

# **Prelude**

**by**

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**Romance || T**

*The way their perfect "coming out" event should start...*

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## **CHAPTER ONE**

### *Prelude*

Blaine Anderson was a lucky man.

Fumbling with his tie—not the bow tie that Kurt had wanted, but something a little more subdued—he looked in the mirror at a happy man. Finally.

Since Kurt left Dalton Academy and headed back to McKinley, things had been somewhat strained between the two of them. Absence was supposed to make the heart grown fonder, was it not? Not sad, not suspicious...fonder.

Blaine had waited almost too long to let his best friend know how he felt about him. Let's face it, Blaine thought, how could he expect Kurt to even trust what he said to him to be true. Too clueless to realize that the beautiful blue eyes that stole looks at him from across the room held more than the desire for friendship, he had done things that would make most mere mortals throw in the towel. But Kurt stayed by his side.

Had Kurt's heart been breaking while watching Blaine play out his ridiculous schoolboy fantasy at the GAP, or when he thought—for one brief moment—that perhaps Rachel was what he needed to stave off the confusion he was feeling? Blaine cringes when he thinks about how HE would have felt if he had seen Kurt acting out in the same manner. His face flushed at the thought.

Sitting down on the bed to get his socks and shoes on, Blaine smiled to himself as the thought of the first moment he laid eyes on Kurt Hummel.

While coming down the stairs for a Warbler performance, Blaine heard the soft voice behind him. "Excuse me, I'm new here". Introducing himself, Blaine shook Kurt's hand, not quite believing that he was a student there. There was no uniform, of course. And normally first years are assigned to one of the older students for the first few weeks. But here was this delicate young boy, full of confidence in these unfamiliar surroundings. When their hands touched, Kurt smiled nervously down at him. And that is the look that Blaine will always remember.

Kurt opened his heart to he, Wes and David that day. And there was something about Kurt that made you *WANT* to protect him. Always.

Putting his jacket on, Blaine gave one last look in the mirror. Not too bad, he thought. He hoped that his date would be pleased. It was a big night for the two of them, and Blaine wanted everything to be perfect. As he grabbed his keys and picked up the white box on the counter, he felt a flutter in his chest as he headed towards his car....towards Lima....towards Kurt.

Pulling into the Hummels driveway, he hesitated for a moment, trying to gather his thoughts, forming in his head the declaration that he will be making to his boyfriend later in the evening.

Knocking on the door, Blaine was surprised to see Finn standing there, not even partially ready. He laughed to himself. Typical Finn.

Once inside, he looked around the kitchen, exchanging pleasantries with Carol. He heard sounds coming from the living room, so he made his way through the doorway.

And then there he was....

Kurt was dressed in a burgundy suit with matching shirt, and the requisite bow tie that Blaine had come to expect. He took his breath away. Blaine moved his hand to Kurt's as he fussed with his cuffs.

"You look beautiful, Kurt"

"As do you, Mr. Anderson", Kurt said with a look of admiration. He was trying to be calm, but his stomach danced with anticipation.

Blaine opened the box that he had brought in with him, and as he started to pin the boutonnière to his boyfriend's lapel, Kurt began to blush. Blaine first thought that Kurt was getting upset about pinholes being placed in his Alexander McQueen suit, but it was more than that.

Kurt leaned over so that his mouth was almost pressed against Blaine's ear. "This is my first formal, you know".

"I know. And it is only the beginning of "firsts" for us, Kurt. I promise."

Saying goodnight to Burt and Carol, and shaking their head at Finn, they headed to the Seaside Inn, which was an interesting name for a hotel that was nowhere near any body of water. Kurt sat in silence for most

of the ride, adjusting his jacket, fussing with his hair. Blaine just smiled as he stole glances at this amazing person sitting next to him. And wondered how it was possible he had almost let him get away.

Pulling up to the hotel, Blaine got out first, walking to the passenger side to help his date out of the car. They walked slowly to the entrance, where Kurt stopped suddenly. Blaine knew that he was nervous about the impact of the two of them being there together. He put his hand in the small of Kurt's back to nudge him forward.

"Ready?", said Blaine.

"As I'll ever be", replied Kurt.

And with that, Blaine reached down and brushed his fingertips along Kurt's. Just like in the movies.

## **CHAPTER TWO**

### *Interlude*

Walking into the hotel, as a couple, was harder than they thought.

All eyes were on the door, looking at the various couples coming in. When Kurt and Blaine walked in, hand in hand, conversations seems to come to a grinding halt. Kurt looked at Blaine. He wanted to retreat, Blaine thought, but he was not going to allow that to happen. This was their night, and as Blaine walked forward, Kurt fell into step with him. They didn't get very far before a wall of New Directions barreled towards them.

"There's my favorite couple," said Rachel. "You both look amazing!" She ran her fingers down the length of Kurt's sleeve, nodding approvingly at the material.

While they were all content to have formed a circle around Blaine and Kurt, Blaine suggested they go to their tables so that Kurt would be more comfortable instead of feeling like the center of attention. He pulled out his date's chair, and once everyone was seated the chatter began anew.

Not waiting for a break in the conversation, Blaine leaned in to whisper into Kurt's ear. "Dance with me?" He placed his hand on Kurt's knee, then intertwined their fingers. Although Kurt had been waiting for their first slow dance, he was concerned about the stares. Normally, Kurt Hummel cared nothing about what anyone said. But this was different. This was one of the "firsts" that Blaine talked about, and he did not want anything to ruin this moment.

Blaine tilted his head slightly, questioning. "what's wrong"?

"I don't want people staring at us like we're wearing white after Labor Day or something..."

"Let them", Blaine said quietly. "You know they will be just showing their green eyed monster, right? I mean, come on, Kurt. Look at you. You are amazing. They're going to wonder how a guy like me was able to get a dish like you". This made Kurt chuckle just a bit.

Blaine's smile made Kurt feel more at ease. Of course, he was being less than truthful. When Kurt thought about Blaine—about a million times a day—it was hard for him to comprehend sometimes that this dark

haired, hazel-eyed man with the smile that made him melt would want only him. No one ever said it to him, of course. But the way that women—and men—looked at his boyfriend always gave him pause.

He often had this argument in his head. Jeremiah from the GAP. Rachel, for crying out loud. It had been so easy for Blaine to make advances with other people, but not with him. Poor Pavarotti. If it were not for the loss of him, things might still be at a standstill. Kurt's feathered friend's last act was to play matchmaker, and for that he will be eternally grateful.

"Come on, boyfriend" Blaine said, and with that he led Kurt to the dance floor. As the lights dimmed, what would become "their" song started to play.

"I haven't heard this since that episode of "I Love The 80's was on" said Kurt, as "I Want To Know What Love Is" filled the room. Blaine pulled Kurt close, and rested his head on the taller boy's chest. They moved slowly, as the song said everything about their feelings for each other.

**"I want to know what love is.... I want you to show me...."**

Kurt's head was spinning. He had never thought, after months of being the sidekick, that he would find himself in the arms of Blaine Anderson. How he has longed for him, wanting to hold his hand, brush his hair back, let him know with his touch what he means to him.

Kurt's thoughts were interrupted by Blaine pulling him in tighter, so that Kurt could feel Blaine's warm breath on the side of his face. He smelled so good, reminding Kurt of cotton candy. This brought a smile to Kurt's face.

"I love being here with you, Kurt". Blaine moved his head so that he was looking up into those beautiful blue eyes. Kurt moved so that his lips brushed against Blaine's, and he felt his knees weaken. It was not a deep kiss, something scandalous to be talked about when the lights had gone down on this evening. It was more than that. It was the two of them knowing how important it is to take things slowly, and savor each touch, each gentle kiss, as if it was their last.

As the song came to an end, and another began, Mercedes came over and asked if she could cut in and dance with Kurt. Blaine, ever the gentleman, placed Kurt's hand in that of Mercedes told Kurt he would meet him back at their table, which they were sharing with Mercedes, Finn and Rachel.

"He's loves you, you know" Mercedes said as she and Kurt danced. "It's all over his face".



Kurt and Blaine have not said those words to each other. Sometimes Kurt felt like it was going to happen, and then the moment was over. But he felt it, in the soft way that Blaine talked to him, how he ran his hand over his while they watched TV, and how he didn't care what anyone said about their public displays of affection.

Back at the table, Finn grilled Blaine, half jokingly, about his "intentions" towards his brother. Blaine looked at him and said, "Why Burt, whatever do you mean?" Of course the reference to Kurt's dad broke the tension. The whole of New Directions were protective of Kurt, and Finn was speaking for the group when he said, "We all just want him to be happy. He deserves it. It took me a while to realize just how amazing he is. I'm glad it didn't take you as long"

"I adore him, Finn. No worries". At that moment, Kurt and Mercedes returned to the table, holding hands and laughing at some inside joke. "My boy here can dance", said Mercedes.

The conversation was full of "Remember when's" and Kurt blushed as Tina and Brittany recalled how the three of them were trying to recreate the "Single Ladies" video in the Hummel basement, how Kurt joined the football team, and their too randy performance of "Push It" for the school.

"I **auditioned** for the team. There is a difference," Kurt reminded them. Blaine loved this. He was listening to the history of Kurt Hummel. Things have not always been easy for Kurt, but it appears that no matter what; he was always true to himself. The thought of anyone ever hurting his boyfriend brought heaviness to his heart, and Blaine shrugged away these thoughts while looking at the animated face of Kurt when his friends surrounded him. The move back to McKinley had made it harder for them to see each other daily, but Kurt was in his element here. And if it meant not being together all of the time to keep that smile on his face, so be it.

A few hours and several slow dances later, the evening was winding down. Most of the GLEE kids were heading to Rachel's place to hang out in her award shows worthy basement. Her Dad's were out of town, but had given her permission for her friends to come over and stay the night if necessary.

Blaine asked Kurt if he wanted to go, but secretly hoped he didn't. The last time he was there, Blaine made a bit of a spectacle of himself. Spin the bottle. What was he thinking? And the song he did with Rachel after one too many drinks? Kurt must have been dying inside. The only positive thing to come out of that situation was Blaine's realization that he is, in fact, gay. He supposed he knew it all along, but his "moment" with Rachel sealed the deal.

Heading towards the door, Blaine stopped to take Kurt's hand.

"Did you have a good time at your first formal?"

Kurt smiled in that way that sends shivers down Blaine's spine. "I had a good time being at my first formal with you. I never thought it would happen."

"That *what* would happen"?

"That you would finally settle for me."

"Settle for you? Are you *kidding* me, Kurt? Blaine was saddened by the way that Kurt said this. "The only thing that you need to understand is that in no way was my indecisiveness a reflection on my feelings for you. I have always wanted to be with you..."

Tears welled up in Kurt's eyes as he put his hand gently on Blaine's face.

"Come on", Blaine said, with a sense of urgency, his heart beginning to race. He took Kurt's hand and moved quickly through the door towards his car.

"Where are we ..." Kurt's words were halted by Blaine's lips on his, not so chaste this time around.

"In the car with you...we need to be alone."

## CHAPTER THREE

### *Alone at Last*

Once he was sure that Kurt was buckled in, Blaine pulled onto the highway and headed towards the closest place where they could be alone. His house. His parents were out of town and they would uninterrupted all night. If that is what Kurt wanted.

