeply to let his nostrils fill with the scent of Kurt. He couldn't stop himself from smiling. Right now his troubles with The Warblers seemed so far away. It was Friday, so he wouldn't have to face them for several days anyway.

After a little while Blaine started to wonder what was going on. Kurt had been gone for close to twenty minutes and Blaine considered if he should maybe go ask if he was alright when the door opened.

Kurt was carrying a tray with whatever Blaine couldn't see. Blaine sat up in the bed, completely overwhelmed by the gesture and took in the sight of coffee, bagels, fruit and chocolate. Kurt smiled at him and put the tray on the nightstand so he could crawl under the covers next to Blaine and cuddle close to him before presenting the tray on his lap.

"Kurt, you didn't have to do that. That is so sweet of you," Blaine nearly choked out, surprised that his voice was just as overwhelmed as his brain was.

"I know. But I wanted to -" Kurt said flatly and started consuming his coffee before diving in on the fruit. At first Blaine stayed still and watched him; but after a little while he figured he'd better eat himself.

When they were finished Blaine put the tray on the desk and nestled into Kurt's chest. He traced circles around the light hairs on his stomach beneath his belly button. The feeling of Kurt's soft and nearly invisible hair there was so much different from his own dark and scarce hair.

Around noon they fought themselves out of bed. Not that either of them wanted to. Kurt had to pick up cigarettes and told Blaine that he could just wait in bed if he wanted to - but Blaine didn't want to be without Kurt for a second.

So they got dressed and took each other's hands as they walked down the street. The sky was grey and it was chill so Blaine was kind of happy that he was wearing his school uniform, even though it felt weird not to wear it when he was t going to school.

They only just reached inside back at Kurt's house before it started raining. It was hammering down on windows and even though it was in the middle of the afternoon the entire house seemed like it had been covered by a dark blanket.

Kurt made them tea and they went to his room where they snuggled up around each other to watch a movie on Kurt's computer.

Apparently Casablanca wasn't much Kurt's style because he quickly turned around to caress Blaine instead. He nestled against him and Blaine folded his arm around him to have a better angle of stroking up and down his back. Kurt was humming lightly against his collarbone when he started to grab around Blaine's tie and kissed over his neck.

It started out pretty innocent. Small, pecks to Blaine's skin, but when Kurt reached Blaine's pulse point and scraped his teeth lightly over the spot before sucking gently Blaine couldn't hold in a moan.

It was suddenly very hot in the room. Blaine started considering that he should take off his blazer, but when Kurt pushed him to lie on his back so he could kiss him forcefully he completely forgot things such as the moon is big and two plus two equals four.

Kurt was smiling sweetly down on him. It was like the entire atmosphere of the room changed. Kurt pressed a deeper kiss to Blaine's lips and let a hand travel down his torso.

"I always told myself that it would be impossible for me to find a hot guy in this shitty town. Turned out I was right," Kurt smirked.

Blaine didn't know what to say or how to react. He was pretty sure that was an insult and he really wasn't in the mood for that at the moment. He had expected the day to suck, but by being with Kurt all day he had actually been in a good mood and enjoyed himself. He didn't want that ruined now.

"That was until you found me, of course. You're just so... and your body is... unreal. You're like a fucking Disney character - if those were sexy and had big, fat cocks, that is -" Kurt grinned and Blaine felt himself ease up.

He grinned, chuckled himself through his blushing cheeks and decided that he should start playing along with Kurt's games, because if he didn't Kurt would possibly start finding him boring.

He grabbed around Kurt's hand and made it travel down his slacks where he had started to turn so hard that he was sure there was a fair chance of all blood in his body taking residence in his crotch at the moment.

"So - what do you plan to do with this... big, fat cock?" Blaine asked as sensually as he possibly could, shocked that he was able to get the words out without laughing. He squeezed on Kurt's hand, making Kurt cup around his erection to show him just how much he wanted him.

A broad grin spread over Kurt's face when he realized that Blaine didn't have any intentions on waiting for him to take all the first steps anymore. He took a little firmer grip and started rubbing his hand up and down.

As Blaine's let his hand run under Kurt's shirt to grab around his hip he felt adrenaline starting to rush. He arched his neck to catch Kurt's mouth for a kiss, but when his hips tried steering upwards as well he figured that he seriously needed a better angle. Kurt grinned down on him with eyes going darker as he realized that Blaine thought he was having problems.

"I am pretty sure I can find a way to make use of your big, fat cock -" he said breathy and released his hand from its spot on Blaine's crotch. Blaine whimpered from the loss of action, even though he knew that something undoubtedly better and more hands-on would be on its way.

Kurt bobbed the tip of his index finger teasingly on Blaine's nose and turned around. He smacked the computer closed and scrambled off the bed so he could put it on the desk. Blaine crawled to the edge of the bed on his knees so he could quickly pull Kurt into a powerful kiss as soon as he turned around.

"God, Blaine. Someone's horny today, huh?" Kurt groaned against Blaine's mouth as he found his belt. Meanwhile Blaine grabbed the hem of Kurt's shirt and quickly had it pulled over his head and thrown to the chair behind him. Luckily it only took Kurt a few seconds to have his belt and pants open - practice makes perfect.

"I've been with you all day, haven't I?" Blaine smirked as he had Kurt's jeans open as well. He let his hands slide down the smooth skin of his ass, feeling the curves of the muscles waiting for him to simply dig in.

"Correct answer," Kurt grinned triumphantly and pushed Blaine lightly with palms on his chest to make him fall back on the mattress. He bent down and grabbed around Blaine's pants and underwear to pull both down at once.

As Blaine was lying there on his back without pants on, his fingers were nearly shaking from his arousal when he struggled to get his shirt open. Kurt was quickly out of his own jeans and within seconds he was completely naked and spreading Blaine's legs to crawl between them with a rough hand running up his thigh as softly as possible.

He was taking in the sight of his boyfriend stripping for him, but when Blaine reached the top few buttons and started to frantically open his tie, Kurt's hand stopped him and started opening the last buttons.

"No. Leave it on. Leave the shirt and blazer on - and the tie of course,," he said under his breath, his lust-blown eyes boring into Blaine's.

A spark ran from his ears and down Blaine's spine. Kurt wanted to fuck him with school uniform on; the clothes he wore in school, the clothes his dad always complained over having paid big money for and still Blaine was clumsy enough to spill on it or sit in something that stained, the uniform he was wearing to make himself look like a presentable, innocent, good boy when The Warblers were doing performances or when he was with Dalton to do something official and he was representing the school. If only people knew what this uniform was about to be involved in.

He pulled Kurt down to clasp on top of him, the crash against his hard dick nearly painful, but it didn't matter because Kurt was so hard against him and the feeling of his pre-come already smearing over Blaine's hip was wet and a sweet sensation.

"Got a problem with me wanting to fuck you in your pretty, blue suit?" Kurt asked and grabbed around the tie to twirl it around his hand while rubbing his boner against Blaine's hipbone.

"Jesus, Kurt - no, please..." Blaine moaned and arched his neck for kisses but Kurt backed his head away and released his grip on the tie.

"You can't lie here, baby. Move up," he smiled chastely, suddenly soft with his hand running softly over Blaine's cheek as he bopped his head in the direction of the pillows.

Blaine had to take a moment to catch his breath and let his brain grasp the change in Kurt's tone. Apparently he had a plan and Blaine was not one to question whatever that could be. It only took him a second to lie against the pillows with his knees bend and his legs spread for Kurt to see all of him.

Kurt was on his knees and crawled slowly like a jungle-cat over Blaine and up to press his lips softly against Blaine's. He let a hand brush from his knee and down his thigh, but not further - he was simply caressing and feeling Blaine's body.

"I'm so happy that you're mine. You know that I love you, right?" Kurt cooed and started kissing over Blaine's cheek and down his neck. His hand was now stroking soothingly down the back of Blaine's thigh, his body not even down to press on him.

"I know. I love you too. So, so much," Blaine moaned. He let his hands drift over the back of Kurt's head with his fingers.

His cock was aching between his legs. Just as much as Kurt's lips were sweet and safe over the skin of his neck, just as much as he needed something to happen soon. He was pretty sure he would start dripping soon, and his hips were twisting over the sheets.

"Kurt, please... do something. Please... fuck me," Blaine heaved into Kurt's hair as he was kissing his way down his shoulder. Right as he ended his heaving Kurt snapped his head up to have a proper look on his boyfriend under him.

"I... listen, I've never been with anyone without protection before and I want you to know that I would never do this with anyone but you," Kurt said and looked ashamed.

"Last time we... nearly fucked without a condom it was so rushed and stupid and - I don't want it to be like that. This is - a big deal. I wanna feel... connected to you, I wanna..." he trailed off and let his head drop to Blaine's collarbone.

"What? Kurt of course. I love sex with you, I always feel connected to you whatever we're doing," Blaine smiled and brushed his hand down Kurt's back.

Kurt pressed a kiss to Blaine's neck right below his ear before he moved his head slightly so his lips were just at his ear.

"Let me make love to you," Kurt whispered.

Everything inside of Blaine was flaming. The sentence made him dizzy and he felt like he was flying. He could very possibly be on the edge of tears but promised himself to push through it. This wasn't just about needs or sex anymore, it was about them.

"Yes. Yes... Kurt, please - make love to me," Blaine pleaded in a broken voice.

In that moment it was like Kurt transformed. He slowly opened the drawer in his nightstand and grabbed out a bottle of lube. He didn't let his mouth leave Blaine's for one second, only to press lube into his hand so he could smear it over his fingers.

As he resumed to kissing him he let his fingers down Blaine's crack. He didn't waste time on teasing this time, but simply started to slowly push the tip of his index finger through the first ring of muscle.

Blaine drew in a sharp mouthful air before Kurt dared to press deeper in. Kurt moved slowly, constantly checking if Blaine was okay with the progress and constantly waiting for any signs of discomfort. When no signs came and he had his finger in he started thrusting carefully in and out of him.

The movement was easy due to Blaine's angle and how much lube Kurt had foreseen to apply, so it only lasted a moment before Kurt tryingly lined a second finger up next to his index finger and Blaine nodded needy in accept.

Kurt was starting to have trouble in supporting on his arm next to Blaine's head. He was trembling and his cock was brushing against Blaine's every now and then making both of them whimper in need and desperation.

"Enough. It's enough... I just - you, Kurt, you -" Blaine begged as Kurt curled his fingers and found the right spot.

"Are you sure?" Kurt panted back, but bit down on Blaine's lower lip as he kept pushing his fingers in and out, crooking every now and then, and scissoring to provide best stretching possible.

"Yes, I don't... I just want you, Kurt. Please -" Blaine gushed against Kurt's lips, pressing his mouth closer for kisses and closeness and it just wasn't enough.

"Okay. Okay. I'll... let me just..." Kurt groaned and carefully saw up on his knees, fingers still working. He let his free hand travel down Blaine's torso with his eyes admiring the muscles and skin spread out under him.

Blaine forced himself up on his hands, and with eyes locked up on Kurt he stretched his tongue as far as he could to lick a trail over the hard cock that was so obviously mocking him by being so far away.

"Oh god, Blaine!" Kurt groaned and threw his head back, Blaine's eyes absorbing every second.

He stretched his neck as much as he could and let his lips slowly sink down over Kurt's head to suck and let his tongue flicker over the slit so he could swallow the pre-come that had managed to avoid ending on Blaine's thigh.

Kurt kept his fingers moving in and out of Blaine's hole, now much slower and no rhythm whatsoever. His free hand was running fingers through Blaine's curls and small sounds of joy were coming from his mouth.

"Baby - ugh - *fuck* you're so good with your mouth... if you keep - doing that... shit! *Magic!* I won't be able to get my dick in you," Kurt stammered breathlessly.

With that message Blaine cracked a grin around Kurt's cock and sucked one last hard time, making Kurt whimper a high pitched and breathless "*Jesus almighty bitch!*" before Blaine retreated to his place on the pillows.

Kurt let his fingers leave Blaine's body in a careful motion and leaved down for a hungry kiss.

Blaine hadn't even noticed, because his attention was focused on his hips rutting upwards to find some friction for his untouched cock, but Kurt had suddenly grabbed the lube and started slicking himself up and then reached between Blaine's legs to fill his crack and hole with lube.

Their breathing was heavy and fast and their kisses were sloppy and wet. Without warning Kurt had lined himself up with Blaine's entrance and Blaine couldn't help but tighten in anticipation.

"Yes, Kurt. Please -" Blaine panted against his lips. Kurt smiled at him and rested his forehead against Blaine's as he locked his hand around the root of his dick. His free hand shot directly to Blaine's shoulder where he grabbed firm, but soft, and let his thumb brush lightly over the burning skin.

With their eyes locked and their breathing close to gone in anticipation Kurt started pushing in. Blaine's hands were holding his hips in support and a need for closeness. He was constantly close to shutting his eyes but needed Kurt's blue to hold his head cold.

To Blaine's surprise his muscle was flexible from the mix of stretching and the exaggerated amount of lube. It didn't hurt as much as he had feared, though it was still burning and stinging.

Kurt moved slowly to not break Blaine completely. He was biting his lower lip and kept shooting glances between them to watch the movement of his hips. He was soon fully seated inside of Blaine and burst out a gasp of relief like he had been afraid to hurt his boyfriend.

"Is it good? Does it hurt?" Kurt asked nervously with a stream of sweet kisses pressed to Blaine's lips and face.

Blaine let his hands drift onto the lower of Kurt's back. He pressed his palms flat on the sweaty skin and made him go a little deeper.

"It's perfect. You're perfect. Don't leave," Blaine heaved under his breath and smiled as good as he possibly could. He knew that there was a possibility that he might hurt once Kurt started to move, but he was sure that it wouldn't last long. He didn't care, because Kurt was inside him - without anything separating them at all.

"Good. You feel so good, Blaine. I'm gonna... try and move now," Kurt choked out and moved his head down to catch Blaine's mouth. There was an urgency in his lips that showed Blaine that he was scared and Blaine wished that he had a way of taking his fear away.

Blaine strengthened his pressing on Kurt's back and felt Kurt slowly moving his hips backwards.

The feeling of Kurt moving out of Blaine was sensational. It was like Blaine could feel everything without the rubber separating them. The heat from Kurt's cock mixed with the heat from his own body was overwhelming. The feeling of Kurt's skin inside of him made him never want to let go.

It burned and stung a little, but Blaine forced himself to relax and melt into Kurt's kisses and touches. He let his hands run freely up and down Kurt's back and tried not to focus too much on his breathing going out control.

Kurt slowly started moving his hips back and forth. He was being overly careful, his thrusts more of a caressing than anything else and Blaine was starting to fear that this wasn't even good for him.

"Is it good for you? Is it -" Blaine asked, cut off by a moan he couldn't back when Kurt hit a little deeper.

"God, fuck! Blaine, so good... god, you're so... warm and good," Kurt groaned and let his forehead fall forwards.

Suddenly something snapped and Kurt started to move faster. He used his forearms as leverage, his face buried in the crook of Blaine's neck and the entire lower part of his body moving steady against Blaine's ass and legs and body.

Blaine let his one hand rush his fingers into Kurt's hair. He kissed the back of his head and felt the burning melt into a pleasure. He couldn't understand how this could feel so different than from the last time, but then it occurred to him that while Kurt had been gentle and careful last he hadn't been in love with him and somehow it made now so different.

Kurt was moaning and groaning into his neck, his hands locked themselves on his shoulders to help him drag himself deeper in, and Blaine squeezed his legs as tightly around Kurt as possible; he was completely enveloping Kurt in his body and he couldn't help imagining that they could somehow fuse together to be one.

While Kurt was moving into him, his abdomens was rubbing against Blaine's cock that was aching between them. The more his hole was clenching around Kurt's dick, the more his cock was in pain from being left out. He needed it to be soon, needed it to be paid attention to or he would surely explode.

"Kurt, more... don't hold back, please -" Blaine whined into his hair, his need visible in his voice, and he could feel beads of sweat peeking out on his forehead.

From the sound of his desperate boyfriend Kurt moved his head to catch his mouth before he moved up to support on his palms. He arched his back and angled his pelvis differently so his cock was grazing the perfect spot inside of Blaine.

"Yes, yes - right there, Kurt. Please don't stop, so... goooood," Blaine heaved and closed his eyes to really feel the way his muscles flexed and his nerves were begging for more.

"You're so beautiful," Blaine choked out as he opened again.

Kurt was pumping faster and harder; in, out, in, out. He was panting and all muscles in his body seemed flexed and as if they were right on the edge. Blaine could see that he was close so he let his hand down to lock around his shaft and started swiping hard, wanting to come with Kurt.

To his surprise his hand was pushed away and pinned to the mattress under him. Kurt was grinning deviously at him before he leaned down to bite his lower lip.

"No. I've got a plan for you," Kurt smiled, and kissed Blaine heatedly, pushing a little harder into his ass. He made his hand slide over Blaine's wrist and up to lock his fingers with Blaine's.

"Ugh - Kurt... you're so hot," Blaine whimpered and let himself find back to Kurt's mouth.

Everything was a mix of tongues and heaving for breath. Blaine's heart was racing and at this point his brain was so clogged up that he was sure it would be permanently out of order. Kurt had ruined him completely.

Kurt's free hand rushed between them and closed around Blaine's balls. He could feel hem pulse in Kurt's grip and he was sure that he would possibly die. He squeezed his fingers harder around Kurt's and his hole tighter around his dick.

That was when Kurt moved faster and harder, his hipbones crashing against Blaine's skin and he wondered if he would be able to sit down for the rest of the day. He could feel Kurt's head moving against his inner walls and the well-known coiling in his stomach started to form, but he just couldn't come and his sac was pulsing in Kurt's grip.

"Oh my god, Blaine - now. I'm gonna... now -" Kurt whined and clasped his forehead against Blaine's as his hips moved erratically against Blaine's body.

"Don't let go - oh fuck don't stop now," Kurt moaned into Blaine's mouth and it was like he could taste words coming from Kurt's tongue to dance over his own.

He could feel the pulsing heat shooting into his ass, and it was so good and so much and Blaine just couldn't stop tightening. The pleasure was shooting up his spine with a cry and his fingers digging into Kurt's scalp, and his hand grasping around Kurt's.

Kurt fell down on top of him during moaning and panting. His hand was still locked around Blaine's balls and his lips fumbled around over Blaine's face to find his mouth. He hummed blissfully into Blaine's mouth and Blaine could feel him smiling through the kiss.

"God, your ass is the best in the world," Kurt said between heaves of oxygen.

Blaine wanted to respond, to say something cute and smirked, but all he could focus on was Kurt's firm grasp around his sac. He could feel pre-come smeared over his own and Kurt's torso and he was sure he was dripping as well.

As if Kurt had heard his thoughts he carefully released his fingers from Blaine's hand and forced himself up to support on one hand. His arm was flexed and gorgeous next to Blaine's head, and he considered for a moment if it was worth the struggle to fight for being able to kiss that perfect bicep right in his face.

Kurt's smile faded and the atmosphere changed completely. He was staring at Blaine, waiting for both of them to catch their breath, before he slowly released his grip and crawled off Blaine with a caressing brush down his thigh.

"No. No, where are you going?" Blaine asked desperately. He could for his life not figure out what Kurt was doing and he had honestly hoped that since he wasn't allowed to come with Kurt inside him he was going to get sucked to release.

"It's okay, babe. Get up, I wanna try something," Kurt said softly.

He was on his knees and his entire body was tensed and waiting. Blaine stared at him with nothing but haze in his mind and as he had no words and not enough sense of mind to figure out what else to do he clumsily got up on his knees, his body awkwardly clasp against Kurt's in the process.

He could feel Kurt's come sliding out of his ass and down his thigh. It tickled and it should be uncomfortable, but it wasn't - it was a proof of what they had just done.

Kurt let his arms slide around Blaine's neck to pull him closer. He let his tongue slide into his mouth, and it was like he didn't even notice that they were naked. His kiss was filled with so much love that Blaine couldn't do anything but fold his arms around Kurt's back and their chests met softly.

"Now it's your turn. Take me," Kurt whispered and kissed Blaine's trembling lower lip.

"What?" Blaine asked, not sure he had really heard what he thought he had. Kurt was so... top.

"You heard me -" Kurt said firmly and gripped Blaine's tie hanging loosely between them.

"I want you... in me. Now. I want you to come in me."

Now it was more of a plea than a demand. He was asking Blaine to, begging him to fuck him.

"I can't... I - you know I've never done that," Blaine panicked, completely unable to imagine himself being on top of Kurt inside him before he had even prepared himself for it. He wanted to try it - he just wanted to prepare himself first, mentally.

"Blaine, you're so fucking good, I know you can do it. Let me guide you through it," Kurt assured him, and this time his kiss was chaste.

He let his hands slide down Blaine's front, fingers fumbling with the lines of his now damp shirt. He let his hand up to brush down Blaine's cheek before kissing him with passion - and he turned around.

He pushed a few of the pillows away before he moved over to sit on his knees. He twisted his torso halfway around and grabbed Blaine's tie to drag him closer with a smirk covering his face.

Before he knew it Blaine's body was pressed tightly against Kurt's back and Kurt dragged the tie over his shoulder to keep a firm grip on it, now only his head twisted to face Blaine. He bent down a little and started pouring lube over one of his own hands.

"I'll stretch myself for you, and then I'll help you. You can do this, gorgeous -" Kurt said with an assuring smile as he reached behind him, his hand grazing Blaine's head between them and slipped his fingers down his crack.

"Oh god... kiss me," he begged and Blaine could feel him working himself open.

"Oh god, Kurt!" Blaine burst out and attacked his mouth. He had to move a little away to make room for Kurt to work, but grabbed around his shoulders to not let him too far away.

It felt like ages of Kurt moaning and whimpering into his mouth with his knuckles grazing against Blaine's thigh. He kept reminding himself not to rut his erection against Kurt's ass but he was throbbing and needed something to happen soon or he would end up putting his hand around it instead.

"Lube... your dick... now," Kurt groaned into Blaine's mouth, his hand moving slowly and his ass bucking backwards so Blaine really could feel his every movement,

Blaine took a flustered second to grasp Kurt's words before he bent down to pick the lube up from the sheets. On his way up he kissed Kurt's hipbone, amazed that he was even able to work from that straining angle.

"Holy shit!" Blaine nearly screamed, his voice high pitched and a close-to-pain spreading in his pelvis. How stupid did a person have to be to forget to warm up the lube before spreading it?!

Kurt was panting in front of him and Blaine was happy that he was too busy elsewhere to look at him, because it was definitely embarrassing that he couldn't even lube up himself before fucking his boyfriend.

When he was done Kurt was moaning his name under his breath, looking like he was too far away to even realize that Blaine was there, so Blaine bent down his head to kiss over his shoulder blades making his moaning reduce to a whimper.

"Blaine. Blaine... *Blaine* - do it, please," Kurt begged and let his free hand clash against Blaine's hip to pull him closer.

"Yes. Yes, Kurt. Yes... what do you... what do I do?" Blaine asked flustered and felt like his heart was shrinking in his chest.

Kurt turned his head so he had as good as possible a view to Blaine before he arched his back a little. He slid his fingers out of his ass with weak moan but let his hand stay to have a firm grab around his cheek to hold him open before he pushed so his crack was lined with Blaine's hard dick.

"Take a handful of that delicious cock of yours, and just push into my ass. It might sting a little at first, but it'll be over soon. Just come close to me, darling and it will be easier," Kurt crooned and grabbed at Blaine's hip.

"Take a deep breath and kiss me. Just... do it at your own speed. I'll wait for you as long as you need. Forever, baby, we'll have forever," Kurt assured him and accepted when Blaine stumbled forward to let their mouths meet in a mess.

He took a deep breath and grabbed around the root of his dick as he had seen Kurt do before. He moved so close to Kurt as he possibly could and grabbed around his hip, probably a little harder than he should have but he was incapable of thinking clear.

And he pushed. He let his head find its way between Kurt's cheek and pushed slowly. At first it hurt because he had to push next to Kurt's fingers, but as soon as he found his hole Kurt's hand flew away to grasp around Blaine's tie.

The feeling was wet and sharp. Getting his head through the rim was terrible and amazing in one time. He couldn't stop wondering whether Kurt had ever bottomed before, but he had to convince himself that this was his first time because he couldn't stand the thought that anyone had ever been as lucky as he was in that moment.

"It's good, honey. Ugh - you're doing good, sweetheart. Come on, all the way in," Kurt panted through gritted teeth and Blaine started to consider if he had meant that it would sting for himself or for Blaine.

"Are you okay? Should I... I can stop," Blaine offered, afraid to hurt Kurt, but silently praying that he wouldn't let him stop.

Kurt tugged a little harder on his tie and pushed his ass backwards, forcing Blaine a little deeper inside, causing sparks to run through him from the surprise.

"Just do it! Fucking do it!" Kurt demanded and Blaine knew that there was nothing else to do than obey.

He grasped a little harder, took a deep breath and closed his eyes - and snapped forward. He was in. He could feel Kurt surrounding him, like he was sucking him and demanding him to stay in his body.

"Fucking Christ! Of all guys... I have to... fall in love with... one with a big cock!" Kurt was swearing and his head fell forwards.

Had it been any other moment Blaine would have blushed and giggled to himself, but as he was sitting on his knees with his dick so deeply buried in Kurt ass that he could feel his cheeks on his balls he figured he was pretty much past blushing for now.

"You love it," Blaine dared himself to heave out against his neck and let his lips slide sloppy over the sweaty, pale skin.

"That's cause you have the best cock," Kurt grinned and rubbed his cheek against Blaine's curls.

"Come on - fuck me. Work those hips for me, baby," he said with the most sensual voice Blaine had heard in his life, and Kurt's fingers were in his hair, willing his head up so he could kiss him.

Slowly, Blaine was positive he was moving in slow motion, he started pulling out and pushing back in to a soundtrack of Kurt's voice expressing "*ah, oh, yesss*" which was only egging him on, willing him to continue.

"More, baby. Faster," Kurt panted, and as Blaine fumbled his way to get a better hold around Kurt so he could fasten his thrusts a little, Kurt made his hand up to grasp around the headboard of the bed.

At first it was awkward. Blaine had no idea what he was doing, and he kept having to convince himself to not just stop. After a moment of fumbling and weird thrusts he let his hand slide around Kurt's torso. His hand found its way over his stomach and up to his chest before down again to take a firm grip - and he found a rhythm.

The new angle for his arm offered good support and he found that it was way easier for him to keep his hips steady working against Kurt's ass. He could feel the way his hole was dragging around his shaft when he pushed in and out and the thought alone made him dizzy.

Kurt turned his head around and caught Blaine's mouth. He couldn't breath, but returned the kiss anyway.

"Yes, Blaine. *Yes*. So good... I love you so much, baby -"

He had never felt this close to anyone before, and the fact that he got to share this with Kurt and no one else made him overwhelmed and overcome with love to a point where he could scream or cry or sing.

"I love you too. God you're so perfect," Blaine panted into his mouth and was brave enough to throw in one particular hard thrust that made Kurt's head fall backwards and "*oh damn, there*" to weakly spill over his lips.

Blaine's arm was sliding around Kurt's sweaty skin and he was pretty sure that the sweat between them was serving just as much as lubricant now as the lube itself. Even down his balls could he feel sweat dripping and he knew that he should be disgusted with himself, but all it did was turn him even more on. He could feel himself getting closer, but he didn't want it to end so he tried getting in some hard thrusts instead, making Kurt go "*ah, ah, ah - like that*" with every movement.

Kurt let his free hand around Blaine's body to slide under his shirt and on to hold on his lower back, pressing him closer to his back, and suddenly Blaine was very aware that he was still in his school uniform. He grinned a little to himself and let his free hand up to release the tie so he could wrap it around Kurt's neck, forcing him to arch his neck for a better kissing angle.

He could feel that he couldn't keep it back anymore. His knees were starting to threaten to buckle under him and his thighs felt like acid. Kurt's hole was so tight around him and he could was sure that he was starting to worry that when he finally let go he would pass out.

"Come in me. Fill me up, Blaine -"

The way Kurt was moaning his name with such need and affection pushed him over the edge. A whirlpool was roaming in the pit of his stomach and he was headed straight for the abyss. Acid was running through his veins and lava was boiling in his sac before it exploded and shot like fireworks through his shaft to fill up Kurt's hole.

"Kurt, yes. God!" He nearly screamed into Kurt's mouth with euphoria swimming over his brain, and he could swear that he could feel the way his come was filling up around his cock inside of Kurt while his hips

were shutting against Kurt's ass and Kurt's fingers were digging into the skin on his back with eager whimpers of "*I love you, I love you so much.*"

He was nothing. Dissolved to a limp shell of himself as he was clinging to Kurt. Not even his lips were moving anymore, and even though it was painful the way his chest was heaving against Kurt's shoulders he didn't have the strength to move.

Kurt's arms dumped down from where he had been grasping a hold of the headboard and his other hand slid away from Blaine's back. His forehead was resting against the cool wood of the bed-frame and he was fighting for oxygen.

After a moment he let his hand up to lock around Blaine's on his stomach before he interlaced their fingers so he could remove their hands. He moved away slowly so he could let Blaine's dick slide slowly out of his entrance and Blaine nearly cried from the loss.

Before he knew that Kurt was even doing he had turned around and snuck his hands inside his shirt and blazer so he could fold his arms around Blaine. He rested his head on his shoulder while his lungs were slowly returning to normal.

Blaine couldn't do anything but wrap his arms around Kurt who suddenly seemed so small and vulnerable in his arms, and he couldn't quite figure out if he found it comforting or terrifying.

It was like Kurt fell apart in his arms when he suddenly slid down to curl up on the soiled bedspread under them. He was clearly only waiting for Blaine to join him, and what else could Blaine do than follow?

He only made it to lie down before Kurt cupped his face for a kiss and pulled him in to let their naked, hot bodies slide against each other. He ran his fingers dozily through Blaine's curls and smiled at him with his eyes sparkling.

"Your curls are showing," he said softly and had to fight to keep his eyes open.

"We just... and you just... comment my curls," Blaine chuckled and realized his voice was hoarse and his throat was rasp.

"Yeah. I'm speechless for anything else," Kurt grinned and sighed.

"Do you wanna take a shower with me? And then we can nap -" Kurt suggested, and he seemed so worn out that for a moment Blaine considered that it would be safest to sleep before showering, but he did feel disgusting - covered in sweat and come and spit everywhere, not that he minded, but he sure needed to cool down.

"That sounds perfect," he cooed and kissed Kurt's fingertips before forcing himself up.

"Come on," he smiled and took Kurt's hand to lead him to the bathroom.

"God the... that uniform is probably the sexiest thing in the world," Kurt smiled as he pulled the tie off his neck and threw it on the chair. He turned to open a window before he went to turn on the water.

As soon as Blaine had his blazer and shirt off he joined Kurt who was already under the water streaming down over him. The second he noticed Blaine coming in he pulled him closer like he was afraid to be separated from him for more than a minute at a time.

They held each other close until Blaine was sure it was only a matter of minutes before they would wash down the drain. Then they washed each other over with Kurt's expensive products and helped dry each other off.

Kurt aggressively pulled the bedspread off and pushed the soiled pillows to the floor before he grabbed the towel Blaine had wrapped around himself and threw to the hamper in the corner of his room before he made him lie down. He kissed his forehead and staggered stiffly to the window where he lit up a cigarette and leaned against the desk.

"We should have done that before," he said and blew a cloud of smoke out the window. His eyes were locked on Blaine and felt like he was trying to stare into his soul.

Blaine didn't have any words. All he had was sounds of humming and he couldn't stay awake anymore - all he wanted was for Kurt to come hold him and kiss him again.

When Kurt was finished smoking he butted his cigarette and disappeared into the bathroom. Blaine could hear him brushing his teeth and he couldn't help a giggling escape his mouth from the thought that he would do that for him.

He was quickly back and laid down behind Blaine to hold around him and run his fingers through his wet hair, his other hand running fingertips soothing up and down his ribs.

"You are so sexy, baby. I hope you liked it cause... wow. I will be really happy if you would want to do that again," Kurt mumbled with his lips grazing over Blaine's ear.

"Mhm... wear the uniform or be in you?" Blaine teased with a lazy chuckle as he made his fingers find their way between Kurt's on his hip.

"Both! But I was actually thinking about your dick in my ass. That was so good. I came again from it," he laughed and kissed Blaine's ear.

"But that uniform... I think that if you have to wear clothes you should only wear that. But I better have it washed before you go home. Not sure your family would be cool with you coming home to smell like sex. Though I would love to have you walk around smell like sex, so everyone can know how much we fuck."

Kurt fell silent and Blaine started to let himself fall over to sleep as he figured Kurt was almost there as well.

"I love you, Blaine. Really. Not just... because you are the best fuck in the world. But because you are you," Kurt said, his voice suddenly soft and careful.

"I know. I love you too," Blaine assured him and turned his head to place a sweet kiss on his lips before folding Kurt's arm properly around him so he could fall asleep.

Chapter Ten

When Blaine woke up Kurt was clasped halfway on top of him. His mouth was slightly ajar and his hair was muffled around. He was snoring very lightly and Blaine honestly thought he reminded of a sleeping puppy.

He realized that it was just before four in the afternoon and since they were naked and Kurt's family would soon start coming home, it would probably be for the best if they at least got dressed.

"Kurt? Kurt - Kurt, we better wake up. Your family will be home soon," Blaine groaned and made his hand run down Kurt's hot back, but nothing more than a moan came from Kurt in response.

"Come on, honey. Rise and shine, beautiful -" Blaine sang quietly while pressing kisses to his hair.

"Ugh, if you keep doing that I'll just pretend to be asleep so you won't stop," Kurt mumbled and let the tip of his tongue flicker over Blaine's nipple, making Blaine gasp lightly. His hand traveled around Blaine's broad chest, placing kisses here and there accompanied by small purrs at the back of his throat.

"If you keep saying stuff like that I'll have to spank some sense into you or something," Kurt groaned and stretched with a cat-like mewl.

"You'll probably do that anyway some day," Blaine chuckled and Kurt sent him a devilish smile.

"And I will love every sexy second of it," he chuckled and rolled over so that he was straddling Blaine's hips, making Blaine very aware of how naked they were.

It suddenly occurred to him that he didn't feel embarrassed or exposed anymore. Feeling his naked body against Kurt's naked body was a joy and it simply made him feel closer to Kurt. If forever could feel this good he wouldn't have a negative word left in his vocabulary.

"What is it you don't want me to say?" Blaine asked while watching Kurt trace patterns around his torso with his fingertips. He seemed fascinated by running his fingers through the little trail of hair under Blaine's bellybutton, and the way he made his fingers move over the few hairs on his chest made Blaine think that he should forget his idea of waxing it off.