Their drive was mostly silent, except for Kurt softly singing along to whatever was on the radio. Blaine didn't take notice of the song—he just took notice of the adorable person next to him, and knew that this evening was going to be one to remember. They pulled into the long driveway, and parked towards the back of the house. As Kurt unbuckled himself, Blaine came around to get his door. Finding the right key was difficult in the dark, but finally, the lock clicked open.

Stepping inside the door, Kurt stopped after a few steps. It was a smallish room, but warm and inviting, with a sofa, tables and a desk in the corner. Off to the side was another room, with the door closed. Kurt was assuming that it was a bedroom.

He was shaken from his thoughts but the feeling of Blaine behind him, with his hands on his shoulders. "Let's take this off", Blaine said, as he slipped Kurt's jacket from his shoulders and down his arms. He took care not to damage the boutonnière on the lapel—he knew that Kurt, who loved romance, would want to keep this memento of their night. He laid the jacket gently on the desk chair, and then turned to look at Kurt. Blaine removed his jacket slowly, as if doing so was shedding the last wall between them.

"What is this place?" asked Kurt.

"Just a guest house. My parents have people visit a lot during the summer, and having a place for them to stay makes it easier on them. This way, people can come and go without disturbing the whole household. I use it sometimes when I just want some time to myself. It is also for if I "want to entertain a friend", as my Mom would say". Blaine chuckled to himself. The translation of this is "if you want to bring a boy home, please do so here".

"Have you...entertained here?" Kurt felt a twinge of jealousy as soon as he asked the question. Did he really want to know the answer?

"I've told you, Kurt...I've never had a real boyfriend. So no...I have never had an occasion—or the desire—to entertain here. Until tonight."

Kurt felt his heart begin to flutter at these words. He was not sure how to broach the subject with his boyfriend. "I hope you won't be sorry...". He had barely gotten the words out when Blaine closed his eyes and realized what was troubling Kurt about them being here, alone.

Ever since Blaine's attempt to "sexify" the Warblers before Regionals, he had regretted every single day his words to Kurt about his "performance" in front of their sister school. Kurt, as innocent a person as Blaine had every met, had only what he had seen on television, and as Blaine would later find out, what he had seen in "those" movies, as a point of reference. Seeing Kurt trying to emulate the forced sexiness was almost painful. This is not who he is. But how could Blaine make Kurt realize that simply the act of being himself makes him sexier than anyone Blaine had ever met?

Blaine walked over the couch, sat down, and patted the seat next to him "Come sit next to me. We need to talk". The last time Kurt was invited for a talk, his father had handed him pamphlets and given him advice. He should have paid more attention, but he didn't think he would need to reference this new information so soon.

Kurt walked over and sat next to him, fidgeting with his still attached bow tie. Blaine reached over and unfastened the tie, tossing it onto the table. He then took Kurt's hands in his, and looked into those blue eyes.

"Kurt, I need you to understand something before this evening goes any further, and I want you to really listen. I know that you are nervous about...things. But this is all new for me too. What we need to realize, together, is that while we may have had crushes before, that is NOT what this is. Did you really see yourself spending your life with Finn Hudson? I know you Kurt. You would have tired of his lack of depth pretty quickly. Did I see a real future with someone that I'd had coffee with twice? Doubtful. And I know your reservations, Kurt. Because I inflicted them on you. How on earth could I have spent so much time with you and NOT have been honest about my feelings for you? I think longsuffering isn't even the tip of the iceberg when describing you."

"But to me", Kurt said, his glance never straying from Blaine's, "you have always been worth the wait". He could feel the beginning of tears touching his eyelashes as he tried to continue. "All I know is that I wanted

you to be a part of my life, if not as my partner, then as my friend. I wasn't willing to risk losing that even if I had to watch you be with someone else..." Kurt closed his eyes and looked down at their hands.

Blaine's heart was heavy. He looked at the tears forming in his boyfriend's closed eyes, and leaned over, slowly, and pressed his lips gently to Kurt's long lashes, wanting to kiss away the hurt and doubt. It felt bittersweet.... the softness of Kurt's skin against the salty sting of the missteps that Blaine had taken along the way.

Kurt opened his eyes, and Blaine kissed him, softly at first, then deeper, as he felt Kurt finally relax and melt into him. He could hear soft moans coming from his boyfriend and felt Kurt's hand slip from his. The next thing he felt was Kurt grabbing his tie, which still hung from his collar, and start to slide the knot down so that it would be easier to remove. "Better?"

Blaine nodded as Kurt slipped the tie over his head, and put it on the couch next to them.

"You know that nothing will ever happen between us, Kurt, that you don't want to happen, right?"

Nodding yes, Kurt placed his hand on Blaine's face. He loved looking at him. The dark wavy hair, those hazel eyes, and that mouth. Their first kiss, weeks earlier, had taken Kurt by surprise, and he marveled every day about how he would still get a feeling like fingers up his spine when he thought about that kiss.

Blaine took Kurt's other hand into his, and pressed the fingers to his mouth. He began to kiss each of them, slowly, causing Kurt's hands to tremble. Turning one hand so that his wrist was facing up, Blaine fumbled with the button on the cuff of Kurt's burgundy shirt, unfastening one, then the other. He pushed the now loose cuff up, and brought Kurt's wrist to his mouth, kissing it lightly, feeling his now racing pulse against his lips.

"Blaine.."

"What, baby?" Blaine stopped for a moment, to give Kurt his undivided attention. "Do you want me to stop?"

"No. No, I don't want you to stop. I just..I don't know what I should be doing". Kurt felt foolish. Like a child.

Blaine was struck by the questioning, and innocent, look on Kurt's face. Was he trying too hard master the art of seduction? Seduction. He didn't even like the sound of that word. It sounded one sided. He wanted what was happening between he and Kurt to be about the both of them.

He placed his hand at the base of Kurt's neck, and pulled him towards him. Their kiss only lasted a few seconds, and then Blaine moved his mouth to Kurt's ear. "Tell me what you want to do, Kurt. Just say it...."

Kurt's face flushed as he found his voice. "I want this off", running his slender finger down the front buttons of Blaine's shirt. Without a word, Blaine began to unbutton his shirt, revealing a light dusting of hair whose trail Kurt followed down to the top of Blaine's belt. A slight smile spread across Kurt's face as he realized that he had often thought about this moment, and now that it was here, he could barely breathe.

Blaine looked at Kurt and said "Now...quid pro quo, Kurt ..."

"Mr. Anderson, I'm impressed. No more Latin tutors needed for you".

Kurt began to undo his buttons when Blaine reached over to help him. Their movements were awkward and as they finally reached the last button, Blaine felt a sudden rush to his head of all of the things he wanted to say to Kurt.

Trying really hard not to sound like an old movie cliché, Blaine asked Kurt if he wanted to go into the other room to get more comfortable. There was a TV in there, and if Kurt just wanted to cuddle and watch a movie, that would be more than enough. Kurt nodded, and Blaine put his hand out to pull Kurt up from the sofa.

With his shirt hanging open, and his cuffs in disarray, Blaine had to admit it. Kurt—his Kurt...was....yes.....very sexy indeed.

Blaine turned the doorknob slowly, revealing a beautiful room with a large pillow covered bed. Kurt stood in the doorway, and Blaine stood behind him, pressing the length of his body against him. He wrapped his arms around Kurt's waist, sliding his hands up under his open shirt, feeling the warm, soft skin of the most beautiful person he had ever met.

Kurt leaned into Blaine so that the back of his head rested against his shoulder. It was a moment that they would always remember, as Blaine whispered into Kurt's ear-

"I am so in love with you, Kurt Hummel".

Kurt turned in his arms to face him, and with a look that Blaine had never seen before , took his hand and said –

"Then come with me. I have something for you."

## **CHAPTER FOUR**

### *Night of Firsts*

This was a side of Kurt that he had never seen. He was shocked, but certainly not disappointed.

Kurt led Blaine over to the edge of the bed, and pushed him down gently, which brought a smile. Never moving his gaze from Blaine's, Kurt knelt down on the floor in front of him, using his elbows to push Blaine's knees apart. Blaine felt a flush fill his cheeks as he looked at Kurt there, in front of him like that. It seemed, for lack of a better word, naughty.

Blaine closed his eyes and felt what seemed like electric shocks go through his body as Kurt kissed him softly just near his collarbone, and worked his way up to just behind his ear. He could feel himself shaking as Kurt whispered in his ear "I love you, Blaine....for always...." in a voice that was more throaty than Blaine had heard before from his boyfriend.

Kurt placed his hands on Blaine's chest, causing Blaine to readjust himself on the bed. Kurt looked up at him, his eyes soft, and then he pressed his lips to Blaine's skin just under his throat, working his way down his chest. Blaine was having a hard time focusing his eyes and took both of his hands and placed them in Kurt's hair, helping to guide Kurt.

"Kurt..baby..." Blaine could barely get the words out. 'I hope you understand what you are doing to me...what's happening here...'"

Kurt didn't say a word. Instead he just leaned up and pressed his lips to Blaine's, teasing him with his tongue, before returning to the spot just above Blaine's belt.. Kurt could not believe how warm Blaine's skin was. He enjoyed the fact that as he moved further down, he could feel a tremor cross Blaine's body. It felt good to make him feel good.

"Am I doing ok?" Kurt asked, as if the implications of his acts were not obvious enough..

"Better than ok", Blaine said quietly. "I want to look at you...."

With that, Blaine slid his fingers into Kurt's open shirt, and slowly slid it off of Kurt's shoulders so that it fell on the floor behind him. Instinctively, Kurt reached behind him to pick it up, but Blaine turned Kurt towards him, aching to kiss that mouth that has driven him wild since the first day they met on that



staircase. The mouth that he has watched smile, and sing, and now had whispered "I love you" to him. As their kiss became more fervent, Blaine thought back to the first time he sang in front of Kurt. Was he flirting with him? Absolutely. ,

**"...my heart stops when you look at me...."**

And it did. From that very first day. Whether he would admit it or not early on, he always wanted Kurt. First as a friend. And soon as a lover.

They broke their kiss and Blaine could feel his legs weaken as the boy he loves slid his hands to his belt, following again the line of hair that had so fascinated Kurt earlier. As he started to unfasten Blaine's belt, Kurt's face has a look of concentration that almost made Blaine chuckle. He's so beautiful, his Kurt, and so serious now. Kurt slowly slid Blaine's belt from it's loops, and dropped it to the floor. Blaine did the same, in what was turning out to be a very risqué game to be playing.

"This needs to go" said Kurt as he not so gently slipped Blaine's shirt from his shoulders. Kurt put out his hand for Blaine, and pulled him up so that they were standing face to face, barely able to keep their hands, and mouths, apart.

"Kurt...this is going to change everything. For both of us. I want...."

"I think I know what you want. And it's right here, Blaine. I'm all yours. Always have been. Always will be..."

Blaine did not let Kurt finish his sentence. He couldn't wait any longer to have Kurt's body pressed against his, completely. Kissing Kurt in a way that he feared bordered on uncontrolled, Blaine pulled his mouth away from Kurt's only long enough to tell him to remove his pants or he was going to do it for him, and he could not vouch for the state they would end up in. Kurt let out a giggle, but what normally would have seemed endearing somehow concerned Blaine. At that moment, Kurt sounded so....young. Immature. Not in a bad way, but in a way that gave Blaine pause for a moment, wondering if things were moving too quickly for them to stop if Kurt wanted it to.

"Are you ok, Kurt...?"

"Of course I am. A little...you know....on display"...and Blaine stopped in his tracks, a huge smile crossing his face as he saw his boyfriend standing there wearing a really...interesting....pair of black silky boxers.

And the effect that Blaine was having on him was clearly visible to the both of them. Kurt's cheeks flushed as he realized that things were happening well beyond his control. Feeling almost embarrassed, Kurt tried to grab his shirt from the floor to cover up. He was being shy. And Blaine loved it.

"No...don't do that. Don't cover up. Look at you. My God, Kurt...you are amazing"

And your boxers, sir....adorable...and very sexy"

"What was it that you expected? Something from the Victoria's Secret catalog?"

Blaine shot Kurt a look, then glanced down again at the shiny material that barely covered him.  
"I...um...well..."

"Ok, ok...but before you start pointing fingers...or..anything else for that matter at me, I think I need to get a look at what secrets you have hidden under those fancy black trousers of yours. Let's go..."

Blaine smiled in that hot way that made Kurt's breathe catch, and removed his pants to reveal what he felt were functional..and comfortable...undergarments.

"Oh, honey...did you get those at The Gap?" was all that Kurt could say as his handsome, and oh so sexy boyfriend stood there in a pair of navy blue boxer briefs. "And I'm sorry...is that color Dalton Blue?"

They both laughed at the ridiculousness of standing there, in that state, and once their eyes met again, they both realized that what they wanted more than anything was to be on that bed...under those covers....

Blaine took the few steps to the bed slowly, not wanting to startle Kurt, who stood there with a look of both desire and trepidation on his face. Blaine pulled the comforter from under the pillows, and reached over to Kurt, signaling for him to take his hand. Kurt did, and Blaine let him over to the edge of the bed. They both looked at it as if it were the edge of a cliff, waiting for them to make a decision that there would be no coming back from.

"Kurt...I need to know..what are you thinking right this very second?"

Kurt said nothing, which worried Blaine. Were they moving too fast? Did he even realize that he was moving too fast? He didn't have any type of playbook to tell him what he should be doing. He had tried to act confident all evening, but he was just as lost as Kurt when it came to the physical part of a relationship.

Blaine's thoughts came to a crashing halt when he felt Kurt nudge him just enough for him to fall over clumsily onto the bed. "There", whispered Kurt...we're halfway there".

Blaine slid over onto one side of the bed, the cool sheets feeling good against his hot skin. He crooked his finger and beckoned Kurt to slide in next to him. And then, for the first time in their relationship, Blaine and Kurt were sharing a bed.

Blaine had already decided earlier on that if Kurt just wanted to cuddle all night that would be ok with him. And for a while, they did. It felt amazing to be lying there, Blaine propped up on the pillows, Kurt pressed against him with his head on his chest, feeling each beat of Blaine's heart and rise of his chest. . This felt so right to both of them.

Laying there with his eyes closed, Blaine was distracted by the warmth of Kurt's breath against his skin as he spoke into his chest. He stroked the side of Kurt's face, running his thumb along his jaw line, then tilted his head up so that he could look into those beautiful blue eyes again. Kurt moved up far enough so that their lips met...

A gasp, followed by a moan deep in Blaine's throat, were triggered by the touch of Kurt's fingers brushing against the front of Blaine's boxers. Blaine didn't think it was possible to feel what he felt at that moment and survive. Kurt's long, delicate fingers continued to lightly move back and forth, until Blaine felt as if he was drowning...unable to catch his breath.

"Kurt...that feels so good..are you...is this ok?"

Blaine did not need Kurt to speak the answer to him. He responded by quickening the movement of his hand on Blaine, as Blaine lay almost paralyzed by the emotions sweeping over him. He wanted to touch Kurt...in this same way...but he was holding back. This moment needed to be perfect for Kurt, and Blaine, even though he never lacked confidence before, was afraid of....

The decision was made for him as Kurt reached under the blanket for Blaine's hand, and, looking into his eyes, moved Blaine's hand to where he knew he wanted it to be. Right there....touching Kurt....

Time seemed to stand still as they lay there, eyes only for each other, stealing soft kisses as they made love to each other in the purest of terms, and when they realized they were both reaching their first "finale" as a couple, they locked themselves in a kiss that was deep enough to take in each others moans of pleasure...neither one of them realizing, since their eyes were closed, that tears of joy ran down both of their faces.

For a few moments they just cuddled in each others arms, knowing that what they did was what was enough for them at this moment. There would be more, much more, to be explored.

Blaine thought that he could not have been happier or more in love than he is right now.

"Blaine...."

And with one breathlessly whispered statement at the end of this evening of firsts. Kurt Hummel would break Blaine Anderson.

## **CHAPTER FIVE**

### *Tell Me Why*

Blaine felt as if he had been punched in the stomach. Can't breathe. Can't breathe. Can't breathe....

"Blaine, I just..."

"Oh my God...Kurt are you KIDDING me?" Blaine almost screamed it, warm tears running down his face. He was shaking as if he had a fever, but all he felt was cold inside.

"How could you even say something like that to me...after we....after **this**?. They both still lay among the twisted sheets where, less than 5 minutes before, they shared their first intimate moments together.

Kurt was shocked looking at Blaine, who had now pulled his legs up and had his head on his arms and was sobbing. He had never seen Blaine react like this before, and it was scaring Kurt. Blaine is the strong one. He is the emotional one. Kurt reached over to touch him, and Blaine's tears came harder now.

"Blaine, I love you. Please..."

He turned to look at Kurt, his hazel eyes full of confusion. "You did this...so that you would be sure I wouldn't leave you for someone else? You used what I thought was the most amazing moment of my life as...what? A bartering point for the future? Are you insane? Please, Kurt, please...tell me why? Is this something that you read in a "How To Keep Your Man" article?

Kurt's eyes welled with tears as he tried to take Blaine's hand, and was rebuffed. A sour feeling settled in his stomach. What had he done?

"Blaine, I was scared."

"I knew you weren't ready. That we weren't ready. For this. Ugh, I am so stupid" Blaine said as he slapped his forehead with the palm of his hand, clearly a mistake, since his head was already spinning, trying to take in what was happening between them.

"No, Blaine. I wanted this. I want you. Only you. But you..."

"But I what, Kurt? What did I do? I brought you here. You. No one else. You know there is no one else that I am thinking about or wanting to be with. You know there is no one else I want to touch like I touched you...or want to touch me...like that.."

"It's not just that. Less than two months ago, you were kissing a girl...a girl, Blaine. And if only for a moment, liking in. I not only have to compete with other guys, but girls too."

"You are not competing with **anyone** Kurt. I love you. I'm **with** you. Don't you have any faith in me? In us? You have to let what happened in the past go."

Kurt lowered his head so that he did not have to look at Blaine. "I wanted to give you something...that no one else had. I wanted to touch you before anyone else did. I'm sorry you can't understand this, Blaine, but do you know how hard it has been to watch you do some of the things that you've done, dying inside every time because I wanted you, and you wanted someone else. And feeling that you settled for me?"

Blaine shook his head in disbelief. Had they not already had this conversation earlier in the night? "Kurt", he said softly, trying to reign in his frustration...I've already told you...I did not **settle** for you. I love you. And I'm sorry that I took so long to realize that, but I did, and we're here, and now all I can think about is that you...we...did things for the wrong reasons. I thought I was making love with my boyfriend. You were trying to close some kind of deal in your head. I don't know what to do with this all, Kurt, I really don't"

He looked at the face of the person that means everything to him, and he felt heaviness in his heart. This was his fault, really. By the time he had realized that Kurt was "the one", he had left some pretty bad wreckage along the way, including Kurt's self esteem. He knew that the way he was behaving tonight was so out of character for Kurt. His normally shy and blushing boyfriend becomes the aggressor, and that didn't set off some kind of alarm? He got a glimpse of his Kurt when he tried to cover himself up. And Blaine told him not to. Was that the point where they should have stopped?

Blaine's brain was racing a mile a minute, and Kurt just sat looking at him, wondering what to do next.

"You hate me now, don't you? And now you can be free to find someone more like...you."

"KURT! Stop it. What do you think, that I'm 5 years old, and when I get mad I take my toys and run home? This isn't a game."

"You don't think I know that? You don't think that right after the words came out of my mouth, I knew it was a huge mistake? But let me tell you how I feel, ok?"

"From the moment I met you, I've wanted to be with you. It was fate that brought you and I together on that staircase, and when we became friends, it was everything to me. But my feelings for you wanted more than that. I knew it from the beginning. I would watch women, and men, flirt with you, and you would flirt back, and it just killed me inside. I would look in the mirror every morning and think, hey, if I were better looking, or smarter, or...whatever, maybe he would look at ME that way. I felt like I wasn't good enough for you. And then, with this whole Rachel business...she knew how I felt about you, and still she pursued you. And you let her. How do you think it feels knowing that a supposed friend would do that to me?"

Kurt paused to take a breath, Blaine's eyes fixed on him.

"When you kissed me that day, right before Regionals, I thought that I was the luckiest person alive, because the guy that I love and have been pining over for months just might feel the same way. I wanted to make sure that I could give you something that no one else had. Or was that a lie?"

Blaine didn't know how many more emotional blows he could take from Kurt.

"Kurt, I will say this one more time. There has been no one else. And to be completely honest, and I'm sorry if this hurts you, it is not from lack of trying. I never said I was an angel. But I also made it very clear to you that no one has made me want him as much as I want you. I love everything about you. Tonight, in this bed, we shared something so amazing that even now, with all of this going on, it's all I can do to keep from grabbing you right now and starting it all over again. But before anything happens again between us, I need to know that it is because you want it to, not because you feel it **has** to. Do you understand? I feel like I took advantage of you, Kurt, because you weren't honest with me when I asked you if what we were doing was ok."

"It was...it IS...ok." Kurt reached out for Blaine's hand, and this time Blaine did not pull away. "Lay back down, baby...please". They had had this whole situation play out while still in bed, their bed...and Kurt wanted to make sure he did everything he could to make Blaine understand that while his thoughts may have been irrational, his heart-and body-were totally his. No hesitation. No doubts.

Blaine lay back on the pillows, and Kurt put his head on his shoulder.

"Kurt, why do you think I would ever want anyone else when I have everything I want right here, lying next to me?"

The answer took longer than Kurt had wanted, but he was afraid of making another mistake in getting across what he wanted to say. "Blaine, you are so beautiful. Those eyes, that mouth, that voice. Even when you speak, it sounds like music to me. Everything about you says "amazing" and when I look at you, I see an man that had everything to offer. When I look in the mirror..." Kurt could feel the sting of tears forming. "I see a boy. A boy who is awkward and inexperienced. We truly are the odd couple."

And there it was.