"Beautiful. Don't you fucking call me beautiful, Anderson. Who would've thought such a good boy could be such a big liar -" Kurt grunted in response, not even shooting Blaine a glance, but taking a little firmer grip on his chest hair.

Blaine had enough. He was not listening to that, so he grabbed Kurt's wrist firmly to stop his hand running down Blaine's arm, forcing him to make eye contact. Blaine sat up, catching Kurt with a hand on his back so he didn't fall backwards but instead stayed to straddle Blaine's thighs.

"Would you stop that bullshit? I am not listening to any of this. I happen to think that I have the most beautiful boyfriend in the world. You should really stop the damn self-hating already. It's getting old," Blaine objected.

Kurt was resembling a deer caught in headlights. He clearly hadn't expected Blaine to every react this way to him. He didn't move or say anything, but his eyes were piercing into Blaine's. He didn't seem angry or dissatisfied with the turn of events - right now all here could be found on his face shock.

As if pulled out of a trance he suddenly twisted his wrist out of Blaine's grip and dumped down to sit between his legs on the mattress instead of his thighs.

"You only say that because you like fucking me. If you didn't, you would think I looked boring and ordinary," Kurt said, this time not as much force in his words as he clearly wanted there to be.

"Come here."

Blaine leaned forward and locked his arms around Kurt's upper arms, around his torso. Now there was no way of him getting away. Blaine pulled him close to sit in his lap so he could bore his nose into Kurt's hair, his mouth perfectly positioned for speaking directly into his ear.

"I will never ever stop telling you how beautiful I think you are. To me you are beautiful, and gorgeous, and pretty, and hot, and sexy, and delicious, and you taste oh-so-good. And you are soft, and cute, and adorable, and I am never letting you go unless you say that you believe me," Blaine cooed into Kurt's hair, placing kisses after every statement like an exclamation point.

"Blaine, this is ridiculous. Come fucking on and let me go," Kurt groaned and twisted in Blaine's grip, seeking for freedom.

"No. If you don't believe me I'll just have to keep you here. If we're lucky Finn or your dad or Carole will us food, and we'll have to... pee in a cup or something! Because you are - my beautiful - boyfriend," Blaine said with a feigned teasing tone and more kisses around Kurt's sour face.

"God. Why should I end up with such a stupid clown?" Kurt laughed, desperately wiggling his body in Blaine's arms, now having a hard time keeping up his un-amused expression.

"Because you love me. And I'm your... knight in shining armor."

Now Blaine couldn't stop laughing. Right now his boxing lessons were really paying off because there was no way Kurt would get out of this, no matter how hard he was fighting against.

"Say it," Blaine chuckled.

"Never. I don't lie!" Kurt laughed loudly, licking a stripe up Blaine's cheek right when Blaine found out that he apparently was very ticklish right where Blaine's fingers were grazing over his ribs.

"Good. I hope you like my arms then," Blaine exclaimed, doing his best to hold Kurt still while poking his sides playfully.

"Okay, okay - I surrender!" Kurt was heaving for breath, panting from laughing and struggling.

"Then say it!"

"I... you think I look good, alright?!"

"No, that's not good enough. You need to make an effort. Say that you're beautiful," Blaine demanded, now his tickling getting so extreme that if Kurt wanted he would probably be able to twist himself away anyway.

"I'm beautiful, okay? I'm beautiful!" Kurt whined against Blaine's shoulder. He was hunching forward, Blaine's arms nearly hanging loose around him from laughing himself.

"Are you happy now?" Kurt giggled lightly as Blaine released his grip and Kurt slid down in his embrace, Kurt's chest heaving for oxygen and his cheeks rosy.

"Not really no," Blaine moped.

"What? I just said it!" Kurt said in shock.

"Yeah, but you still don't believe it."

"I... I believe that you believe it," Kurt sighed, and it was true.

He wrapped his arms around Blaine's waist and arched his neck so he could kiss his chin. Blaine smiled and pouted down at him before letting their lips meet, when he remembered why he had even woken up Kurt in the first place.

"We should get dressed," he said softly and ran his fingers through Kurt's hair. It was weird that a short time ago he didn't even like changing in the locker rooms at gym, but now he didn't want to put on clothes, but rather stay naked with this gorgeous person forever.

"I don't want you to be dressed. A body like yours should be seen, appreciated, worshipped, not hidden away by a layer of sexy school uniforms," Kurt grinned and started kissing around his chest.

"But then again, I don't really wanna share -" Kurt groaned and took one of Blaine's nipples between his teeth.

With a peck to Blaine's mouth he was quickly out of the bed and over by the dresser. He pulled out a black t-shirt and grabbed the sweatpants Blaine had used earlier before he threw it in his face. He started pulling on underwear and clothes himself before starting to gather the soiled bedspread and Blaine's shirt from the hamper.

"I'll hurry to go wash this. And I was thinking... if you still wanna go on that date, maybe we should do it tomorrow. Cause it's Friday, and my dad will kill me if I'm not there for family dinner," Kurt said and rolled his eyes, but Blaine suspected that he really didn't find it all that troubling.

"So I'll just have dinner with you and your family tonight? That's cool," Blaine grinned, not really sure if he had crossed the line.

"That wasn't really what I... oh screw it. Yes, you can join family dinner tonight," Kurt groaned and turned on his heel to head for the washing room downstairs.

Blaine slid down in the sheets. He turned to sniff in the scent of Kurt in everything around him and appreciated that they had kept sex on the bedspread instead of in the sheets. He closed his eyes and let himself swell in the feeling before he started pulling on some clothes.

As soon as he was dressed he grabbed out his phone. He had a few messages from Tina and one from Cooper. He didn't really bother to read them properly over before he made a call.

"Hey mom," he beamed into the phone, hoping he didn't ooze of post-sex-glow through the phone.

"Hi honey. How are you?" His mom chimed from the other end of line and Blaine felt like everything inside of him was trying to dance twist from what he was about to ask his mom.

"I'm... really, really good, mom. Well, I was thinking if it would be okay for me to have dinner at Kurt's house tonight? At his house they have this tradition of having a family dinner every Friday and uhm - Kurt asked me if I wanted to join tonight," Blaine explained, hoping he wasn't crossing the line between lying and adjusting the truth for parental reasons too much.

"Of course you can eat at Kurt's house. That sounds like a really lovely tradition. Is his family nice?" She chatted, and Blaine was relieved that he didn't have to tell her lie after lie to be with Kurt anymore.

Blaine had to bond himself to not overflow with happiness. He still couldn't believe how supportive his mom had turned out to be of his relationship with Kurt, but he didn't waste an opportunity of thanking whatever higher powers there might be.

"They're really cool, mom. Don't worry. I'm in good hands here," Blaine grinned and fell back against the headboard. Memories of what they had just done against the wood only a few hours ago rushed to his mind and made him giggle and blush.

"That's good. I'm glad to hear that. Just be home around midnight. Have a good night, sweetheart. And tell Kurt I said hi," his mom wished him before Blaine returned her wishes and they hung up.

"Talking to mommy?" Kurt asked as he entered right when Blaine let his phone drop to the bed.

"I just wanted to make sure she knew I won't be home for dinner. She says hi," Blaine smiled, feeling full of love and his ass and crotch still a little sore as a proof of their afternoon.

"Well hi mommy. Maybe I should come to your house more often. So I can be the picture-perfect gay-son-in-law. Wear colorful scarves and flail with your mom over the fall's fashion," Kurt said as he crawled over the bed. Blaine couldn't really figure out if he was innocently joking or if he was mocking the idea of his mom actually liking him.

"No one says you have to interact with my mom. No one is forcing you to do anything," Blaine said a little cautious.

"Whatever," Kurt groaned and rolled his eyes.

xXx

Dinner with Kurt's family was nice. It sure was better than the last time. Kurt didn't even storm out once. Rachel wasn't there and no one brought up glee club - at least not in relation to Kurt.

Finn asked Blaine how The Warblers were doing after not qualifying for Nationals, and Blaine had to remind himself that no one knew about his troubles with his friends except for Kurt. The subject was quickly taken over by Kurt's dad asking him if he was any good in fixing cars, leading Kurt to grunt and roll his eyes when Blaine told about his time of fixing cars with his dad.

After dinner they all went to the living room for coffee. Blaine felt a little misplaced and wasn't sure how to act since Kurt was sitting in the corner of the couch playing with a fold in his pants and seemed like he mostly wanted to get away as quickly as possible.

"Look at that - you're a member of the family," Kurt said when they returned to his room. He kicked a little at the leg of the bed before falling down with his face buried in the unmade sheets.

"Is it bad that your family likes me? Or at least... they seem to like me," Blaine said, a little hurt that Kurt was taking it this way.

"Listen - I was never planning on having a boyfriend, and even less was I planning on introducing anyone to my family of vultures. My plans never involved anyone else," Kurt explained and turned to lie on his side. He was looking up at Blaine who was standing in the middle of the room, suddenly feeling extremely uncomfortable.

"I'm sorry. I never meant to ruin your plans," he scuffed and shifted his weight between his feet before starting to collect his things.

"Blaine, stop that crap. My real problem here is that now I have to figure out if I want to change my plans. If I want new plans," Kurt groaned and crawled to sit on his knees.

Blaine turned around and looked at Kurt with a sigh.

"Sounds like you've already kicked me out."

"That's my problem. I don't want to kick you out. I wanna see if I can maybe... have some new plans - with you. If we can have plans... together," Kurt said and grabbed Blaine's hand. Kurt didn't look at him, he kept his eyes focused on where his hand was playing with Blaine's fingers between them.

"You mean... you want us to have - future-plans, together?" Blaine asked, not sure he dared hoping that it had been what Kurt had been suggesting.

"I won't force you to anything. I just... don't like the idea of you not being a part of my future. I don't really have a future. But I want you to be my future," Kurt sighed and his cheeks flushed a little.

"Kurt... since I met you I haven't considered going anywhere without you. Although you have to tell me about your plans. I don't wanna get in the way of anything, we can always adjust it to make it fit each other," Blaine grinned and folded his arms around Kurt.

"I don't think so. But I bet you're already promised off to some fancy law-school or something. And I could be your trophy wife, cause I can't do anything, so you could take care of me and in turn I can fuck your brains out whenever you'd like," Kurt smiled and wrapped his legs around Blaine so they fell back on the bed together.

"Kurt, you need to stop saying that. You can do so much. I was thinking about something the other day -" Blaine said softly.

"What? It better be good," Kurt said and let his hands travel down Blaine's ass to take a firm grip so his pelvis was pressed closer to Kurt's.

"I uhm... I think you should go back to glee club," Blaine said and knew what was coming.

Kurt put his palms to Blaine's chest and pushed him to fall down on the bed next to him.

"Well, good thing you can't tell me what to do or what not to do, huh?" Kurt wringed and turned his head so there was no way of their eyes meeting.

"I didn't tell you what to do, Kurt. I would never try telling you what to do. All I said was that I think you would should consider going back before it's too late. You're graduating soon, and I really think you would regret it if you don't share the last bit with them."

"Well, there's a big chance I'm not graduating, so I'll always have a second chance next year, so don't sweat it," Kurt grunted and turned his back on Blaine.

Blaine wanted to scream and kick something. He couldn't understand why Kurt would keep degrading himself that way. So he made a decision that he already knew potentially could be very stupid, but he thought it was worth it if he could get through to Kurt.

He moved over the bed to put his arm around Kurt's waist. He pulled him closer and kissed his neck with his thumb brushing over his belly.

"Sing to me," Blaine whispered.

"Stop pushing me."

"Please. I wanna hear you sing," he continued. He wasn't going to let Kurt's self-loathing stop him. He knew enough about him to be certain that Kurt was only reacting this way because Blaine had seen right through him and hit the right button. Kurt wanted back to glee club, he missed it, but would never admit it.

"Shut up!"

They both fell silent. At first Kurt tried forcing Blaine's arm away, but he quickly gave up and put his head on his elbow, trying to ignore Blaine even was in the room.

Blaine was not prepared for what was to come...

"And you can tell everybody

That this is your song

*I know it's quite simply but
Now that's it's done
I hope you don't mind
I hope you don't mind
That I put down in words
How wonderful life is
While you're in the world..."*

Kurt's voice hit Blaine like a train. He had really not expected him to cave and now that he had his voice was nothing like Blaine had ever experienced Kurt to be like. He was like velvet, and it felt like he his walls of ice were melting in Blaine's arms.

He wanted to move closer, to pull Kurt closer to him, but he was paralyzed with the fear that he would stop singing and snap out of the vulnerability if he noticed Blaine was still with him. So he stayed with his arm locked around his waist and his forehead rested against his back. He closed his eyes and let Kurt's voice fill every part of him, and right as he ended he wanted to ask him not to stop. It was like Kurt was finally showing him himself.

"Kurt... you shouldn't lock your voice away. It's beautiful. Like you."

Kurt moved away and got to his feet. He disappeared into the bathroom and locked the door. Blaine was left by himself to be unknowing of what had happened. He hadn't been lying, or saying anything to make Kurt happy - he really did think that his voice was beautiful and should be heard rather than hidden the way Kurt always refused to sing in any way.

"Kurt. I have to leave. It's late, and I promised my mom to be home before midnight," Blaine called through the door. He put on his blazer over the t-shirt he had borrowed from Kurt and bumped the door with his shoulder to make some sort of indication that he was being serious. Kurt had been out there for quite a while now and he could just as well have fallen asleep out there.

The door was flung open and when Kurt showed he was wearing jeans and a sweatshirt. He looked like he was ready to go out himself.

"Cool. Guess I'll see you tomorrow then," he said and sat down to pull on his boots. He got up and grabbed his coat before walking around Blaine who followed him out of the room and downstairs.

Kurt walked straight out of the door but Blaine popped his head in the living room to say goodnight. Polite as always, not caring that Kurt had left all knowledge of manners behind.

When he got to his car he unlocked it and opened the door when he was pushed against the car, lips pressed against his own.

"I'm going to Scandals. Will you think of me when you jerk off tonight?" Kurt grinned and licked a wet stripe over Blaine's lower lip, his eyes glistening and playing.

"I'm not jerking off tonight. And as long as you don't find someone else to jerk you off I don't really care where you're going," Blaine said and drew a heavy breath.

"What the fuck, Blaine? I wouldn't do that!"

"Good. So we agree. Can I go home now?"

Kurt sighed heavily and let his arms lock around Blaine. He pulled him into a hug, and it felt like he was trying to tell him something but didn't know how to.

"I love you. So much. Please don't think anything else," Kurt whispered and kissed his neck. He brushed his hands up and down Blaine's back under his blazer a few times before letting go.

"You're sexy when you're wearing my t-shirt," he grinned.

"You always think I'm sexy."

"That I do. Will you please tell me that you love me, now?" Kurt sighed. He kicked a little at the ground with the tip of his boot and watched a rock fly to the street from the force. When he looked back up to Blaine's face he seemed transformed. Like it wasn't so much that he wanted Blaine to say that he loved him, but more that he needed him to say it.

"Kurt, I *do* love you. You know that I do," Blaine assured him and let a hand cup his face.

"I just... like hearing you say it," Kurt admitted and closed his eyes.

"Goodnight. Okay. I'll see you tomorrow. If anyone here is beautiful it's you," Kurt said under his breath and pressed a kiss to Blaine's mouth while squeezing his hand before he turned and walked towards his motorcycle.

Blaine turned to bump his forehead against the car for a moment before he got in and drove home.

xXx

Blaine didn't hear from Kurt for the rest of the night. He had sent him a goodnight-text but Kurt never replied, so Blaine figured he hadn't brought his phone to Scandals. When Blaine woke up Saturday morning he still hadn't heard anything from him, but he didn't take it too heavy.

He spend the day on going to the gym with his mom. After they were done and had showered she took him out for lunch and fritted him for information about Kurt and their relationship. He told her everything about how long they had been together, and that he really loved Kurt - and that Kurt loved him back.

He avoided getting in on the subject of how they met, but brushed it off by saying that Kurt had seen him with Tina a few times and then they accidentally bumped into each other and started talking. He didn't tell her about their times of spending the night together either - he figured it best to keep the intimate details to a minimum, and luckily his mom didn't poke into it either.

They agreed that it was best to still keep his dad in the dark about Blaine's relationship to Kurt since his mom also had the feeling that he wouldn't be as please with the idea as she was. She wanted to take some time to slowly talk him into the fact that his son was gay wasn't a bad thing, and Blaine appreciated it. He was seriously concerned about what would happen when his dad found out about Kurt.

When they were back home Blaine called Tina and told her about what The Warblers had did and how Kurt had reacted. She was sad to hear that his friends had turned their back on him, but was happy to hear that Kurt had taken care of him. She told him about how life was for her and said that she missed him since they hadn't talked much lately. He couldn't help feel guilty.

"Blaine - I think your phone is ringing," his mom called from the living room around 3 so he hurried to find a text waiting for him.

Kurt: "I'll pick you up at 6.30. Look nice. As always xxxx"

He nearly fell off the couch when he read the message. He hadn't expected their date to be reality anyway since he hadn't heard from Kurt since the night before, and he had seemed less than satisfied with Blaine's suggestion of him going back to glee club.

"What's going on? You seem happy," his mom smiled and snuck a look over his shoulder.

"That sounds fancy. I guess he's really treating you nice. If not I'll kick his ass," she chuckled and kissed his cheek.

"He does. He's amazing," Blaine said and was sure he was blushing but not caring the slightest.

He hugged his mom and hurried to his room to start going through outfits. He didn't know where they were going, but since it was Lima and it seemed like Kurt was spending all of his money on his motorcycle and secretly on expensive hair and skin care products and clothes he wasn't expecting more than a diner. Not that it would be a problem; Kurt could take him to dinner by bringing sandwiches for them to eat on a bench in the park and he would be happy.

When he had found out a proper outfit in the form of a pair of black jeans, a white shirt and blue sweatervest with matching bowtie he called Tina to tell her about Kurt's promise of a date before he went to shower.

At 6.27 his mom called that someone was waiting for him at the door. He took a last glance in the mirror, saved a lock of hair that had escaped the gel, fixed his bowtie and ran down the stairs. His mom was waiting in the hall with a wide grin on her face and tripping after him as he went for the door.

"Mom, please -" Blaine sighed and rolled his eyes, but secretly he was happy to finally get the feeling of what it was like.

He opened the door and was completely breathless by the sight. Kurt was smiling rather proud of himself as he offered Blaine a red rose. He was wearing his usual leather jacket, but he had mixed it up with black skinny jeans, white boots and a tight, midnight-blue blouse with a crooked zipper down his chest. His hair was perfect as always and he was wearing a slight hint of black eyeliner that made his eyes pop beautifully.

"Kurt, that's beautiful," Blaine stammered and wished he hadn't been too awkward to kiss him in front of his mom.

"You look especially dashing tonight," Kurt smiled.

"I borrowed Finn's car. Well, I had to pay him, but in the end it worked. I'm not making you ride on the back of my baby."

"Good. If that was the plan I had forced us to take my car," Blaine grinned and sent his mom a saying look.

"Yes. Now you two handsome boys go and have fun - and Blaine just text me, right. I'll put this in your room," she trilled and grabbed the rose before she kissed his cheek, waved at Kurt and left them to themselves.

"That wasn't creepy at all," Blaine chuckled as he followed Kurt down the driveway.

"Come on. If she likes me she can't be that bad," Kurt grinned and bumped his shoulder before holding the door open for him.

"You are really being at your best behavior tonight," Blaine said impressed as Kurt was in the driver's seat next to him.

"Of course I am. For now. Not planning on making it last all night, though -" he responded and winked before starting the car.

"Where are we going, anyway?" Blaine asked, figuring he'd better keep the conversation innocent for as long as he possibly could.

"*Not* Breadstix. Seems like people think it's the only place that exists here, it's so boring and uninspiring. No, we're going somewhere else," Kurt said with secrecy filling his face.

The rest of the trip neither said much. Blaine turned on the radio and sang along to the songs, noticing Kurt mouthing along to the words as well. For a moment he considered asking him to sing with him, but he didn't want to risk Kurt reacting the way he had done the night before.

When Kurt parked the car Blaine was shocked. He hadn't expected this at all. They were in front of a fancy Italian restaurant Blaine only knew because his parents came there sometimes, and one time his mom had taken him and Cooper for lunch there. Blaine had never thought he would be going there himself.

Before he could collect his thoughts Kurt was out to open the door for him and hold his hand all the way inside. Kurt gave the host his name in a skillful way that made him seem like he was used to going places like this.

"You look really amazing," Kurt whispered in his ear as they were waiting to be shown to their table, and for a moment Blaine nearly suggested that they skipped dinner and went directly home to cuddle instead.

They were shown to their table and for once Blaine was happy that he knew the meaning of the table settings in fancy restaurants. He had no intention on looking like a total idiot in front of Kurt.

When they were seated a waiter came to retrieve their orders, first raising an eyebrow as if he was expecting them to cause trouble, but when they placed their orders politely and highly eloquent without hesitation he seemed close to impressed instead.

That's when it all turned awkward. Blaine realized he had no idea what to say. He was impressed that Kurt had even thought to put the evening together himself, but he was sad to experience that he didn't know what to talk to Kurt once they were out in public and couldn't hide behind kisses and touches.

"Blaine, are you alright?" Kurt asked after a little while of silence between them. Blaine had been shyly looking around the restaurant to take in the new impressions and sights.

He had to take a minute to shake himself back to reality. He had been so absorbed in taking in Kurt's appearance that he had completely zoned and for a minute forgot time and space altogether.

"Yeah. I'm just... overwhelmed, that's all -" he smiled softly and felt like brushing his hand over Kurt's cheek, but figured it wouldn't be appropriate for the setting, so he made a mental note to remember to caress Kurt as much as possible once they were back alone.

"Is it too much? Fuck! Of course it's too much. I just can't make it right. Dammit I suck!" Kurt groaned and rubbed his palms over his face, the cutlery tinkling lightly on the table from the sudden movement.

"No, no, no – Kurt, it's amazing. I'm really impressed. And happy. And honestly quite flattered that you would do this for me," Blaine assured him. He was stunned that Kurt could even consider it being too much when he was trying to be nice – and succeeding greatly.

"Are you sure? Cause we can sneak out if you'd rather go to McDonald's or something instead, " Kurt assured him shyly.

"Kurt, now you're gonna stop saying that and we're gonna enjoy our date – and you're gonna smile at me. And I will spend the entire evening glaring at you and admiring how gorgeous you look. Because I love this – I love *you*!"

Kurt gasped under his breath and Blaine could sense that he was grabbing a fistful of the table clothing as a flushed smile spread across his face.

"Yes. Of course. I love you too."

And that was it. They continued the evening with eating and Kurt asking Blaine about his friendship with Tina, and Kurt told him about how he and Finn had known each other before their parents met – and reluctantly Kurt admitted that he once had a crush on Finn, which Blaine found adorable, but was relieved to find that it was before they moved in together.

As they finished dining Blaine was sad. He didn't want it to end; he wanted to talk and laugh with Kurt this way forever. He wanted to create a bubble outside of time and space to keep them there forever and never have to deal with anything or anyone ever again.

When it unfortunately seemed like they couldn't postpone it any longer Kurt paid their check. They walked to the car in silence where Kurt once again held the door open for Blaine.

The car ride was just as silent. Kurt kept his hand on Blaine's thigh the entire drive and as he parked in the Anderson driveway he sighed and let his head fall back against the neck rest.

It was already dark outside, but Kurt's eyes were still shining strongly through the closed space of the car.

"I'm not ready to let you go, yet. I don't want this night to end," Kurt said heavily and let his fingers twist in between Blaine's. He stared out the window for a moment before he looked back to Blaine's eyes, and Blaine's heart started racing.

"It's not that late. You can come inside. We can go to my room and – I don't know... I honestly don't care, as long as we're together," Blaine offered softly. He squeezed his hand a little around Kurt's and sent him a smile. If he didn't say yes he wouldn't know what to do; he needed to feel him close.

"Do you think your parents would be okay with that?" Kurt asked sharply with a raised eyebrow.

"Kurt, stop that. Do you wanna come inside or not? Cause if not I'm just gonna go inside myself and gossip with my mom about you instead," Blaine said, determined not to let Kurt's bad attitude ruin the night. It had been way too perfect to end with a crash.

To his surprise Kurt leaned over the gearshift between them and cupped his face with both hands. He pressed a long, innocent kiss to his lips and Blaine couldn't help putting his hands on his arms in a hope that he would never let go.

"Let's go inside then. I just wanna... hold you," Kurt admitted and seemed shy to do so. He let his hands slide down Blaine's arm, over his wrist to grab his hand and kiss it. Blaine was overwhelmed by how sweet and nonchalant he was and felt like he had always dreamed of feeling by the end of a date.

They go out of the car and walked into the Anderson house. They didn't meet anyone on the way which Blaine was pretty satisfied about. He asked Kurt to meet him upstairs before he went to find his parents in the living room watching the news. He asked his mom to come to the hall with him where he told her that he had taken Kurt to his room, and she seemed thrilled about the idea, and forced him to promise to tell her about their date when Kurt had left.

When he walked into his room the lights were off. It wasn't until his eyes got used to the dark he realized Kurt's boots and jacket were nicely sat at the side of the bed and Kurt was curled up on the bed, waiting for him to go lie with him.

Blaine hurried to change into his pajama pants and a t-shirt without making too much noise. As soon as he was finished he crawled onto the bed and curled up into Kurt's arms. He kissed his bicep gently and closed his eyes to let himself be filled with the love he couldn't help let take over him.

Neither of them said a word for a long time. They stayed quiet and listened to each others heartbeat and breathing. Blaine was filled with the scent and feeling of Kurt. His strong arms around him and his body pressed against Blaine's in his own arms. Every now and then Kurt pressed a peck to his forehead or his temple and Blaine felt like his lips were burning a print he would proudly wear in front of the world.

"I wanna be with you forever," Kurt whispered suddenly. He hugged Blaine a little tighter and it was like his breathing stopped in waiting for a reaction.

"I wanna be with you forever, too -" was all Blaine could say back. He kissed Kurt's chin and brushed his hand up his back with a slow movements.

Before either of them could say anymore they were interrupted by the vibrations from Blaine's phone. He sighed heavily and annoyed but figured he had to check since it could be his mom. He was right.

Mom: "Is Kurt staying for the night? Cause we're going to bed and I just wanted to know if I should lock the door?"

Blaine sped to sit up, staring down in the display like he couldn't believe what he saw – because he really couldn't. He could feel that Kurt was staring at him, but he didn't move an inch.

"What's going on? Are you alright, baby?" Kurt asked, his voice raw like he hadn't used it for ages.

"Do you wanna sleep in my bed tonight?" Blaine turned around and smiled at Kurt through the dark of the room.

"I would like that – but your parents would kill me. That's just mean to ask when I can't," Kurt objected but looked truly regretful to decline the offer.

Blaine fell down to the mattress with a thump. He nuzzled his nose against Kurt's cheek and put a peck to the corner of his mouth before catching his eyes.

"It was my mom's idea. She asked if you were spending the night here. You can take off your clothes and lie next to me and hold me until we fall asleep – and even after that. How does that sound?" He was positively glowing. He had to be.

"Perfect. It sounds perfect," Kurt smiled and the stars Blaine loved so much appeared in his eyes. He turned his face to catch Blaine's mouth for a kiss before he found his way to his feet.

"Can I borrow your toothbrush again?" Kurt asked shyly and Blaine grinned up at him in acceptance. Kurt smiled and disappeared out the door, leaving it slightly open so a beam of yellow light from the hallway streamed in to paint the carpet.

After a little while Blaine heard his mom on the stairs, he would know her walk any day, just as Kurt left the bathroom and came walking down the hall. He held his breath, nervous of what would happen, or how

they would react to meeting each other that way. They were faced with each other without Blaine being present – and they stopped.

"Thank you so much for being so kind, Mrs. Anderson," he could hear Kurt say through the creak of the door. He nearly didn't blink, simply waited.

"Of course. It seems like you're making Blaine happy and that is more than enough for me. But if you break my boy's heart I will have to kick your ass," his mom teased and Kurt chuckled in response.

"Sure. Although I think he would be able to take care of that himself. I wouldn't mess with him, considering the time he spends at the gym," Kurt laughed and Blaine his mom laugh with him.

"But I have to say... I really care about him. I just want him to be happy. That's the most important thing to me. I know I don't really have a lot to offer him, but if I can put a smile on his face, I really feel like I've at least accomplished something good," Kurt said softly and Blaine felt tears press to his eyes.

"I can assure you that you have succeeded. I don't think I've ever seen him so cheerful. I was starting to worry about him, and then you put that bright smile on his face. Thank you. You're a good boy."

"I am very happy to hear that," Kurt smiled and there was rustling of fabrics.

"Now you two have a goodnight, but no funny business while I'm in the house. He's still a little boy to me," she warned in a teasing tone and Blaine was on his way to dig a hole he could die in from embarrassment.

"I promise I'll be good. Goodnight, Mrs. Anderson -" Kurt said and Blaine could hear in his voice that he was smiling. His footsteps proceeded down the hall and Blaine curled up to pretend he hadn't been listening, though he knew that the grin filling his face was bound to tell him off.

"Hey sweet prince. Are you waiting for me? I have a sinful thought or two to keep you occupied if you need distraction," Kurt purred and rubbed his back against Blaine's, his hand sneaking its way under his shirt.

Blaine hummed lightly and stroke his hand down Kurt's arm before he turned around to press his mouth against his jaw and lightly scraped his teeth over the milky skin. He pressed his own body against Kurt's and smiled at how warm and homely he felt.

"I'll go brush my teeth, and when I get back I wanna kiss you. A lot," Blaine yawned and it occurred to him that he hadn't even noticed a need for sleep creeping up on him – but he didn't want to sleep, he wanted to enjoy that for once he was going to share a bed with Kurt for an entire night without them having to sneak around to do it.

"I have a few places you can kiss if you're so eager to use that pretty mouth of yours," Kurt grinned and nipped at his lower lip with his fingers seeking down the waistband of Blaine's sweats and underwear.

"Alright. Let's cool off for a second. My parents are right down the hall," Blaine groaned and sat up before heading for the door. Kurt's head dropped to the sheets under him before he looked up at Blaine.

"I'm sorry. You're so bashful. It's cute," Kurt moaned and Blaine knew that he was only waiting for him to walk out of there so he could stare at his ass as he walked away.

He rolled his eyes and made his way to the bathroom to brush his teeth. He wondered if he should wash up a little or something before going back. He didn't want to seem overly fussy, but he didn't want to be gross either. He settled for brushing his teeth and washing his face and went back to his room.

When Blaine came back to his room Kurt was still in his clothes. He was sitting on the desk at the window with a cigarette in one hand and his phone in the other. He was clearly talking to his dad so Blaine didn't want to interrupt and started pulling off his clothes.

"It's cool. I'm just staying at Blaine's place tonight... you can just call me if you need anything," he said into the phone when he turned to watch Blaine strip off, eyeing him out and obviously enjoying the show.

"I won't be too late tomorrow, I promise. Yes I mean it this time. Goodnight, dad."

He hung up and took a last heave of his cigarette before getting off the desk and walking towards Blaine like he had a mission; which he probably had.

"C'mere, sexy -" he purred and grabbed around Blaine's hands to pull him closer.

Kurt ran a finger down his back, tracing the contours of the muscles and palming over his arms to feel every dent and perfect curve underneath the skin. Blaine was sure he had never felt more like a man than in that second.

"You are so fucking hot. I freaking hate that you have to be wrapped up in clothes all the time," Kurt said in a low voice and Blaine felt like he was staring directly into his most sinful wishes.

He started kissing down Blaine's neck with one hand on the lower portion of his back and the other running down his chest. He purposely made his thumb run extra hard down his nipple as it was going taut for him and Blaine couldn't stop a tender moan coming from some place in his brain he didn't know could even fight its way to his mouth. Kurt continued to traced down his ribs, feeling every, single rib on his fingertips like he was trying to remember the exact feeling and encode it in his mind.

Blaine couldn't do anything but stand and take it, and welcomed it gladly when Kurt moved up to catch his mouth to a kiss that was in one time soft and determined. His hand continued down over Blaine's abdomens. He let his thumb trace down the middle, the heel of his hand feeling out every muscle before he stopped to palm right beneath Blaine's bellybutton. He started to let his fingers run through the coarse hair there, but moved over to take a firm grasp on his hipbone, nearly startling Blaine who was way too blissed out from the touch to even move.

"I love your body so damn much," Kurt groaned against his lips when he rested his forehead against Blaine's to let his mouth back away.

"I'm... glad -" Blaine choked out, afraid that all that would come out of his mouth would be globbering sounds because he couldn't quite find the right connection between speech and sounds at the moment.

"It's just – you're such a man. You have this stupid grace and charm like a little schoolgirl but... fuck! Your body is just... you are just..." Kurt stammered out and crashed his mouth back against Blaine's, his thumb stroking over his hip and Blaine could feel that his hand was tingling to continue feeling around him.

He really knew it was a bad idea. His parents were sleeping right down the hall and he might not think they would hear if they did anything, but it wouldn't feel right to even try it with them in the house – but the feeling of Kurt's hands moving around his body, appreciating how he looked and felt was intoxicating – so he grabbed Kurt's hand on his hip and moved it down his underwear to let his palm feel down his firm ass cheek.

Kurt moaned as he took a grip around his ass. He actually moaned from the feeling of his fingers kneading into the flesh and Blaine could feel him growing hard against his crotch, so he started opening his jeans. He wasn't planning on doing anything – he just needed to feel him too.

It wasn't long until Kurt got the idea and pulled his shirt over his head. He put it on the chair behind him and frantically let his jeans drop as well. He hurried to make his mouth find its way back to Blaine's, this time a little more forceful and sloppy than before.

His right hand was back to the lower of Blaine's back, and his left hand didn't waste any time on finding its way down his shorts. He took a handful of the muscle and squeezed tightly, his nails boring into the skin, his fingertips gripping into his crack. The action made Blaine's pelvis crash closer to Kurt's and the way Kurt was hard in his briefs against his hip made flames slick up face.

Finally Blaine snapped out of his haze and allowed his own hands to wander. His one hand had his fingers tightly locked in Kurt's hair at knead of his neck, the other ran down his back that was steaming hot.

"Kurt... oh god," Blaine moaned needy as one of his nipples collided with Kurt's, and his own hand grabbed Kurt's ass with a wish to go under the fabric, but he was afraid that he would never be able to stop himself if he did.

"Blaine – I can't..." Kurt grunted and caught Blaine's earlobe between his teeth.

Blaine could feel Kurt's heart racing against his chest, only making his own pulse skyrocket and his head feel heavy. He knew he had to stop it before they went too far, but he couldn't make himself do it as Kurt was so hot and close-to-naked with his arms wrapped around him and his hands sliding around his own naked skin.

"Let's... we should go to bed," Blaine said, surprised at the way his voice was breathy, and how he nearly had to shake his head to get the words from his throat and over his tongue.

Kurt didn't stop licking up the shell of his ear, but made Blaine walk backwards with their arms still folded around the other's body. When his calves hit the bed he fell heavily down to sit on the mattress. Kurt started getting ready to join him, but Blaine locked him with his hands on his hips, and Kurt stared confused down on him.

Without really being present in his own mind Blaine started dragging down the elastic of Kurt's briefs, making them down to sit under his ass so his hard cock could spring free, now right in front of Blaine's face. He swallowed hard as he took in the sight, giving himself one last time to see that this was definitely not a wise decision, but he licked his lips and let out his tongue.

He supported Kurt's shaft on his hand so he could lick a trail up the vein on the underside. Kurt's hands flew directly to Blaine's curls as he sucked in a sharp mouthful of air. Blaine decided that since he was doing this he might as well do it thoroughly but not waste time on teasing, so he closed his lips over the head and let his tongue take a trip back up the slit to grab a hold of the pre-come pooling there.

"God, baby, yes -" Kurt moaned over him, and Blaine appreciated that he at least had the sense to not be too loud.

He folded his hand around the shaft to take a few strokes before he made his mouth sink down to take as much of Kurt in as he possibly could. Sometimes he was surprised at how much he enjoyed the taste of Kurt's cock on his tongue; he was so smooth and clean, but the taste was dry and so much like nothing but warm skin until Blaine had been going for a moment.

It had only taken Blaine a few times of sucking Kurt's cocking before he had found the idea to use as much spit as possible. At first he didn't want to think about it, because he thought it was a bit disgusting, but now it was hot and when Kurt was bobbing his head up and down over his own erection he loved the feeling of Kurt's tongue slicking him up.

His hand returned to Kurt's hip, but it only took him a moment to let it travel to his ass instead. The feeling of the flawless skin in his hand was always more perfect than he remembered it, regardless of how much he always built Kurt up to be a god-like figure in his mind – in the end he always turned out to be much better than that.

"You're so gorgeous when you take my cock, Blaine – ugh, *Blaine*," Kurt whined and tugged a little at Blaine's hair as he heightened his speed.

Blaine hummed around the shaft, feeling the head crashing against the back of his throat with every thrust down over it he did, and wondered if he would ever dare taking him in deeper.

The muscle of his tongue curved around Kurt's shaft, letting it fall perfectly in place like Blaine's tongue was fucking made for pleasuring Kurt cock, and he was starting to think that it was. Kurt was moaning and groaning above him and when Blaine looked up he could see that he was biting his lip to hold in the sounds.

Kurt was staring down at Blaine, his hand now brushing over his hair, caressing down his neck. Blaine upped his chin a little, making Kurt's head run over the roof of his mouth, and Kurt's eyes rolled back in his head from the motion.

The dick in his mouth was throbbing and pulsing against the walls of his mouth, and Blaine allowed himself to suck a little harder, causing a whimper to escape Kurt's mouth, his breathing now a little louder than Blaine would have thought to be healthy when they weren't alone in the house, but definitely not too loud for his own dick to be painfully hard against his thigh.

He closed his eyes and worked his mouth a little faster, Kurt's breathing following his movements. After a moment of bobbing up and down, every now and then accompanied by sucking, Blaine locked his hand around the root and started gently swiping around it.

Kurt's sac was pulsing against his working hand, and the way his breathing was getting hitched and his moaning darker Blaine knew that he was growing close – so he stopped moving his head but kept his lips locked a little below the head.

He sucked hard and kept his hand working furiously around Kurt's cock.

"Blaine, fuck – I'm gonna... come. I'll come, dammit, now!" Kurt warned with a whine and Blaine was perfectly aware that he was coming and that Kurt was warning him so he could stop before it was too late, but Blaine wanted it, so he kept going.

"Shit!" Kurt heaved and hunched forwards. His fingers were painful in Blaine's hair now, but the way Blaine could feel him pulse in his mouth, on his tongue, only to explode to feel up his mouth made completely up for it.

It was hard to keep up, but Blaine reminded himself to keep going. Kurt was leaning forwards, his forehead resting on the top of Blaine's head as he was shooting his come into his boyfriend who was just taking it all, the sound of him breathing through his nose nearly obscene.

There was no way that this could land anywhere when Blaine wouldn't have a chance to wash it before his parents found out, so he forced himself to swallow it all, surprised at how incredibly turned on he was from the fact that he was doing it; from the feeling of it filling his mouth, from the taste of it rolling bitter

and salty over his tongue and down his throat – but most of all from the sound of Kurt being a whimpering mess over him.

When there was nothing more to come for Blaine was almost sad. He let his tongue take a last journey up the limping shaft before sliding his mouth fully off. He rested his forehead against Kurt's flexed abs to catch his breath before he pressed a kiss to his right hipbone before falling backwards on the mattress.

For a long time Kurt stayed where he was. He was still panting, his breathing slowing falling down to a normal pace. He moved his briefs back up and adjusted everything with a hand before he clumsily fell with a knee on each side of Blaine's body.

Blaine was still lying motionless with his eyes closed, so when he felt Kurt's lips on his neck and his hand down his underwear he was surprised but too hazed out to do anything but let himself enjoy the feeling of Kurt's hand move expertly around his hard prick.

Kurt sucked Blaine's lower lip into his mouth as his hand was working with a furious speed. His hand was angling awkwardly and Blaine that it was bound to quickly send acid through his arm considering how tight the waistband of his underwear was.

"Kurt I... god you're so good – fuck! I can't..." Blaine heaved out but right as Kurt twisted his wrist it was perfect and his head was sliding up his arm with every movement.

"I can't... come on my underwear. Jesus," Blaine whimpered.

I can't believe I am saying this when it's so good, and he's so good, rolled around somewhere in Blaine's dazed out mind.

"It's okay. I wasn't planning on letting you," Kurt smiled deviously and somehow had his arm moved in a way that had Blaine's boxers start to crawl off his waist.

With a fast, fluid movement Kurt was on his knees and had his free hand pulling the fabric down to the middle of Blaine's thighs. He shot Blaine a grin and wiggled his eyebrows before he leaned down and took him in.

Kurt's mouth was hot and taking him in until he hit his throat, all in one swift. He didn't even stop to get used to the feeling before he started bobbing quickly up and down. Blaine could that there was already

spit everywhere and he was getting more and more frustrated as he couldn't even move his legs from Kurt straddling him.

It didn't take long until Kurt was sucking harder than ever, Blaine was certain he was trying to suck every drop of fluid in his body out through his dick, so when he had to face that he couldn't hold back he didn't even care.

"Kurt, don't stop. Don't stop, please, don't stop -" was all he could press out without filling the air with a noise close to a scream or a yelp. He was grappling at Kurt's shoulders and boring his head down in the mattress, all he could see was darkness and colored stars dancing.

The way Kurt was teasefully playing with the tip of his tongue around the shaft, over the head, down the slit – was simply too much. Craving, a need, filled his stomach, and as Kurt went back to sucking he nearly didn't make it to feel his balls crying before he was shooting hot and heavy and thick into Kurt's mouth.

He was gone before he could comprehend it himself. He felt Kurt keep on sucking on him until it was hopeless and he was wrecked and lying limp over his pelvis. He let his fingers run lazy into Kurt's hair, but as he started making his way back up Blaine's body he gave up.

What was to come he hadn't expected though. Kurt forcefully shoved his tongue into Blaine's mouth and Blaine felt something thick and more bitter than spit hit his tastebuds. Kurt kept pushing his tongue over Blaine's, shoving his come into his own mouth and Blaine swallowed himself.

When there was nothing more but the aftertaste left Kurt turned soft and hazy, like he was on the edge of falling asleep. Blaine brushed his hand up and down his back a couple of times before Kurt collapsed atop of him, his face hidden in the crook of his neck.

"Oh god, what did we do?!" Blaine moaned in terror when he realized they had just had sex with his parents so close to them that they could have come in any minute it should be.

"Something I'll never forget," Kurt panted and kissed his collarbone before falling heavily down to lie next to him. As if it was the only right thing to do Kurt let his hand down between them to lock his fingers with Blaine's.

Blaine rolled clumsily over to lie on side and pressed a kiss to Kurt's shoulder before he figured that he needed to move so he could get his underwear back on, but couldn't wrap his mind around it at the moment.

"We should probably... at least pretend we're trying to sleep," Blaine mumbled and kissed Kurt's shoulder. The feeling of Kurt's saliva drying on his still exposed penis was cold and because of the oversensitivity it close to hurt, but he didn't have the energy to drag his underwear back on.

"Damn, Blaine. I need a fucking cigarette again," Kurt groaned and turned his head to place a kiss on Blaine's sweaty forehead. He was grinning widely and let his free hand down to ghost over Blaine's exhausted dick, sending chills down Blaine's spine and gooseflesh to trace over his entire body.

"You better get your garments back on, beautiful. I don't wanna get you into troubles with the folks. And I don't wanna get into troubles with your folks," Kurt said and let the elastic playfully swipe against Blaine's thigh before he forced himself to sit up. He stretched his torso with a whine and grabbed the pack of cigarettes on the desk.

Blaine started to reluctantly pull his boxers back on before he pushed the bedspread to the floor so he could crawl to the pillows instead of lying in the middle of the bed. It was way too hot for using his usual covers so he found out a sheet and figured that would just have to do. If he got cold it would only be an excuse for moving closer to Kurt.

He stayed on his side, curled up too a ball with a perfect view to Kurt sitting on his windowsill blowing smoke into the cold dark outside with his jaws moving in a way that Blaine couldn't stop himself from finding incredibly sexy. He would never admit it to anyone, but sometimes he wished that he could try smoking himself; he loved watching Kurt smoke and he couldn't help wonder whether Kurt would find him just as hot as he found Kurt if he was smoking. Every now and then he was almost sad that Kurt was trying to quit, but then he remembered that he was doing it for him, to not trigger his asthma, and somehow it didn't seem all that bad anyway – and of course he was scared to death when he thought about the consequences smoking could have to a man.

"What the heck are you staring at? You look like a kid on his first Christmas," Kurt smiled and let his head rest back against the window he was leaning against. He took a heave of the cigarette and Blaine watched the way his lungs took in the intrusion and how he blew it back out, his neck muscles working in perfect unison with his mouth and chest.

"I feel like it. You're just amazing. I like watching you," Blaine revealed and didn't care that his cheeks might flush a little. Right now he was as happy as he had ever been and he had reached a point where he wanted to promise himself to never be shy in front of Kurt ever again.

"God! You're hopeless," Kurt chuckled and got off the desk. He headed directly for the bed where he crawled over Blaine to lie behind him where he could wrap his arm around his waist. Blaine was quick in grabbing his hand and Kurt hummed into his ear in response with a kiss to his neck.

Suddenly the dark felt consuming. Now the sounds that had filled the room as they had been spinning between them were gone, the silence felt like it was a soft blanket protecting them.

"There's... there's something I haven't told you," Kurt suddenly stammered nervously and Blaine's eyes flew open with the speed of lightning.

Everything inside him turned around. A million fears were racing through his mind of what this could possibly be about. Kurt wasn't gay, Kurt wasn't in love with him, Kurt was Canadian and now he was being sent out of the country with the rest of his family, Kurt was dating the guy from Scandals on the side, Kurt had slept with someone else, Kurt was in love with someone else, Kurt was in love with Puck – the more scary a theory was the deeper did it bite into his brain.

Blaine wanted, needed, to turn around so he could see his face when he admitted his secret, but he was paralyzed and terrified of what he was going to find if he turned around, so instead he held his breath and stayed where he was.

"Blaine? Are... well, I did something -" Kurt said and his voice was heavy. He had clearly not planned on telling Blaine whatever this could be, and definitely not now or this way.

Please no, god please no, don't let him leave me or have cheated on me. Please please please, Blaine begged in his head and squeezed his hand around the pillow so hard it was nearly hurting in his knuckles and nails from the resistance of the fabric.

"I sort of... I called Tina earlier today," Kurt started and to his relief Blaine was more confused than scared now, the fears yet roaming around in the back of his head, waiting for the punch of why Kurt would have called his best friend behind his back.

"Why?" He dared to ask, not standing the tension.

"I thought about what you said. I turned it over and considered it and..."

Why did he have to be so slow and mysterious? Sure, he was obviously nervous, but it wasn't exactly calming Blaine's nerves either.

"I asked her if it was too late for me to come back to glee club. She said no. So – I'm going back on Monday." He hurried out the last sentence like it was poisonous on his tongue. He sounded like it was hurting him to admit it, but he also sounded awaiting; like he needed Blaine's approval that he had done something good.

When the words fastened themselves and Blaine really grasped what Kurt was telling him he hurried to sit up and look down on Kurt. He was staring up at him with azure-blue eyes and long eyelashes softening their way over his eyelids.

"Kurt, that's so amazing. I am so happy for you," he burst out with a grin and for a moment he wished that he had known before so he could have given Kurt something better than a simple blowjob as celebration.

"I really think you're gonna be happy about this. I'm so proud of you," he smiled and fell down to kiss Kurt with a loud pop of his lips and his hands cupping Kurt's face. He had no idea how to do it, but he wanted to show Kurt how proud he was of him in every possible way.

"Well, don't get your hopes up. I'll probably screw it up in a few days," Kurt groaned and looked like he regretted having shared it with Blaine.

"No, you're not. You're gonna be amazing. And I'm gonna come see you at Nationals. Don't think you can even try to hold me away. I'll be in the audience and telling everyone around me that the guy up there stealing the spotlight is my boyfriend," Blaine started blabbering on as he showered Kurt's face in kisses.

"You're unbelievable. But don't complain to me when I disappoint you," Kurt grunted and rolled his eyes.

"I'm not listening..." Blaine trilled and grabbed around Kurt's arm to put it around his own waist with a smirk.

"Alright let's just sleep now."

"As you wish. But don't think I'll forget this," Blaine sighed, annoyed that he had to face that he wouldn't be able to convince Kurt that he was going to be a success in going back to his glee club – he just hoped that he would change his mind once he was used to being back with his old friends.

"I love you, Blaine -" Kurt whispered and kissed his cheek.

"I love you too, gorgeous."

Chapter Eleven

When a stream of sunlight hit Blaine's face, along with a wave of fresh air filling the room, he firstly hummed lightly at the back of his throat and turned to pull Kurt closer. In return Kurt kissed his cheek and strengthened his grip on Blaine's hip. That's when it happened.

"Blaine, I think you should get up soon. Your dad is out for a company-brunch so I made breakfast for all of us," his mom said with a cheery voice, somewhere at the end of the room.

Blaine's eyes rushed open in panic. Why on earth was his mom in his room when he was only in his underwear with his entire body entangled in Kurt's limbs on his equally nearly naked body?

"Mom? Oh my god -" He hissed and was happy to see that she was only standing in the door, even though the open curtains and windows showed that she clearly had been all the way in and around the room while they were sleeping.

"I'm sorry, honey, but I can't let you sleep all day when you have school tomorrow," she said apologetically.

"I'll let you two wash up and get dressed, and I'll see you downstairs soon, okay?" She chimed and left the room, closing the door after her.

Maybe, by some lucky coincidence that was way out of his league, Kurt would still be asleep and hadn't noticed the uninvited intruder into their sleep.

"Ugh, is she always like that in the morning? Now it will be much harder for me to convince you to get rid of that morning-iron in my underwear -" Kurt groaned with his nose boring into the crook of Blaine's neck.

"Let's just get dressed and go down before I will end my days like this -" Blaine whined and tried to roll out of the bed, but Kurt held him back.

Kurt chuckled lightly before he started kissing Blaine's neck and grinded against his thigh. He sure was very hard. How did he keep up his stamina?

"That's not fair. You're playing dirty," Blaine grinned and finally succeeded in rolling himself out of Kurt's grip so he could get to his feet where he didn't even bother to care that now he was semi-hard as well.

"Oh? I think the only thing dirty here is your mind," Kurt said teasefully as he pulled his cock out and began pumping it dozily.

Blaine couldn't look. He had to force himself to keep his eyes away, because he wanted to join him so badly, but there was no way he would risk his mom coming back to make sure they hadn't fallen asleep again.

Without knowing it Blaine was on all fours next to Kurt, pressing his lips on Kurt's and pushing his hand away so he could stroke him himself.

"God, yes, baby. So good -" Kurt moaned into Blaine's mouth as he tugged on his curls and slipped his tongue over his lower lip. He danced his tongue around and hummed into Blaine's mouth while his hand ran softly down his bicep.

"Mhm, like that, gorgeous – just like that..." Kurt kept going as Blaine slipped his thumb through pre-come and down his shaft with fast strokes.

"Kurt – I can't keep going. You can't come now. Not on my sheets," Blaine reminded him between spreading kisses around his jaw.

"Don't stop, don't stop. *Blaine!*" Kurt pleaded in a whine and ran his hand down Blaine's chest to twist his nipple painfully good as his eyes flew open to pierce themselves into Blaine's brown right in front of his own blue.

"I'm sorry, baby. Not today..." Blaine apologized and pressed one last deep kiss to Kurt's mouth before releasing his tight grip on his dick. He reached down to put his underwear properly back on his panting boyfriend, careful not to hurt him in the action before he got off the bed so he could start pulling on his pajama pants from the night before.

Kurt was staring at him in terror. Shock was painted over his face and his lungs were heaving for air.

Blaine couldn't help laughing at little at his expression, but turned to his closet and threw a pair of sweats and a Dalton t-shirt in his face. He sent him a sharp look and Kurt clearly knew that he'd better put it on,

because he drew a hand down his briefs to adjust his still hard cock before starting to pull the t-shirt over his head.

"There. Am I a preppy now?" Kurt grumbled as he got to his feet, finally dressed enough to be presentable for breakfast with his mother-in-law.

"I hardly think you could be in Dalton just because you're wearing the t-shirt. I would more think you had stolen it somewhere," Blaine chuckled, but couldn't help the butterflies swelling from the sight of Kurt in his t-shirt.

"I don't steal!" Kurt said with a feigned shocked expression as he pinched Blaine's ass before they left the room.

"Where are you going?" Kurt asked confused as Blaine turned in the opposite direction of the stairs.

"To the bathroom. And you're going with me, Mr." Blaine said and grabbed around his elbow to lead him towards the bathroom a little down the hall.

"Seriously – wash your hands before going to eat with my mom. I don't want her to smell penis and sex all over us," Blaine warned him and Kurt wrinkled his nose like he was the one smelling something he wasn't liking.

"Penis? What are you, 50?"

"Shut up and wash your hands! And kiss me, cause you're not getting any in front of my mom," Blaine said firmly, and to his surprise Kurt obliged without further objections.

The minute they entered the kitchen Blaine's mom lit up and gestured for them to take seat. They sat down and accepted the coffee she offered them before Blaine happily noticed that Kurt actually kept his hands on the table for once.

The silence filled the room as they all began to eat. Blaine did his best to keep his eyes locked in his plate, but he could feel his mom's eyes observing his and Kurt's every move, and hoped that he could ignore it, or that she would soon be satisfied enough to direct her attention elsewhere.

"So... boys – Kurt. You're a senior? In McKinley High, as far as I can understand," Blaine's mom said, and Blaine nearly dropped his knife on the plate from the sound of his mom addressing his boyfriend so directly.

"Uhm... yeah. I am. Not that it's anything to talk about though," Kurt said a little sheepishly, doing his best to seem like he was highly absorbed in smearing marmalade on his bagel though it was clearly all over and had been for a while now.

"Don't say that. I'm sure you're doing good in school. Are you in glee club too? Blaine loves being in The Warblers – besides from Tina they're his best friends."

Blaine felt everything inside of him tie up from the mention of The Warblers. He still hadn't told his mom what had happened. He hadn't figured out how to maneuver around the thing about the free clinic and the way they had talked about Kurt, because he didn't want her to feel like there could be even 0,00001% chance that there was a hold in the accusations.

To his relief he felt Kurt's hand squeeze lightly around his, and when he looked up Kurt was sending him a warm, comforting glance that settled itself in him with a soothing wall around his heart. Regardless of how heartbroken he was about the warbler-vention he could count on Kurt.

"I was... but I quit. We had some – artistic differences. But the other day I talked to Tina and I'm starting again tomorrow. Blaine talked me into doing it," he smiled and clenched Blaine's hand a little tighter before removing his own to grab his coffee mug.

The rest of the breakfast was nothing but Blaine's mom asking about their date the previous night, and complimenting Kurt's style and hair. Of course she figured it to be a good idea to also mention how adorable she thought they were looking together and how happy she was for them.

As soon as they were finished eating she assured them that it was okay for them to retreat to Blaine's room, but said that she would love to spend some more time with them if they were interested. Kurt was cute and polite all way through, and Blaine did his best to keep his mood up and push away the thought of The Warblers.

However, as soon as they were back in his room Kurt pulled him into a hug and dragged him down on the bed with him. Apparently he couldn't hide anything from him.

"What's with you, cute-ass? Are you alright?" Kurt asked and kissed his forehead while clenching around his shoulders.

"I don't wanna go to school tomorrow," Blaine moped and let his temple rest against Kurt's sternum so he could listen to the beating of his heart. Usually it made him relax and it was good enough to make him fall to sleep, but right now the unease was still roaming around his body.

"Because of The Blabber-thing? Babe, you can't let them get to you. You can't let them keep you from going to school, or smiling, or doing the things you usually do – though I would only be happy to have more time with you. But this isn't you," Kurt sighed and ran his fingers through Blaine's hair.

It was sweet, and Blaine was touched that Kurt would think like that. If it had been only a month ago he would have told Blaine to quit school with him so they could spend all their time together instead. He was impressed by how much Kurt had developed and how he suddenly was worried about Blaine and his happiness instead of only caring about not caring about anything.

"It's The Warblers. But yeah – I just can't stand the thought of facing them after what they did. I haven't heard from any of them since, and I just... I don't wanna be with them," Blaine whined and tugged a fistful of Kurt's t-shirt as he entangled his leg between Kurt's.

To his surprise Kurt released his grip on his shoulders and pushed him a little away so he could look at his face. His eyes were searching Blaine's for a moment, his thumbs brushing soothingly over his arms.

"I know it sucks. Trust me, if anyone knows about bullying it's me – but you have to go back and try make up with them. So what if they don't like me, I'm not gonna fuck any of them anyway. I only wanna be with you, and it shouldn't matter to them that you wanna be with me," he said and Blaine felt a flicker of concern running through Kurt in the moment.

"But what if they get at it again? Then I'm just supposed to take it?"

"I'm not saying that! I'm just saying that you're gonna regret it if you don't get this over with soon. So you might not go back to be BFF's with them straight away – but don't you fucking let them think they can get you down. You're too strong to break down without a fight!"

Kurt's eyes were firm and strong. He didn't allow Blaine's to stray for a moment, and it made Blaine feel safe.

"Alright. I'll go. I'll... go -" Blaine sighed and watched a smile spreading on Kurt's face.

"Good. You go show them what it means to be a man!"

They cuddled up on the bed for a while before Kurt declared that he would have to go home. He had promised his dad to not be home too late and he had to help Finn with something on his car.

It was with heavy steps and heavy heart Blaine walked Kurt to the door and kissed him before having to let him go home. He stayed in the door to watch the car disappear down the street and when he walked back down the hall he figured he might as well go see what his mom was doing. Since she was just on the couch reading something for work he slumped down next to her to surf through the channels on the TV.

The day was slow and boring, but when he was in bed he couldn't help dreading the morning waiting for him. He found out his phone several times to text Kurt that he was just going to stay home, but regretted and deleted the message before sending it.

Kurt: "Hey babe. I hope you aren't sleeping yet. I just thought I'd tell you that you'll be fine tomorrow. If not you'll just have to kick their asses. I love you xxxx"

Blaine: "You're the best. Let me know how glee club works out. If the guys beat me up I'll come running to you. I love you too xxxx#"

Kurt: "They won't. They just need to leave you the fuck alone. Now sleep and you can text me all day tomorrow. Goodnight, sexy. Miss your ass."

Blaine: "Goodnight. I miss you too."

xXx

Monday was terrible, as expected. Everyone was staring; not just The Warblers. Blaine kept to himself and forced himself through his classes. He kept considering to leave early, but whenever he tried figuring out how fast he could collect his books and get to his car without having to face anyone he remembered what Kurt had told him the day before: *"...don't you fucking let them think they can get you down. You're too strong to break down without a fight!"*

It was a great help to know that Kurt supported him so much. He didn't know what he would have done if Kurt hadn't supported him that way. When he finally reached the end of the day he felt like he had lived a real-life-miracle – but when he came to his car he was stopped with ice filling his stomach.

"Blaine, come on – don't be like that. We're just worried about you, that's all," Nick said when he cornered him by his car. He had this nervous look he always wore when they had been doing stuff that wasn't exactly gentleman-esque, like drinking too much at their Warbler parties, or making fun of a teacher. If anyone in the world had a sense of feeling guilty it was Nick.

"If you were worried about me you would want me to be happy – I can't believe none of you even talked to me," Blaine said painfully.

He threw his bag onto the backseat of his car and slammed the door. He wasn't planning on staying to chit-chat, even though he felt bad that Nick evidently was feeling guilty.

"We just thought this was the best way to do it," he tried to explain.

"Well, you thought wrong. Don't you get that Kurt is nothing like you made him seem in there?" Blaine snapped.

"Blaine, you just see that because you have feelings for him. We see him differently because we don't have any feelings involved. We just want what's best for you – we don't wanna see you get hurt," Nick sighed hopelessly.

"You don't even know him!"

Blaine opened the door and started getting into his car, not caring that Nick was asking him to wait. There was Warbler practice in an hour, but there was no way in Hell Blaine was stepping into that room.

The drive from Westerville was long and a slow kind of torture. The trees lining up at the highway felt like they were mocking him with their stupid dark, green leaves and their stupid brown trunks. The sky seemed dark above him even though it was only 4 in the afternoon, with his luck these days it was bound to start raining soon.

Without realizing it Blaine found himself parking his car in the McKinley High parking lot. He knew from Tina that the glee club was rehearsing from 3 to 5.30 this Monday, but he had no idea if he was hoping to

run into Kurt or Tina, or if he even wanted to run into either of them. Right now he just couldn't go home – so he texted Tina.

Blaine: "Hey. Still at glee rehearsal?"

At first he didn't expect her to reply. He waited and waited, and for a moment he considered if he should go to The Lima Bean to get coffee, but right then his phone vibrated.

Tina: "Yeah. Sorry. We can meet later if you want?"

Did he really want to do this? Would this be a good idea?

Blaine: "Actually... I'm close, so I was thinking to drop by. If I can?"

Tina: "At glee rehearsal?"

Blaine: "Yeah. If it would be okay?"

Tina: "Is this just about Kurt being here?"

Blaine: "No, of course not. I miss you. We haven't talked for ages."

Tina: "Sure. I'll meet you by the choir room."

He got out of his car and stayed staring at the school in front of him for a moment. He could hear the sound of cheerleaders practicing at the football field. The clouds over him were in even darker gray now and he could feel small drops hitting his face, so he figured he should just as well get inside.

He heard the cheerleaders whine as their coach was roaring at them, and stepped inside the deserted school. The halls were empty and Blaine felt like he was in a horror movie. His steps echoed as he found his way towards the choir room. He had only been there twice, each time Tina had been the only one to be there and it had been because he was picking her up when she had been sewing costumes alone after school. Sometimes he couldn't believe how dedicated she was to her glee club.

"Hey, Blaine. That was quick," Tina said as she came running down the hall to meet him.

"Yeah, I was sort of nearby. How are you? And wow that is..." Blaine burst out as he realized that she was wearing a dress that mostly looked like a cupcake dipped in whipped cream with silver sprinkles and she had silver glitter twirling down from her eyebrow over her temple and cheek.

"I know, I know. Rachel thought she could design this year's National costumes and found this in the wardrobe at the auditorium. I promise you, this is not leaving this building," she assured him and rolled her eyes.

"No way that I'm letting this go -" Blaine laughed and pulled out his phone.

Right as Tina panicked and grabbed for the phone he was lucky enough to get a picture. She punched him lightly on the arm, before sticking out her tongue at him.

"That is so not fair!"

"That hurt, Tina!" He complained and rubbed the place a little. He locked his phone and put it back in his pocket. This was the moment where the laughter would die and Tina would go serious – she knew something was nagging him.

"So... why are you really here?" She asked and sent him that glare that told him that regardless of how much he would try to deny that there was a deeper explaining to why he was coming there when he should be at Warbler practice she would know he had a reason.

"Alright. I hope you have time then," Blaine sighed.

He leaned against the wall and Tina followed. Thus began his long tale of how his friends had ambushed him to tell him how terrible his boyfriend was and how this boy that he loved so much was a bad influence on him.

She listened and nodded and "*hmm*"-ed at all the right times. She let her hand find his and squeezed it gently as she let him babble out about how he felt like they had stabbed him in the back and how lonely he was feeling in this school that served as his second home, among these guys who used to be his second family.

Right when he reached the point of where Kurt arrived at his doorstep to leave him comfort-gifts before leaving to give Blaine the time alone he had requested, her phone started ringing – and he was happy

because he was sure he had been on the edge of what could possibly have been bad in the middle of a school he did not go to.

"Yes. I'll be right there, calm down!" Tina snapped into the phone before she turned to face Blaine with apology painted all over her face.

"I'm sorry. That was Santana calling me a long line of Spanish profanities. I have to get back. Wanna go home? You can come with me if you want – Kurt looks really handsome in his outfit," she said and tried sending him a gentle smile.

"You don't think I'd get thrown out? I mean, I am the enemy here," Blaine joked dryly.

"But you lost – so you're no more enemy to us than the choir at the senior center," Tina teased and led him towards the auditorium.

Blaine had never been in the McKinley High auditorium before. He followed Tina down the long stairs and was happy to see that no one but them was there, except for a blonde girl looking like she had smelled something disgusting, but Blaine came to the conclusion that she was probably angry because of her outfit – a replica of Tina's.

Slowly teenagers started streaming in from the sides of the stage, girls wearing dresses like Tina's and boys wearing white suits with matching silver glitter twirling down the front of the jacket. To Blaine's surprise he didn't see Kurt anywhere and he felt a little tinge in his stomach fearing that maybe Kurt had already ditched again.

"Mr. Schue, I hope it's okay that Blaine stays here. He needed a friend and I told him he could come," Tina said to the man who undoubtedly had to be the teacher. He nodded in agreement and declared that the break was over and they should get back to work.

They all lined up in formation and started doing some twirls and spins, a tall blonde girl shouting at them what to do and when to do it. Most seemed to have the basic moves under control while others seemed like they were better off locked up so they didn't hurt anyone.

"What the hell are you doing here?" A familiar voice sounded behind Blaine. Everyone stopped and stared at the stairs where Kurt was starting to cross the floor in quick steps.

He didn't look as ridiculous as the rest of the group – because he was Kurt. He wasn't wearing the white jacket, but he was wearing the white trouser and the black shirt where he had rolled the sleeves to his elbows. As he reached Blaine he took off his sunglasses and Blaine couldn't help feeling his head swim lightly from the distinct scent of Kurt and nicotine.

"Are you spying on me now?" Kurt asked, his back at the rest of the glee club, acting like they weren't even in the room.

"No. I -" Blaine was just about to explain when Kurt's face went pale and all of his features turned sharp.

"Did they hurt you? Did they do anything to you? Cause if they did I'm gonna fucking kill them," Kurt declared through gritted teeth.

"No. I'm fine – sort of. I just had a really bad day, and I really needed to talk to someone, so I texted Tina and she told me to come here," Blaine told and realized how boneless he felt from the worrying and fighting and explaining. Lately he felt like it was all he did.

"It's okay, gorgeous. Just stick around. You scared me for a minute," Kurt said and cupped his neck before he put a wet kiss to Blaine's mouth and turned around to find the others watching them.

"What the fuck are you looking at? If you pay good enough maybe I can talk Handsome here into us making you a freaking video. If you pay extra maybe he'll even keep on the uniform. I've found that the tie is quite usable," Kurt growled at them as he stepped onto the stage to join the rest of the group.

Blaine found a seat at the front row and took off his blazer. He felt a little lighter and watched as they resumed their dance routine.

It was very hard not to stare at Kurt. Blaine couldn't stop his eyes from constantly wandering to the far right corner where Kurt was positioned. Somehow Kurt made the steps the others were doing clumsily look elegant and close to graceful. That was definitely not what he had expected to see from Kurt in dancing class.

He moved expertly around between the other group members and let the tip of his tongue peek out between his lips as he concentrated on perfecting his moves and focused on what Mike was telling them between the orders from the blonde.

The rehearsal was much quicker over than Blaine had expected. He was only there for an hour and a half before the teacher declared class dismissed and everyone ran off eager to get out of their costume and make-up. Before Kurt disappeared out in the dark of the stage corner he sent Blaine a wink, making Blaine's insides twist.

He got to his feet and grabbed his blazer when he received a text from Kurt telling him to come to the choir room because everyone was there, so he started to climb the stairs and headed down the halls.

"Hey sexy. Are you gonna tell me what happened?" Kurt asked and let his hand slide under Blaine's blazer and around to his back. The second he had seen Blaine enter the choir room he had been in front of him and grabbing his hand.

The room seemed small and crowded since rows of costumes on hangers were in the middle of the room and everyone was running around and changing clothes.

Blaine sighed and let his forehead drop to Kurt's shoulder. He explained his day to Kurt in short terms, determined not to let his emotions and hopelessness take over as he was in the middle of a room filled with strangers.

"I'm sorry, babe. Fuck them all. They don't deserve you," Kurt crooned and nipped lightly on his earlobe.

"I don't care. It just feels like hell," Blaine groaned and tugged Kurt closer, not even caring that people were staring at them. Right now he just needed his boyfriend to hold his arms around him and make the pain go away.

"I know. At least there's not long until school is over," Kurt smiled and leaned in to catch his ear.

"If you want I will kidnap you and we can run away together and never come back," Kurt whispered in his ear and chills shot down Blaine's spine. His fingers dug into Kurt's back and he couldn't really decide whether it was fire or ice rumbling around in his belly from the words vibrating through his body.

"I'm only a junior, you know that -" Blaine forced himself to say, because he wasn't really sure if Kurt actually meant it. They only touched the subject of future briefly some time ago, but he never found out what Kurt's actual plans were and he wouldn't put it past him to actually be serious about his idea.