Kurt wasn't jealous of Blaine wanting someone else. He was afraid that Blaine would tire of the differences between them. Placing his hands on both sides of his face, Blaine told Kurt, with as much conviction as he could, that their differences are what make their relationship work. If they were alike in every way, how could there be room for growth between them? With them being at two different schools now, it was hard on them both, but they were each having different experiences which gave them so much to talk about when they did see each other.

"I miss seeing you every day. I miss holding your hand. I miss seeing how your hair is a mess in the morning. I just....miss you, Blaine."

Blaine wanted Kurt so badly at that moment. He leaned forward to kiss him, and when he did, he felt as if he couldn't stop. He didn't want to. He tasted Kurt's tongue with his own, and in one move he shifted Kurt so that he was lying on his back, the full length of his body pressed against him. Blaine kissed his shoulder, working his way to his neck, then finally back to his lips. He stopped only long enough to whisper softly into Kurt's ear-

"Tell me, Kurt. Say it..." Blaine said, his voice shaky and his breathing becoming labored. "I want to know that you want this".

"I love you, Blaine. I love you and I want you to touch me again..."

Blaine slid his hand down to touch Kurt, and wrapping his fingers around him, moved his hand slowly, hearing a soft moan coming from deep inside of his boyfriend.

"Is this what you want, Kurt? "



"Yes" was all that Kurt was able to say. His head was back on the pillow, his eyes closed, as Blaine made his whole body tremble with pleasure.

"Blaine, I want to...."

Blaine kissed Kurt hard, silencing his words but not his sighs.

"Does this show you how I feel about you, Kurt? Only you? That you are the only one I want to touch?"

Kurt barely had the strength to nod yes before Blaine pressed his lips to Kurt's ear one more time-

"Then hold on to me, Kurt, because what I'm going to do to you next will be so worth breaking curfew for."

## **CHAPTER SIX**

### *No Secrets*

"I want every inch of you, Kurt Hummel", Blaine said, giving Kurt a look that made him weak in the knees.

Kurt thought for a moment and carefully chose his words. "Blaine...I think I need to call my Dad real quick".

Blaine was confused but only for a moment. "Oh...you mean about curfew. Wow, Kurt...for just a second I was getting a little nervous that you were calling Burt for...advice..."

"Nooooo...but if we are going to be spending the night together, I need he and Carol to not worry about me. I want them to know that I am in good hands", Kurt said with a smile. "We are going to spend the night together, aren't we?"

"I would say that yes, Kurt, we are most definitely spending the night together". Blaine gave Kurt a gentle kiss before he continued. "And please, Kurt...if at any point you want us to stop anything that we're doing, you have to promise to tell me, ok? "

"Agreed. And that goes for you, too, Blaine."

"Honestly, Kurt...I can't imagine anything that I would be doing with you that I would want to stop."

Getting flustered, Kurt said "Ok...hold that thought. I need to make a call".

Kurt slid out of bed to grab his phone from the other room. What was he going to tell his Dad that would make him be ok with him not coming home tonight? Car trouble? Doubtful. His Dad owns a car repair shop. He would be there in a heartbeat to resolve the problem. All night party? No. Normally, any party that Kurt would go to, the others, including Finn, would be attending. Kurt decided that he would tell his Dad the truth. That he was with Blaine. They had "the talk", and his Dad had said he just wants him to be careful. And to make sure that when the time came, that he was with someone that he cared about. And there was no one that Kurt cared about more than Blaine.

The phone rang twice before his Dad picked up.

"Dad...hey, it's me. Sorry if I woke you guys up. Listen..."

"Kurt, are you ok? Everything good?"

"Everything's great, Dad. So. I'm back at Blaine's place. And things are going really, really well." Kurt cleared his throat. "I was thinking that, you know, since things are going...so well...that I would maybe stay over here tonight."

There was some hesitation before Burt said, without much surprise in his voice "Is that so?"

"Yeah..I mean...remember when you said that...when...if...I was ready, that you wanted this to be a moment where I should really connect with someone? Dad...Blaine and I are connecting...a lot..." Kurt felt the redness in his cheeks before he even finished the sentence. What on earth had he just said to his father?

"Kurt...I can't say that I am completely happy about this... But I am also not completely shocked . Please be careful...remember what we've talked about...and tell Blaine that he better have you home in the morning for breakfast. And no dropping you at the curb. I want him to come in and show his face."

"Dad?"

"Kurt?"

"Love you Dad. And thank you for understanding."

And with a click on the other end of the line, Kurt knew that he had the rest of an amazing night ahead of him.

"How did it go?" Blaine asked as Kurt came back to the bedroom.

"Surprisingly well. I think my Dad likes you."

"Well, if he knew all of the dirty little thoughts I've been having about his son, he might rethink that. Now, where were we?"

"I think", Kurt said, some flush still apparent on his face, "I was right here" and slid back beside Blaine.

"You're blushing. It's adorable"

"I'm blushing because I think I just told my Dad that we were having sex tonight...or... something..." Kurt said, shaking his head in disbelief.

Blaine pulled Kurt closer, loving how his bare chest felt against his. "Well, we can't have you lying to your Dad, now can we?"

"Can I ask you something?" Kurt asked, finding himself staring at Blaine's beautiful mouth

"You can ask me anything, Kurt. Anything."

"It's kind of personal"

"Well, I would have to say, given our current state of undress and the fact that we *are* in bed together gives you the right to ask any personal question you want to".

Kurt didn't know how to make the question seem...well....

"Blaine.... when you're alone at night, do you think about me?"

"Of course I do. I think about your beautiful face, those amazing blue eyes..."

"Before tonight, did you ever think about...us...in bed?"

"Kurt, of course I have. If I'm being completely honest, I've had some pretty unholy thoughts about you since the day I met you. Remember before I sang that first day, and I took your hand to lead you to the parlor? And when I was fixing the lapel of your coat? Do you think I just randomly touch every guy that walks through the doors at Dalton? I could barely keep my hands off of you.

And do you remember when we were practicing the song over Christmas for the show I was doing? It was all I could do to look at those lips across the couch from me and not pounce on you. Looking back, I wish I had just done what my heart wanted me to do. We wouldn't have had all of this wasted time just pining away for each other"

"You know what I used to do at night? Kurt said quietly. When I was still at McKinley, right after I met you, I was just lay in bed and think about you lying next to me. We wouldn't be doing anything untoward. Just laying there holding hands and talking. It got me through some of the really rough times. And then at Dalton, I would just think that even though we just left each other, I couldn't wait to see you again. I would love how you would look first thing in the morning. I also had your picture up in my locker at McKinley. Your yearbook picture."

"I know" Blaine said with a smile. Mercedes had told him.

Kurt felt embarrassed about his honesty with Blaine. Would he think he was behaving like a love-struck kid?

"Any other deep dark secrets you want to share with me, my darling Kurt?" Blaine was teasing, of course, but in a way he was hoping to get more of a glimpse at his boyfriends thoughts.

"Well", Kurt hesitated. "There is something, but it makes me sound more like a creeper than a boyfriend. "

"Go on. I'm intrigued".

"Ok. Here goes. I remember the first time that I sat next to you, and you smelled amazing. Like, heaven. I spent the next week at every store I could find trying to figure out what you were wearing. And I found it. So, if you ever wonder why, in my wallet, there is a small piece of fabric that smells like Ralph Lauren Black...there's your answer". Kurt looked at Blaine, who was smiling. "I know what you're thinking...stalk much?"

A stalker wouldn't be here in bed with me. My boyfriend is here in bed with me. And I love him." Blaine leaned over and began to kiss the mouth that has been driving him crazy all night. Sensing that Kurt was feeling a little embarrassed about his confessions, Blaine made one of his own.

"Kurt, did you ever wonder where your red and black scarf went? When we were out for coffee one day, and you went to the restroom, I took that scarf and hid it in my briefcase. When we were getting ready to leave, you were upset because you thought that you had lost it somewhere. It's not lost. It's in my room."

A huge smile crept across Kurt's face.

They were both now sitting on the bed, cross-legged, talking to each other as if they were at a slumber party sharing the latest gossip. The only difference was that as they talked to each other, they would touch each others leg, or hand, or sneak in a kiss between sentences.

"Can I ask you something even more personal" Kurt said reluctantly. He loved this. Sitting here with Blaine, talking freely and sharing secrets.

"Kurt, I've already said you can ask me anything."

"Before tonight....did you think about what sex would be like with, you know...me?" As the words left his mouth, Kurt could feel himself shrinking, wanting to crawl under the blankets.

Blaine took Kurt's hand in his, and said, as sweetly as he could, "Yes, Kurt. I have thought about having sex with you on numerous occasions. I think about touching you all the time. But I think you know that. You know what you do to me, Kurt Hummel. Don't pretend that you don't", and with that, Blaine leaned in and kissed Kurt, pushing him back on the pillows.

Their kiss became more intense as Blaine moved the comforter and straddled Kurt, his hands holding Kurt's hands down against the bed. At this angle, Blaine could kiss Kurt deeper than he ever had before, and Kurt's sighs told Blaine that he was pressing all of the right buttons. Kurt began to move his hips slightly, causing him to rub against Blaine.

"Am I hurting you, baby?" Blaine asked while looking down at Kurt.

"No. This feels amazing. I want more, Blaine...please...."

Blaine kissed Kurt once more, then began kissing his shoulders....down his chest, which was rising and falling quickly as Kurt struggled to maintain control.

"Blaine....*please*...."

Blaine slid down, so that he was kneeling between Kurt's legs. He ran his fingers down Kurt's sides, feeling him laugh softly as he did so. Looking into Kurt's eyes, Blaine said in a low voice "Tell me, Kurt...."

"I want you to..."

Before finishing his sentence, Kurt felt Blaine slide his fingers into the band of the black silk boxers that had been teasing him all night, and he slowly slid them down, pulling them off completely. Blaine looked at Kurt with nothing short of adoration. "You are beautiful, Kurt. God, I want you so bad...all of you".

Blaine then slowly began touching Kurt, there, teasing him with gentle brushes of his lips, with the tip of his tongue, with his fingers, and then he slid his mouth over him, gently, feeling Kurt begin to move in rhythm with him. Blaine was taking his time with Kurt, not wanting to do anything that would make him uncomfortable.

Kurt looked down and watched as Blaine made love to him, feeling almost lightheaded as he felt like he was going to explode. He could not believe that he was here, with his Blaine, doing things that he had only dreamt about weeks earlier.

"Blaine"...Kurt could barely get the words out. His moans were driving Blaine's movements. "Blaine?...I think I'm going to...Blaine....."

"Just let it happen, Kurt....I've got you...."

Kurt held on to Blaine's shoulders as he felt a rush flood through his body, ending at the softness of Blaine's lips.

"Blaine?" Kurt said, sounding almost like a scared child. Blaine slid up and took Kurt in his arms, holding him tight, and Blaine felt the warmth of tears on Kurt's face. "Kurt, what's wrong? Why are you upset?" Blaine worried that he had hurt him somehow. This was all new to him, and he certainly didn't have any previous experience as a lover. He felt his heart start to sink.

"I'm sorry that I...so quickly...I wanted you to do that...what you were doing to me...forever. I don't think I'm very good at this", Kurt said with a sigh.