"Doesn't matter if it's a kidnapping. We can do it tonight. Pack our bags and I'll pick you up when everyone's asleep. We'll never have to look back to this hell-hole anymore. All we will have will be each other and the world at our feet," Kurt cooed and nudged his nose against Blaine's neck.

His breath was warm, his voice was low and serious. It was like something had changed in him and Blaine couldn't tell what it was, but he was scared to move, because this was nothing like what they had ever said to each other – they had said "I love you" and they had said that they wanted to be together forever, but this was real and serious.

"Kurt..." Blaine started to say apologetically, because he didn't want to simply ignore it like it was a joke, yet he had no idea what to say or do about this sudden change. His heart was fluttering and he felt close to tears to know that Kurt would really do this for him, *with* him.

"I love you, Blaine -" Kurt said softly and kissed the corner of his mouth. He let his hands slide from Blaine's waist and over his forearms to squeeze around his hands before he turned on his heel and went back to changing into his own clothes.

"What was that about?" Tina asked as she came over to him.

She was back in her own dress and boots, her hair back to its usual flat and loose perfection. She still had a little silver glitter on her cheek and she was holding her fake eyelashes between her fingers.

"I – am not really sure," was all Blaine could say.

Tina stared at him for a few moments, but after accepting that Blaine either wasn't ready to tell or that it wasn't any of her business she asked if they should go to her house. He happily agreed, thinking that he needed some change of air and setting since lately all he had since was home, Kurt's house, school and the tire shop.

He went over to tell Kurt that he was leaving with Tina and Kurt promised to call him later. For some reason there was a sadness to Kurt's eyes when he hugged Blaine and whispered that the Dalton guys were a bunch of idiots and promised him that everything would be okay. He kissed Blaine deeply and squeezed his hand gently before letting him go.

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His afternoon with Tina was nice. He had missed being with her a lot, and he felt guilty that he had been neglecting their friendship after he started dating Kurt. One of the good things about Tina was how understanding she always was, and she assured him that there were no hard feelings.

The next few days of school continued the same way. Blaine didn't talk to anyone, and since Nick hadn't gotten anything from approaching him by his car it seemed like he wasn't planning on giving it another go.

No, everyone left Blaine alone, and Blaine stuck to himself. He did his best to focus in class and smiled whenever an encouraging and cute text from Kurt ticked in on his phone. He sat by himself at lunch and skipped every Warbler practice there was.

When he got off school he either went to the gym and to Kurt's house after, or directly to Kurt's house. At Kurt's place he curled up in his arms and sniffed in the scent that was always so calming to him, but these days all it did was make him cry.

To his relief Kurt didn't have any mocking words, or arrogant remarks on what assholes he went to school with. All he did was stroke Blaine's hair and hold him close. Kurt whispered soothing *"it's okay"* and *"I love you, baby"* and *"fuck them all"* in his ear while rocking him back and forth and taking it all.

Not once did Kurt try to grope him or implied any kind of sexual activity, which was a rare thing for Kurt to do. Blaine nearly felt guilty for being so surprised at how supportive Kurt was, and how he was willing to put all aside to comfort him. He appreciated how Kurt kept reminding him that he actually had to eat, since he had lost his appetite completely and didn't have any energy for anything, so he ended up crying himself to sleep against Kurt's chest in the middle of the afternoon.

When Friday came Blaine was feeling terrible. He couldn't be with Kurt because it was the weekly Hummel-Hudson family dinner and Kurt's dad had requested it to be just the family since Blaine and Rachel had started joining them more and more often. So he had to stay home and watched TV with his mom on the couch. His dad was in his office doing some work and Blaine decided that for tonight he wasn't too old to snuggle close to his mom while watching some ridiculous game show he couldn't care less about.

"Blaine. I think your phone is ringing," his mom said and trailed her fingers down his arm.

His first hunch is to ignore it, but instinct kicks in and he tells himself that it could be Kurt or Tina – sometimes he wonders if Kurt would call him if something happened to his dad again, and he would definitely want to be there if Kurt needed him.

To his surprise it was neither Tina or Kurt – the display said Trent. Blaine got to his feet and left the living room. He didn't have any intentions on taking a fight with Trent in front of his mom, so he walked to the kitchen with a hope that the call would be over soon.

"Blaine – I think you need to come. Suddenly Kurt was here, and it really doesn't look good," Trent said the second he picked up.

Oh god, that sounded like trouble. Suddenly his Friday evening didn't seem so lazy and boring after all.

"Where? What – no, just tell me where and I'll come," Blaine hurried to say and was already on his way towards his room to pick up his keys.

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Blaine had always thought Dalton looked creepy during evenings. It was only around 9 and it wasn't even dark yet, but with the gray sky and black windows, except for in the hall it looked intimidating and reminded Blaine of something he had seen in horormovies countless times.

He opened the head door and started his way down the deserted hallway. He knew the way with his eyes closed, and with the way the paintings of the old principals of the school looked in the dimmed lighting he nearly found it appealing to actually take the trip with closed eyes.

"You are such hypocrites – all of you are a bunch of fucking bitches. You have no idea what the hell you are doing!" Blaine heard Kurt's voice as the first when he reached the already open door to the Warblers' practice room.

All of The Warblers were gathered. Every first Friday of the month The Warblers took an evening of pizza and practice where they would discuss set lists for competitions and choreography – even though it mostly seemed like an excuse to let a little loose and not take practice too serious. Blaine had completely forgot that it was this Friday, but even more was he surprised that Kurt even remembered.

"You can't come in here and teach us how to treat our members, *sir* -" the Leader of The Council said sternly from behind his desk, emphasizing greatly how much he was only addressing Kurt as '*sir*' because it was the custom of The Warbler traditions. The other Council members were staring at Kurt like he had marched in there and declared that he was wrapped in dynamite.

Blaine stepped into the room and heard the other Warblers whisper together or tell Kurt to get out or watched them watch the scenery in shock.

"I don't give a fuck about your stupid rules. You are so damn uptight, and you are so absorbed in being so tamely political correct that you don't recognize how much damage you're doing," Kurt growled back, his arms flaunting in the air around his head the way he always did when he was frustrated and ready to punch someone.

"Mr. Hummel, I think it is time for you to leave – what goes on in The Warblers is a private matter and you have to be a student at the Dalton Academy to be granted access to our practice sessions," one of the other Council members said and left his seat. He started walking around the desk and to the middle of the room where he was suddenly standing menacingly face-to-face with Kurt.

"I'm not going anywhere until you morons tell me that you are going to make this right. Blaine is heartbroken because of the way you jackasses have been treating him, and I've told him that he doesn't deserve you – but he is crushed, and I honestly don't care what piss you are talking about me, but I will not let any of you hurt him, so get a grip of yourself and grow some balls!" Kurt said through gritted teeth with his arms crossed over his chest, his eyes not leaving the Council member in front of him.

It didn't seem that anyone had even noticed that Blaine was there, so he figured he'd better making his appearance known. He started to slowly walk towards the middle, not wanting to stir up the tension even more than it already was.

"What is going on here?" He asked and took a look around the people filling up the room.

Kurt turned around as Blaine got closer. His features softened a little, but he quickly turned back to his opponent and let his face go hard again. All eyes were on the three guys in the middle of the room, and slowly the other boys got to their feet around them.

The room was thick with tension and anger oozing from everyone. He had no idea who was on which side of the argument, but all he cared about was the next step and he figured that the only way he could take control of what was going to happen was if he was the one to do something.

"Are you guys seriously fighting over me? That has got to be a new low. Apparently I need to clear out some things here. First of all: if you think that this is the way to take care of your members then I don't even wanna be a Warbler – you have no idea how screwed up I have been over you. Second of all: Kurt, what do you think you're doing? You can't just go to my school and yell at my friends like that," Blaine burst out.

He was so angry, and sad, that his boyfriend and his supposed-to-be friends were arguing that way because of him. His head felt like he was going to explode and he was surprised he hadn't screamed at them. This had to be everyone's worst nightmare scenario.

"I'm sorry, babe. I just couldn't sit back and watch what it was doing to you," Kurt said apologetically, and Blaine knew that he meant it. He could see it in his eyes and hear it in his voice. Regardless of how angry he was at the moment his face and eyes were still filled with affection when he looked at Blaine.

No one said anything. It was like the world had been paused around him. He had expected someone to come with a behaved remark about their view on the matters of the current situation, but it felt like everyone were holding their breath.

"He's the jerk who came and screwed up everything. If you hadn't started seeing him everything would have been fine. He probably blackmailed you into losing regionals telling you that he wouldn't fuck you if you won, even though we all know he's a slut who's screwing the entire clientele of Scandals on the side," some guy from the side declared and got to his feet.

He was new. He had only transferred to Dalton a few months ago and didn't say much. He had a good voice but was placed in the back of the group during performances because he was taller than Blaine, and since Blaine was lead he couldn't have someone towering over him.

"Shut the fuck up!" Blaine roared.

His brain snapped out. Before he knew it he was at the guy, pushing him forcefully against the sofa he had been sitting in only moments ago. The guy nearly fell backwards with horror spreading over his face.

Sometimes Blaine forgot his own strength. He was so used to being the little guy who wasn't counted for much, but when he was in boxing training he could feel that his punch was one he was happy that he was never going to be at the other end of.

He was shocked at himself and he could feel everyone's eyes trained on him. Kurt's eyes were burning into his back, but he was so angry that he didn't care. He couldn't just let people talk about Kurt that way.

"Blaine -" he heard Kurt saying softly and felt his fingers on his arm from behind him.

Before he could get a chance to react the new guy was on his feet. The shock had left his face and had transformed into anger. He was coming right at Blaine and Blaine's instincts prepared himself for fight when the guy pulled his arm backwards, his hand balled to a fist and Blaine knew that the punch was coming.

Out of nowhere Kurt was in front of him and he watched as his head was twisted in a weird angle while he was forced backwards, nearly falling into Blaine. He knew that logically he should have heard it all happen, but all he could he was a whoosh like in a movie and his own breath caught in his throat.

He wanted to stop it, but he was frozen in his spot as he watched Kurt straighten up and lunge a punch at his attacker. He hit the guy straight at the jaw, who responded with a punch to Kurt's mouth.

It only took Blaine a few seconds from he saw the blood starting to drip from Kurt's upper lip till he was back to consciousness and grabbed Kurt's arm to stop him, but Kurt already had his fist to the Warbler's face.

Right as the Warbler grabbed around Kurt to get him to the ground Blaine scooped in between them, forcing the guy away from his boyfriend so he could get Kurt away. Blaine could feel his asthma was starting to go crazy from the adrenaline, but all that mattered was that he needed to stop the fight.

"Kurt! Stop, okay – stop!" Blaine demanded, not caring about the uproar around them.

Blood was running from Kurt's lip and his jaw was red from the punch. Blaine grabbed his wrist and led him to the hall. His throat felt like it was tying up and his lungs were working overload but he continued to get Kurt out to sit on one of the extravagant couches in the hallway.

"What the hell were you thinking?" Blaine heaved out, strangling to keep his head cold and his breathing normal, but he knew that it was a lost battle so he dropped to his knees in front of Kurt and pulled out his inhalator.

He sucked the medicine furiously in, but couldn't feel the effect. His hands started trembling as he kept pushing the button, but it didn't have any effect. He kept heaving for breath and dark spots started dancing in front of his eyes in perfect rhythm of tears of panic running down his face.

"Baby, baby – relax. You need to relax!" Kurt exclaimed frustrated and was on his knees with his arms around Blaine. His voice was rusty and weak, but his arms were strongly locked around Blaine's shoulders.

His arms were stroking consoling up and down Blaine's back as he came with half-shrunken sounds of comfort. Blaine could feel his heart slow down and his lungs following its lead. Blaine could feel the blood from Kurt's lip warm on his neck where he was pressing his face against Kurt's shoulder.

"Try again, baby. Don't stop, you need your medicine, sweetheart," Kurt kept going, encouraging him to keep conscious and keep sucking on his inhalator. He wasn't sure he could keep it up anymore, but Kurt moved back to cup his face gently.

Kurt's hair was muffled around and his face was a mess of blood and bruises. However, his eyes were firm and affectionate as they were staring directly into Blaine's following his as they were rolling around his skull.

"Blaine. You need to stay with me, alright – you need to calm down and breathe. I'm not gonna let you drop on me. Now kick some ass on that inhalator, baby, and show me that you aren't gonna give up so easily," Kurt said, his voice back to something much more like himself, and that was all Blaine needed.

He closed his eyes and put the inhalator back to his lips. He drew in a long breath and felt the medicine run through his throat and to his lungs, opening up and letting oxygen find its way to his body.

"That was so good, honey. So good. Are you feeling any better now?" Kurt asked and brushed a thumb over his cheekbone, drying a tear away.

His upper lip had swelled up so much that he nearly couldn't talk anymore, but Blaine could feel that Kurt wasn't going to let something as insignificant stop him from keeping Blaine calm.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Blaine cried.

His voice was broken and his head felt like it was going to explode. It wasn't until then he realized that all of The Warblers had followed them to the hall and were now watching them as they were sitting on the floor. He turned around to face them, seeing The Council with crossed arms in front of the sea of blue blazers.

"Anderson, he can't stay here. He has to get out," the Leader said.

"He came in here un-invited, from a competing glee club, and tried teaching us about how to run our glee club – only to start a fight on school property..."

"IT WASN'T HIM!" Blaine yelled at them and fought himself to his feet, helped by Kurt who followed him up.

"Blaine, you need to calm down or I'll have to take you to the hospital," Kurt said calmly, his arm still around him to make sure he didn't suddenly fall down again.

"He didn't do anything. He came here for me, and it wasn't even him who started that fight!" Blaine persisted.

"It's true, though. Kurt didn't do anything but talk to us," someone suddenly said from the mid of the group.

Trent came to the front and took turned around to stare at people. When no one said anything he crossed the distance and came over to Blaine.

"Yeah. I – I mean, Blaine's been right all along, we don't even know Kurt. And Kurt didn't do anything wrong," Jeff suddenly said and followed Trent to Blaine's side.

"I'm sorry, man. Both of you. I've been a jerk. I really just was worried about you," Trent said apologetically and looked at both of them.

"Blaine, I think we need to get you outside, babe -" Kurt said and brushed up and down his shoulder a few times.

The rest of The Warblers were all watching them, but in this moment Blaine was only focusing on his breathing and the fact that he needed fresh air. He awkwardly started walking towards the exit with Kurt supporting him just as much as he was supporting himself against Blaine.

After a moment he could hear Trent and Jeff follow them outside. Kurt rummaged around in Blaine's pocket and found out his keys so he could unlock the car. He helped Blaine to sit down in the passenger seat so he could rest his head against the seat.

Kurt crouched in front of him, trying to catch his eyes. Blaine felt so guilty when he looked at Kurt's abused face. The blood had stopped but the bruises were much more distinct now, and his lip was so swollen he barely could talk.

"Blaine, I am so sorry! We should have just talked to you instead," Jeff said as he and Trent appeared, this time followed by Nick who looked like he was in tremendous pain.

"It's cool, guys. I haven't exactly been easy to deal with myself," Blaine said and suddenly he felt like all power had been drained from his body. He was ready to fall down and sleep right there in the backseat of his car in the middle of the school parking lot.

"Don't you think I should drive you home tonight, honey?" Kurt asked and put a gentle hand on Blaine's knee.

"I think I should get you to the emergency room," Blaine said and let his index finger ghost down Kurt's bruised face.

"No. I'm taking you home. Or you can come to my house tonight. Either way we're going now. You're exhausted and I'm not letting you drive – and I'm not leaving you alone. I don't wanna hear that you crashed because had an asthma attack halfway to Lima," Kurt said firmly and rustled with the keys in his hand.

"I'm guessing you are convinced now. What friends he has that it takes a fucking fist-fight for you to make up with him," Kurt snapped at the guys behind him as he turned around.

"We honestly feel really terrible about all of this. All we saw was Blaine lacking in school and it made us nervous. We just wanted to help," Nick tried to explain.

"And look how well that went," Kurt said and started walking around the car.

"Kurt, please. I can't do this anymore. You aren't exactly showing them your best side right now," Blaine complained and sighed heavily. Right now he didn't care where he was going, all he wanted and needed was a bed.

"It's cool, guys. He's just upset right now," Blaine assured them and tried smiling, but knew that he failed gravely.

"Alright. I'm sorry. But if you ever pull any of that shit again I am not letting him stop me. I'm gonna beat up every single one of your sorry asses!" Kurt said with a pointy finger in their direction before he got into the driver's seat.

"Can we like – talk later? Tomorrow, or after the weekend or something?" Blaine asked tired.

"Sure. It's cool. We'll figure something out," Jeff hurried to say, the others nodding in agreement.

They all looked pretty shaken by the experience, and Blaine hoped that they were. He really hoped that they weren't just indulging him because one of them had just beat up his boyfriend that they all had hated for god-knows-how-long.

"And guys – thank you," Blaine said, and this time he forced a smile.

They said goodbye and Blaine closed his door. They drove down the road in silence, the sky now completely dark over them. They didn't even turn on the radio, but every now and then Kurt would let his hand down to squeeze around Blaine's thigh or his hand, but he kept his eyes locked on the road.

Kurt parked the car in the Anderson driveway on Blaine's usual spot. He got out of the car and Blaine followed. Kurt went directly around the car to put his arms around Blaine, hugging him close with his nose buried in his hair.

"I love you so much," Kurt sniffed with a weak voice, and for a moment Blaine thought he was crying.

"I love you too. I will never let anyone touch you again," Blaine said and clenched his arms around his boyfriend.

Kurt pressed a kiss to his cheek and released his arms. It wasn't until he started walking down the driveway, towards the road, Blaine found that something odd was going.

"Kurt – where are you going? Aren't you coming inside with me?" He felt like his world was falling apart. It was stupid to feel like that over something so small and ridiculous, but he had been so sure that Kurt was coming to sleep with him that he hadn't even asked, and now that he was walking away it Blaine felt like had taken a hit to the ribs.

"I didn't think you wanted me there. I thought you wanted to be alone now – after all the shit I caused you. Again," Kurt said confused, and Blaine wished that he could see his eyes.

He walked down the asphalt to grab Kurt's hand. He put it to his mouth and kissed it before he let his eyes find Kurt's.

"You didn't cause any shit for me. You were my knight in shining armor today. You took a fucking punch for me. That was so... romantic. Stupid, but romantic. Now you're gonna come inside, and we're gonna wash your face, and you're sleeping in my bed tonight, so I can hold around you and kiss you whenever I want to."

Kurt's face lit up. He tried to smile, but it obviously hurt his lip too much. But it didn't matter, because Blaine knew that he wanted to and his eyes were lit up by that flame that Blaine knew was love because it was the same that occupied his eyes whenever he told him that he loved him or when they were cuddling on the bed or when he saw Blaine when he hadn't expected to – or when they had sex or just had sex and he couldn't stop telling Blaine that he loved him. Because Blaine knew that he did.

There was nothing more to discuss and they walked hand-in-hand to the door. They quietly got inside and Blaine locked the door after them. They soundlessly walked down the hall and when they reached the door to the living room Blaine saw that only his mom was in there, so he figured it wouldn't hurt to go in to say goodnight.

"Hey mom. Kurt is gonna stay here tonight, is that okay?" Blaine asked but his mom wasn't even looking at him. When she heard them come in all she was Kurt, with big eyes and horror painted over her face.

"What did you two do? Are you okay, sweetie?" She blurted out and rushed across the room to cup her hands around Kurt's face.

"I'm fine, Susan. Thank you," Kurt tried saying, but it mostly came out as sounds. At least his voice was back to normal, only thing in the way was his lip.

"You are not okay. I have eyes in my head, Kurt. Come here."

Blaine watched as his mom grabbed his boyfriend's hand and lead him towards the kitchen. He followed them and saw as she grabbed a bag of ice and made Kurt put it on his lip. Blaine felt stupid that he hadn't thought to do that as the first thing when they entered the house, but in some way he was happy that his mom would do that for Kurt.

She took off her reading glasses and put on the counter before she gestured for both of them to sit down at the table. Once they were seated she sat down as well and Blaine could feel where this was going.

"Are you going to give me an explanation to why your boyfriend looks like he pissed of one of The Sopranos?" She asked with pursed lips.

Her eyes darted between them and ended back on Blaine. He knew that he wasn't getting out of this one, and suddenly he felt like he was 7 years old and had thrown Cooper's shoes in the hotel pool again.

"I honestly think I would be a lot more dead if I pissed of one of The Sopranos," Kurt said with a raised eyebrow, and Blaine was close to chuckling when he remembered his mom's face and he fell back to why there were even there.

"Well, it's kind of a long story..." Blaine started out with.

And then they spent an hour trying to explain his mom what had happened, all the way from the Warbler-vention to they had left the parking lot. Naturally they left out all delicate details – like Blaine ditching to be with Kurt, and Jeff seeing them in front of the free clinic – but mostly all their sex.

When they were finished her eyes with two fingers before she sighed and stared back at them.

"If I told you I wasn't disappointed that you didn't tell me I would be lying – and honestly, Blaine that is not why I pay for your gym-memberships. I don't want another call to hear that you are in the hospital after being beaten up. Those boxing lessons are for you to defend yourself – but I'm honestly happy that you both got out without it being even worse. You got off real easy with that one. We can talk about it in

the morning. Now Blaine, you make sure he gets that washed properly, an infection in the lip is a nasty thing. Goodnight, boys."

Blaine's mom got to her feet and kissed Blaine's cheek – and to both of their surprised she put a kiss to Kurt's hair before she left them alone in the kitchen.

Kurt let his hand with the ice bag drop and looked at Blaine. He looked worn out to a point where Blaine wondered if he would even be able to walk up the stairs himself. He still felt guilty, but he wasn't going to say anything, because he knew that Kurt would hear none of it so he stood up and got rid of the ice bag.

They went upstairs and Blaine led Kurt to the bathroom where he made him sit on the toilet. He started washing Kurt's lip with a washcloth, and even though he didn't move a muscle or complained Blaine could see in his eyes that he was holding it in.

"As good as new. Almost," Blaine smiled and kissed Kurt's forehead.

They brushed their teeth and went to Blaine's room where they stripped off their clothes so they both were completely naked and crawled directly into bed. They folded their arms around each other and made sure to lie as close as possible.

"I love you. I mean it when I saw that I wanna be with you forever," Kurt said silently. The words were clumsy and thick from his lip. It wasn't as swollen anymore, but he still had trouble speaking.

"Me too."

Silence filled the room again. They kept their eyes locked through the dark and listened to each other's breathing, feeling their naked bodies pressed together. It was nice and liberating to be free off clothes without it having to do anything with sex. Blaine was happy that Kurt had evolved enough to see that they didn't need to fuck to be close.

"One day I'm gonna marry you," Blaine whispered and immediately wished that he could take it back, because no matter how far they had got that was definitely something Kurt could never accept hearing.

"I don't believe in marriage," Kurt responded without moving a muscle.

"But you believe in love," Blaine objected.

"I believe in you and me."

"To me that's the same thing. I love you and I wanna be with you forever. I wanna show the world that I don't belong to anyone but you," Blaine said, refusing to back down.

"And you have to put a ring on our fingers to show that? Can't we just get each other's name tattooed?" Kurt asked, but Blaine could hear his voice shaking.

"I wanna buy you a ring, and I will proudly wear a ring with your name in," Blaine said, knowing that it was the truth, and he would fight for it till the day he died.

"I know of another sort of ring I would put on you," Kurt grinned and pressed his naked cock against Blaine's.

"Come on. I'm serious. I've never wanted to get married, but I've always found the thought beautiful – I just didn't think I would ever find someone I loved enough to marry. I wanna marry you, because I love you that much," Blaine sighed and clenched his hand around Kurt's between their chests.

"I'm no husband material, gorgeous – let's just sleep now," Kurt declared through a yawn and released Blaine's hand so he could run his arm around his back to press Blaine a little closer.

Blaine kissed his nose and told him goodnight, figuring there was no use in keeping up the discussion, and he honestly was tired.

This is not the end of this, he thought and folded his own arm around Kurt's waist before he fell asleep.

xXx

When Blaine woke up Kurt was holding around him from behind. He woke up from the feeling of Kurt's hand running from his hip, over his stomach and up his chest. He was pressing kisses to his neck, and when he grabbed around Blaine's nipple to twist it between his thumb and index finger he didn't doubt that Kurt was awake as well.

"Morning, you -" Blaine gasped as Kurt pinched his nipple a little harder before running his hand up his chest and to his throat where he caressed his collarbones gently.

"Morning, sexy – I just couldn't help myself. You feel so fucking good," Kurt moaned against Blaine's neck as he started kissing over his shoulder.

Kurt rolled his hips a little and Blaine felt what he meant. Kurt's dick was hard and pressed between Blaine's legs, wetting his sac with pre-come and already close enough to make his head spin.

"You just pressed your ass against my cock, and I just love your delicious ass. You just make me so hard, Blaine -" Kurt moaned into his ear, and Blaine smiled from the breathy sound. He squeezed his thighs a little tighter and moaned from the feeling of Kurt being locked between his legs.

His own erection was screaming for attention and he needed something to happen soon. He had never woken up so horny in his life, and he had no idea if it was from the adrenaline or the affection Kurt had shown him the night before; all he knew was that either he needed Kurt to fuck him or needed to fuck Kurt.

Suddenly Kurt was on his elbow behind Blaine, biting his earlobe before Blaine twisted his head to catch Kurt's mouth. His lip wasn't as swollen as the night before, but it felt a little different. He still smelled and tasted like Kurt, and his tongue was still the same – and when Kurt slid his hand down to grasp Blaine's cock everything else was forgotten.

"God, Kurt – fuck yeah," Blaine groaned into his mouth as Kurt started to swipe around him. He bucked his hips down, doing his best for Kurt to get something out of it as well, but Kurt only paid attention to Blaine.

"I wanna fuck you from behind. Like you did with me. God, I've never felt better than when you fucked me. Your dick in my ass felt so good, so full and thick -" Kurt moaned and slipped his thumb through the pre-come at his slit.

"Kurt – dammit. Fuck me, please," Blaine begged, not caring how much he was whimpering. He needed to be filled by Kurt now or he would explode.

"As you wish, baby. So beautiful and begging," Kurt teased and thrust his fist a little faster and tighter around Blaine's dick before he let his hand up to slick his entire palm in Blaine's pre-come.

Blaine felt him pull away behind him and he just knew that Kurt was slicking his shaft up with Blaine's pre-come which only made it even harder for Blaine to not let his hand rush to his dick.

"This is gonna hurt. I can get lube if you want me to," Kurt whispered sweetly, his wrist resting against Blaine's ass, hand surely still around his cock.

"If it hurts fuck me through," Blaine encouraged with a smirk, and he knew Kurt well enough to know that he wouldn't be able to resist an invitation like that.

Blaine let his hand down to grab around his ass so he could open himself for Kurt. He quickly felt Kurt's head pressed against his hole, and it didn't take more than a few seconds before everything was red hot and Kurt's head was forcing itself into his hole.

"Shhh... it's so good, Blaine. You can't be too loud. Just take my cock, honey -" Kurt whispered with sweet kisses to his ear, and Blaine wasn't sure whether his ass, his heart or his head would be the first to rip open.

"I love you so much," Kurt whispered as he continued to push, surely doing his best to distract Blaine from the first pain.

Blaine turned his head and caught his mouth to an awkward angled kiss, but he didn't care that his neck hurt because right now this was what he needed.

Suddenly everything went very fast. They didn't have time to react and yet it was like the world was moving in slow motion.

"Blaine, are you coming to -"

They froze. His dad was in the room. His fucking dad had walked in on them. Kurt's dick was halfway buried in Blaine's asshole, and Blaine's dad was there, frozen in the middle of a sentence that probably was meant for him to ask Blaine if he was coming for breakfast, or if he was going to a game with him, or if he was going with them when they were supposed to visit Cooper – but Blaine never found out what the question was because all they heard was the door slamming behind them.

"Fuck! Oh my god – oh my god, no!" Blaine screamed and hid his face in the pillow under his head, his hand rushing from his ass to his cover his face.

For a moment Kurt was paralyzed. He held so still Blaine wondered if he was planning to simply continue where they were interrupted, but then Kurt's hand was running down his thigh, back up and closed on his hipbone. He started to whimpering pull himself out of Blaine, the pain crazy but Blaine didn't move.

"Are you okay? Blaine, talk to me, darling -" Kurt said softly as he ran his hand up Blaine's arm to remove his hand from his face.

"Oh god. Oh god, this can't be happening -" was all Blaine could say. The words were stumbling around in his mind, and he wished that he could turn around to face Kurt but he couldn't move.

"Honey, take it easy – it doesn't necessarily have to be bad. It's awkward, and never fun when your parents walk in on you having sex, but it doesn't have to be the end of the world," Kurt tried, but Blaine could hear in his voice that he didn't believe it himself.

It was no secret why Blaine's dad didn't know about Blaine having a boyfriend. Kurt was well aware that Blaine's dad wasn't a fan of his sexuality, and for him to see him pinned to the bed with another guy's penis inside his body could not exactly strengthen his view on the issue.

"He's gonna kill me. Even worse; he's gonna kill you. Shit!"

Kurt took a firm grip around his shoulder and forced him to turn around. To Blaine's relief he felt that Kurt was only semi-hard now, and it was nice to know that his stamina had some sort of sense of situation.

"Listen, I know he's not exactly supportive of you, but – your mom knows about us, and she likes me. I bet she'll do anything to make sure he doesn't freak out too badly. Let's just take it easy and not blow this out of proportions before we know what's gonna happen," Kurt said calmly and let his fingers run comforting up and down Blaine's naked thigh.

Who would have known that in a situation like this Kurt would be the one to take it easy and not just suggest for them to climb out of the window instead? Blaine was just about to reply when his phone was ringing on his nightstand.

It was his mom.

Chapter Twelve

"Baby. You've got to pick up. You need to hear what she has to say," Kurt said softly and closed his hand soothingly around Blaine's wrist.

"I can't. I just -" Blaine stammered out, unaware of what he was trying to say, or even why he was afraid to talk to his mom, but the ringing died out and his brain felt like it was going into cramp.

Suddenly Kurt was on his feet and threw Blaine's underwear at him before starting to drag on his own. He quickly crawled back into the bed and folded Blaine's hand around his underwear to convince him that he should get it on.

As Blaine was struggling to clumsily get his boxers back on Kurt was stroking his fingertips comforting up and down his arm and his back.

"Now we're gonna take it easy, and you're gonna call your mom back to hear what she wants. It doesn't have to be as bad as you fear," Kurt said softly and Blaine let Kurt's voice roll under his skin to ease his nerves and fill his brain.

He didn't get any further though because there was a quiet knock and the door was opened a crack.

"Are you decent?" His mom asked and Blaine hid his face under the covers.

"Yes, Susan. We are," Kurt assured her, and Blaine could hear the door be closed and his mom's footsteps over the floor. He felt the bed dive a little as she sat down and he wondered how long it would take for him to die if he stayed under the sheets.

A hand carefully grabbed around the covers and pulled them away from Blaine's face. He could smell that it was Kurt and the embarrassment washed even harder in over him.

"Blaine. This isn't good. You can't hide here. Your father is bending over backwards downstairs. I suggest you get dressed and Kurt, you better get out of here, and then you and I, Blaine, will go see your father and try getting the situation under control before it goes completely over the edge," his mom said.

She wasn't angry or disappointed. All she wanted to do was help. Blaine wasn't sure whether he appreciated it or wanted to run away and never come back. Suddenly Kurt's idea of kidnapping him didn't seem so scary and stupid anymore.

"And seriously – I know times have changed and everything, but you could at least have waited until you were alone in the house. Now I've had to listen to a very vivid description of the image of your ass and... how close it was to my son's. That's not what a mom wants to hear," she said with a screwed up expression.

Thanks mom. Just what I need right now. Salt to the wound is always great, Blaine thought in shame with his face flaming.

"But really, all I am saying is... I didn't expect you to not have sex. It's only natural that you want each other. You just need to get a little hold of your timing. And I know that you aren't exactly going to get pregnant, but for gods sake, use protection, boys. You never know what other people have dragged with them," she said and everything inside of Blaine curled up.

If I throw up now maybe she'll shut up.

"We were tested. And Blaine never was with anyone but me. We're both clean, so..." Kurt said and Blaine wanted to clasp a hand over his mouth, or pinch him – or knock him out.

Why would he say something like that? That was a little too much information for a conversation that should never have happened in the first place.

"Good. Then – hump all you want, guys. Just make sure you're alone or everyone else is asleep. As much as I like you, Kurt, I am not prepared to see you naked – doing things to my son. Or my son doing things to you – or however you have this arranged," she said and shivered a little.

"Mom, really?! Oh god," Blaine whined and hid his face in his hands. He could not believe this was happening to him, and even less could he believe that Kurt was casually playing along like it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Anyway, get dressed so we can get this over with. The sooner the better before the storm turns into a hurricane," she said and got to her feet.

She walked across the room to the door and opened to leave, but right before she did she turned around.

"I hope you at least have good sex. I mean, you must since you're so eager to do it, but..."

"Our sex is amazing, thank you very much," Kurt grinned and Blaine hurried to turn his back on them, not willing to be present anymore than necessary.

"Mom, leave now would you!" Blaine groaned and sunk into the pillow, hoping he could maybe suffocate himself in the sheets.

"Come on, baby. That wasn't so bad," Kurt cooed and slid further down the bed to hold around Blaine and kiss his shoulder as soon as the door clicked behind them.

"We can never have sex again," he said, completely catatonic.

"What?"

"Kurt, you just told my mom everything," Blaine winced, scared that the words even knew how to come from his mouth. His face was on fire and he suddenly felt like the most non-sexual human being on the planet.

"I didn't tell her everything. I was just telling her the truth in an attempt to ease her mind so you wouldn't have to sit alone with her questions later. I just wanted to avoid her being nervous about you getting sick..." Kurt sighed and to Blaine's horror he actually felt like he had a point.

"...or that you don't know how to work a cock," Kurt laughed and kissed Blaine's cheek.

"Kurt, please – are you planning on giving your family the video or what?" Blaine burst out, dissatisfied.

"Since your dad caught the live show it would only be fair," he chuckled and Blaine's face pained from the expression it made by the mention of his dad and what he had seen.

"I'm really sorry, baby. I never, ever wanted to make you uncomfortable – but I just thought that since your mom is being so cool about it and since she wants to help us, the least we can do is be honest with her. And now I just want you to ease up a little so you won't go down there and be all tensed," Kurt sighed and looked sincerely sorry.

Blaine only saw one thing left to do, so he started to pull on his sweatpants and hoodie from the night before, and he could sense that Kurt was following his lead behind his back. His face was still filled with bruises in black and purple shades, but at least his lip didn't look as horrifying anymore.

"Now let's go down there and have me killed. You can just ghost out the door," Blaine said and headed for the door.

"You aren't gonna be killed. It's gonna be fine, trust me. I love you, Blaine -" Kurt assured him and dragged him close to a kiss.

His lip was still warm and swollen against Blaine's, but his kiss was just as safe and good as always despite how much it had to be hurting to move his lip like that.

"I love you too. Thank you. You're the best boyfriend in the world," Blaine smiled and pecked his nose before going for the doorknob.

"I doubt it. All this crap that happens is always my fault. Oh and just a question -"

"What?" Blaine asked confused, feeling like they had been over pretty much everything by now.

"Can I really make a video of us? Cause I'm sure it would help me through some long, lonely nights," Kurt grinned and let his hand grab Blaine's ass playfully.

"Kurt, timing!"

xXx

It was like a thick blanket was covering the house. It felt like in one of those movies Blaine had seen in school about people who lived in Europe during the world wars; it was the same tensed atmosphere that filled up the halls.

"Just... call me later. It'll be fine. I'm sure it will," Kurt said and squeezed his hand before he turned to walk towards the front door.

"You! I want you the hell out of my house now! And if I ever hear about you contacting my son again your ass is gonna be a lot more sore than after regular Saturday night!"

Blaine froze when he heard his dad's voice behind him and he felt all blood leave his face when he saw Kurt go pale from the sight of the man behind his boyfriend. He wanted to tell Kurt to just hurry out before it turned ugly but he knew that it would only make things worse.

"No. You can't tell Kurt to go anywhere. Do you seriously think I'm gonna stop seeing him just because you're a little pissed?" Blaine growled as he turned around to face his dad, unconsciously shielding the way between his dad and Kurt.

He took a step back and grabbed Kurt's hand without his eyes leaving his dad for a second. Without realizing it his mom had joined them in the hall as well.

"Calm down, John. Let's just go to the living room and talk about it without anyone yelling at anyone," she said calmly, eyeing out the situation as good as possible.

"Don't tell me to calm down. I walk into my son's room and find him with a dick up his ass. I want that punk out of here now so we can discuss what's gonna happen to Blaine in the future," his dad said through gritted teeth, eyes like coal.

"And what the hell is that supposed to mean? Kurt is a good kid, and he makes Blaine happy. That's good enough for me, and it should be good enough for you, too -" Blaine's mom said and Blaine could sense that she was reaching the point of having a fit – a point he had only seen her reach when they saw a lady at the supermarket hit her 4 year old daughter.

He strengthened his grip on Kurt's hand and took half a step back so he could feel Kurt against him. He wasn't planning on letting go and he wasn't planning on letting his dad scare Kurt away.

"A good kid? You're trying to tell me that you knew about this all along?" Blaine's dad spat out, his voice like acid and his eyes lightning

"Yes, I did. Blaine and Kurt have been together for some time now. We were going to tell you – we just wanted to avoid this tantrum," his mom said and crossed her arms over her chest, her lips pursed and her eyes threatening.

"Dad, please listen -" Blaine tried carefully but was cut off.

"You mean you've known all along that our son – who's only a kid – have been having sex in our house?" He thundered, Blaine imagining the force of his voice would make the windows stir.

"Yes, John. I have. And they are being safe – I took them to be tested myself. They are both responsible and mature, and Blaine will be an adult in a year. You can't close your eyes to his sexuality anymore," his mom said and walked over to stand by Blaine and Kurt.

"Dad. You've known that for a few years now, this is just who I am," Blaine tried and he felt Kurt caressing his hand down his back, the feeling comforting like a promise that no matter what he wouldn't be alone.

"He's just rebelling. It's just a phase, Susan -"

"No it isn't, John! Your son is gay, and he's happy and in love with this sweet boy who loves him back. You need to accept that," she interrupted him. She wrapped her arm around Blaine and it felt like she was putting her foot down – saying that no matter what she would support Blaine in his choice of being with Kurt.

"I need a drink. I think – we should send Blaine out to be with Cooper for some time. He can do his schoolwork online. It wouldn't be the first time Dalton lets kids do that," his dad said and took his glasses off so he could rub a hand down his face.

"What good would that do? To send him away would only make him miss Kurt. You can't change who he is, or who he loves," his mom said with hopelessness filling her voice.

"For now – I'm gonna take the boys out, and then you can have a little time to calm down," she suddenly declared and grabbed her purse off the secretary.

She turned to Blaine and Kurt to gesture for them to go for the door. She said a heavy goodbye to her husband and followed them down the driveway to her car.

"I'm gonna take you out for breakfast and then we're going to your house, Kurt. Am I making myself clear? I wanna talk to your parents about how they stand. We need to make some sort of sense of this mess," she said when they were sitting in the backseat and she eyed them out in the rearview mirror.

They nodded sheepishly and locked their fingers on the seat between them. No one said anything on the entire drive and when they reached the cafe she always took Blaine to they kept quiet. They stuck to ordering and kept shut while waiting for their orders.

"I've been thinking, and I think maybe it would be a good idea for you to go stay with Cooper for a little while. As long as your dad needs to come to terms with the reality around him," she sighed and Blaine knew her well enough to see that she definitely wasn't saying it because she wanted to.

"This is bullshit!" Kurt groaned and put his juice glass a little harder to the table than he should have, making all the cutlery clink around the table.

"I beg your pardon?" Blaine's mom said shocked.

"Kurt!" Blaine gasped out just as shocked as his mom, anxious that Kurt had chosen such a time to show his mom the guy with the bad boy he was whenever he wasn't around parents. The guy with the bad language and the tattoo, the guy with the cigarettes and motorcycle. He wasn't really supporting his own case.

"Blaine shouldn't have to leave. He should stay here where he belongs. You can't just ship him off somewhere because his old man hasn't updated to 2012 yet," Kurt nearly growled and Blaine could feel him tense in the chair next to him.

"Kurt, calm down. Listen to me – if Blaine goes out to stay with Cooper for a week or something I'll have time to ease Blaine's dad into the thought that he can't change this. He needs some time, and if Blaine is home it will only be like waving a red flag in front of him," Susan said patiently, and Blaine was grateful that she wasn't blowing up the way his dad always did when someone didn't agree with him.

"Mom, I can't just go away. What about Kurt?" Blaine murmured his hand seeking towards Kurt's on the table.

"Really, Blaine? I'm pretty sure he's old enough to take care of himself. It's only a week, it's not like I'm sending you to war," she said with a raised eyebrow.

It sounded stupid, he knew that. A week was nothing compared to people living so far from each other that they only saw each other once a month or even less. Or people actually going to war, having to leave

their spouse behind – but he and Kurt hadn't been without each other for more than a day, except for that one time when he thought they were over, and that was something he didn't want to repeat ever again.

"I know that this isn't the ideal way of solving it, but it sure won't solve anything if you stay home and he is constantly angered by... that little incident of yours," she said and took a sip of her coffee.

"Blaine can come stay at my place. I'm sure my dad wouldn't mind," Kurt rushed out, sending Blaine a glance that surely was meant to be hopeful, but it was obvious that he didn't believe it himself.

"No. First of all; I couldn't put that responsibility on your parents. Second of all; it will only make the situation worse when Blaine's finds out, and he will find out. I know it sucks, guys, but this is the reality of relationships – sometimes you have to be apart and do something you don't wanna do, but this is to save your butts," she told them and Blaine felt a knot in his throat.

"Thanks mom. And thank you for... lying for us back home. I never wanted you to lie to dad," Blaine said shyly, now being hit by how much his mom had put at stake to help him and Kurt be together.

"I know, but I know that the more support I show for you the easier it will be for him to get used to the thought that this is how it is. Are you ready to leave?"

xXx

It was weird to be at Kurt's house in his mom's car. Even more weird was it when she entered the house with them. Kurt led them down the hall to the kitchen where his dad, Carole and Finn were sitting by the table. It only took a few seconds before Rachel came tripping through the door.

"Dad, Carole – can I have a word?" Kurt asked with a nervous look around, and Blaine watched the confusion spread on the family's faces when they realized they had brought a woman with them.

"Kurt – what the hell happened to your face?" Burt exclaimed and looked horrified when he saw his son's appearance.

"I'll explain that later. It's nothing critical. Would you just come talk to us for a second?" Kurt hurried out.

Kurt's dad got to his feet and Carole was right behind him. They all went to the living room and Blaine stayed in the background shifting a little anxiously on his feet, but when Kurt grabbed his hand he was ready to run away. He had no idea what his mom wanted with Kurt's parents.

They all introduced themselves. When Susan mentioned that she was Blaine's mother it looked like a few puzzle pieces fell into place and it quickly seemed like they weren't sure whether they should be worried or relieved. Everyone went to sit down and Blaine was happy that he at least was allowed to sit next to Kurt.

"I'm guessing that you've known about the boys' relationship for quite a while now. And I want you to know that they have my full support. Kurt is a sweet and polite boy and I enjoy having him in our home – but since my husband only recently, under very unfortunate circumstances, found out about Blaine having a boyfriend, I supposed it was time for us to acknowledge each other's existence."

Blaine did his best to curl up against Kurt, his face hidden against Kurt's shoulder. Kurt put his arm around Blaine and he snuggled his nose into the crook of Kurt's neck.

And then they had to listen to their parents discuss the nature of their relationship. They talked about how long they had known about it, how long Burt had known about Kurt being gay in context to how long Blaine had been out. They talked over what they had talked to Kurt about sex and whether they knew about them being sexually active – all the things no one wants to witness their parents discuss about themselves.

"I'm pretty sure I'm gonna die now," Blaine mumbled against Kurt's shoulder and was determined to never look his, or Kurt's, parents in the eyes again.

"Get your ass together. We're gonna survive this," Kurt grunted into his hair and clenched a little tighter around his shoulder.

He could hear in his voice that Kurt was just as uneasy himself but was only trying to stay cool for Blaine's sake, which Blaine was happy about because he had no idea how he would even be conscious anymore if Kurt had been freaking just as much out as he was himself.

After what felt like hours suddenly Blaine's mom got to her feet next to them. Burt and Carole stood up themselves and Kurt gestured for Blaine that they should follow. Blaine had done his best to simply ignore

what was they were talking about, so now that they were suddenly getting up he had no idea what was going on around them.

They followed their parents to the front door and it wasn't until Blaine realized that Kurt was clinging to his hand like he was afraid they would drift apart permanently. He turned his head and saw Kurt looking pale and worried.

"Kurt, what's going on?" He asked confused, and was struck hard when he saw Kurt's eyes flickering around.

"Blaine, I think we should go home so I can call Cooper and you can pack your stuff. If it works for Coop we'll drive this afternoon. Thank you so much for being so understanding and open," Blaine's mom said and shook hands with Burt and Carole who returned her thanks.

"What? No, mom. I can't just go away like that. I can't... I – I have Kurt and school," Blaine said panicky and took a step backwards.

"Baby, it's okay. I have a plan," Kurt whispered just loud enough for Blaine to hear, but low enough for their parents to not. His eyes were starry and penetrating Blaine's soul with that sharp piercing that only Kurt's eyes could do it, and for a moment Blaine felt like his knees were about to give in.

As much as Blaine knew that this was for his own sake and to help him – to make sure that he and Kurt could be together. But what was Kurt going to do? There was nothing he could do when he was in Lima and Blaine was on his way to New York City.

"Can uhm – can Blaine and I have a moment alone? To, you know, say goodbye," Kurt asked, his eyes only flickering to their parents before they were back to Blaine.

Their parents agreed, and it was like they were just waiting for someone to break down. Kurt smiled comforting at Blaine and led him to the living room they had all just left. He carefully pushed the door closed just enough to be sure that no curious eyes or ears were over them before he turned to throw his arms around Blaine's neck.

"Listen – it will be okay. It's only a week, honey. And if you need anything, if there's anything at all you can just call me. I promise, *promise*, that for once I will keep my phone close, and I will make sure it doesn't

run out of battery. It's gonna be fine. Don't take it so heavy, babe -" Kurt crooned into his hear, his fingers caressing the tips of hair at the nape of his neck.

"No, Kurt – you don't understand. My dad could easily just arrange for me to move out to Cooper's, like, for good. He would do that, Kurt. He's my dad and... I love him, but he would do that, if he thought it would make me straight. He means well, he's just so old-fashioned and he doesn't get it," Blaine tried, slowly growing frustrated with how damn calm Kurt was being about this.

"Blaine! Would you shut the fuck up and get your head out of your ass for a moment?" Kurt snapped and backed away so he could cup around Blaine's face. His eyes very firm and steady, and for a moment Blaine wondered if he was simply going to dump to make everything much easier but quickly pushed the thought away because if there was one thing Kurt didn't do it was to bend down to make something easier – not if it was about them being together.

"Breathe, darling. Breathe – there you go. So your dad might be a jackass who won't let us be together, but you know what; I don't give a fuck. Let's just cooperate and be nice to not make the jerk even more pissed at us right now, but if there's any indication that he's just gonna send you away to never let you come back we'll figure something out. I promise," Kurt said firmly, close to cold.

"Okay. Okay -" Blaine nodded and tried collecting his thoughts.

"You are such a bitch. Did you seriously think I would just let someone take you away from me? I love you, stupid. You're mine – always," Kurt cooed warmly and placed a peck on his lips, his eyes back to soft and starry.

"I'm just scared and confused and this whole day suck. I'm sorry," Blaine said and pulled Kurt closer to press their lips together.

"Indeed it does. But Blaine, baby, just relax. Go have fun with your brother, and don't over-think it. Maybe your mom is right and it will all work out fine in a few days. And it's fucking 10 hours to drive to New York. Maybe he's already changed his mind when your mom comes back and you can just fly straight back home. But no matter what happens I promise that this won't mean anything for us. All this will be is a short vacation. You can go sightseeing or something and then you can tell me all about it over the phone when I call to say goodnight," Kurt grinned and brushed his fingers through Blaine's hair.

"I love you," Blaine smiled and wondered over how he occasionally noticed that Kurt was taller than him. It wasn't much in reality, but sometimes it made him feel so small, but at the same time safe in Kurt's arms, like this little bit of height made him much more able to protect him.

"I love you too. My knight in shining armor," Kurt smiled and kissed him again, but were interrupted by someone loudly clearing their throat behind them.

"Come on. It's time for us to leave before it gets too late," Blaine's mom said, standing in the door and rustling with her keys.

"I'll call you tonight. I promise. Text me all the way if you want," Kurt said and pressed a last peck to Blaine's lips before squeezing his hand so he could disappear out of the door behind his mom.

Chapter Thirteen

It wasn't because Blaine didn't like his brother, because he really did. He loved hanging out with him and he loved their time together when they geeked out over musicals or action movies or comic books – or anything else for that matter.

Still, Blaine hadn't left his room for two days. That was since his mom had driven him out to Cooper's place in New York and left him with the promise that everything would be okay, she just needed some time to work things out with his dad.

But nothing felt like it would be okay. Everything felt like it was on the edge of Armageddon.

Kurt had called him like he promised. He even texted him a lot, which was very unlike him to do. Yet, Blaine felt like a big hole was eating him up inside – he was missing Kurt to no ends.

"Come on, baby brother. You can't hang around here all day. I was thinking we could go out and do something together," Cooper said Tuesday afternoon when he came to Blaine's room.

Blaine didn't even look at him but sighed heavily, still facing the window where he could hear the sound of the city outside. He loved that city, but even though it was blooming spring somehow it all felt cold and gray.

"Thanks, Coop, but I don't really feel like it," he shrugged monotonously.

He felt bad. He hadn't talked much to Cooper lately, and usually Blaine visited him quite often, but he hadn't had time lately and Blaine hadn't felt like leaving Ohio. Which was; Blaine hadn't felt like leaving Kurt. Now that he was there he should get himself up and hang out with his brother instead, but he was depressed and didn't want to bring him down.

"Blaine, I gotta say – I'm worried about you. It's cool that you have this guy that you really like and stuff, but you can't let that take over your entire life. You should be able to be apart sometimes," Cooper sighed and sat down on the bed. He brushed a hand caringly up his brother's leg and Blaine turned around face him.

He really did look worried. Blaine wasn't sure he had ever experienced Cooper worried. He sure knew how to be an arrogant douche from time to time, but Blaine had always admired that optimistic flame in him that made him see a positive turn just around every corner.

"I know. I just miss him so much. And I'm scared. What if dad disowns me or something?" Blaine muttered, for the first time vocalizing the biggest fear that had been pressing ever since this chaos had fallen upon them.

"Hey – I know dad can be a grumpy old meanie sometimes, but as much as he doesn't understand I don't think he could ever disown you," Cooper said and fell down to lie on the bed next to his brother.

Now they were lying there; two brothers staring into the ceiling with a dark shadow hovering over them. The Andersons sure knew how to party.

Neither of them said anything for a while, but when Blaine's stomach started to growl they stared at each other and burst into laughter.

"How about I take you out for pizza and then we can go see a movie?" Cooper suggested and sat up, staring at Blaine still lying on the pillows.

"Alright. We could do that," Blaine agreed and sat up, realizing he still had his phone clenched in his hand.

Cooper jumped enthusiastically off the bed and headed for the door when he turned around.

"But Blaine – this is not a date, dude."

Cooper winked with that teasing glance in his eyes that he always used when he was trying to cheer him up and Blaine couldn't help rolling his eyes.

"Didn't plan on it. I'm a taken man," he grinned and got to his feet himself.

He grabbed his hoodie off the bedpost and zipped it up so he could follow Cooper out the door. It really was nice to hang out with his older brother again, being an only child when he was at home wasn't always fun, but could sometimes border on lonely.

"I still can't believe you never nailed Tina. She's so hot," Cooper commented as they were eating their pizza on the edge of a fountain in town.

"Usually gays don't *nail* girls. And I don't *nail* my friends in general," Blaine chuckled and choked down a mouthful of soda with an uncomfortable image of actually touching a girl like that spooking in the back of his mind, chills running through him by the mere suggestion.

He tried pushing it away and took a look around the city surrounding them and felt it fill his veins – it was always overwhelming the way it crept under his skin, and he always felt like this surely was his second home.

They continued to chat about high and low. Cooper told him about his auditions and Blaine told him about school and friends. He didn't tell him about the mess with The Warblers, but smiled a little to himself at the thought that Nick and Trent had actually texted him when he didn't show at school Monday.

After their pizza they went to see The Avengers and on the way home they were loudly discussing the effects, the fights, the explosions and everything else. It felt like old times and Blaine was comfortable about being back. He could sense that he had needed it.

When they were back home Blaine found that his phone had run out of battery so he flicked it on before taking a shower. When he came back he had four missed calls and a bunch of texts. One message from Tina asking him to call her when he felt like it – the rest from Kurt.

One missed call: Mom

Kurt: "Hey gorgeous. Are you feeling any better? xxxx"

Kurt: "I miss you. Like a fucking lot."

Kurt: "Has the big apple eaten you?"

One missed call: Kurt

Kurt: "Blaine? Are you okay?"

Kurt: "Okay, I'm starting to get worried now."

Two missed calls: Kurt

Kurt: "I'm sorry if I said something. Blaine please don't put me on ice. It's fucking torture that you're gone."

A sting dug through his heart. He felt guilty, he didn't want Kurt to feel like he was ignoring him, and it had been a few hours since they had talked together. Around four and a half hour, actually.

Blaine went to say goodnight to his brother in the living room and Cooper told him that he had already spoken to their mom. She didn't have any news except that their dad had stopped cursing over the situation which they all agreed was a big leap.

As soon as Cooper had told him goodnight he went to his room. He pulled off his pajamas, suddenly the fabric felt too strangling now that he had got used to sleeping in his underwear, or less, whenever he was with Kurt. When he was settled under the covers he called up Kurt. The phone beeped four times, and Blaine started to think he had gone to bed when it was picked up.

"Blaine? Oh my fucking god, I was so worried about you," Kurt blabbered out the moment he picked up. He sounded distressed and Blaine's jumped a little by the thought that Kurt cared so much about him.

"I'm alright. I just went out with Cooper. No need to worry," Blaine assured him, and he could hear Kurt sigh relieved.

He shifted a bit on the pillow and watched the lights from the city outside his window dance in patterns around the ceiling.

They talked a bit back and forth about their day and Blaine told Kurt about his evening with Cooper and how he had actually worked himself up to leave his room and have a little fun. Kurt was happy to hear that and told him about his day as well.

Kurt told how he had spent the days working hard at his dad's tire shop and drinking beers with Puck. He had kept going to school, though, because he knew Blaine would disapprove if he didn't. Blaine didn't say, but Tina had told Blaine that Kurt had asked her in school if he knew how Blaine was doing to make sure he wasn't staying brave for him when he asked himself.

"Babe – I really fucking miss you. I miss you like hell," Kurt sighed and there was a thump sound like he was punching into a pillow or his mattress. He sounded exhausted and Blaine wanted to curl up around him instead of around his blanket.

He turned his head to see that rain was drizzling down the window and he couldn't help feeling like the world was laughing at him and this goddamn situation he had found himself stuck in.

"I miss you too, Kurt. But only a few more days and it should all be good, alright -" he tried and had to force his voice to be steady, something that was a bit harder than one would have guessed.

"Blaine I... I wanna be better for you. When you come home? I don't wanna pick fights anymore, I don't wanna end up arguing with people over stupid nothings... I just want you to come home. To me – if I hadn't been so damn reckless when I knew your parents were home you would never have had that fight with them and you wouldn't have had to leave," Kurt said in a broken voice.

The words were cutting through Blaine like a razor. Kurt sounded frustrated and heartbroken. Not for one second had Blaine even considered that this could be Kurt's fault.

"Leave me..." Kurt ended and his voice cracked.

"Kurt – baby. I didn't leave you. I never could. Just take it easy and we'll figure this out. Maybe you should take some time to take a little care of yourself while I'm gone, baby. Then we'll be together before you know it," Blaine said and had to bite his knuckles to not break down himself.

There was a while of silence with nothing heard but Kurt trying to keep his breathing in check before there was a slight rustling of fabrics.

"Alright. I can do that – just... don't forget me when you come across some hot guy, alright?" Kurt chuckled, that hollow sound Blaine knew so well from when he cocked his chin and tried being tough. But Blaine also knew him well enough by now to see right through his act.

"Kurt, just go to sleep. We'll talk in the morning. I love you," Blaine sighed heavily and hoped that Kurt would actually go to sleep and not beat himself up too badly.

"Okay. Goodnight then. I love you, sexy -" Kurt said and Blaine knew that he was smiling.

"Goodnight, beautiful."

xXx

The next few days Blaine got out of bed in the morning and started exploring the city – that of it that was close enough to Cooper's apartment that he wouldn't get lost, at least. He went with Cooper to a few auditions and they pretended to be tourists and went sightseeing to ask the guides silly questions in weird accents.

Blaine had a really great time and was happy to be reminded of all his good times with his brother. Only thing that upset him a bit was that Kurt was being a bit distant because of his work at the tire shop and because of glee club rehearsals.

When Friday morning came his mom called him early before she had to go to work. She told him that she had sent him a ticket home but wasn't sure when it would arrive, but it should fit so he could fly home Sunday.

The news were good and he was eager to go home to hear what she had worked out with his dad, even though his mind was mostly focused on the fact that he was going to see Kurt again.

Since Cooper was getting ready for an audition he had in the afternoon Blaine offered to go to the deli and pick up bagels for breakfast. He was ecstatic and singing all the way down there, even dancing a little around while he was in line. For once it felt like nothing could go wrong.

He hurried back to the apartment and got the table ready while Cooper was in the shower. It wasn't until the door to his room opened that he noticed that someone else was in the apartment.

"You're awfully chipper today," Kurt said with a smirk and rested against the door frame. He looked different, with his usual pair of black skinny jeans and a button-down shirt in army green and beige dots, a black waistcoat over it, but still his faithful studded combat boots.

"Kurt – what are you doing here?" Blaine beamed and threw himself into his boyfriend's arms, expressing a squeal that he would probably not have been too proud of his brother hearing.

"Mhm, I wanted to surprise you – couldn't stand being at home without you," Kurt said softly and tugged Blaine tighter with his face hidden against him and his lips ghosting over Blaine's neck.

They released each other and Blaine immediately let his hand drift into Kurt's, not planning on letting him go for a second now that they were reunited. They walked to sit at the dining table and it was hard for Blaine to not simply attack him with his lips.

"Well, what actually happened was that I was asked to bring you something," Kurt told and pulled an envelope from his pocket.

Blaine opened the paper and pulled out two plane tickets from New York to Ohio.

"What? I'm not sure I -"

"Come on – your mom came to my house and asked me if I wanted to bring you your ticket home. In return I would be able to stay with you in New York over the weekend and we can fly home together on Sunday. We already talked to your brother about it and he let me in while you were out," Kurt explained with a devious smile, clearly happy that their plotting had been complete news to Blaine.

He was speechless. He couldn't believe that his mom and his boyfriend had teamed up to make him happy that way. It felt like there was something different about Kurt, a different glow around him.

When Cooper came from the bathroom they had breakfast and talked. It was strange to hold Kurt's hand in front of his brother, but Blaine was proud to do so and happy that Kurt was being polite and chatty – he hardly even swore.

Around noon Cooper got up to leave for his audition and the boys were left to themselves in the small apartment. It was an awkward feeling to have Kurt in his brother's home, since it had always served as a sanctuary for Blaine since he was a kid when Cooper moved there. It was where he had come to get back to being a kid and forget the world and the troubles of being a teenager, on his way to being a grown-up, and suddenly his boyfriend was there with him.

"Is this where you take me out and show me the town?" Kurt smiled and turned on his heel from where he had been taking in the view of the street from the living room window. His face was wearing a coy smile and it seemed as if he was waiting for Blaine to take charge.

"I can do that – well, I don't really know the town myself. I'm always afraid I'll get lost, but I can show you what I know," he agreed and walked closer to put his arms around Kurt's waist where he pressed his lips to Kurt's in a soft humming.

To hold Kurt in his arms again was like falling in love all over again. His sense made him drunk with the feeling and scent and taste of Kurt. He couldn't decide whether he was most eager to drag Kurt all around town to show him the world and to show the world that Kurt was with him, or if he would much rather drag Kurt to his bedroom so they could melt together on the bed and make up for the lost hours of kisses and caresses they hadn't been able to have over the days they had spent apart.

After a few moments of holding each other Blaine went to his room to pick up his keys and phone so they could leave. He had no idea where he wanted to take Kurt first, but in reality it didn't matter because even if all they did was walk down the street it would be good enough, because Kurt would be there to see the place he used to run away to before he had Kurt's arms to provide him safety.

xXx

Blaine had always loved New York. To him the city was magical and beautiful, and it was like he had stepped into a movie and could play whatever role he wanted when he was there. Usually when he was spending time at Cooper's place and he would have time alone he would through town and pretend that he was someone else and make up stories in his head of his new persona and their story – but with Kurt holding his hand he simply was Blaine, and he didn't want to be anyone else.

He had always wondered if the gay couples he saw holding hands or showing affection on the streets of New York weren't nervous because of the hate crimes that was so often heard about in the media, but now that he was with his own boyfriend it felt like the most natural thing in the world; that this was the only true way it should be, because why shouldn't they be able to show the world that they were together?

They had walked down the street and looked at stores. Then they had spent an hour in a music store looking at records and Blaine singing random lines from various songs in Kurt's ear when he walked by him between the shelves.

Now they were sitting on a bench in a park with sandwiches they had picked up at a café across the street. The sun was hot down on them and for a moment Blaine considered to ask if they couldn't just stay there and never go back to Ohio. That they could get jobs and find a tiny apartment together where they would do nothing but love each other.

"I wanna live here one day," Kurt said. He crumpled the paper from his sandwich up and threw it to land perfectly in the trashcan on the other side of Blaine before he leaned in to put a wet kiss to Blaine's cheek.

"Me too," Blaine smiled and dried his fingers in a napkin before throwing his own trash out.

"One day we can live here together," Kurt said and swung his one leg over Blaine's thighs so he could lie down on the bench with his head on the armrest.

"That's gonna be in a long time. I still have one more year of school, remember?" He responded, a little annoyed that one single year could mean so much. Sometimes it was bordering on painful for him to think about Kurt graduating soon and after that he might end up leaving home to do something crazy like other high school graduates without a college plan do.

"Do you really think I wouldn't wait for you?" Kurt asked softly and traced his fingertips over Blaine's naked arm so the hairs twitched and his skin tickled for a firmer touch.

"I would never ask you to wait around for me like that – to put your own life on hold for my sake," he sighed and wished that it didn't have to be as complicated as such.

"I know you wouldn't. That's why I wouldn't ask but just do it. I've thought a lot about it lately – and I think I wanna stay and work in my dad's tire shop for the next year. Then when you're done with school I will have to saved up a lot of money and you will have your freedom – and we can run away and do exactly what we want," Kurt told.

He really had thought a lot about it. Blaine could hear it in his voice and see in his eyes that he meant it. They had only been together for a couple of months, but still Blaine felt like this was the right way for things to go – this was a future he could see himself with.

"Are you sure? A year is a long time of working for your dad."

He needed to make sure Kurt wasn't offering this as a sacrifice and turning other things down, just so they could be together.

"Of course I'm sure. I love my dad, and I love working for my dad – and I love you. As long as I can see you one year will be a breeze," he assured him and rushed to sit up so he could folded his arms around Blaine's waist.

He stretched his neck slightly and let his eyelashes brush lightly over Blaine's skin before he leaned in to kiss him. Blaine supported him with a hand on the lower of his back to make sure he didn't fall and he could feel Kurt smile into the kiss.

"I love you too. If you're sure then I am sure. A lot can happen in a year – but I've never been more sure of anything in my life than I am of you," Blaine grinned and kissed the tip of Kurt's nose.

xXx

They spent the evening with Cooper telling embarrassing stories about Blaine from he was little. Such as the story about how he had started crying when he was 4 because a boy in kindergarten called him a girl because he liked dancing, and the story about how he had been afraid to kiss Tina for a play at the local theater when he was 13 because he was afraid that he would do it wrong – because she was a girl.

Kurt naturally found it all incredibly amusing, Blaine only finding refuge in hiding his face in a cushion while listening to his brother and boyfriend bond over his childhood humiliations.

It was nice, though. To know that Kurt fell so naturally in with his family, and that there wasn't any awkward silence between them. If only they found more appropriate subjects to discuss he could easily do this forever.

However, he didn't get to. Around midnight they all agreed that it was late and they should go to bed. At first Blaine wasn't sure how Cooper felt about him sharing bed with Kurt, but when he shot him a wink and wiggled his eyebrows at him before saying goodnight he felt his face shoot into flames and guessed that was his green light for them to share bed for the night.

To feel his body melt back to fit perfectly with Kurt's was like coming to a fire after being in a blizzard. Suddenly he could feel that he had been tensed and was now relaxing deeply. The way Kurt's fingers were sliding around his back and his lips were sprinkling his face with gentle kisses were enough to make him feel like he was dissolving into the sheets.

They didn't talk or make the slightest sound, except for small giggles when one was accidentally tickled by soft fingertips or a surprised sigh from cold fingers on hot skin. They kept kissing each other and enjoying being back together until they finally fell asleep, Blaine with a smile he had nearly forgotten he could manage.

xXx

Saturday mirrored Friday.

They started out by having breakfast with Cooper, but since he hurried out the door for an audition they hurried to the shower. The niche was much smaller than the one at home so they didn't have any other choice than to be very close – nothing either of them had any complains about.

They didn't have sex, but held each other close with the water running down over them and hands sliding around each others bodies. Blaine was pretty sure that there soon wasn't a place on Kurt's body where his lips hadn't been, but he made a mental note to make sure he had the pale skin kissed over again – just to be sure.

After showering they got dressed. To Blaine's surprise Kurt went for a pair of light gray jeans and a white blouse with a cardigan consisting of black fabric, but a broad, knitted dark gray strip down the front at the zipper.

Apparently he was changing his look these days.

They continued their exploring of the city from the day before. Blaine was happy to find that he could lurk Kurt into going shopping with him and couldn't help notice that Kurt was nearly as excited about looking at bowties as he was himself – that he had not seen coming from Kurt.

They had fun and joked around. They watched some kids showing on their skateboards in the park while discussing whether or not they would ever be able to do anything like that themselves.

"I was a cheerleader, you know -" Kurt revealed in his quest of convincing Blaine that he could learn to do anything he wanted.

Blaine's eyebrows rushed towards his hairline and his eyes grew huge in surprise – how had he never known that? And now that he did he had no idea what to do about this new information.

"What? That is – no, I can't really grasp it. That needs explaining, I hope you know that," Blaine stammered truthfully.

He knew that straight guys had an obvious thing for cheerleaders – girls in short skirts doing promiscuous dance moves. But he had never considered the possibility of having a thing for cheerleaders himself. He had seen the cheerleaders in McKinley; red polyester stretched tightly over slim bodies. He wanted desperately to picture Kurt like that. Not to mention Kurt dancing the way they did.

"It's a few years ago. Obviously. My sophomore year. I was confused and an attention-whore. Mr. Schue didn't indulge my need for being the spotlight so I went behind enemy lines and got myself onto the Cheerios," Kurt shrugged and played with the lid on his take-out-coffee mug.

Blaine was still left with questions filling up his brain. He needed to know everything – hopefully there would be videos and pictures.

"But... I'm guessing you didn't exactly wear the skirt they use," Blaine stuttered with a picture of Kurt in the usual Cheerios uniform fighting his brain, but he needed to get it out.

"Are you insane? Of course I didn't! I wore pants and a t-shirt, thank you very much, Mr. Bi-curious," Kurt exclaimed and pinched his thigh lightly, making Blaine express a shocked "*Auch!*"

Kurt turned around to throw his coffee mug into the trashcan next to their bench before he was on his knees and leaning close to Blaine. So close that his breathing was moistening his ear and his hand on Blaine's thigh was dangerously close to his crotch for a public place with kids nearby.

"But I did some impressive moves. I can bend in ways you won't even imagine – I'll let you pound your dick into my ass in positions people won't believe the human body is capable of," he whispered and let the tip of his tongue travel up the shell of Blaine's ear, sending chills down Blaine's spine and a rosy color filling his face.

And just like that he was back to sitting on his ass next to Blaine like nothing out of the ordinary had happened. He was gazing innocently over the park and smiling randomly at strangers walking by them.

"New York is really beautiful. Wasn't it cool to come here so often when you were younger?" He asked and waved at a little girl who was watching them from her spot on a blanket next to her nanny and a dog that was nearly twice her size.