Blaine took Kurt's face in his hands and kissed him gently. "Kurt, my love, you are everything that I want. And you were perfect. Are perfect. And have I told you how sexy you are? And how amazing you....taste?"

As what he said began to sink in, Kurt pushed Blaine back on the pillows, sliding his hands down Blaine's chest.

"Your turn, Mr. Anderson..."

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### *Time Flies*

Blaine didn't know what to make of this new, assertive Kurt.

On one hand, the Kurt that he fell in love with was shy about sex, blushing every time it was mentioned. Now, at times, he was the aggressor. Blaine liked Kurt's new sexual confidence, but was just a little curious as to where it had come from.

"Tell me what you want, Blaine. I'll do anything you ask".

"Well, I want **you**, Kurt. It doesn't get any more basic than that".

"No, I mean...what do you want me to do...**to** you?". The look on Kurt's face was a mix of excitement and hesitation.

"Kurt, what's wrong?"

"Nothing, I just...want to do this right, that's all. I..when you were...I messed it up by not being able to control myself. I wanted you do keep doing that...to me..."

"And I will. A lot. Trust me.". Blaine sighed. "Kurt, let me tell you what little I do know about this stuff. To me, the fact that...things ended quickly earlier...makes me feel amazing. Don't you see? It means that you were so excited about us being together and that what I was doing to you felt so good that you couldn't control what happened. And that is such a turn on for me. Really."

"I want to tell you something, ok? It's just something that we've never talked about, and I need to. My timing sucks, I know..."

"Baby, you can tell me anything. Nothing you say will change how I feel about you. You need to know that. I feel like every time we part from each other, you're worried that I'm going to change my mind about what I feel about you, and about us. It's not going to happen, ok? I love you. Only you. And I want you to carry that with you when we aren't together. Promise me, Kurt? Because it would kill me to think that every day you question how I feel about you."



"Karofsky", Kurt said, almost spitting out the word like it had a bad taste.

"What about him? Did something happen?"

"No, nothing happened. It's just....I want you to know that what happened with he and I in the locker room...well, what he inflicted on me in the locker room...made me worry that you would think I was, I don't know, damaged goods or something. I know I didn't react quickly enough when he kissed me the first time, but when he tried again, Blaine, honestly I pushed him away really hard. As hard as I could."

"I know that. What, do you think I held what he did against **you**? Kurt, the guy is an animal, and so much bigger than you. I wouldn't want you to have gotten hurt trying to fight him any harder than you did." And why are we talking about this guy on a night that has been so perfect?"

"Please don't be mad at me"

"I'm not mad at you, Kurt. I guess I'm just a little confused."

"I was afraid of him every second of every day. I was afraid...that he would do something to me...against my will..."

"Well, he did."

"No. I mean...when I went with Mr. Shue to see Principal Sylvester...I told them that I was afraid because they didn't know what he was capable of. When they asked me what I meant, I backed down and said that I was probably overreacting, but I wasn't, Blaine. He would touch me somehow every time I saw him...give me a creepy smile...and made me feel that, if he had the chance, he would...**DO** something to me...". Kurt became frustrated because he felt that Blaine was not getting what he was trying to imply.

It was finally sinking in to Blaine what Kurt was trying to say. He wanted to make sure he handled this as delicately as possible.

"Kurt...**did** he do something to you—other than what you said happened?" Blaine felt the anger building up and his hands start to ball up into fists. If he touched Kurt...

"No! He didn't, I swear to Gaga he didn't", Kurt tried to keep it together but his resolve started to melt at the way that Blaine was looking at him. "I just...he told his father....and my father...that it was my fault.

That maybe I liked him. I didn't, Blaine...I promise...I didn't lead him on or anything... I didn't have any control over the situation. I just wanted you to know that, ok?"

"Kurt...do you honestly think that I would think that anything he said was the truth? I know you...better than you may think I do. You aren't a tease. Well, not in the way we're talking about". Blaine took Kurt's face in his hands and kissed him softly on the lips. "I mean, you tease me every day with the way that you smile, and the way that you move. But no, Kurt. I know you did nothing to provoke the situation. But let me ask you something, ok? How come you never told your Dad what happened?"

Kurt thought the same thing over and over again right after it happened.

"I guess I didn't want him thinking it was my fault. I hadn't been completely honest with him about some of my interaction with Finn and when he threw Finn out for using a word I would rather not repeat, he didn't have the whole story. Plus, he had been sick. I didn't want him all worked up."

"Kurt, your Dad loves you without condition. It is one of the most amazing things I've ever seen. I wish I had that with my Dad. It's almost sad how many things he tries to do to see if it will turn me straight. I'm waiting for him to have me dress in cowboy garb and ride in on a horse like John Wayne...you know...the ultimate male role model."

"Whose real name was Marion. I'm just saying" Kurt said with a chuckle. "I guess I just wanted you to know that I've never thought about having sex with anyone other than you. Ever". Kurt blushed yet again at his liberal use tonight of the word "sex".

"Not even Finn?"

Kurt sighed. "No...not even Finn. I was crushing on him big time. But I don't think I ever really saw myself with him...you know, like this. What about Jeremiah? Did you...feel like that about him?". Kurt wasn't sure that he really wanted to know.

"I don't think so. No. I don't know what I was thinking there. Honestly, I don't."

"You said that you thought that Valentine's Day was the perfect holiday because you could tell someone that you love them. You were talking about him. You mentioned the word "married" when we were at his store"

"Would it be completely shallow of me to admit that I was more into the 50% discount given to spouses?". Blaine looked at Kurt and kind of shrugged his shoulders. "I'm an idiot. What can I say?"

Kurt leaned in and kissed Blaine. "You most certainly are not an idiot. I question your wanting to spend time with that hairstyle of his...."

"But you said you could see the attraction...and about him having "quite a head of hair".

If you had really been listening, Blaine...I said it the same way I would say "Wow, look at that train wreck. You can only stare at the horror for so long". Kurt laughed out loud about the whole GAP situation. He could now. He and Blaine are together. It wasn't really that funny when it was playing out in front of him.

"I love talking to you, Blaine. About everything."

"As much as I feel the same way about you, my sweet Kurt... I have this incredibly sexy guy in my bed, and I'm having a hard time really concentrating at the moment."

"Then let me see what I can do to help you focus" Kurt said in a way that Blaine felt was very naughty indeed. Yeah...he liked this Kurt. A lot.

Kurt asked Blaine to sit up so that he could prop the pillows behind him. He wanted his boyfriend to see everything that was going to happen.

Kurt was stretched out alongside Blaine, using the tips of his fingers to run down the length of Blaine's chest, and then slid one finger along the waistband of the last piece of clothing standing between them. Blaine watched as Kurt placed light kisses along the line where the boxers ended and his skin began. He could barely resist touching Kurt, but he held back, letting Kurt lead.

Kurt knelt on the bed, and used his right knee to push Blaine's legs slightly apart. Blaine could barely breathe as he watched Kurt begin to slide his boxers down, a little at a time. Each time Kurt moved the fabric, he would gently run the tip of his tongue over the now exposed skin. Blaine felt his hips move involuntarily and, finally, Kurt slid the garment completely off, and tossed them onto the floor.

Kurt looked at his beautiful, and oh so sexy boyfriend and knew what he wanted to do to him. With him. Kurt could see the effect that he was having on Blaine...but he wanted to share with Blaine what he was doing to him. As he slid up and put his long legs on either side of Blaine, Kurt kissed him, hard, and then

slid to just the right position for them to be touching—right there. Kurt held his mouth on Blaine's as he began to move his hips back and forth, making sure that Blaine could feel how excited Kurt was. Hearing Blaine let out a low moan, Kurt moved down just enough so that Blaine could watch Kurt take Blaine in his hand and begin to rub him slowly. Blaine could feel his eyes almost glossing over as he tried to focus on what Kurt was doing.

As he leaned over, and began running his tongue over Blaine, Kurt looked up and held his gaze as he slid Blaine just between his lips, barely able to contain his own moans of pleasure. Kurt heard Blaine saying his name...over and over....and he could feel Blaine's fingers in his hair, pulling tighter as he moved his mouth faster.

"Kurt...mmmm...I love you ..." Blaine leaned his head back and tried to hold on for just a little longer.... he didn't want this to end...

"Blaine....I want you..." and just the sound of Kurt's voice sent Blaine over the edge....his soft mouth so warm around him....he could never imagine *not* being with Kurt.

"Come here, baby", Blaine reached for Kurt's hand and pulled him up on top of him, holding him tighter than he ever had before. He reached down and pulled the comforter up around them as Kurt slid to Blaine's side, his head on his shoulder. They were both having a hard time catching their breath.

"Was that....ok? Kurt whispered into Blaine's ear.

"Ok? Kurt, I don't even have words to describe tonight. Making love with you...I can't even..." and with that, Blaine could feel the tears welling up. "When I thought it was too late, that I had ruined things between us. It was unbearable. How could I have almost let you slip away? How could I have almost missed out on being here with you?"

"I wasn't going anywhere, Blaine. I wasn't going to give up on us being together. I don't care how long it took"

"I love you, Kurt. I love looking at you and I love touching you and I love feeling you next to me. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for you. Anything."

"Well, if you speak the truth...I think we should..."

"What time is it?", Blaine asked, still trying to regain some form of composure.

"It's almost 3am. Why? Do you have somewhere to be?", Kurt said with a laugh.

"Actually, Kurt....I do."

## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

### *Left Alone*

"I don't understand. Where are you going?"

"I just need to run out for a few minutes. It's ok, Kurt. I'll be back as soon as I can. I just...need to do something. No worries, ok?"

Blaine started throwing his clothes back on as quickly as he could while Kurt just sat, unsure of what was happening.

"It's three o'clock in the morning. Why are you doing this?"

"Kurt, I'm not doing anything. Do you trust me?"

"Of course I do. But why can't you tell me where you're going?"

"I just need to do this. For us. OK?"

Blaine grabbed his keys and wallet, leaned over to give Kurt a quick kiss, and told him to make sure he locked the door when he left.

"I'll be back before you know it. "

Kurt watched in silence as Blaine left, and a feeling of disappointment came over him. Had he been so bad in bed that Blaine had to run out to reconsider their relationship?

As he wrapped the comforter around himself, Kurt walked over and turned the television on while he waited. There was nothing on—a few infomercials for products that made Kurt too embarrassed to even watch.

So he climbed back into bed, and felt each second ticking away.

Blaine couldn't believe that he didn't think of this before now. After what they've shared so far this evening, Blaine knew what the next step would be. It would be scary and exciting for both of them, and

everything needed to be perfect. Blaine had read about what they would need to make things go...easier...and he was hoping that he could get everything they would need at the Walgreens near his house. Thank heavens for 24-hour stores. He shouldn't have left Kurt like that, but he knew that if he told him exactly what he was running out for, Kurt would be so embarrassed that it might put a damper on the rest of the evening. No, Blaine thought to himself—I was going to be a man and be responsible.

So many thoughts were going through Blaine's head as he made the turn into the parking lot. He should text Kurt quickly and tell him not to worry that pretty head of his and that he would be back soon. Reaching into his pocket, Blaine didn't feel the familiar shape of his phone. Damn. His phone was in the pocket of his suit jacket. Great.

Running into the store, Blaine tried to be as inconspicuous as possible as he went to the area of the store that he usually steered clear of. Sexual aids. Ugh. Please, please don't let anyone he knows be working the register. Not that he was ashamed of anything that has happened, or will happen. But he just doesn't want to have to deal with the comments and looks.

Grabbing what he thought they would need, Blaine made his way up to the register, put his items on the counter, and waited. It didn't take long for the cashier, who reminded him of his mother, to say, "Wow, someone has a big night in front of her".

"In front of **him**. My boyfriends name is Kurt, and he's waiting for me, so if you don't mind..." Blaine isn't sure why he felt the need to say what he said to a perfect stranger, but it felt good. His boyfriend. Kurt.

Blaine was well on his way back to his house—and his Kurt—when he heard a noise that startled him. Blaine tried to ignore it, but he knew exactly what had happened. A flat tire. Perfect. And no phone to call for help. Sigh. All he wanted to do was crawl back into their bed and wrap himself around Kurt. But first things first.

Kurt tried to relax but couldn't. Blaine had said he would only be gone for a few minutes, and if the wall clock was right, it was almost an hour since Blaine ran out the door. Kurt decided to text Blaine and let him know that he missed him. He didn't want to sound all clingy, but there was no harm in letting Blaine know that he was thinking about him.

"Hey. Miss You. Remind me to teach you the concept of time". Kurt added a heart at the end so that Blaine would know that he wasn't mad, just anxious.

Kurt expected that there would be a quick response to his text, but after a few minutes, he wondered what was really going on.

"Blaine, is everything ok? Did I do something wrong?" Nothing. No answer.

After twenty minutes had gone by, and no response from Blaine, Kurt was feeling worse than he ever had before. He had messed things up, somehow. And Blaine was out there trying to figure out a way to tell him. At least he is being a gentleman, and not doing it by text. Having the person that he loves tell him, in words that would be on his phone for all eternity, that he made a mistake about them. Could there be anything worse? Kurt kept looking at his phone for the message that never came.

Blaine was thankful, at least, that his father had made him take an auto safety class last summer. At least he could do the basics, like checking the oil, replenishing the fluids, and, yes, changing a flat tire.

What must Kurt be thinking? He's been gone almost two hours. So much time lost of what was left of this amazing night. Blaine thought about how Kurt's kisses had felt...how his hands and mouth had driven him wild...and he wanted to get back to him as soon as possible so that they could pick up where they had left off.

Blaine didn't waste any time once the tire was changed and jumped in the car to head back to the house. He would have some serious explaining to do. Pulling into his driveway, he barely brought the car to a stop before jumping out and running towards the guesthouse.

He tried to put his key into the lock, but didn't have to. The door was open.

"Sweetie, I'm SO sorry. You won't believe what happened to me. Look, I should have just told you..."

Blaine looked at the room in front of him. Something was different. There was no burgundy jacket thrown over the back of the desk chair. No bow tie on the table. He saw his phone lying face down on the floor beside the couch. The ringer was off—he had done that so that nothing would disturb their night together. The message light was blinking.

**"Hey. Miss You. Remind me to teach you the concept of time"**

**"Blaine, is everything ok? Did I do something wrong?"**



As he slowly walked into the bedroom, a sick feeling came over him and he could feel the exact moment when his heart stopped beating.

Kurt was gone.

## **CHAPTER NINE**

### *Lost and Found*

Blaine felt the room spinning around him, and he had to grab on to the doorknob to steady himself.

It was almost five o'clock in the morning. Where did he go? It's dark outside. His car is home. *WHERE IS HE?*

Blaine took his phone and dialed Kurt's cell number. Right to voice mail. He sent him several texts in a row—

**"Kurt. baby...where are you?"**

**"I'm sorry, Kurt. I shouldn't have left you like that. Call me please."**

**"Kurt, you're scaring me. Why aren't you calling me?"**

**"KURT? I love you."**

Blaine walked into the main room of the guesthouse, and he dropped to his knees as he saw the boutonnière that he had given Kurt laying on the floor near the desk. It must have come off when Kurt picked up his jacket. The tears came quickly as Blaine picked it up, and pressed it against his face, the softness of the petals reminding him of the softness of Kurt's skin.

Blaine grabbed his keys and jumped into his car. If Kurt decided to walk home, which was almost too much for Blaine to even think about, maybe he hadn't gotten very far. It was so dark out, and Kurt hated that. He always wanted to hold Blaine's hand when they were in darkened places, even the movie theater. It was Blaine's job to make Kurt feel safe, and he had failed miserably.

He drove slowly along the road that leads back to Lima, desperately looking for any sign of Kurt. Where would he go?

Finn. I'll call Finn, Blaine thought, and pulled over to the side of the road. No, he would text instead. He didn't want to risk waking up Burt and Carol, and then have to explain how he could not find their son. The words he was typing in made his chest tighten. He was shaking as he pressed each button-

"Finn, hey it's Blaine. Kurt seems to have run off on me. Have you heard from him?"

In less than a minute, Blaine received an answer-

"What do you mean run off? Where is he, Blaine? It's dark out"

"I don't know. I came back, and he was gone."

"Came back from where?"

"I just had to run out for something. He hasn't called you?"

"No. Where are you?"

"I'm halfway between my house and Lima. I don't know what to do, Finn. Please help me find him." Blaine was desperate now. "Please"

Finn shook his head to try to wake up. He was so angry with Blaine right now.

"Meet me at McKinley. I don't want Burt or my Mom worrying before they have to."

"Ok, I'll see you there in about 20 minutes". Blaine drove mindlessly, as if on autopilot.

As he sat at a traffic light, Blaine's phone began to ring. It was David. At 5:30 in the morning?

"David, listen, I can't talk now. Something's happened with Kurt, and I need to find him..." Blaine's voice was almost at a sob now. "I have to go".

"No. No...Blaine, don't hang up. He's here."

"He's...at Dalton?"

"Yeah, one of the security lights picked him up out near where you guys buried Pavarotti. He was pretty shaken up. So what's going on?"

"David...just keep him there, ok? Don't let him out of your sight. Please."

Blaine disconnected the call and texted Finn—

"He's at Dalton. I'm heading there now."

Finn answered quickly. "You wait for me. We need to talk".

Blaine didn't want to wait to get to Kurt, but what could he do? He'd contacted Finn for help, and he didn't want to anger Kurt's brother any more than he already had.

"Fine. I'll be at McKinley in ten".

Blaine's stomach was in knots as he saw Finn's car pull up. Finn got out and ran over to Blaine's car, opening the passenger door and sliding in.

"You want to explain to me why my brother is wandering the streets at the crack of dawn when he was supposed to be with you?"

"Finn...we were fine. Better than fine. And I just had to run out to the store for something. I got a flat on the way back. I didn't have my phone with me. It's just way too complicated to even go into right now."

"You looked me right in the eyes last night and said that you cared about him. What happened?"

"I DO care about him. Finn, I love him. I don't know what he was thinking leaving like this. We were having the best night ever. I don't want to go into all of the details if you don't mind, but it was amazing".

"Anderson, I swear to you, if you hurt him... It's been all about you since the day he met you. Do you know how many tears I've heard him shed over you and your antics? Don't lead him on if you don't feel the same way."

He took what Finn was throwing at him. He had it coming.

Blaine was driving way too fast, and before they knew it, they had arrived at Dalton. He parked his car and ran to the door. He didn't need to use his key because David and Wes, who had heard him pull up, met him.

Finn was right behind him.

"Where is he?" Blaine was frantic now, needing to see for himself that Kurt was unhurt.

"He's up in your room. I have to tell you, my friend, he was pretty worked up. What the hell happened? He wouldn't say anything other than that he let you down."

"Is he ok now?" Finn asked, still not happy with Blaine at the moment.

"I think so. Like I said, he really didn't say much to us"

Blaine ran up the stairs to his room, and tapped lightly on the door.

"Kurt? It's me." Nothing. Not a sound.

Blaine opened the door slowly, and saw that Kurt was asleep on his bed. David must have given him something to wear because his dress clothes were on the edge of the bed, and Kurt was wearing a t-shirt that was way too big for him. Blaine could see the black boxers that had played such an important part in their evening peeking out from beneath the shirt, and he could feel a smile creep across his face. He looked like an angel lying there.

Blaine looked up at Kurt's stepbrother, who had come in and stood next to him. "I love him, Finn. I really do. And he knows that. Why would he run off like this?"

"I think he was trying to leave you before you left him."

Blaine closed his eyes and felt a ripping at his heart. "I will **never** leave him, Finn. Ever." The tears running down his face took Finn by surprise, and he put his hand on Blaine's shoulder.

"But you did. I don't want to know the details of what you and my brother were doing. Honestly. But Kurt is a very emotional person, and would rather die than feel like he disappointed anyone...especially you. You know, it took me a long time to figure out just how good Kurt is. He loves with all of his heart. He bruises easily, and I don't mean physically. You have to go easy with him, Blaine."

"Finn, I know I dragged you out here. But, do you think you could leave us alone? I really need to fix this, and I can't do it with an audience".

"I don't have my car, remember?"

"Then take mine. I'll get it later today somehow. It's Sunday. I can find someone to drive me back out to McKinley".

Finn was hesitant to leave Kurt there, but deep down, he knew that Blaine was a decent guy, and whatever happened between them had to be resolved. "Fine. But like I said, Blaine...don't hurt him. He's been through enough. And you call me as soon as you get this figured out. His father is going to wonder what you both are up to if you don't show up this morning."

As Finn walked out the door, Blaine walked over to his bed. He looked down at Kurt and wondered what was going through that beautiful head of his. He sat on the edge of the bed, and began to run his hand over Kurt's hair. He really looked fragile to Blaine. In some ways Kurt was so strong...yet at other times he was like one of those sculptures made of sugar that they had seen on television. They looked sturdy, but one drop of water could bring the whole thing tumbling down.

His bed here was certainly not as big as the one they shared in the guesthouse, but Blaine did the best he could to slide in beside Kurt, pulling a blanket up over the two of them. Kurt stirred just a little, and when he did Blaine slid down and wrapped his arms around Kurt, whispering, "I love you, Kurt Hummel" into his ear.

"Blaine?" Kurt said quietly, still half asleep.

"Baby, of course it's me. What's going on? You had me scared to death. Why did you leave?"

"I didn't think you'd want me there when you got back from...wherever it is you went." Blaine could feel one of Kurt's tears slide down the arm he had wrapped around him. "You didn't answer my texts".

"Kurt, I went to the store to pick up some things that would...help us...to do...what I thought was going to happen next between us. I wanted to make sure I didn't hurt you...in any way. I got a flat. I forgot my phone. I never even got your texts until I got back, and you were gone".

Blaine became very emotional as he continued. "Kurt, I'm not going anywhere. I told you I love you, and I mean it. You don't have to worry about this, ok?" We're a couple, you and I". Blaine was sobbing without shame now. "Please don't leave me like that again, ok? Kurt, I can't take it..."

Kurt nodded, and Blaine pulled him closer. "How did you get here?"

"I called for a cab when you didn't answer my texts. I didn't want to call Finn or my parents because I didn't want them to know that you weren't coming back for me."

"But why did you come here?"