"Yeah. I like it. I've always felt sort of free here. More free than in Ohio. But I haven't been here for a long time. Something – *someone* – was holding me there. Someone I'd much rather spend time with than being

in New York," Blaine smiled and leaned in to place a kiss on Kurt's cheek. To his amusement he could feel his cheek go a bit hotter under his lips, something that only made him smile broader.

"Can I... you never really talk about it, but I wanna know. If I can. How were you before you became – like you are now?" Blaine asked carefully. He knew this could potentially be an open invitation for screaming and shouting, because Kurt was just that much against talking about his past. That didn't change how much Blaine felt like he needed to know to be able to understand Kurt better.

"You mean before I became a loser?" He asked and lit up a cigarette, not even looking at Blaine now.

"Kurt, don't call yourself that. You're not a loser..."

"I was silly. An attention-whore. All I ever did was waste my time on trying to be popular. I was so into fashion, like I thought it would make me a better person to wear nauseatingly expensive outfits. I always competed with Rachel in glee club and when she started dating Finn I hated her guts. Because I was stupid enough to like him," Kurt told and pulsed on the filter of his Lucky Strike, looking like he was doing his best to recall as much as possible.

"Then my dad got sick, this fucking bully kept tormenting me at school and no one did shit about it – then one day I was on my way home and some other bully, not as bad as the others; he pushed me into the tool shed and pulled my pants down. He got his own off down to his underwear and was starting to... you know – when there were people talking outside and I started screaming. Then he ran off like the bitch he was."

"What happened?" Blaine asked, his voice nearly inaudibly in terror. Suddenly it felt like the sun wasn't quite as hot as it had been two minutes ago, and the laughing from the playing children seemed to have disappeared.

"I was on the floor for three hours after he left because I didn't dare to move. I was afraid he would come back to finish the job, but I was too scared to do anything. After that I didn't come to school for two months or something. I can't remember how long it was. I just remember that my dad did everything he could to have the guy punished, but all that happened was that he transferred schools. I swore to myself that if I ever saw him again I would kill him – so I took up self-defense, Japanese battle sports. Now I could kill him with my fingers if he came across me again."

He fell silent and kept his eyes locked on a squirrel dancing around the roots of a big tree. Its red, bushy tail kept flailing around it and its tiny paws kept grasping at the roots of the tree. The thing was abnormally adorable for the feelings currently up Blaine.

"I'm sorry. I – Kurt, you know I won't ever let anyone hurt you again, right? If he ever comes back I'll kill him myself. Or at least beat him up or something," Blaine said softly and let a hand trying onto Kurt's shoulder.

That wasn't what he had meant. He hadn't to dig into such deep and disturbing memories as that. He had often wondered what had happened that had caused Kurt to fully change, but he didn't want to ask since he had a feeling that it was severely traumatizing, and he didn't want to stir up in anything for Kurt. All he had been curious about was what he had been like before. His friends, what music he liked, what he liked to do outside of school. But apparently this was something Kurt had needed to tell him.

"Blaine. Don't fucking pity me. I don't want your pity. I'm still alive, and I can kill the bitch myself if it ever comes to that," he snapped and threw the cigarette butt in the trashcan and blew out of a huge cloud of dark smoke that slowly drifted off with the spring breeze.

"I'm sorry, Kurt, but no! I am allowed to feel sorry for you. You're my boyfriend – I love you! I'm allowed to be horrified that someone would ever do something like that to you, and I am allowed to swear that I won't ever let it happen again," Blaine hissed and wrapped an arm around Kurt's shoulder so he could close the space between them.

"You can't promise that. Saying that is just lying to you and to me to say that. It's not like you can follow me around all the time – and you're the size of Gizmo. A jock would curl you up and use you for decoration," Kurt said and rolled his eyes with a sigh before he snuggled into Blaine's embrace.

"But you're cute for trying. You're like my trophy wife who gives boosts my ego whenever you get sick of listening to me," he grinned and kissed Blaine's jaw.

"You're hopeless, you know that?" Blaine chuckled and squeezed a little tighter.

"I try."

xXx

For dinner the boys went back to the apartment to eat with Cooper. After cleaning the table and the kitchen he said that he was going out and winked at them before getting ready to leave.

As soon as he was out the door Blaine got an idea. He told Kurt to get ready to go out, but make sure to be able to stay warm since they would be outside for the evening. Kurt raised an eyebrow from the mysterious message but pulled on a heavy-looking army green sweater.

They took the train to mid-town. Kurt kept asking where they were going, but Blaine kept refusing to tell him. It was already starting to go dark on the sky over them, but the city was still lit up by neon signs and billboards on the tall buildings around them.

"Times Square? Are you fucking kidding me? That was why I had to leave comfy, warm apartment?" Kurt asked sarcastically.

"Yes. It was. Because it's beautiful, and you're beautiful – and I wanna dance with my boyfriend in front of the world," Blaine exclaimed and grabbed Kurt's hand to drag him over in front of the middle aged, black man wearing a six pence and dark sunglasses while he was playing his saxophone.

"Come on, Blaine – I'm cold," Kurt complained and pouted his lips while tripping a little nervously around the tile he was standing on.

"That's why I told you to dress warm. Here. Take my jacket then," Blaine smiled and put his jacket around Kurt's shoulders. To his wonder Kurt blushed from the gesture and tugged the jacket closer around him.

Blaine grinned from the sight and let his hands slide around Kurt. He rested his hands on Kurt's shoulder blades and pulled him closer. Kurt kept his arms curled around each other, resting between their chests so he could bath in the feeling of Blaine's arms around him. Slowly Blaine started to move his feet, swaying around and Kurt couldn't do anything but move with him as he rested his head against Blaine's shoulder.

They kept dancing, moving slowly around to the tunes of the slow jazz melody erupting from the saxophone next to them. People were staring at them just as much as they were staring at the saxophonist, but they didn't care.

The evening was cold, but Blaine didn't want to let go of Kurt just so they could go back home. Bringing him there was the best thing he had done for a long time, and the sense of them belonging together was strong from the public display of them being together without caring for viewers or simple by-passers.

"I love you," Kurt whispered as he moved his face closer to Blaine's neck, making his words being breathed out and branded into his skin.

"I love you too," Blaine assured him and squeezed a little tighter.

Suddenly Kurt backed away, but only enough for him to be faced with Blaine but still be wrapped in his arms. His face had a pensive, but melancholic gloom over it, and Blaine's heart did a little uneasy jump.

"I meant what I said, you know – about wanting to be better for you. I'm trying so hard. I am so afraid that I'll mess things up with you. I know what it's like living without you, Blaine. I don't wanna do that again," Kurt sighed, clearly knowing that he was repeating the fears he had uttered over and over again.

"I know, Kurt, I know – I'm sad that you're so scared all the time, because you can't push me away. You *are* doing better. You came here, right? After talking to my mom – that's pretty insanely cute," Blaine chuckled and kissed the tip of his nose, noticing that the skin on Kurt's face was freezing.

"Let's go back to Cooper's place, baby. You're freezing, and we have to get up early for the airport tomorrow."

He closed his jacket a little tighter around Kurt and made his hand around his shoulders so he could hold him. They smiled and waved at the saxophonist who return their gesture before they walked back to the train.

As soon as they were back in the apartment it was still only around nine so Blaine lit the feverishly many candles around the apartment and wrapped Kurt in a blanket while he made tea. As soon as he was back they snuggled up on the couch with their arms and legs and tongues tangled in each other. Fingers were running through hair and hands were running with sweet caress under shirts and over exposed skin.

"You got a scar," Blaine mumbled after having watched Kurt's face for a long time.

Kurt's head was lying softly against the backrest of the couch and his eyes were closed, making him look peaceful and angelic as the flames of the candles flickered around his face to paint orange and red heated patterns of dancing on his pale skin.

When Blaine had first seen him when he had arrived at Cooper's apartment it had looked like all evidence from his fight with the Warbler had vanished without any traces than their memories of the event, but

now that he had time to really take in the picture of his beautiful, usually flawless features he noticed a little red scar was forming on his upper lip.

"I know. It looks disgusting, right?" Kurt groaned and lifted the side of his upper lip where the scar was located.

"It should. I should find it terrible. But actually – I find it kind of sexy. My boyfriend got battle scars for defending me. That's pretty romantic," Blaine mused and stretched his neck to put a kiss to the slightly pink mark.

"That's sappy," Kurt grunted and opened his eyes so he could roll them at Blaine.

He let his forehead fall down onto Kurt's chest when he felt a kiss to his hair.

"And sweet -" Kurt cooed and brushed a hand over Blaine's curls. When he looked up he was met by twinkling eyes and a sweet smile.

"You're turning soft," Blaine chuckled and teasingly pinched his side.

"Only when I'm with you. It's your bad influence," Kurt objected with a slight giggle.

"I love it," he grinned and nuzzled his nose into Kurt's chest.

"I love you."

"And I love you."

Chapter Fourteen

Saying goodbye to Cooper was sad, but Blaine was eager to go back home. However, his brother followed them to the airport and promised to come visit soon and Kurt suggested they could all do something together.

Blaine's mom picked them up at the airport back in Ohio. She hugged both of them and Blaine felt warm inside from the sight of his mom so close with Kurt. She asked Blaine how his time with Cooper had been and she asked about what they had done together after Kurt had arrived.

No one mentioned anything, but there was a clear tension in the car around the subject of Blaine returning home. He hadn't talked to his dad during his stay in New York and his mom hadn't said anything about how he was taking the situation at this point.

When they were at the Anderson house his dad's car wasn't in the driveway so that made Blaine relax a little. Kurt went inside with them and they promised to have coffee with Susan as soon as Blaine had unpacked his things.

The second they were back in Blaine's room Kurt grabbed around his neck and pulled him in to a powerful kiss, like it had a purpose other than him just wanting to be close with his boyfriend.

"No matter what happens when your dad gets home he won't come between us, got that? It doesn't matter what happens, because we'll be together always. Okay?" Kurt said as he rested his forehead against Blaine to let their eyes meet. He brushed his thumb over the nape of Blaine's neck and bit his lower lip.

"Yes. Always," Blaine agreed and was surprised about the forceful reaction. He knew that it was bugging Kurt, but not that it was bugging him so much.

Kurt pressed a hard kiss to Blaine's lips before he released him and fell down on the bed. His mom had changed his sheets and it seemed like she had cleaned his entire room as well. He couldn't remember when it was the last time she had done that. Apparently she felt guilty about Blaine having to leave like that.

While Blaine unpacked and put away his clothes and things Kurt was on the bed watching him. Every now and then Blaine would look in his direction and he would look pensive, but when he noticed that he was being watched a broad smile would spread on his face.

"What are you thinking about?" Blaine asked when he was finally done and laid down on the bed next to Kurt to have a moment together before going back downstairs.

"You. I enjoyed watching you be all domestic," Kurt revealed and turned to lie on his side with a finger strolling down Blaine's bicep.

"What does that even mean?" Blaine chuckled, thinking that was the weirdest thing ever.

"I just... like the idea of that. Of you being out of your parents house, and being grown up and doing all of those things it takes to be like that. Out on your own, living life that's not high school and homework."

He didn't look at Blaine, he kept his eyes following his finger that was still running up and down over the fabric of Blaine's sweater.

"That's pretty... random. Deep. Sort of."

They didn't get any further than that because Kurt sat up and took a glance around the room before he got to his feet and left the room. Blaine stayed on the bed for a moment, turning over Kurt's words in his head before he got up himself and followed Kurt downstairs where his mom was waiting with coffee.

It occurred to him that it was like Kurt was a whole new person. He was sitting by the dining table with his soft sweater and tight black cotton pants with zippers and studs, his legs crossed and his head resting on one hand. He was chatting politely with Susan and had made sure to keep a chair out for Blaine.

After taking in the scenery for a moment he crossed the floor and sat down. Kurt's hand immediately rushed to his and gave it a little squeeze paid with a smile before Kurt returned his attention to his conversation with Blaine's mom. Like they had known each other forever and there wasn't anything odd to them talking over a cup of coffee.

"Blaine, I talked to your dad. He has come down to earth and accepted that we can't take you and Kurt apart. That this is the way it is, and he doesn't have any right to interfere with your relationship as long as it is healthy. He's not exactly keen on the idea, but he has agreed to butt out. Don't expect a family dinner

invitation anytime soon, but you can be together here as much as you want," Susan told and Blaine felt a stone fall from his heart.

To his surprise Kurt threw his arms around his neck with a slight squeal in a pitch he hadn't known Kurt was even capable of reaching, and what else could he do than respond with his own arms around Kurt and a sigh so relieving that it felt like he had been holding his breath since that terrible day a week ago.

"That's amazing, Blaine! I told you it would all be alright," Kurt beamed and kissed Blaine's cheek eagerly with starry eyes and a broad smile.

"Let's not go over the top here, boys. I think we need to see it best if you keep a low profile when you're here. Maybe not too many sleepovers, and keep it PG outside of Blaine's room," Blaine's mom said with an implicit sharp edge in her voice and a little narrowed eyes.

"Of course. It's not like I was planning on ravishing him on the dining table or anything," Kurt grinned and Blaine felt his facial temperature skyrocket within a second.

"Thanks, mom. I really wish he wouldn't be like that, but... I guess it's alright. I can live with that. I honestly don't feel like spending a lot of quality bonding time with him anyway," Blaine said and shrugged, unable to push away the sadness over his father still being so reluctant to his relationship with Kurt.

"He really is just trying to take care of you, honey. He thinks that he's got a hold of the right end. That was the way he was raised," she said a little heavy.

"I know. I know – but he should really just get updated with how the world is now. Not everyone can be straight."

Blaine felt a babbling coming on. This wasn't right. He should be happy. They didn't have to hide, and he wouldn't have to fear his father's rage – it was, under the circumstances, all okay. Yet all he felt was anger and despair.

"I... I think I'm gonna go upstairs," he sighed and got out of his chair, heading for his room without knowing what he was going to do or why he felt like he had to flee that way.

"Blaine! Come back," Kurt called after him, but he didn't stop.

When he entered his room he slammed the door hard and kicked the wastebasket so hard it tipped over and crumpled up papers fell all over the floor. He opened a window and kicked at the chair before he started to wander around the room, hands in pockets and eyes trained on the thick carpet under his feet.

He took a few rounds in the middle of the room, every now and then kicking a little at the floor. He growled a little under his breath and wondered what he would do now. It wasn't like he had much to do than go back to his boring high school life of people trying to protect him by telling him his boyfriend was a bad guy.

It was a few minutes before he was dragged out of his grumping by a quiet knock on the door.

"Blaine? Can I come in?" Kurt asked and eased the door a little open.

"Yeah. Sure," he murmured and watched as Kurt open the door and entered so he could close it silently behind him.

"What's going on? What happened down there?" Kurt asked as he sat on the bed and crossed his legs. Kurt crossed his legs, in what world did Kurt cross his legs when sitting down? It was like he was a completely different person.

"I -" Blaine started, his voice close to thundering, but when he saw the startled expression on Kurt's face he stopped his walking around the room and forced himself to cool down before he could continue.

"I don't know. It's just so frustrating. I can't... it doesn't matter what I do, he will always find a way to let me know how – worthless I am," Blaine said, a little more strained in voice than before.

With that Kurt's eyes narrowed and his lips pursed. He was quickly on his feet with strong hands locked around Blaine's arms and steel gray eyes piercing into Blaine's own.

"If you ever call yourself that I'm gonna fucking slap you. I am not kidding. Don't ever use that word about yourself again. I am sick of that idiotic self-pity thing you've got going. Honestly, Blaine, it's starting to go pathetic. Instead of getting pissed and bitch around in your room then go the hell out there and do something," Kurt snapped at him.

So maybe he wasn't a completely different person after all.

"That was harsh, I know. But you are fucking frustrating! All of that worrying, and self-loathing is lame. If he doesn't like that you're with me, then fuck him! I know it sucks, but it won't get any better by you whining over it."

"I don't know what to do, Kurt! I'm sorry, but I am losing my mind. If you don't care then I am really sorry, but this is a big deal to me," Blaine hissed back, feeling guilty that he was taking it out on Kurt, but it wasn't exactly like Kurt was helping himself.

Kurt pursed his lips and turned his back on him with crossed arms. Blaine could hear him mumbling something under his breath, but it was incoherent and he wasn't sure that he actually wanted to know what he was saying if he had the chance. But before Blaine could even prepare himself Kurt twirled around on his heel, his eyes flaming and his lower lip quivering.

"Do you think that I don't care? Do you really think that I just think it's all good? Don't you think I've already considered to fuck it all and take you with me away from this stupid ass town so no one can harass us anymore? I have. It fucking keeps me awake at night, Blaine! Because I wanna protect your stupid ass, and because I want your stupid ass to stay mine!" Kurt close to yelled at him, taking Blaine completely off guard.

"Sometimes... it feels like you don't think I wanna fight for this, for us. That you think it's just something I'm saying. And now that feeling has been confirmed. Thank you, Blaine – for your enormous trust in me, in my investment in us," Kurt sighed, exhausted.

Blaine was embarrassed. He had no idea he had made Kurt feel like that. He never meant to. Of course he knew that Kurt loved him and wanted to be with him as well, he knew that Kurt wouldn't want to let them slip apart. But sometimes Blaine just felt like he was taking things a little too lightly.

"I didn't mean that. That's not how it is. Of course I know that you – want us to stay together. I know that you love me, Kurt. If I could I would run with you. It would make everything so much easier," Blaine sighed heavily.

"I would run away with you if we could – but some asshat is making me finish school, so I'm bound here at least until summer. Besides, you need to finish school as well. And fleeing would only give us new problems. So I suggest that we stay here, finish our schools and then we take a proper farewell with this shithole. Blow it up or something," Kurt grinned and dumped down on Blaine's bed.

"I hate it when you're right," Blaine groaned and fell down on top of him, making Kurt grunt out a huff of air.

"It's my best and most annoying trait," Kurt chuckled and kissed his nose with his fingers playing at the hem of the sleeves of Blaine's t-shirt.

"What do you say that we forget about this whole thing as good as we can and I will take you out this Friday?"

Blaine's insides bubbled. He loved it when Kurt talked about taking him out – it made them sound so official and it was so nice to know that Kurt didn't mind being seen with him in public. Not to mention how proud he felt to hold Kurt's hand in front of other people, to let the whole world see that they were together.

"That sounds good. What do you have in mind?" He asked and nuzzled his nose against Kurt's, chuckling by the sight of Kurt purposely going exaggeratedly cross-eyed.

"Eh – Puck asked me to come to this party. With some of the guys who take their bikes to the tire shop. We're just gonna talk bikes and drink some beers and..." Kurt started to explain and Blaine could hear that he as well could hear how ridiculous it sounded for Blaine to go to a party like that.

"It's okay if you don't want to. You'll probably be bored anyway. I'll just tell Puck I've got other plans and we can do something instead," Kurt hurried to say.

It would be a lie if he said that he wasn't feeling guilty. He and Kurt had spent so much time together lately that they nearly hadn't seen their friends. He missed Tina and he was sure that Kurt missed hanging out with Puck, but there was no way Kurt would ever admit that, and he knew that Kurt would pick him over anyone any day.

"No. Go hang out with Puck. I'll call Tina and ask if she wants to hang out. Then I can come to your house Saturday and you can tell me all about your crazy adventures and about mechanical motorcycle stuff I won't understand anyway. And then we can have a lot of sex because I really miss having sex with you," Blaine suggested and felt satisfied as he watched an affectionate shine fill Kurt's eyes.

A broad grin spread on Kurt's face and it was like the entire shade of his skin turned lighter. He pressed a quick series of wet kisses to Blaine's face and clenched his arms tight around his midsection.

"Best – boyfriend – ever," he grinned and let his head dump back to the bed.

Kurt wrapped his legs around Blaine's thighs and rutted his hips against Blaine's while pressing deep kisses onto his mouth. The heat went out of control and Blaine couldn't stop the moans escaping his throat as he opened his mouth to let in Kurt's tongue. He was hard to a point where he hadn't known that it was possible, and Kurt clearly felt the same way. Blaine spread his legs lightly and made his hips rub into the movement of Kurt's pelvis, taking every bite and suck and groan Kurt had to offer him.

"Oh god. Fuck... Kurt... *god*, Kurt, don't stop – shit. Stop, *stop* – we have to stop," Blaine blabbered out, incoherent at first but forced himself to take control of his brain so he could stop his hips and wiggle himself out of Kurt's grip.

"Fucking hell, Blaine. I was so damn close -" Kurt grunted and palmed around his erection over his pants.

"Me too. God I want you so much, Kurt – but we can't. I promise I'll make it up to you this weekend, I just don't think coming in my pants would be the best way to kick off my time at home," he apologized and blinked quickly a few times to regain control of his eyesight.

"I'm gonna wank so hard when I get home," Kurt retorted.

"I can call you," Blaine offered and a small smile peeked out on Kurt's face.

"Hot."

Kurt rolled on his side and pulled Blaine closer for more innocent kisses and cuddling. It wasn't long until Kurt had to go home, and they had to say a sad goodbye in the hall before Blaine's dad came home.

He was terrified to face his dad.

xXx

The head of the Anderson house was a strict man who didn't gave up so easily. Blaine already knew that. But it didn't change how depressed it made him that his dad hadn't said a word to him since he returned from New York. All he had got was grunts.

"I've reached a point where I don't know if I'm more depressed or pissed," Blaine scowled and let his pencil drop to his notebook before picking up his coffee.

Being back in Dalton was nice. It was like returning home. When he had showed up Monday morning his friends had all been excited to see him and they had ended up slowing down first period for an impromptu performance in the lunch room. Just like things used to be.

Now it was Thursday and he was seated at the bench in the magnificent garden behind the school with some friends, doing their history essays and gossiping about all the things they hadn't talked about for the close-to-month they hadn't talked.

"He'll get used to it. He can't stay grumpy forever," Jeff tried. Sunshine Jeff who always tried cheering people up and usually did a good job regardless of the state they were in.

"You don't know my dad. When Cooper told him he didn't want to go to law-school it was all cake and rainbows, but when I said *I* didn't want to go to law-school he freaked out and didn't talk to me for three months except for when my mom sent him evil glares over the dinner table," Blaine groaned as he slammed his book closed.

"That sucks. My sister once refused to talk to my mom because she wouldn't buy her a ticket for a Britney Spears concert, but she gave it up after four hours because she wanted money for pizza," Nick told with a cringe.

"Well, that is Britney, so who can blame her. But still – the silent treatment is just the fucking worst," Blaine said and ran his fingers through his hair.

"*Fucking?* Since when do you curse?" Nick raised an eyebrow and scribbled down a few more notes.

"Sorry. Kurt's kinda... he likes the word. A lot," Blaine shrugged but felt his cheeks redden. He hadn't talked much about Kurt to his friends at school and doing it was new and exciting in a whole new way. Tina already knew Kurt, but talking about him to his friends who didn't know him gave him a chance to go into details about all the things he loved the most without them rolling their eyes and saying they already knew.

"Kurt likes a lot of stuff that's not really your thing. How do you even make it work?" Trent asked.

He had stayed quiet during their entire homework session. Trent was the type of guy to work the hardest on his school work and not stop for anything, and while the others were still struggling to even writing an introduction he would be sitting with an A+ report a week before it was due.

"It's easy. Just because there's stuff he likes and I don't and the other way around we still have a lot in common," Blaine said and realized that all eyes were on him now.

"What's it like? Dating a guy?" Jeff asked curiously.

It was cool. None of them seemed degrading or arrogant – they all simply seemed curious. Apparently it was something they were all interested in hearing about.

"It's... just like dating. We just hang out and... do stuff together," Blaine stammered, not sure what it was they wanted to hear about the time he spent with Kurt.

"So you have a lot of sex?" Jeff asked and Trent pinched his arm with a shocked expression.

"Auch! I'm sorry – it was a legit question. I mean – two guys dating, that's hormones for two guys. That's gotta be a lot of sex drive. Who wouldn't take advantage of that?" He tried defending himself.

"We can just say that... Kurt likes sex. And I do too," Blaine revealed with burning face, but pride from the fascination shown on his friends' faces.

He couldn't stop thinking of the times of their hot, sweaty skin sliding against each other, or the way Kurt's dick filled him up to a point where the lines between pain and pleasure blurred out, or the way Kurt was tight and snug around him like his ass wanted them to stay connected forever – not to mention the excessive amount of phonesex they had been having over the past week with Kurt moaning and groaning about what he wanted them to do together.

And of course he was wearing the very same uniform he had been wearing that rainy day Kurt had fucked him senseless before he made Blaine fuck him for the first time and he had felt milked and drained and happy after.

"I'll take that as a yes," Jeff laughed.

"It's not like it's all we do. We have substance... we talk and watch TV and go shopping and stuff," Blaine said and snickered a little by how it would sound to other people when he said that he took Kurt shopping. It wasn't exactly like when he went shopping with Tina.

"He surprised me when I was visiting Cooper. My mom asked him to bring me my ticket home and suddenly he was just there. And we went to the park and had coffee and... we went dancing on Times Square. It was good. Kurt really isn't as hardcore and tough as you think. It's not like he spends his Tuesdays sacrificing rabbits to Satan or anything," he said and pushed his books over the table, facing that the rest of the day would be spend on talking about Kurt and not his homework.

"We never said so. We just... I just can't picture it. But – when he was here and you had that asthma meltdown – he treated you really good. It was really cool to see. I think that was what made up my mind about him," Trent shrugged and to everyone's surprise he closed his books as well before he had finished his essay.

"He really does. He always put me first. When we met – the first time we talked or anything... I was lying there on the ground and he could've just walked away, but he didn't. He picked me up and got me to the ER. And then he stayed with me all weekend because my parents were out of town. And he's cut down on smoking for me and rarely even does it when we're together," Blaine told and felt affection fill him from the thought of how much Kurt actually did just for him.

"What... what was it when you were at that clinic?" Jeff asked carefully. He didn't look at Blaine and the others fell quiet when he asked the question. Had they discussed this?

"It was... Kurt had been safe before me. *Always*. And we were always being safe together. But he was still afraid. So I promised to go with him to get checked, so we both got checked. Just to be sure, but neither of us had anything. We were both clean. And now it doesn't matter, because we're only with each other," Blaine shrugged, hoping he didn't make Kurt sound cheap and slutty – because that definitely wasn't how Kurt was.

"So not only do you get a lot of sex, you also get to do it without condom. Freaking great to be a hetero guy here. You're killing our spirit, man -" Nick groaned teasingly and the others laughed.

They all laughed, and Blaine laughed with them – and that was the moment Blaine knew that he hadn't lost his friends. He still had his friends and his boyfriend; all at the same time. Now all he needed was his father to stop being a jackass.

xXx

Friday night was incredible. He and Tina were in their pajamas and had been through the fifteen minutes facial mask and followed up with moisturizer, they had made sure to have the healthiest dinner they could find and made sure to have lots of bottled water in the fridge – and now they were sitting on the couch with snacks and ice cream enough for weeks.

They were lying on Tina's bed with their pillows ready, scary movie on the blu-ray and were chatting about their boyfriends. He had missed this to no ends and it was hard for Blaine to not put his arm around her and hug her all the time. He felt guilty for having neglected their friendship, but the amazing thing was that regardless of how long time was between they hung out it never became awkward.

"So you have Nationals soon? Did you find some proper costumes instead of the disaster that I still have proof of on my phone?" Blaine laughed and poked her in the rib.

"Yes. As a matter of fact. Kurt and I put some pretty good designs together and we're sewing the last details on the guys' blazers on Tuesday," she said and stuffed her mouth full of popcorn.

"What? Kurt? No... you must be – Kurt?" Blaine asked, scrunching his nose, not sure if he had heard wrong or if she had said wrong.

"Yeah, Kurt. He's really incredible with designs and sewing. You should see some of the outfits he used to wear. Honestly, every girl in McKinley wish they had his flair for fashion... not that anyone would admit it," she shrugged, still chewing on her popcorn.

That was a new one. He knew that Kurt had a thing for clothes, he had seen his Vogue collection (which Kurt still had no idea about) and he knew that he put a great deal more into brands and products than he would ever admit – but never could he see Kurt sewing and sketching out designs. That was impossible.

"I don't – I..."

"Blaine, come on. Have you not seen the clothes he wears? The brands of his outfits? I'll show you something," she said and propped herself on her elbows so she could sit up and reach for her laptop.

She turned it on and found a folder full of pictures – obviously pictures from New Directions parties or choir room performances or other stuff like that.

"See. Kurt was so different back then -" she said and clicked on a thumbnail.

As it popped up and turned into a full picture Blaine nearly choked on his own tongue. It showed Kurt wearing a tight pair of white jeans and a navy old-fashioned military jacket. His hair was much different, but the details on his jacket were incredible. His entire posture and even his face looked different. This was another Kurt.

She clicked to the next and went through a few pictures of the other glee club member until she stopped again on Kurt. He was leaned against a piano with smoothly combed hair. His cheeks were brightly pink and his face was covered in a bubbly smile but with a tint of sadness in his eyes – and he was holding Rachel's hand, obviously in a deep conversation with her. His outfit was a silver suit with patent leather shoes, all fitted perfectly on his body. There was no way that a suit like that had just been this perfect for him directly from the store.

She skipped further to a picture of Kurt in a tightly fitted yellow knit with matching boots. He was leaning against a locker and looked incredibly lonely. It was heartbreaking to watch. Next picture was Kurt in a red Cheerios uniform – he still didn't look happy, but he looked a bit more as if he felt okay. But in all the pictures it struck Blaine how sad he looked, and he hated to see it.

"I – I get the idea now," Blaine said, a lump in his throat.

He turned around to face the TV where some girl was walking around a dark house with a knife in her hand. He bit his lower lip and snuck out his phone. He knew that they had agreed for being no-boyfriends but he just needed to see Kurt for a second. He clicked on the lights and smiled at Kurt's cocked up chin and sex-hair, his ripped t-shirt showing off his collarbone and his lips still swollen and pink from a blowjob that no one but them would know about if they looked at the picture. The afternoon had been perfect of them lying on Kurt's bed and Blaine had been singing under his breath so Kurt had blackmailed him with a blowjob into singing for him, and when he was done Kurt had kissed his temple and wrapped

his entire body around Blaine's to hold around him, followed by eating pizza in bed and talking about their friends.

"Was he really that lonely? Didn't anyone ever talk to him?" Blaine asked as he let his phone drop back under his pillow when Tina returned to her spot next to him.

"Yeah. It seemed like he didn't really want to speak to anyone, but he was always so sad. And Rachel was constantly on his back, and when his dad started dating Finn's mom it turned really awful. He felt like his dad wanted Finn more, it was heartbreaking. But he's so proud and won't let anyone in so it's really hard to be there for him, you know -" she explained, sounding sad about the memories she was looking back at.

Yeah, Blaine knew. He knew all too well how hard it was to be allowed to be there for Kurt.

"But – he's happy now. With you. He wasn't happy when he was just hanging out with Puck all the time. He got by. Felt like he belonged somewhere, to a group. But I don't think that he ever really felt like he belonged to them. I've seen him peek at high fashion on eBay and stuff. He misses being free to be himself. But with you he's free, you set him free -" she smiled.

It was nice to hear that people looked at it that way. He hated to hear about how hard it had been for Kurt before they met. He never wanted him to be lonely ever again. Blaine pulled his phone back out and typed out a quick text:

"I love you. So much. Don't ever forget that."

xXx

Blaine grunted as he faintly realized why he had woken up. His phone was ringing. It was in the middle of the night. Tina was lightly snoring next to him and he had no idea where his phone was. He fumbled a bit around and grabbed it out from under the bed where it was lying in a pile of his clothes.

"Kurt? It's 3.30 in the morning. I'm at Tina's house," he mumbled and tiptoed to the little bathroom so he didn't wake her up.

"Blaine? Blaine... please come and get me. I uhm... I'm really sorry. I can't call my dad. Please just come and get me," Kurt whispered into the phone. His voice was shaking and broken, instantly putting all of Blaine's senses on their toes.

"Kurt? God, Kurt what happened? Where are you?" He asked and turned around himself in the small bedroom, the tiles freezing under his feet and the light way too sharp in his eyes.

"I'm uhm... at the station. The police station. Please just come and get me. I promise I'll explain it all, I just don't wanna be here anymore," he begged and it sounded like his voice was about to crack.

"The police station? Kurt, oh god, Kurt... what did you do?" He asked, but there was a rustling and voices noisy in the background before the phone was hung up.

Blaine stared at his phone like it would ring again any minute now, but he knew that it wouldn't so he hurried out of the bathroom. He had to wake up Tina, he couldn't just leave in the middle of the night like it was a bad one night stand.

"Tina. Tina – please wake up."

"Blaine? God, go to sleep. I wanna sleep," she groaned and pulled the comforter over her head.

"No, Tina. I have to leave. I need to pick up Kurt at the police station," he said and started pulling on his jeans as Tina sat up in the bed, staring at him with groggy eyes.

"The police? What did he do?" She asked and rubbed her eyes with two fingers.

"I don't know, but I can't just leave him there. He sounded scared. Just... go back to sleep, I just didn't want to leave without telling you," Blaine sighed as he pulled his sweater over his t-shirt.

"Are you sure? You don't want me to come?" She asked, not seeming as sleepy as he had done before.

"It's okay. I think I need to do this alone. But thanks..."

"My keys are on the desk. Just push me if there's not room enough for both of you -" she said and fell back on her pillow.

"Are you sure? Because we can go to my house or his and I can come back here tomorrow," Blaine said.

"No. You can't drag him to your house in the middle of the night, and if he's in the police station I'm not sure it would be good for him to go back to his own house because he will need to get a hold of himself before facing his dad," she explained and waved at him in a manner of telling him to get out.

Tina really was the best friend in the world.

xXx

This was a situation he had never expected to find himself in. He had never been at the police station before. He had never been at any police station before, except for when he was in second grade and they were on a field trip that ended up in his friend throwing up all over police man's shoes because he had eaten too much candy on the bus.

"Hi uhm... I'm here to pick up Kurt Hummel. I don't know where to go or anything, really -" Blaine mumbled shyly at the man sitting at the desk just inside the door.

"It will be this way," the man said with a raised eyebrow and led Blaine through a series of desks.

The man stopped and whispered something at a woman in uniform who took Blaine down a hall to where there were a few cells, obviously meant for temporary stays. The woman unlocked the door and called Kurt's name only to have Blaine attacked by Kurt's arms locking around his neck before he had even noticed he was in the room.

"Oh god, Blaine, I am so sorry for dragging you out here in the middle of the night," he apologized.

He was clenching so hard he was nearly choking him. When Blaine looked into the cell he recognized a few guys Kurt had been talking to outside of Scandals before. Kurt was wearing an all leather suit, reeking from the scent of leather mixed with the scent of beer sharp in his nostrils, Kurt's own scent barely breaking through.

Kurt was swaying lightly as Blaine made him release his grip around his neck. He allowed Kurt's hand to find his, but he wasn't planning on going cute and cuddly until he knew what was going on – and Kurt was clearly drunk.

The woman led them back to the receptionist that had Kurt sign some papers before they could leave. Blaine didn't take Kurt's hand again as they walked over the parking lot, and when Kurt crawled into the passenger seat he rested his forehead against the window, getting ready to fall asleep.

"What happened, Kurt?" Blaine inquired, not letting it go before he knew the full story of why he had been woken up in the middle of the night to get his boyfriend out of prison.

"Not now. Talk in the morning," Kurt grunted and hid his eyes against his arm.

"No, Kurt. You tell me now," Blaine kept up, refusing to let it go.

"You know, the car drives better when it's turned on."

"Kurt – we're not going anywhere until you tell me what happened. Tina said we could sleep at her place, but I'm not taking you back to her house where she and her entire family is sleeping until you have told me why I just had to bail you out." He was starting to go angry. It wasn't fair of Kurt to act like this was no big deal, that this was something that could wait until the morning.

"Did you beat someone up? Or did you steal something? Please tell me you didn't break in somewhere or something -" He had no idea if this was stuff Kurt would even do. He knew that he had been in fights, a lot of fights, but he didn't know if he had ever stolen something or broken in somewhere, but he had to fumble in the dark to get Kurt to speak.

"I didn't do a damn thing, okay? I didn't beat anyone up, I didn't steal anything – I promised you I wouldn't do those things again. Don't you trust me?" Kurt suddenly snapped and stared at him with lightning eyes.

"It's a little hard to trust you when I'm picking you up from the police at 4am and you won't even tell me why!" Blaine hissed, not backing off just because he used the trust-card.

"Tell me what happened. Please, Kurt. You have no idea how worried I was when driving here. How worried I still am. I don't know what to expect here. Should I wait for someone to come pick you up and send you to jail? Should I wait for you to tell me that you're going to court? What is it? Please, Kurt. Please," he knew that he was pathetic, but he didn't care. He needed to know.

Kurt's shoulders eased down. He was still a little drunk, but he seemed more clear in the head. After letting his eyes flicker a few times between Blaine's he moved in closer and suddenly his hand was on Blaine's.

"I didn't do anything. I promise I didn't do anything. It was just a stupid misunderstanding. Some guys were selling drugs and it was just kids, they were trying to sell them to kids, and the kids kept saying no. I don't think they were anymore than 15 or something. So the guys started beating them up, so Puck and I pulled the kids away and the guys started beating us up instead and we had to defend ourselves, but then the police came and their friends said that we just started beating them up out of nothing. I'm okay, I just have a little scratch on my arm, but Puck looks terrible. No one believed anyone so they took all of us to the station. Now I have to go to court or something where those kids will come and tell what happened. Puck was picked up by his mom right before you came. He offered for me to go with them, but I... I just needed you. I'm sorry," Kurt said, his eyes brimming with tears and his hand shivering on Blaine's.

So – Kurt hadn't done anything wrong. He had saved some kids, not just thrown himself into trouble as he used to.

"I really don't understand anything. You might have to explain it to me again tomorrow. I'm just happy that you're okay. I was so scared," Blaine cooed and brushed a hand down Kurt's cheek making tears follow.

"I'm so sorry I always make trouble for you, Blaine."

He pulled his arms around his chest with a cry. He was shaking and Blaine couldn't do anything but drag him close and kiss his forehead.

"It's fine. You saved some kids right? You're a hero, Kurt. Let's just go back to Tina's house so we can get some sleep and you can sober up," Blaine sighed and kissed his cheek before pulling back and turning on the engine.

They drove down the deserted street in silence. Kurt was sniffing and Blaine knew that he was trying to stop crying. He hated crying and Blaine wasn't going to give him a hard time about it.

"I'm sorry I didn't answer your text earlier. It made me happy. I love you too," Kurt whispered as Blaine turned off the car in the Cohen-Chang driveway.

"Oh Kurt. I love you too. Always," Blaine assured him and leaned over the gearshift to press a deep kiss to his mouth.

They tiptoed to Tina's room where Blaine dragged his pajamas back on and Kurt stripped his leather suit off before they curled up around each other next to Tina who was fast asleep. They didn't say anything, but Kurt cried silently against Blaine's neck while Blaine stroked his hair and caressed his back until Kurt fell asleep so Blaine could sleep himself.

Chapter Fifteen

When Blaine woke up the next morning Kurt was sitting in the chair by the window, staring out over the garden. Tina wasn't in the bed next to Blaine, so he guessed that she had already gotten up. Kurt was wearing a pair of Tina's pajama pants with red plaid and a blue t-shirt Mike had once forgot at her house.

When Blaine moved a little to rest his head on his arm Kurt looked over his shoulder and met his eyes. He looked sad and insecure.

"Goodmorning," Blaine said.

"Morning," Kurt mumbled and looked back to the window.

Blaine shuffled a little in the bed, considering what to do since the situation apparently was going to be strained. But he didn't want it to be. What had happened the previous night was unfortunate and it sucked, but it didn't have to have any consequences for them if they didn't want it to.

"Come here," Blaine said and Kurt looked back on him with a slightly quizzical expression.

"Come over here and lie down next to me," Blaine sighed and moved a little to show Kurt that he meant it.

Kurt got to his feet and crawled into the bed next to Blaine with unsure movements. To make sure there were no misunderstandings Blaine immediately pulled him as close as he possibly could and pressed a kiss to Kurt's cheek.

"This doesn't have to be weird. But I just think we need to talk about this, because I'm not sure what I can expect from what you told me last night. You were pretty drunk," Blaine pointed out, Kurt's eyes flickering around his face.

Blaine could see in his eyes that he was replaying the events of the night in his head. Going over all the details and deciding how to put it into words – maybe to avoid making Blaine too upset. He turned to lie on his side and started twirling his fingers around in a fold on Blaine's pajama shirt, focusing his eyes on his movements when he drew a heavy breath and sighed.

"We had been hanging out in the garage of some guy Puck knows. We had been drinking and we didn't have any more beer so we decided to go get some more. We were at the gas station because everything was closed, and we were hanging outside. We were talking and one of the guys had asked me about you so I was just telling him about... you know, when you fucked me – then I saw these guys at the other side of the street cornering some kids."

He took a pause to breathe and probably to recall the incident. He stopped his fumbling with Blaine's shirt and let his hands disappear under the covers before he looked Blaine directly in the eyes.

"I walked over there. The kids looked scared. I think one of them was only 14. When I got closer I could hear that these guys were trying to get the kids to take their drugs but the kids kept saying that they didn't want any so the guys just started beating them. Puck was right behind me so we got a hold of the kids and pushed them away. The guys just started beating us instead, but that was pretty inevitable. So we gave them back. What was we supposed to do? Just take it? I don't know when the other guys from the party got there, but suddenly we were in this huge fight. We didn't even notice the police coming until we were being pulled apart. The cops asked us what was going on – they split us into groups. The kids were just staring at us, completely terrified. When we told what had happened the cops didn't believe us. The other guys said we just started beating them up out of nowhere. In the end they took us all down to the station and took our statements again and again. I was there for an hour before they let me call you," Kurt explained.

Blaine let the many words fasten themselves in his mind so he could take a moment to digest what it was Kurt had just told him. For his inner eye a sequence of Kurt being punched and kicked by a group of big guys were playing and torturing him greatly.

"I'm really proud of you. It was so big of you to help those kids. You could've just walked away. You did the right thing, Kurt. We'll get you out of this together. I promise," Blaine said and let his hand drift around to cup Kurt's neck so he could press a kiss to his mouth.

"I hope so. You know what they do to guys like us in prison," Kurt sighed and moved closer into Blaine's embrace with his nose nuzzled into the crook of his neck.

"Don't say that. I'm the only one who gets to do stuff like that to you," Blaine smirked and strengthened his grip around Kurt.

"So you wanna tie me up, spank me and then rape me?" Kurt said and looked up with a raised eyebrow – challenging.

Blaine's tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. Suddenly an image of Kurt tied naked to the bedpost with marks from a heavy spanking over his milky white cheeks burning red as he was sending Blaine a lustful look over his shoulder was filling up Blaine's brain, making him squeeze his thighs a little closer together.

"I – that's not what I -" he started stammering out and was well aware of how scarlet his face was.

Before he could try and do any sort of damage control he felt Kurt's hand between his legs, cupping his growing erection with a squeeze and a triumphant smile.

"If they let me go that will be the only thing on the menu for the victory party," he whispered with a grin and sucked Blaine's lower lip into his mouth. He chuckled as he stared into Blaine's eyes and squeezed his hand a little harder, pushing his hips closer to Blaine's.

"We'll be okay. I'll be okay – I know that I will as long as you're with me," Kurt smiled softly and let his hand leave Blaine's cock so it could find its way onto his back inside his shirt where he curled his fingers up as if he was trying to hold on to Blaine's skin, crawl inside of him just to feel him closer – Blaine knew that reaction, because that was the way he always felt when he was lying close with Kurt.

"I'll always be with you. Always, Kurt -" Blaine promised, not doubting for a second that he really meant it.

"No one stays together forever anymore," he said with a crooked, sympathetic smile, the one that made Blaine feel like a kid who had just said something dumb.

"Some people do. But it doesn't matter – because it's not like we're the average couple anyway. Since we're outside of any group at all, we might as well be outside of the group with the rest of the people that break up and hate each other," Blaine declared.

"I like that. You always... say stuff like that. Right when I think everything looks the darkest and I get all cynical – you swoop in and make me believe that it isn't. My knight in shining armor."

Kurt's voice had been reduced to a weak whisper and his eyes were sparkling. It was like the corners of his mouth were itching to smile even though his face didn't move a muscle. All Blaine could think about

was how breathtaking he was, and how he wished that he could find a way to make a time-bubble so the moment didn't have to pass.

"For you I would be anything. A stable-boy if you needed -" he teased, but his throat was dry and made his voice scratchy.

"Na-uh – that can't do it. You're much more than that," Kurt giggled.

Kurt Hummel giggled.

"Where did my badass, biker, beer-drinking boyfriend go?" Blaine chuckled.

He pulled the comforter over their heads and pressed his mouth onto Kurt's, both of them giggling and chuckling as their tongues started dancing together. Kurt quickly buried his fingers in Blaine's curls, Blaine's fingers sliding down the back of Kurt's underwear. The heat was just starting to rise when the door opened.

"Oh no. Blaine, really? In my bed? Seriously," Tina whined and closed the door behind her.

Kurt got the comforter removed from their faces, his pink cheeks joined by a grand smile that witnessed about his morning gloom obviously having left him.

"We are still dressed. We're being decent. Especially for us. It was pretty fucking close," Kurt stated and licked a strip from Blaine's Adams apple to his chin.

"Gee, thanks -" she scowled and looked a little suspicious before she crossed the room and crawled back into her own side of the bed, keeping her distance.

Blaine put a chaste kiss to Kurt's nose before he turned his back on Kurt, melting into his arms but facing Tina.

"I would ask you how you were holding up after last night, but it doesn't seem like you've got much trouble about keeping your head high," she said. Anyone else would probably think she was annoyed that they were being so close in her bed, but Blaine knew that she was happy about seeing them so comfortable around each other. She was simply happy for them.

"I don't know what's gonna happen now. I think I'll get called to court or something. It could be worse," Kurt shrugged and rested his cheek against Blaine's from behind him, chin on his shoulder.

"If you do that I'm coming with you," Blaine declared immediately. There was no way he would let Kurt do that alone, and if he knew Kurt right he probably wouldn't let his dad come. Of course Puck would be there as well, but that wouldn't be the same.

"I don't want you to see me like that, babe -" Kurt started to object.

"Kurt, I'll come with you. I'll go with Blaine, and we'll both support you. I don't really have any idea what's going on, but I will be there for you as well," Tina said.

It was surreal. Lying in Tina's bed, the bed he had been sleeping in since he was a kid, with Tina who had been his best friend since he was a kid – and his boyfriend, the boy that Tina had been so against him seeing. And they were getting along. It was perfect.

The rest of the morning they stayed in bed where Tina and Kurt started a battle of who could tell Blaine the most embarrassing glee club story about the other. The morning was filled with laughter and blushing cheeks. Definitely not what Blaine had expected of his day when he woke up.

Around 1 they got into their clothes and Blaine offered to go home with Kurt so he wouldn't have to face his dad alone with the news of what had happened. He hugged Tina and to his surprise Kurt did as well. They drove to town where Kurt picked up his motorcycle and Blaine drove back to his house where he waited for him in the driveway.

When Kurt rounded the corner and came driving up the gravel leading from the street to the Hummel-Hudson house Blaine couldn't help noticing how incredibly sexy he thought Kurt was on his bike. The tight leather suit he was wearing didn't make it easier for Blaine to look away from his ass and thighs. When Kurt took off his helmet Blaine was surprised he was even able to move anymore.

"You're staring," Kurt said and put his helmet on the handlebar.

"You're enjoying it," Blaine retorted and was returned by a giant grin.

"Only because I know how fucking dirty your mind is," Kurt smiled and nodded in a gesture for Blaine to come over to him.

How he could stand wearing that suit in the uncontrollable sun Blaine would never guess.

He stood up from the mural he had been leaning against and walked the few steps to meet Kurt where he was still sitting on his motorcycle.

"Some day I'll fuck you against this," Kurt said.

"Or even better -"

He moved closer, letting his lips ghost over Blaine's and his eyes intensely piercing Blaine's.

"I'll just pull down my pants and bend over it so you can fuck me over it," he whispered and suddenly Blaine realized that Kurt was leading his hand over the warm leather, up his thigh and down his crotch, guiding it over his hip and down to make Blaine grasp his ass.

But of course nothing more was going to happen now either, because yet again they were so annoyingly blocked.

"There you are, Kurt. You said that you would come home to sleep last night – I've been worried sick over you," Kurt's dad said as he showed in the front door.

Blaine rushed his hand away from Kurt's ass, his palm still burning from the contact – his cheeks just as warm from being caught like that.

"I'm sorry, dad. I ended up spending the night with Blaine. I'll explain everything later. Right now I just really want a shower," Kurt sighed and got to the ground where he grabbed Blaine's hand and started walking towards his dad at the door.

They got inside and Blaine politely greeted his dad before he followed Kurt upstairs. In Kurt's room he watched as Kurt stripped completely and walked naked around the room while looking for a towel. It was a hard task to not just jump him right then and there, especially because Kurt naturally did his best to show Blaine exactly what he had to offer and in no way hide that he wanted Blaine as well.

"If I'm gone too long it's because I'm wanking like crazy to the thought of you watching me in that hungry way," Kurt stated as he walked to the bathroom, not even bothering closing the door after him.

Blaine let himself sink down in Kurt's sheets. He listened as the water was turned on and drumming down on the porcelain. He could hear that Kurt was humming.

Before he knew it he was on his feet and had tiptoed to the bathroom. Biting his lower lip to stay quiet as he watched and was thrilled to see that Kurt was standing with his back on the shower curtain. Carefully he pulled the shower curtain to the side and found Kurt's pale back with flawless skin glistening wet.

Yet, all he could focus on was his movements. The way the muscles in his shoulder and arm was moving. Kurt definitely hadn't been joking.

"Ah yes," Kurt groaned and let his forehead clasp against the tiles while he worked his hand furiously over his hard cock.

"Need help with that?" Blaine asked cheeky.

"Shit! You scared me. You douche!" Kurt groaned as he startled rushed together.

It only took him a few seconds, though, to turn around and grab Blaine's wrists so he could pull him into the shower with him.

Kurt wrapped his arms around Blaine and shoved his hands down the back-pockets of his (now soaked) jeans as he pressed a kiss to his mouth with laughter.

"Kurt! My clothes -" Blaine chuckled and nipped at his lower lip.

"Blaine!" Kurt mimicked at him.

"If you weren't wearing clothes it wouldn't be a problem," he stated and started unbuttoning Blaine's pants while Blaine began to pull his polo off and throw it to the corner of the shower niche.

With some awkward fumbling around, giggles and laughter they quickly had Blaine just as naked as Kurt was, his clothes collected in a wet pile in the corner.

"Just fuck me. Knight," Kurt challenged with lust blown eyes and a smile that was so playful that Blaine was sure that he wouldn't have been able to resist even if he wanted to.

"Alright," he stammered breathy.

With his hands gently sliding down Kurt's arms he didn't waste any time to grasp his ass so their wet erections could slide together. Kurt got the notion and hooked his arms around Blaine's neck, and before they could do anything else Kurt had his legs locked around Blaine's waist and his back pressed against the wet tiles for leverage.

Their mouths worked together like it was their only source of life, while Blaine's cock was slipping between Kurt's cheeks.

The water was comfortable but it didn't stop their body temperature from rising. It was like they were the ones to heat up the water and the room around them. At first Blaine was scared that he was going to drop Kurt, but when he realized how strong Kurt's thighs and back was, and the way he noticed that he didn't even have to hold much of his weight he finally allowed himself into the kiss.

With a firm grasp on Kurt's buttocks he made sure that Kurt was open enough, but had to face that he couldn't reach enough to stretch him.

"Screw that – just fuck me," Kurt panted into his mouth, barely making room to speak between kisses, his nails digging into Blaine's back.

"Kurt... I can't – hurt you like that," Blaine groaned and kissed over his neck, his lips sliding easily around Kurt's naked skin.

He squeezed his hands a little tighter on Kurt's ass, his fingertips only lightly grazing over his hole. Blaine could feel his entrance flutter with each ghosting from his fingers and it only made him even harder.

He wanted it, needed it – badly. He could feel his cock head bumping against Kurt's entrance with every movement and he nearly whimpered from the need. But if he did it without stretching it would be an explosion of pain for Kurt, he was sure.

"I don't care – just do it. Need you," Kurt growled through gritted teeth and tensed the muscles in his ass so Blaine almost lost control of himself.

With his cock pounding and complaining at him Blaine left all reason behind and pushed his hips upwards while slowly trying to ease Kurt down around him, responded by a huff of breath into Blaine's mouth.

Kurt's heels were digging even harder into the top of Blaine's ass and his fingers were clinging even stronger to the muscles on his shoulder blades.

It was burning in his dick. Kurt was tightening around him with a painful sensation, like his body was sucking him in, but it didn't matter because he was finally back inside of Kurt and it was the most amazing feeling ever.

"Fuck me. Fuck me so hard, baby -" Kurt begged into his mouth, biting Blaine's lower lip with whimpers when Blaine slowly pulled halfway out and pushed roughly in.

"Yes! Yes!" Kurt exclaimed in a high pitched note.

It was so damn tight, and for a second he considered stopping and let Kurt back down, but he surely couldn't do that. It was way too good, and his balls were screaming at him, telling that he wouldn't last long any way.

So he slowly pulled back out, his head remaining snugly hugged by the rim of Kurt's asshole, and plunged back in so hard that Kurt groaned loudly and bit down on his shoulder. He continued the action on and on until it was a steady rhythm.

There was not really any words for why, but Blaine found it strangely intimate the way Kurt was clinging to him as he kept his dick plunging into Kurt's ass. Kurt's head was resting on his shoulder as his fingers were digging into his shoulder blade and neck. He was quietly whimpering in the rhythm of Blaine's thrust and for some reason Blaine felt all of his emotions for Kurt well up inside of him.

It was all too much and he had only just started, but within seconds his knees started quivering, his stomach curled up and his balls pulsed, shooting a steady torrent into Kurt's hole.

"Oh god. Oh god – Kurt," Blaine cried into Kurt's neck.

It was only a second before Kurt was tightening nearly painfully around him and his own cock started filling their stomachs with hot semen firing out of him, mixing with the water and sliding down their bodies.

Blaine's legs felt like jelly and his arms as well. He almost couldn't keep Kurt up anymore, but he didn't want to let him down, didn't want to leave his body so they could go back to being two individuals again.

Kurt's nails were still digging into his back and his face was still buried in the crook of Blaine's neck, panting with his lips brushing over Blaine's skin.

Kurt brushed his cheek around Blaine's shoulder a little before he turned to let his head back against the tiles so he could kiss Blaine chastely. He let his hand rest on Blaine's neck and caressed his thumb through the tips of his dripping curls.

They had moved so that only the lower of part of Blaine's body was in the stream of water and it was only a few minutes before Kurt's body was covered in gooseflesh and Blaine let him down so he could drag him under the heated water as well.

Blaine kept his hands running around Kurt's body, doing his best to reach as much of him as he possibly could. He was just about to ask Kurt if he wanted him to stay or go home while Kurt talked to his dad when the door was opened and Blaine nearly slipped on the wet floor.

"Kurt! Get out of there. Gotta talk to you downstairs... and Blaine, I rescued your phone from your wet pants," Kurt's dad said and the door was closed again.

"Oh god!" Blaine groaned in horror against Kurt's shoulder.

Suddenly he was very aware that he was naked and had just fucked Kurt in his shower. Not to mention the fact that his father-in-law obviously knew that they were naked together. And Burt Hummel was no stupid man – of course he knew that if two teenage boys were naked together, they wouldn't exactly be playing Monopoly.

However, all of those thoughts disappear when Kurt left the shower without a word and started drying himself off. Blaine followed him and dried himself off as well before hanging his wet clothes on the towel-hangers on the wall.

When Blaine entered Kurt's room Kurt had already pulled a fresh pair of boxers on and was sitting on the edge of the bed with a t-shirt in his hand, not moving but staring at the shelves on the wall in front of him.

"Are you okay?" Blaine asked nervously and stopped in front of him, unsure what to do about himself considering he didn't have any dry clothes to put on.

"Yeah. I'm... fine," Kurt said, a little oddly, and held his hand out, offering Blaine a pair of clean underwear.

Blaine dragged them on and sat down next to Kurt. He wasn't sure what he was supposed to say or do, so he hoped Kurt would take the first step. If there was something wrong he didn't want to pretend everything was okay, but on the other hand he didn't want to be worried if things were fine.

"Do you think I'll be okay, Blaine? Do you think I'll get off without problems?" Kurt suddenly asked in a weak voice.

"I don't know, Kurt. I hope so. I mean, you were only trying to help some young boys. It wasn't like you started it or anything," Blaine said.

They fell silent for a while. Blaine was afraid to speak. He knew that Kurt would never let himself be so vulnerable in front of anyone and Blaine wouldn't risk messing it up so Kurt felt like he couldn't be open with him either.

"My dad is gonna kill me," Kurt huffed and let his hand rest on Blaine's moist thigh, his fingers caressing through the fine hair covering his skin.

"Of course he's not gonna kill you. He's not gonna be happy about it, but he'll understand when he hears the truth," Blaine assured him.

Kurt turned his head and sent him a weak smile before he cupped Blaine's cheek and pressed a kiss to his lips before getting up so he could walk to the dresser.

He found out a black pair of tights that he started to pull on followed by a big, gray sweater. It was fluffy and tight with a big collar falling gracefully around Kurt's neck and it was long enough to cover his ass, but still tight enough for Blaine to have a clear view of the outlines of his muscles.

Whenever Kurt wore clothes like that Blaine always turned speechless. It was so unlike the boy he had got to know at the beginning of their relationship, but it was in perfect line with the pictures Tina had shown him and the things she had told him of the time before he changed. When he wore clothes like that it made Blaine feel like Kurt was exposing himself to him because he wanted to let him in but wasn't sure how to do it with words.

"Kurt... if you want me to go with you to talk to your dad I can do that," Blaine said softly, watching Kurt pull on his socks and run his fingers through his damp hair.

Kurt turned around to smile at Blaine, but it was only half-heard, filled with insecurity and nerves. He was just trying to be brave, to be the Kurt who wasn't afraid of anything and didn't care about anyone or how he did in the world – but it completely failed.

"Would you? I could use you down there," he said and shrugged as if it wasn't a big deal.

"Of course I would. Let's get it over with. I'm sure it will work out, babe -" Blaine assured him and stood up. He squeezed Kurt tight, received a deep hug himself before Kurt found a pair of sweats and a t-shirt for Blaine to borrow.

Then they headed downstairs to see Kurt's dad, to explain to him why Kurt hadn't been home to sleep and why he was sore in his back and ribs. But that wasn't how it happened, because when they came downstairs Kurt's dad was waiting for them in the kitchen, Kurt's stepmother on his side, both looking very gloomy.

"Kurt, why did you receive a letter from the courthouse while you two were fooling around in the shower?" Kurt's dad asked and Blaine could feel his face flame and his entire being shrink.

Kurt tightened his grip on Blaine's hand; more like they were encouraging each other to walk over and sit down in front of Kurt's waiting parents.

So they did.

They sat down by the dining table and Kurt took a deep breath before he told everything. To Blaine's relief he went for the version he had given Blaine earlier that day, starting out with the party and ending out with how Blaine had picked him up in the middle of the night.

No one said anything while Kurt told his tale, and even after he was finished a thick silence filled the kitchen. Blaine could feel that Kurt was waiting and hoping his dad would say something, and when he didn't Kurt clearly got impatient and started turning his fingers anxiously around each other on the table in front of him.

"Dad... would you say something? Please?" Kurt asked, his voice innocent with a heartbreaking touch to it that reminded Blaine of the huge fight they had when he thought that Kurt had dumped him.

"Kurt – I gotta say that this was definitely not what I expected from you. When you started with all of that stuff... changing your clothes and exchanging your car for a motorcycle. When you started drinking and skipping school – I hoped that you were just going through a tough time and needed a way to get some outlet. Get some of all of that anger out that you had built up inside of you. But I never thought I would see the day where you got picked up by the cops," his dad said, disappointment glowing from his eyes and oozing from his voice.

"I'm so sorry, dad – I never meant to. I just... I couldn't just see those kids get beat up that way," Kurt apologized, his voice breaking. He moved a little closer to Blaine, so Blaine brushed a hand up his thigh, hoping to calm him down.

"I'm not finished!" His dad said firmly and it was like Kurt was puppy getting kicked.

"What I'm trying to say is... I've been okay with this because I hoped you would get over it in time – and now that you have Blaine it seems like you're heading back to your old track, but stronger than you were before. But you've always been a strong kid. I just wish you would have tackled this a little differently. You could've called the police yourself," he said and Blaine was sure he heard a whimper get caught in Kurt's throat.

"That being said; I am very proud of you for standing up for those kids. We will make sure this will get off without you getting into too much dirt. I'm sure we can figure something out here," Kurt's dad said and got to his feet.

He walked around the table and pulled Kurt to stand up with him so he could drag him into a tight hug. For the first time in their relationship Blaine saw Kurt being exposed and vulnerable to someone other than him. It was crushing his heart the way Kurt had transformed from a hot, badass dude in a leather-suit on a motorcycle, to a little boy scared to tell his dad about the mess he had made.

Somehow Blaine felt like he shouldn't be watching, like he shouldn't even be present. This was a private, intimate moment – a side of Kurt that he wasn't sure Kurt was comfortable about having him see yet.

"Gonna open that letter now and see what it says?" Mr. Hummel said as he let go of Kurt.

Kurt rubbed his eyes with his hands and took a deep breath. He sent Blaine a brave smile and picked the letter up. He turned it over in his hands a few times before he ripped open the envelope.

"Yeah. I uhm... I have to go in for a hearing on Wednesday. I don't know what to do. Should I get a lawyer? I can't afford that... fuck!" He burst out, his lower lip quivering and his eyes flickering around the room to avoid meeting anyone.

"Hey – hey... it's okay. We'll figure it out. You'll be fine. I uhm – I'll talk to my mom when I get home," Blaine said and hurried to his feet so he could take Kurt's hands and search for his eyes, desperate to let him know that he wasn't going to stand alone with this.

For the first time in his life Blaine was going to ask his mom for a favor he wasn't supposed to ever ask her of: he was going to ask his mom if she would help Kurt with his case. He had never considered his mom's status at a prestigious law-firm to be something he could use, considering his plans to going for performing arts like his brother, but now it seemed like his mom's job would be his savior.

"You don't have to do that, Blaine. I'll figure something out," Kurt objected, but Blaine hurried to cut him off.

"No, Kurt. My mom loves you and I'm sure she'll be happy to help you. It's gonna be fine. Soon we'll forget this whole chaos," Blaine said and kissed Kurt's cheek, stroking a thumb over the back of his hand to calm him down.

"I love you," Kurt mumbled and squeezed Blaine's hand.

"I love you too, Kurt. It'll be okay," Blaine smiled, hoping he was right.

But how was he ever going to explain the thing to his mom? And how was he ever going to make sure that his dad wouldn't have another one of his hysterical trips over him being with Kurt? This wasn't exactly strengthening their case of Kurt being good for him.

Chapter Sixteen

"How is it that every time it seems like Kurt is getting back on the right track he slips and dives right back into trouble?" Blaine's mom asked, her face a mix of shock and exhaustion.

Blaine couldn't believe he had just asked his mom for legal advice for his boyfriend. What happened to the good Dalton student who just wanted to fall in love and date a cute, innocent musical theater lover with whom he could watch silver screen movies and hold his hand while they talked all night?

All of those things suddenly didn't matter anymore. That wasn't who Kurt was, and that wasn't who Blaine had fallen in love with. Instead he had fallen in love with a guy on a motorcycle with holes in his jeans and studs on his boots, a guy who punched people in the face and called him a sappy girl when he got emotional – and that was the guy he loved, who loved him back, who was all he cared about.

"I don't know, mom. He tries so hard. He just wanted to help, I swear. But he feels really bad about it. He's so scared," Blaine explained, hoping he could speak more to his mom's concern about Kurt than her concern about her son.

She took a moment to take off her glasses and rub her eyes with two fingers. He had caught her in the middle of some paperwork for a case she was closing down. She stood up and found a bottle of water from the fridge. She drank half of it before she sat back down and looked at him, obviously a plan on her mind.

"Of course I will help him," she said heavily.

"Thank you! Thank you, thank you, thank you, mom. So much!" Blaine started blabbering out, but stopped when he could see on his mom's face that she hadn't finished talking.

"On one condition -" she said sharply when she was sure Blaine was back to paying full attention. He swallowed hard and nodded in indication that he was ready for her declaration.

"Sure. Whatever you say. I just want Kurt to be okay," Blaine agreed. At this point she could tell him to bring her the moon and he would do it, as long as it meant that Kurt would get out of trouble.

"I need you to help Kurt back to who he was," she stated, her eyes trained on him.

Blaine stared quizzically at her. He was lost for words. He had no idea how to react to that. What did his mom know about Kurt's past? What did she know about who he used to be and how he had turned out the way he was now? Not to mention: *how* did she know?

"While you were visiting Cooper I ran into Kurt at the mall. He was hanging out with some friends, so he played tough. When I was on my way home I ran into him at the parking lot and he apologized. He ended up coming here for coffee over the evening," his mom started to tell.

Blaine was puzzled. He was turning his fingers oddly around in his hands, his eyes flickering around the room. He couldn't decide if he was mad or hurt that Kurt hadn't told him about that. Or that his mom hadn't, for that matter.

"We talked and he told me about his life. About how much he loved glee club and fashion and – but he also told me the things that happened to him. About when his dad got sick and he was all alone to take the struggle. About the bullying that no one did anything about. About how neglected he felt when his dad remarried. How lonely he was. And in the end how he changed to distance himself, to protect himself."

All of this wasn't any news to Blaine. Yet it still made everything inside him tie up and twist around in heavy knots. He hated thinking about the things Kurt had been through.

"But – what struck me the most was when he told me that he misses it. He misses really being a part of glee club and not just being that guy in the background. He misses being able to gush about clothes and wear the best brands. To go crazy over musicals and tear up at songs," she told.

There was nothing Blaine could do but stare at her. He knew that Kurt wasn't as tough as he claimed to be, and he knew that Kurt was slowly starting to let himself soften up, but he had no idea it was troubling him.

"The thing is that he's afraid that if he changes it will change how you feel about him. He's scared that you won't wanna be with him, then. Because that's not the boy you fell in love with," his mom said, her face contorted in worried lines.

"I could never -" Blaine started to blabber, no need to think it over.

"I know, Blaine – and he does too. But that doesn't stop him from being scared that he'll lose you if he changes. Being with you is the most important thing in the world to him."

Blaine leaned back in his chair and stared at the papers spread across the dining table. They were filled with legal terms and symbols. Notes were scribbled all over in his mom's elegant handwriting.

"But – what should I do? I can't just... I mean, I've told him so many times that -" he stammered awkwardly.

"I don't know... I was thinking if you could just find a way to steer him in the right direction. Just make sure to let him know that you support him in those things. Talk to him about clothes and music and let him know that you love doing those things with him. I really think it would mean a lot to him. Maybe he even could get back to his plan of studying musical theater," she suggested.

He took a moment. Considered what he could do in a general every-day-situation where he and Kurt were together. He thought of the times he had considered asking Kurt for his opinion on an outfit or when they had agreed to watch a movie and he had wanted to suggest a musical or another romantic movie but avoided it because he didn't want to hear Kurt call him a girl.

But had Kurt's original plan been getting into musical theater? How had he never mentioned that when he knew Blaine was hoping to go that way himself?

"Sure. I mean – I can try. It's just so hard, you know. But of course. I will do anything for him. I love him so much, mom." Blaine's voice was thick and he felt a sudden need to protect his boyfriend and show him exactly how much he was willing to do everything for him.

"I know, honey. And he loves you too," Blaine's mom cooed and squeezed his hand on the table between them.

"If you could give me the number of Kurt's dad I will call him and see if I can arrange a meeting tonight or tomorrow so we can discuss how to tackle Kurt's situation. Don't worry, honey – it will be fine," she assured him, and Blaine knew that it meant he was supposed to leave her to close up her work, so he agreed and left to go to his room where he called up Kurt.

No reaction. He fell on his bed and stared at the hat-stand at the corner of the room with his phone clenched in his hand, his arm curled between the mattress and his chest. Now he had nothing to do but wait for Kurt to respond to his missed call.

After ten minutes he was going insane. He was staring mindlessly into the wall, so he found his phone and called up Tina instead. Of course she picked up with the speed of lightning. The first thing she asked to was if Kurt was okay. That honestly made him grin. Apparently Tina and Kurt had become close very fast over the morning.

He told her about the letter and Kurt's talk with his dad. Then he told about his talk with his mom – leaving out too much of Kurt's personal business. Even though he completely respected Kurt's choice to not talk to anyone about these things Blaine still felt the need to discuss it with someone. And now he considered it, a lot of the things his mom had told him about Kurt were things Tina would have known considering she and Kurt had been in school together for a long time before he changed.