"I feel safe here. I want to come back to Dalton. I don't want to be away from you any more. It's too hard, Blaine."

Kurt sat up on the side of the bed, and his eyes followed Blaine as he got up and walked around to where Kurt was sitting. Blaine knelt down in front of his boyfriend and took his hands in his.

"I have a proposal for you, Kurt...."

## **CHAPTER TEN**

### *Revelations*

"Hey, sleeping beauty, you need to get up and in the shower. You told your Dad we'd be there for breakfast. We're barely going to get there for lunch"

Blaine had already showered, and worked it out with Wes that he would drive them to McKinley to get Blaine's car.

What a night. Even though he had gotten a few hours sleep, curled up with Kurt, he was still exhausted—mentally more so than physically. Within the course of the last twelve or so hours they had gone to a dance, been intimate for the first time, then several time after that, had a disagreement, he'd run out on Kurt, gotten a flat, upset Kurt, lost then found Kurt...dealt with Finn's anger...Blaine needed coffee, quickly, or he was never going to get through this day.

"Come on, up", Blaine pulled the blanket from on top of Kurt, and pulled his hand to get him into an upright position.

"I don't want to. I'm so tired. Come back to bed and snuggle with me. You know you want to". Kurt smiled at Blaine, which was making it difficult for him to stay focused on what they needed to do today.

"Nope...up...." Blaine pulled Kurt up so that he was on his feet. He pushed him towards the bathroom and the shower, which was on and waiting for him. "I've put towels there for you, and I'll find something a little better fitting for you to wear."

Kurt dragged his feet a little longer, not wanting to tell Blaine the real reason he was reluctant to get in the shower. Kurt inhaled and could still smell the scent of Blaine all over him. It made his heart race just thinking back to the things they had done to..and with...each other. It felt like a dream. A dream come true.

"You know, you could join me in the shower. It would be another first for us".

"Kurt, if I get in that shower with you, we will never get out of here today. Now stop trying to use your feminine wiles on me, Kurt Hummel and get in that shower."

He tried using a pouting face, which didn't work on Blaine. Not this time.



Blaine sat down at his desk and tried to come up with a plan for the day. It was hard to concentrate with Kurt showering in the next room. For a few seconds Blaine was reconsidering Kurt's invite to join him, and then thought better of it.

Kurt wanted to come back to Dalton, and he needed to make that happen somehow. The reason that Kurt went back to McKinley may have had a little to do with the fact that he missed his friends, but Blaine also knew that finances, or lack of them, had played a big part in the decision.

Blaine thought about transferring to McKinley to be with Kurt, but with this semester already paid for, he didn't want to have to deal with his parents about wasting their money. They already were not happy that they had to pay for a private school because of his life choices, and he didn't want to push the issue. It was times like this when Blaine was really envious of the relationship that Kurt has with his Dad.

He heard the water stop and then the sound of Kurt whistling. It brought a smile to his face because it meant that Kurt was happy. And there was nothing that Blaine wanted more than that. Always.

Opening the door, Kurt had one towel wrapped around his body, and the other on his head. Blaine couldn't help but laugh out loud. "Is this the Diva look, Kurt, because honestly, it's not working for you". Kurt pulled the towel from his hair and threw it at Blaine. "You do realize that I have none of my products here. I'm going to look a wreck all day. That is so unacceptable."

"You are beautiful. Now, here... I have everything for you except pants. You're taller than me, and I don't want you looking like Huckleberry Finn wearing mine." Kurt held up a pair of Blaine's jeans against his body, and shook his head. "I cannot have anyone see me in my dress pants and a t-shirt. It will be fashion suicide." Blaine thought for a moment, then texted David—

"Can Kurt borrow some pants?"

"Way to go, Anderson"

"Shut up you. He doesn't want to wear his dress pants. Options are limited"

"Let me see what I have. Be there in a few."

"Ok, David will bring you pants. I need coffee. Right now. When you're dressed in a manner that you deem acceptable for the public, please come and get me so that we can get out of here."

"I'm hungry", Kurt said, laughing at the look on Blaine's face.

"I'll grab something you can take with us. Call your Dad and tell him that we'll be on the way in a few minutes. And Kurt.... do something about that hair." Kurt threw a pillow at the door as Blaine walked out, and he wondered—is this what waking up every morning with Blaine would be like?

Once they were in Blaine's car and headed to Kurt's house, Blaine broached the subject of their previous evening.

"Kurt, last night was amazing. YOU are amazing."

"I feel like an idiot, you know. Leaving like that. I'm really sorry. I should have known you would be back."

"Well, I just wanted to make sure that...you know...we had everything we needed." It then dawned on Blaine. Where did he leave the bag with the things he bought this morning? Oh, no. He left it in his car. Which Finn had driven to McKinley. Ugh..please don't let him have looked in it. He would never live it down.

"Kurt, do you see a Walgreens bag in here anywhere? Look on the backseat."

"I don't see anything. You don't think Finn....?"

"Oh, God...your family is going to hate me. And think I'm a sex fiend. I think I'm going to just drop you off and run while I can."

"No, sir. I have direct instructions to bring you in. Besides, I think Finn would have thrown the bag down once he realized there wasn't food in it."

They pulled into the driveway of the Hummel-Hudson family, and started walking to the door. Kurt reached for his boyfriend's hand, and Blaine liked the fact that they could act like a couple here. Kurt opened the door, and they were met by Burt, who looked at his watch, then looked back and forth between the two of them. They both just stood there, frozen. Was it that obvious?

"How are you, Burt?" Blaine reached his hand out, picturing in his mind Kurt's dad countering with a punch for taking his son's ...what? Virtue? Blaine let out a long sigh. He needed this day to be over. Quickly.

"Good, kid...how are you? You have a good time last night?"

"Dad!" Kurt turned a shade of red that Blaine was quite sure he'd never seen before.

"What? Did you have a good time at the dance? Finn said it was lame. I just wanted a second opinion."

Kurt looked guiltily at his Dad. "Yeah, Dad. It was great. Best night ever."

They got a reprieve when Carol called from the kitchen that the food was ready. She is the best, Blaine thought. She always makes him feel as if he is part of the family.

"I hope you two are hungry, because I've made plenty. Blaine looked at the table, and wished that his family had meals together like this. "Everything looks great, Carol. Thank you for having me over"

"Well, what's ours is yours, sweetie". Blaine and Kurt could barely contain their laughter at the truth of that statement.

"Where's Finn?" Kurt wondered aloud, not particularly wanting to be in the same room as his brother. There was still the mystery of the missing bag to deal with.

"He said he was going to Rachel's place for a while. So it looks like it's just the four of us for now," Carol said with a smile. "Finn was a little out of sorts this morning. Said he was waiting for a phone call but he never heard from the person."

Damn. Blaine never called Finn about what was happening with he and Kurt. Strike Two.

"So how are things at Dalton, Blaine? It was such a shame that we couldn't send Kurt back this semester. I'm not happy that he's back at McKinley, but I didn't have much choice". Burt looked at his son. "I'm sorry, Kurt".

"Well, you know, everyone there misses Kurt. We'd love to have him back with us. And I know that Kurt would like to be back."

"Well, unfortunately, that really isn't in the cards for us right now. Until business picks up at the shop, the old belt needs to be tightened up a bit." Burt tried to smile, but it was difficult knowing he had let his son down.

"Burt, I want to talk to you about something. And I don't want you to take offense." Kurt's mouth hung open as he looked at Blaine. What is he doing?

Burt sat back on the couch. "Go on".

Blaine tried to gather his thoughts to say what he needed to say. "I think that Kurt should come back to Dalton. And I think I can help".

"Help how?" Burt sounded a bit agitated, and Carol placed her hand on his arm.

"Well, I know that a huge part of the tuition for Dalton is the room and board. I have a way around that." Burt didn't say anything, so Blaine continued. "You see, my parents have a guesthouse on their property, and Kurt would be more than welcome to stay there and go to school. It's basically my guesthouse, and I would love to have Kurt there. It would..."

"Blaine", Kurt finally spoke, but could get nothing more than his name out.

"I don't think that's a good idea, Blaine. And I don't want you to take offense at what *I'm* about to say. We don't need charity from Kurt's rich boyfriend. The shop is having a dry spell at the moment. Once things..."

Carol cut him off. "Burt, I think that Blaine's offer is very generous, and with Kurt's best interest in mind. I don't think he was implying that we need charity".

Kurt sat in the middle of this conversation, which was about him, feeling like he had been struck mute. It was as if he was a piece of property being haggled over, and he didn't like it. And he wasn't happy that Blaine hadn't discussed this with him first.

Burt knows that Blaine is a good kid, and is perfect for his son, but the words came out before he could rein them back in-

"Is this why you asked me to talk to Kurt about sex? So that you two could shack up together?"

"I'm sorry....what?". Kurt looked at Blaine for an answer. "What did he say?"

Blaine closed his eyes so as not to see the stricken look on Kurt's face. He wished that the floor would open and swallow him. Why would Burt do that, knowing what it would do to Kurt?

"Blaine, what does my Dad mean? Did you go behind my back after I told you that I didn't know anything about sex? After I told you I didn't want to talk about it?"

It all came back to Kurt now. The conversation with Blaine about not knowing anything about sex. His father bringing home pamphlets from the free clinic. The big "talk" out of the blue.

"How could you do that? How could you not keep something so personal between us? You went to my father? For what, his permission to sleep with me?". Kurt could barely catch his breath to form his words.

"Honey, Blaine was just worried about you. He didn't want anything to happen to you if you met someone and didn't know what to do".

"If I met someone?"—Kurt stood up, looking down at Blaine. "I thought you wanted to be with me? That you love me. Yet you were conspiring with my Dad for me to have safe sex with someone else?" The tears fell down Kurt's face before he could say anything else.

"Kurt, please...I just..."

"Carol, I'd like Blaine to leave now. Please make him leave."

"Kurt, don't do this. I love you. Don't do this"

Blaine looked at Burt and mouthed the word "why?" Burt looked away, realizing too late the foolishness of his accusation.

Carol held out her hand and asked Blaine to come with her. "It will be ok, sweetie. I know Burt didn't mean any harm, but he's so protective of Kurt. You have to understand that. Let me try to get things settled here, and I'll call you, ok? Just try to relax." Blaine stood looking at her, feeling his world crashing down around him.

The door swung open, and Finn walked in with a smile on his face when he saw Blaine. His smile disappeared as Kurt appeared in the doorway of the living room with tears streaming down his face. "Why is he still here?" he whispered to no one in particular.

Finn looked at Blaine. "What did I tell you about hurting him?"

Blaine was shaking as he looked at Kurt, saying only one word to the person who held his heart in his hands. "Don't" ...

Kurt turned and walked away.

Strike Three.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### *Missing Him*

Blaine pushed the send button for the third time this hour—

*Kurt, I love you and I'm sorry. Please call me.*

It's been two days since Blaine walked out of Kurt's house, feeling like he had been hit by a bus. What had started out as a good day spiraled quickly out of control and by the time the day was over, they had....what? Broken up? He couldn't even fathom that being the case. They would get through this. They had to. He couldn't even imagine his life without Kurt in it.