"Did you – did you know that Kurt wanted to do musical theater?" He asked carefully. He shifted to lie on his back and looked to the ceiling. He could feel his eyelashes tickling the top of his eyelids, so he closed his eyes while waiting for an answer.

"He talked about it before. Back then, before he, you know... changed. He didn't use to talk much, he was very introverted. But he whenever he talked it was mostly about musical theater, and how he wanted to get into a musical theater college when he had finished high school. But that's a long time ago," Tina explained.

She sounded unsure, not much to Blaine's surprise. It was a very out-of-the-blue question. Somehow the atmosphere in her voice felt like she was afraid to say something wrong, but all Blaine wanted to know was the truth. He needed to know how much the people who had known Kurt longer than him knew about the person Kurt used to be – if getting into musical theater was a dream of Kurt's that was where Blaine wanted to direct him.

"Why are you asking? Did he say something? Is he back to wanting that?" She asked.

"No. It was just... I never heard about it. I mean – I knew that he used to be in glee club before and he was pretty excited about it. But he never mentioned planning of taking it as a future," Blaine told quietly.

"Then how do you get to that now?"

"Apparently he told my mom. While I was in New York with Cooper."

Blaine did his best to sound as casual about it as he possibly could, but he knew that it wasn't exactly like he was good at hiding anything from Tina.

"Blaine... don't take it too heavy. The past few years he has done everything he could to be all about his image of being tough. He probably didn't want you to know because he wants you to see him as this hardcore, badass guy. But he's softening up to you," she said softly. Blaine knew that if they had been together she would have smiled at him and stroked his hand lightly before getting an idea with the purpose of cheering him up.

He knew all of that. He just needed to find out how to help Kurt the best. With a heavy breath he was just about to pour his worries out to Tina, but he was interrupted by a knock on his door. He called whoever it was in, a suction filling his stomach.

"Tina, I gotta go. Kurt just came," he said and took her accept and goodbye before hanging up. He only made it to let the phone fall to the bed before Kurt was on the bed, pushing him to the mattress so he could lie on top of Blaine with a heavy kiss.

Kurt tasted strongly of cigarettes and coffee. It was a long time ago Kurt had started making sure he had a lot of gum to cover up the taste whenever he was with Blaine, so it was a surprise that the taste of nicotine was so prominent in Blaine's mouth.

"Hey. I had no idea you would be coming over," Blaine said as Kurt backed away to stroll his fingers down Blaine's temple.

"I wasn't. But I saw that you called and I missed you. I was just in the neighborhood, so I figured I would come see you," Kurt smiled and nudged his nose playfully against Blaine's cheek, but his eyes were sad.

With a quick movement Blaine had his arms around Kurt and twisted him to lie on his back so Blaine could lie atop of him. He looked down on Kurt under him, watching his boyfriend, take in his face and features.

"I think you're beautiful," Blaine cooed, the corners of his mouth twitching ever so lightly.

Kurt shot him a smile. A sympathetic smile, it seemed. He chewed on his lower lip and tilted his head to the side as he looked up at Blaine.

"I love how you always find the best in everything. Even in the worst," he said with a thumb brushing over Blaine's elbow.

"And – the best in the best. Like with you," Blaine grinned broadly.

"Like I said; even in the worst," Kurt objected a little dryly. He padded Blaine's back lightly so Blaine could lie down next to him rather than on top of him. Kurt turned on his side so he could rest his head on his arm.

"I uhm... I was wondering – have you figured out what you wanna do after school? I mean, it's kinda too late for you to apply anywhere now, but if you start preparing now you can apply to start after Christmas," Blaine mumbled.

His eyes were locked on the way his palm was running over the bedding, evening out the folds and feeling the soft fabric under his fingers. When he looked up at Kurt he was watching him with a confused glance.

"I told you – I'm going to work for my dad until you graduate and we can get away together. I can't do that if I'm wasting my time applying to a school that won't take me any way. Besides, there is nothing I wanna do. So I might as well stay here and make some money so I can be your sugar daddy while you go to college," Kurt said like it was the most logical thing in the world.

"But Kurt... I don't wanna keep you back here. You can go out and do so much!" Blaine said and clasped his hand over Kurt's between their chests.

"Blaine – there's nothing I wanna do or can do. So I might as well do the one thing I'm good at: work at my dad's shop. When you get your freedom I will follow you wherever you wanna go and I can get a job at some tire shop there," Kurt sighed heavily, stroking his thumb over the back of Blaine's hand.

With a roll of his eyes and a patient smile Blaine quickly sat up. He crossed his legs and grabbed Kurt's hand between both of his own as he looked down on him, Kurt still lying on the bed but a puzzled expression covering his face.

"Listen... lately I've considered that – when I graduate I wanna get into a college for performing arts. Musical theater," he said and watched as something flickered in Kurt's eyes, but he kept his pokerface.

"I want you to go with me. I know you miss it. And I'm sure you'll be amazing. I'm not saying we should be one of those couples that can't do anything by themselves... but I can feel in you that this is what you love. I don't want you to miss out on your happiness because you feel like you have something to prove," Blaine

said, doing his best to show Kurt the plea in his heart – the plea that Kurt would allow himself to do what he wanted to.

"I'm not trying to prove anything. I just think musical theater is lame," Kurt mumbled.

"No, you don't. You love it. It's a part of you. Please, prove to me that you will allow yourself to do something good for yourself. You can always stop if you feel like it's not your thing. But please," Blaine continued.

He felt stupid for begging Kurt to do this. This was supposed to be Kurt's dream, what Kurt wanted and needed for himself. It shouldn't be so hard to convince him.

"Musical theater sucks. I thought you were supposed to make me happy," Kurt snorted.

"I am. But you're supposed to make yourself happy as well, dumbass!" Blaine chuckled and leaned forwards to place a kiss on Kurt's hair.

"Just – think about it. For my sake," he said softly, closing the issue in a way he hoped could make Kurt remember it later.

"You chick. Come here and kiss me. I wanna grope you," Kurt laughed and put his arm around Blaine's neck so he could pull him down to lie back next to Kurt.

Kurt dragged Blaine close so they were clasped together. He kissed him, and they granted their hands freedom enough to run around under shirts and hands down over jeans. Their crotches were rutting against each other barely enough to get any friction, but still enough to make a tingling spread in Blaine's body.

"My mom promised to help you. She wants to have a meeting with you and your dad so she can hear about it all and so she can make some sort of strategy. She'll get you out of this. It'll be fine. When are you going in for hearing?"

He almost didn't wanna open the subject. If he could decide Kurt would get to forget all about it and never have to worry about it again. But he had to ask, and he had to tell Kurt what his mom had promised.

"Thursday," Kurt said and as predicted his mood dropped visibly.

"I'll go talk to your mom before I leave. Can we not talk about this?" Kurt grunted and curled his arms around each other as he moved closer to Blaine, forcing Blaine to wrap his arms around him.

"Sure. Of course," Blaine sighed, even though he knew it was a bad idea. They needed to discuss it.

They stayed with Blaine's arms around Kurt on the bed. Kurt had his entire face hidden against Blaine's chest and every now and then he would do a quiet hum followed by his lips featherly pressed to Blaine's neck.

"You're sweet. Thank you for caring," he whispered against Blaine's collarbone.

With a soft smile Blaine let his hand run over Kurt's hair and down his back, strengthening his other hand on the lower of his back, before he kissed the crown of his head.

"I love you. It's my job."

xXx

Monday night was excruciating to get through. When Blaine had come home from school he had asked his mom when they were going to Kurt's house to make a strategy for his hearing. Then his mom had told him that Blaine wouldn't be joining them.

"What? But I have to be there. Kurt needs me there!" Blaine objected. He was utterly confused as to why his mom wouldn't let him go so he couldn't support his boyfriend.

"No, Blaine. Listen – Kurt's dad and I agreed that it was for the best if you won't be there. That way Kurt won't be distracted and he will be easier to soften up. I'm sorry, honey," his mom explained softly.

"But – he'll tell me everything after, anyway," Blaine stammered, uncomfortably aware of how right his mom was. Kurt would surely be a lot more difficult to talk to if Blaine was present.

"I know. And that is Kurt's choice. But we need Kurt to be focused and honest. No playing tough. This is too important," she sighed and continued watering the plants around the living room.

Damn how he hated when she was right.

And with that he accepted his defeat. He was tripping his foot nervously under the table as they had their early dinner and watched his mom's car leave the driveway and disappear down the street. The time following was a dread to haul through.

He played a little around the pavement in the driveway where his dad had put up a basket hoop when Cooper was a teenager. He walked around the garden. He flipped through magazines and went through every channel on TV. He was completely restless.

However, at 10.45 his phone and he was so quick that he dropped it to the floor. He fumbled around to pick it up and answer, his heart racing in anticipation of the news.

"Kurt? What happened?" He asked, hearing his own voice quiver lightly.

"Hey sexy. I had planned to open this conversation very differently," Kurt said with a smirk in his voice. Blaine knew that tone a little too well. He was not having any of that when he had been on toes all night to hear about what they had agreed without him.

"I was actually more planning about telling you where my hand is right now," Kurt groaned, not leaving anything to the imagination.

"Kurt, please – I wanna know what happened," Blaine sighed.

"But, Blaine... I kept thinking about was how you would look in one of those old school striped prison outfits, and I would make you my prison-bitch and just fuck you all the time in our bunks," Kurt grunted, fabrics rustling in the background.

"Kurt!" Blaine burst out, his cheeks flaming embarrassingly even after so many months of sex and fooling around and speaking dirty words bluntly, both on the phone and directly to each other.

"Blaine – fuck – Blaine. So good. Your ass. God the best, baby -" Kurt cried weakly into the phone, and there was a thump through the speaker. Probably Kurt dropping his phone as he came.

There was a moment where all Blaine could hear was rustling of tissues and whimpers from Kurt followed by tweaking springs.

"Fuck! I – I love you so much, Blaine," Kurt mumbled into the phone, sleepy and sated.

"Will you be serious now?" Blaine snapped, probably a little too catty, but he really didn't think Kurt was being fair.

"Yeah. Sure. Sure, babe. What do you wanna know?" Kurt moaned.

"I wanna know what's going on? What's gonna happen on Thursday? I just... Kurt, I'm actually really scared," he admitted.

"Blaine. There's nothing to be scared of. Honey, it'll be fine. We're just gonna go in there and I'll tell them what happened. Your mom is gonna talk to Puck too and she'll see if she can get a hold of those kids' parents. I'll either get a fine or some community service or something," Kurt cooed, the entire atmosphere in his voice changed to soft and caring.

"So – you definitely won't go to jail or something?" Blaine asked, needing to hear Kurt assure him of this.

"No. Of course I won't. You can't get rid of me that easy," Kurt chuckled.

"I don't wanna get rid of you. That's sort of my point," Blaine sighed, running his fingers down the bedspread he was lying on. He wished he could run his fingers over Kurt's back instead. He loved when Kurt was asleep on his front with no shirt on, so Blaine could watch him sleep and run his fingers down his back. His skin was soft and untouched there. No scars or bruises, only a tiny beauty mark where his muscles created a valley towards his spine.

"I love you, Kurt," Blaine said, suddenly feeling emotional.

"Your mom is tough and sharp. She'll save my ass," Kurt declared, uncertainty simmering under the surface of his voice.

"I know. I think she loves you. She definitely really cares about you," Blaine said and smiled about the thought that his mom was so happy about them being together. If only his dad felt the same way it would be perfect.

"Well, I'm spoken for, so she can quit that -" Kurt laughed and Blaine could hear he was killing a yawn.

"Ew, Kurt – that's my mom!" Blaine cringed and laughed.

They chatted lightly about Blaine's school and how he had spent the day. Kurt hadn't gone to school, but Blaine didn't give him a hard time about it. He hadn't expected him to go after the events of the weekend. After a little while they said goodnight and hung up. Blaine got ready for bed, but laid awake for what felt like ages, thinking about what would happen to Kurt.

xXx

Blaine survived the upcoming days by listening to his mom's assurances that it would be fine, and from Kurt's texts about how much he loved his ass. He didn't tell his friends at Dalton about what had happened with Kurt – he didn't wanna risk them going back to judge Kurt.

Wednesday night he was worried sick. He couldn't eat anything, all he did was poke around his food on his plate, feeling his mom's sharp glance on him. He took a shower but didn't bother blowdrying his hair even though he knew that he would regret it when he had to fight with straightener and gel in the morning. Around eight he had wandered restlessly around the house several times when he finally dumped down on a kitchen chair in front of his mom. She was moving her fingers expertly around the keys of her laptop with a pencil in her hair, glasses on her nose and a large cup of coffee with the pot no longer than an arm's length from her.

"What's going on? Talk to me, sweetheart," she suddenly said and stared up at him.

He had been sitting there, his torso loosely swung over the table, for a good ten minutes. He was even starting to think that she hadn't even noticed he had joined her.

"What? No, it's nothing," he shrugged and sat up, resting his cheek on his arm as he looked up at her.

"You're a terrible liar. I know it's about Kurt," she sighed and pushed her computer a little to the side so she could have a better look at her son.

"It's nothing. I'm just worried. What if he messes up tomorrow? What if he – gets mad and locks up. He does that, you know. Sometimes, when we're having a fight, he'll just get all stubborn and snappy," Blaine told, biting his lower lip.

"You fight?" She asked, raising an eyebrow as if she wanted him to elaborate.

"No. Not like fight-fight. Just some bickering. Like everyone does. Nothing serious," Blaine assured her, way too worn out to bother getting upset about it.

His mom took a deep breath and leaned down over the table, resting her chin on her flat hands. Blaine mirrored her position and they were now nose-to-nose, eyes staring directly into each other.

"Kurt is not dumb. I know that you know that he isn't. He is slowly starting to get a grip back of himself. When I was at his house Monday night he was so mature and reasonable that I almost couldn't recognize him. I am sure he won't do anything to mess up. Not for himself, but for you. If he didn't have you he wouldn't care if he got locked away or if he got into other troubles. But I am certain that you make him wanna be a better person," she told him, her eyes as dark and shiny as Blaine's own.

Blaine had always loved his mother's eyes. To him they represented home and honesty. It was safety, like the way she made him feel when she sang to him when he was little. If there was one person in the world Blaine admired more than anyone it was his mom.

"Thank you. For helping him. I just – want what's best for him," Blaine said, almost biting his own tongue as his chin worked against his fingers.

"I know, sweetie. But I promise that tomorrow we will go in there and I will make sure he kicks ass on this hearing. I'll rub an onion on his eyes and get him to cry so we can pull the sympathy card," she laughed, but quickly fell silent.

She looked intensely at him with that pondering look only mothers use when they look at their child who seems to be in a huge crisis.

"I promise I'll take care of him. It's gonna work out," she cooed and ran her fingers through his loose curls. Blaine leaned into the feeling of his mom's hand softly in his hair, humming lightly from the calming gesture.

"I love your curls. I wish you didn't always do your best to hide them," she said and sighed heavily. He knew he had changed a lot after becoming a teenager. Everything would be much easier if he could go back to be five – if he still could have Kurt.

"My curls are sent from hell. I look like a caveman like this," he groaned and rolled his eyes, but smiled. His mom always told him how much she loved his curls. At least, she used to. Now they didn't talk half as much as Blaine wished because he often was busy with Kurt, school and other things.

"You do not! You're adorable," she grinned and jumped to her feet. She leaned down to kiss the back of his head.

She rustled around the kitchen for a little while and returned with hot chocolate for both of them. Yeah, Blaine really had the best mom in the world. She closed up her work and they curled up on the couch to watch Willy Wonka & The Chocolate Factory. By the end of the night Blaine had fallen asleep coiled up against his mom, only interrupted when she carefully pushed him awake to get him to bed.

Chapter Seventeen

Thursday was hell. Blaine had been tripping and biting nervously at everyone in school all day. After lesson he didn't waste any time, but rushed to his car so he could drive straight to Lima. With a little luck he could make it to the court building in time.

He didn't.

Instead he was anxiously pacing the floors of the hall outside the room where Kurt had told him he would be having his hearing. Blaine was chewing on his nails and had to loosen his Dalton tie because he felt trapped and strangled. The building was hot and he felt like time had stopped around him.

When he arrived it was ten minutes too late. If he had been simple ten minutes earlier he could have made it to see Kurt before he got in. Instead he had to stay outside and wait. He had no idea for how long.

Tina had called him four times throughout the day but he had ignored it. He couldn't stand to deal with her nerves for Kurt on top of his own, and he didn't know what to tell her anyway. He knew that she would be flying under the ceiling, asking all the questions Blaine needed answered himself, so he would rather stick to call her back when he actually knew something.

The court building reminded him of Dalton when he had his fallout with The Warblers and he hadn't felt home in school anymore. It was huge and grand with extravagant artwork and furniture. When the lawyers walked by him their heels clicked on the polished floors and Blaine was pretty sure the acoustics would be perfect for an upbeat group number.

The atmosphere, however, was cold and creepy. It was impersonal and uncomfortable. There was no sense of comfort or sympathy to be found. Every time he heard footsteps or a door was opened Blaine was on his toes, immediately looking for Kurt or his mom to show with news.

It was the ending of May and Blaine felt trapped in his school uniform. The heat had the collar clenching around his neck, and he mostly wanted to rip off his tie. His blue blazer was folded over the armrest of the chair and he had rolled up the sleeves of his white shirt, making him look more like he had ditched school.

After consulting his wristwatch for the umpteenth time Blaine was starting to suspect it had stopped. He was thirsty, but even though he had passed a drinking faucet on his way down the hall he didn't go to find

it. He needed to be there when the door was opened. He wanted to take Kurt to Lima Bean so he could buy him coffee and hold his hand – preferably with the assurance that he would be okay.

"Come on. Come on," Blaine mumbled under his breath the same way he had been since he arrived. Almost resembling a massing or a chanting. The same words over and over again.

Just then there was the sound of a door being opened and heels were clicking over the shiny floor of the hall. When Blaine turned around he was met by the sight of his mom in her favorite suit and her briefcase in hand. She was walking with Kurt's parents and a lady Blaine had never seen before. No Kurt. So Blaine swallowed the lump in his throat and waited, only to be rewarded a moment after, by Kurt leaving the room talking to Puck.

"Kurt!" Blaine whispered eagerly and ran towards him, but stopped a little from his destination, unsure of how much fun Kurt would find it to be attacked by his boyfriend in front of his best friend – not to mention in the middle of the courthouse.

However, he wasn't prepared for Kurt's entire face lighting up when he saw Blaine. He grabbed around his tie and pulled him into his arms.

"Blaine! You're here!" Kurt said excitedly as he put his arms around Blaine. Kurt pressed a kiss to his mouth with his hands pressing on his back to push their chests closer together.

"Of course I'm here. I promised," Blaine said. He returned Kurt's embrace and allowed himself a moment to simmer in the safety of Kurt's arms before he fell back to reality.

"So – how did it go? What's happening? Did they let you off?" Blaine asked, not wasting time on simple things such as breathing between words.

"Your mom was a freaking genius in there. She was right about to eat those bastards alive," Puck told eagerly with impression painted all over his face.

Other people were leaving the room as they spoke. Blaine's mom had stopped a bit from them, talking to Kurt's parents and the lady Blaine guessed to be Puck's mom as they snuck glances towards their sons.

"We aren't done. It's only a recess. We have to get back in there in ten minutes or something," Kurt said, cocking his chin, but Blaine saw right through him.

He was playing tough, nothing Blaine hadn't expected when Puck was there. In reality Kurt was scared; Blaine could see it in his eyes. Glassy and dark, instead of sparkly and azure. He was wearing a pair of worn-out jeans, his faithful studded boots and a black t-shirt with a faded Ozzy logo on. His sleeves were rolled up to show off his biceps and Blaine had to force his gaze away from Kurt's arms.

"How did it go for you? When you had to tell your version?" Blaine asked, unsure of how the procedure worked for hearings rather than actually trials.

"I haven't – said anything. I've just been sitting there. Listening to your mom and the other lawyer," Kurt shrugged like it wasn't a big deal. Blaine heard the light trembling in his voice when he said that he hadn't been up to say anything yet. Kurt might as well give up because he couldn't fool Blaine with his facade.

"Alright. Do you want me to come in with you after the recess is over?" Blaine proposed and for a moment Kurt lost his cover.

"Will you? Please," he rushed out, stars twirling in his eyes as he grabbed Blaine's hand firmly. It only lasted a nano-second before he was back to his tough self, though.

"I mean... if you want to. I'm not gonna force you in with me," he said and rolled his eyes. Blaine smirked and forced his fingers between Kurt's, knowing that he needed it much more than he would ever admit in front of Puck.

"Come on. Let's go get something to drink before we have to get in, then -" Blaine chuckled and pulled Kurt down the hall with him.

Puck followed them, walked with them until they reached a vending machine Blaine had passed on his way in. They got a bottle of water to share, knowing they weren't allowed to bring it into the courtroom. It wasn't long before Kurt's dad showed and said that it was time. With heavy heart Blaine hugged Kurt outside the courtroom.

"It's gonna be okay. When you walk out of here later we will walk out together, and you will be all cleared and this will be nothing but a dark memory," Blaine assured him.

"Geez, you sound like I'm on death row," Kurt mocked and rolled his eyes, but Blaine could see and hear that his nerves were very likely bubbling inside of him. He grabbed Blaine's hand firmly in his own and took a deep breath. Then he looked to Puck and to Blaine's mom before they walked into the courtroom.

Blaine couldn't sit with them and it killed him. He wanted to be able to hold Kurt's hand and show him that he wouldn't let go. He wanted to be able to show him that he was supporting him if it would be the last thing he would do.

However, that wasn't an option. He had to sit down on the row right behind Kurt, watch him as he took seat next to Blaine's mom and Puck. Before Blaine knew it Kurt's parents had sat down next to him, and he suddenly felt put on sport.

Kurt's dad smiled at him, nodding in a fashion that made Blaine feel like they were family. Did Kurt's parents see him as a permanent part of the family now?

He looked around the room, to the row of benches on the other side of the aisle. The guys sitting there, the guys who had to be the ones Kurt had been in a fight with, were big and menacing. Their attorney looked sharp and cold, her hair in a tight bun at the back of her head and her suit cut with sharp edges. Behind Blaine a group of young people were sitting with their parents, undoubtedly the kids Kurt had stood up for. They all looked nervous and edgy, and Blaine wondered if they saw Kurt as a hero the way Blaine did it.

Before he got to pay any deeper attention to his pondering the room fell silent around him and the atmosphere turned tensed. The judge had arrived, the time had come. Blaine could Kurt tense in his seat, going uneasy. It was difficult for Blaine to not reach out to run a hand down his arm, but he kept telling himself that one wrong move could be fatal for Kurt.

Everyone stood up as the judge entered the room. As soon as everyone were sitting back it all started. Blaine's stomach tied up.

Blaine had never seen his mom in action before so when she stood up and started talking he watched in awe. He listened to her talk about how Kurt was a good kid who had turned down a wrong road, about he and Puck were slowly starting to see the right way again. How they both did what they did to help the kids, and how the other guys were the attackers.

"I know for a fact that Kurt is a good boy. And I know that because he is dating my son. He has been coming in my house, in my home, for dates and hanging out with my son, for months," Susan told, gesturing towards Blaine who was sitting behind Kurt.

"A month ago my son had problems with the guys in his school. The other boys tried telling him that Kurt was a bad influence and that my son should break up with Kurt. My boy was miserable. Kurt let him cry out in his arms for a week. When one of the guys at the school took a swing at my son Kurt swept in and took the fist to his face. He would rather have a fat lip than let anyone hit his boyfriend. Who's the bad influence then?" She explained, raising her eyebrows in question.

"I am saying right here and now: Kurt Hummel and Noah Puckerman both did what they had to do to help those kids before they were either harassed into doing drugs or beat up in the street. That is not a reason for them to get into any kind of trouble. In fact, these two boys should be getting a medal!" She concluded and straightened her skirt before sitting down next to Kurt.

She sent Kurt and Puck's parents a smile and let a hand up to squeeze around Kurt's on the table between them before she rested back in her chair and took in the scenery as the opponent lawyer started telling her side of the story.

"Your mom's a real piece of work," Kurt's dad said as they all got up for recess before the judge would declare the outcome of the hearing.

"Yeah. She's... she's good," Blaine agreed in awe as he got to his feet.

Kurt and Puck walked straight past them with their cigarettes out, headed for the nearest door to have a smoke.

"It's alright. He's really nervous," Blaine's mom told when she joined Blaine and Kurt's parents at one side of the hall.

"Do you think he has a reason to be nervous?" Kurt's stepmom asked, clearly worried herself.

"She did really, the other attorney. But I think we did better. I think my story about how he defended Blaine really went where it was needed," Susan said and put her arm around Blaine. She pulled him close and pressed a kiss to his temple before she walked towards the door where Kurt and Puck had disappeared to.

"Let's get back in," she said when she returned with the boys at her heels.

To his surprise Blaine wasn't even worried when he was sitting in the car next to his mom. They were on their way to Kurt's house.

The judge had declared that Kurt and Puck was off the hook, but the other guys would be prosecuted for violence and drug dealing. The worst that happened to Kurt and Puck was that the incident would be put on their record, and they got an official warning.

As a celebration and a thanks to Blaine's mom Kurt's parents invited Blaine and Puck's families for dinner. Puck's mom declined because she had to go home to her daughters, who she apparently wouldn't bring. Blaine's dad said that he refused to be in their house, so Blaine and his mom went home to shower and change, and now they were on their way to have dinner with the Hummel family.

When they arrived Puck was already there. From the driveway they could see him and Kurt smoking out of Kurt's bedroom window. At first, when they entered the house, Blaine felt a little awkward about the situation, but when Kurt's family treated him and his mom as family it slowly eased up.

They sat in the kitchen, Susan chatting with Carole as she finished cooking dinner, and Blaine stayed quiet. He enjoyed listening to their smalltalk about whatever moms discuss and how happy they were about Blaine and Kurt being together.

"Come 'ere," Kurt hissed when he showed in the door, hiding in the shadows while calling for Blaine.

At first Blaine was confused, but he got to his feet and followed. When Kurt pulled him into the hall he pressed him against the wall and locked his arms around Blaine's neck, making their mouths meet.

"Wanna stay with me tonight? I wanna take you real good," he grinned as he kissed around Blaine's face. He brushed his fingers down the back of Blaine's cardigan and licked around his earlobe.

"I told you that it would be alright," Blaine smiled sheepishly. He chewed a little on his lower lip and let his hands travel up Kurt's back, feeling the soft cotton of his cut-off t-shirt.

Blaine wasn't exactly in the mood for fooling around. He wanted to be with Kurt and enjoy that their families were getting along.

"Getting something tonight, bro?" Puck laughed as he came down the stairs from Kurt's room. He stopped next with a broad grin on his face.

"Your mom's a real MILF, Anderson. I'd tap that," he smirked to Blaine, nodding his head in indication of exactly what he meant.

"What? Stop! Don't talk about my mom like that," Blaine snapped.

Kurt stared at him in surprise but almost immediately after turned his face to Puck.

"Don't talk about Susan that way. Got that, Noah? She just saved our asses," Kurt said sharply and squeezed Blaine a little tighter. He meant it, Blaine could feel that he wasn't just mocking him.

"Sorry, dude. You're cool, Anderson. I trust that you'll take care of my boy here," Puck smiled and held his fist in the air for Blaine. In great surprise Blaine returned the gesture by letting his knuckles against Puck's and allowed his hands down to rest softly on the top of Kurt's butt.

xXx

Dinner was interesting. Their parents discussed the hearing and how it felt to have teenagers in the house. It almost felt like Blaine's mom had been friends of Kurt's parents for ages, and Blaine couldn't help smiling to himself from how nice it was for him to witness.

Puck and Kurt talked about motorcycles while Blaine and Finn talked about videogames. When Finn and Puck started talking about football Blaine joined in, but it didn't take long for them to drift into talking about glee club. To Blaine's great joy Kurt did what he could to keep up with the conversation. He tried really hard to participate and Blaine was happy that Kurt kept a hand on his thigh under the table whenever he had his hand free.

As it slowly became late Blaine asked his mom if it was okay for him to stay for the night. To his and Kurt's ecstasy she said that it was cool for her as long as Kurt's parents would allow it.

"Thank you, mom. Thank you so much for saving him," Blaine said as he hugged her goodnight in the hall before she headed for the front door.

"I didn't save him, babe. By fundamentally being a good kid he saved himself," she smiled and hugged him back.

"And I think that now he is just waiting for you to save him from himself," she whispered and kiss his cheek before moving back.

"I could never thank you enough, Susan. I don't know what we would have done without you," Kurt said humbly as he showed up in the hall. Blaine's mom pulled Kurt in for a hug that caught him off his feet, but he slowly returned the embrace.

Kurt's parents showed up and said their goodbyes and paid their thanks as well. As soon as Blaine's mom had left Kurt hurried to tell Puck that either he had to leave or hang out with Finn instead.

Now Kurt was curled up in bed with his arms around Blaine. It was hot and they were both sweaty even though they were wearing nothing but their boxers. Still, they refused to let anything separate them.

"I'm so happy that everything went well," Blaine cooed and put a kiss to Kurt's hair.

"Blaine... I – I've really learned something. I don't wanna be that guy anymore," Kurt whispered insecurely. He let his fingers dig a little deeper into Blaine's ribs, telling that what he was about to say was serious and he was scared about it.

"What do you mean?" Blaine asked, not wanting to draw any conclusions before Kurt had said it himself, but he was pretty sure he knew where this was going.

"I miss being me. Being with you and all the things your mom said, and just this entire mess... It has all made me see how much I miss it. I'm so tired of hiding how much I wanna watch musicals with you, and go shopping with you, and how much I actually like being in glee. I am so sick of rolling my eyes at everyone all the time. I wanna be me again," Kurt told weakly.

The feeling of tears rolling down Blaine's naked chest made him sit up, taking Kurt with him so they could face each other.

"But if I change, if I go back, I won't be this me anymore. The guy that you are with. I am so scared that you can't love me like that," Kurt cried. What else could Blaine do than chuckle and pull him close?

"Kurt... you're so silly. The first time I came to your house I saw your Vogue collection. I've known the whole time that all of your studs and cigarettes are just facade. That all of that isn't you. But it's *you* that I love!" Blaine smiled and kissed Kurt's hair.

"I made a decision today. I'm gonna retake my senior year so I'm I will get at least some decent grades. So – I'm gonna stay here in school and graduate the same time as you. And then we can move on together when the time comes," Kurt explained and dried his eyes with a sniff.

"Are you sure? I mean, I would love that. But I don't want you to drag yourself through another year of school if you'll just hate it," Blaine said sincerely.

"I hate it. I really do. But I want better grades and I want a proper senior year. And it's gonna be magical because this time around I will have you with me," Kurt assured him and moved closer, kissing Blaine softly.

Blaine was just about to let himself slide into Kurt's embrace, disappear into his kiss and how amazing it was that Kurt had made that decision on his own, but Kurt moved abruptly away.

"I did something after court today. For you," he grinned, but his eyes showed that he was worried.

"Oh no. What did you do, Kurt?" Blaine asked, suddenly concerned himself.

Kurt turned around and flipped the button to turn on the lamp on his nightstand. Then he leaned back against the headboard of the bed and pulled down the waistband of his underwear.

On his skin a pad of plastic film had been taped on. Kurt pulled it off and wiped the area clean off white lotion with a Kleenex from his nightstand.

On Kurt's pale hipbone was a fresh black tattoo saying Blaine. It was sharp black in curvy calligraphy smoothing over Kurt's hip, a little red in the outlines from the abuse on the skin.

"Kurt! Oh my *god!* Is that real?" Blaine burst out in dumbfounded shock.

"Of course it's real. You deserve real, babe," Kurt grinned and ran his fingertip lightly over the area.

"You don't like it?" He asked and his face went sad and pale.

"Kurt... I don't even know what to say. It's... I don't even know," Blaine stammered out, his mouth going dry.

"I just... Blaine, I love you so much. I want you with me forever. Always," Kurt said and let his underwear carefully up so it didn't brush against the tattoo. He sat up so he and Blaine were equal.

"Kurt... that's probably the sweetest thing in the world, but – what if some day you find out that you don't love me anymore? Then you will have scarred yourself for some douche you broke up with," Blaine tried carefully, overwhelmed by emotions fighting for his attention.

"I will always love you. So that's not gonna be an issue. And even if something happened I would still always want to be reminded of what we have right now," Kurt tried to explain.

"I – I love it. It's the sweetest thing anyone has ever done to me. I love you," Blaine smiled.

Kurt's face left the nervous folds and cracked in a broad grin. He leaned in for a kiss but Blaine stopped him with his hands to on Kurt's shoulders.

"Wait... lemme see it again," he requested.

With a wide smile Kurt leaned back to the pillows and pulled his underwear down for Blaine to have a look. Blaine ran his fingertips over the flesh, feeling how the ink had made the skin swollen and warm so he could feel the contours of his own name permanently a part of Kurt's body. Without thinking about it he leaned his face down to kiss the spot.

"Careful. I need to keep it clean at all times," Kurt said under his breath, and Blaine could feel Kurt's soft dick twitch in his boxers from the close contact.

"Come up here and lie with me," Kurt asked and gestured for Blaine to come, so he rushed up to rest his head on Kurt's shoulder.

"I'm really proud of you. For making that decision today. Your next senior year will be amazing. You will be amazing," Blaine smiled, strolling his fingertips over the soft skin of Kurt's belly.

"I wanna do all those things. Be with you, do glee club, go somewhere amazing when we're done. I just want a real life with you," Kurt sighed and ran his fingers through Blaine's hair.

"I want that too. But you do realize we've only been together for a few months, right?" Blaine reminded him.

"I don't care. It feels like forever, but in a good way. It doesn't matter because we have eternity in front of us," Kurt grinned and made them slide further down the mattress.

"You're as much of a romantic as I am," Blaine laughed and tightened his grip around Kurt's waist, happy that for once he could say it without being nervous that Kurt would be pissed at him.

"If you tell anyone no more blowchs for a month," Kurt laughed back.

"Like you can stay away. You love it..."

"Yeah. I don't think I can. You just taste so damn good," Kurt agreed with a chuckle as he bit teasingly down on Blaine's nipple.

"I gotta admit... the whole bad boy image is really sexy. Can you please not give that up when we're in bed, sometimes?" Blaine requested, his cheeks going red.

"You're just a little slut, aren't you?" Kurt grinned and sucked in Blaine's lower lip, staring lusty into his eyes.

"I'm a – *slut* – for you," Blaine got out.

"Good. That's all I want," Kurt moaned and squeezed his hand around Blaine's ass to press their crotches together, making Blaine thrust out an involuntary groan.