For the last few nights Blaine had done nothing but lie in bed thinking about why this had happened. What was supposed to have been the best night of their life instead was like a roller coaster ride without a harness. It was bad enough that Kurt had walked away from him for a few hours. What if this time, it was for good?

I didn't lie to him, Blaine tried to justify to himself. I went to speak to Burt because I was worried about Kurt not being informed. But he understood completely why he was upset with him. It made it seem as if Blaine was trying to make sure that when Kurt was with someone else, he would be ready. Now that he thinks about it, the mere thought of Kurt being intimate with someone other than him brought waves of nausea. It would kill him. He tried to get the images out of his head of someone else kissing Kurt...touching him in the ways that he had touched him. This can't happen.

And this is why Blaine was staying in the guest house instead of at Dalton. He had changed nothing since he walked out of there to look for Kurt that morning. The sheets were still a tangle on the bed. The boutonnière was wilting on the desk. The pillows were still propped up where they had laid their heads down together. Where they made love to each other.

Kurt looked at the screen on his phone for the third time in an hour. His heart ached every time he read the messages from Blaine. But what he had done was unthinkable. Something so personal, just for them, and he talks to his father about it? Kurt felt as if all of his fears and weaknesses had been thrown up in the air for everyone to look at and judge. He always felt he was not good enough for Blaine. In Kurt's head, this was proof that Blaine felt the same way.

Blaine didn't go to class on Monday or Tuesday. Why bother? He wouldn't be able to concentrate anyway. He traveled both days to Lima to see if he could just get a glimpse of him. Yesterday, he didn't see Kurt's car, and today was no different. Blaine was parked in an area along the street where no one could see him, and where he had a clear view of the parking lot. He saw Finn's car pull in, and was sure that Kurt would be with him. Finn got out. Alone. Blaine wondered if he should take the chance of going to Kurt's house. If he were there, he'd be alone. Maybe the element of a surprise visit would disarm Kurt enough so that he could reason with him.

This could go either way. He will either listen to me, or shut me out completely. But where to start? First with bringing up the whole money issue with Burt. He was just trying to help, wanting to make Kurt happy, but he should have clued Kurt in as to his plan about the guest house. And of course, why on earth wouldn't Kurt be upset hearing that his boyfriend had spoken to his father about his lack of sexual knowledge. The look of horror on Kurt's face was impossible to forget.

Blaine pulled along the curb instead of using the driveway. He didn't want Kurt to have the opportunity to hide from him. Walking up the steps, Blaine tapped on the door. What would he said once it opened? If his recent history has proven anything, he needed to choose his words wisely.

After a few more knocks, it was clear that Kurt either wasn't home, or was hiding in his room. As he retreated back down the driveway, Blaine glanced into Kurt's car. What he saw shocked him to where he had to put his hand on the rear view mirror to steady himself. Laying on the seat, neatly folded, was a McKinley football jacket. Stitched across the front—D. Karofsky.

No. No. No. This can't be happening. Blaine ran back up the driveway and began to bang on the door. "Kurt!" he yelled at the solid door that only days ago led him to a place where he felt welcome and loved. "Kurt, please...open the door". Blaine walked around to the back of the house, trying to look inside the windows but not quite clearing them. He leaned back against the fence and slid down, hitting the ground hard. Oh my God...had I driven him to the person that he feared the most? Blaine began to sob at the thought of his precious Kurt anywhere near David Karofsky.

"Hey, what's going on?" Mercedes had come out of the house holding an overnight bag with the initials "KH" on it.

"Mercedes. Please tell me where he is."



"You know I can't do that. He's my boy, and I'm not going to sell him out like..." She stopped short just shy of an accusation.

"I didn't sell him out. Why can't anybody understand that I just wanted him to be safe. We weren't a couple yet, Mercedes. He was my friend, and I didn't want someone taking advantage of him.

Mercedes just looked at Blaine for a moment. He was a mess. The one thing she could always say is that Kurt's boyfriend always had it together. Not a hair out of place. But this Blaine looked like he hadn't slept for days. She stifled a chuckle when she thought of what Kurt's reaction would be if he saw the state he was in now. Especially the hair.

"I love him, Mercedes." Blaine was still sitting on the ground, looking up at her.

"And he loves you. That doesn't change overnight. But he's hurting right now, and you need to respect that. And he's in good hands right now," which Blaine took to mean that he was staying with Mercedes.

"What can I do to fix this? You have no idea what has happened between he and I over the last few days. This can't be it for us. He is breaking my heart"

"Blaine, lets be completely honest"...she reached down to grab his hand and help him up..."you broke his first."

Kurt was so irritated with Finn. How could he have grabbed the wrong jacket? And did it have to be Karofsky's? He didn't want anything that belonged to that animal anywhere near him, not even in his car. But Finn was borrowing the car tonight, and was going to return the jacket to its rightful owner. Thank God. He hated looking at it.

I love him.

These three words danced in Kurt's head all day. The sound of his voice when he said his name...holding his hand...how he smelled. Kurt reached for his wallet, and pulled out a small piece of fabric, pressing it to his face. There it was. Kurt began weeping into the material for what felt like hours, missing him.

"Finn? It's Blaine. Please don't hang up"

"I'm listening."

Blaine wasn't sure how to even ask this question. "Is Kurt with Karofsky now?"

"I'm sorry, what?"

Blaine couldn't believe he had actually said those words. He just had these pictures stuck in his head now. His beautiful, frail Kurt being pushed around- or worse- by this guy. "I saw Karofsky's jacket in Kurt's car. I just..."

"Dude, when were you near Kurt's car? It hasn't moved from the driveway in days. "

" I went to your house today, to try to talk to him. I saw it through the window".

"And you just assumed that Kurt would go running to someone else just like that? You don't know him very well if you think that he would want anything to do with Karofsky after what he did to him. And yes, Blaine, I know that he kissed him. Kurt told me to let him handle it, even though I want to strangle the guy. And his jacket is in the car because I picked up the wrong one after practice. I'm using Kurt's car tonight and tossed it in there. Any other weird questions about my brother that you'd like me clear up for you?"

"No. Thank you for not hanging up on me. "

"Don't take this as me making nice with you, but he misses you. Just saying."

Click.

Burt opened the door to Kurt's room and said "Kurt, I need to talk to you."

"I'm quite sure I don't have anything to say. Maybe you can call Blaine and chat with him"

"Get up here. I know you're mad, but this is still my house, and you will have respect here"

Kurt came up the stairs and walked over to the sofa. "What is it? The girls are picking me up in about 20 minutes."

"Sit down. I'm going to talk, and you're going to listen". Kurt folded his arms across his chest, and looked at his father.

"What I said to that young man was way out of line."

"Really?"

"Kurt, I know you feel that your confidence was betrayed, but I want you to think about how brave it was for Blaine to come to me, your father, to talk about...what we talked about. I can't even tell you how sorry I am about what happened the other day. If anyone should feel betrayed, it's him."

"Dad..."

"No, let me finish. He has done nothing but be honorable in every respect. And at his age, trying to come up with ways to make this family's life easier as far as you going back to Dalton. Where was the harm in that?"

Kurt didn't know how to process what his father was saying. He was defending Blaine.

"Dad, he thought I was going to be with someone else. He..."

"Kurt, he didn't. Do you think for a second that Blaine wanted you with another guy? Did you see the look on his face when you told him you wanted him to leave? Kid, this is someone that you should not turn your back on. How many times has he tried to contact you since he walked out that door?"

"A few".

"How many, Kurt?"

"Eleven".

"Eleven. So even after being rejected ten times, he still kept trying. What does that tell you?"

Kurt didn't answer. He couldn't.

"Go finish getting ready before your friends get here. Son, I can't tell you what to do. But I can tell you that Blaine was more of a man through this whole thing than either one of us. I think we owe him more than he's getting right now, don't you?"

Mercedes and Rachel pulled up and honked for Kurt. As he came slowly down the driveway, he looked down at his phone.

*Kurt, I love you and I'm sorry. Please call me.*

"So here's the plan, my man. We're heading up to the outlets because it's "Lima Idol" day up there, and I know no one likes a human train wreck more than Kurt Hummel. Just think of it...the bad songs, the bad outfits...this will bring a smile to your face."

"Plus...there's a new Ralph Lauren store. It's like your mother ship", Rachel said with a laugh.

"I'm fabulous, and you're jealous. Admit it." Kurt looked around the outlets. "I'm heading to Ralph Lauren. I won't be long"

"I'll get our coffee, then meet you both over at the pavilion. I want to make sure we get front row seats", Rachel shouted back "Not too long, Kurt. I know how you get when you are surrounded by couture " Kurt waved her off, and headed in the opposite direction.

Mercedes sat down on a bench and waited. As she scanned the crowd near the pavilion, her eyes stopped suddenly. Amongst the group of people waiting to perform, there was Blaine. He looked awful, just like he did yesterday at Kurt's house. What is he doing here?

She looked towards the coffee shop, and saw Rachel walking slowly back with a tray holding three cups. Mercedes caught her eye, and signaled for her to move a little quicker. "Rachel, hurry up. It's Blaine".

"Where?"

Mercedes spun her around so that she was pointing to the stage area. While they both stood there, almost hypnotized, Blaine walked up to the microphone and began to speak—

"My name is Blaine Anderson. A few days ago, my world fell apart. You see, the man I love...his name is Kurt Hummel...well, I hurt him pretty badly, and now he won't talk to me..."

"Rachel...go and get Kurt...hurry"

"I don't think that's a good idea, do you? He doesn't want to see him."

"He'll want to see him like this. Girl, hurry up and find him." Mercedes took the coffee tray and put it on the bench.

"...since he won't talk to me, or answer my calls, if any of you know Kurt, please tell him that I love him. And I miss him more than he knows.". Blaine felt tears against the rims of his eyes, and wiped at them with the back of his hand. "This is one of his favorite songs, and even though he's not here, I'm sending all of my love to him...and I'm sorry."

Rachel found Kurt at the Ralph Lauren store, holding a bottle of some cologne that had him transfixed. "Kurt, come on, you need to come with me" and as Rachel grabbed his arm, Kurt raised his other hand and made a "she's crazy" sign at the sales clerk for the outburst in the store. "Rachel, are you nuts? What's going on?"

"Kurt, there's something you need to see".

"If it isn't Burberry, I'm not interested"

Just then, he heard it.

"Rachel?"

They looked up and saw Mercedes, who walked over to them as quietly as she could".

Kurt was frozen in place as his heart pounded. It was Blaine. He knew that voice anywhere.

*"So darling, have a heart,*

*Don't let one mistake keep us apart.*

*I'm not meant to live alone*

*Turn this house into a home.*

*When I climb the stairs and turn the key*

*Oh, please be there*

*Still in love with me."*

Kurt felt like he couldn't catch his breath, and tears were running down his face.

Mercedes spoke first, while Rachel took his hand in hers..."Kurt, baby, go talk to him. He just told a whole crowd of strangers how much he loves you and wants to be with you. Do you know how once in a lifetime that is?"

Kurt looked through the crowd as Blaine thanked everyone for listening. Even with the messy hair, and the mismatched clothes, he is beautiful.

As he let go of Rachel's hand, Kurt turned away from where Blaine was and said, "I have to go."

It was all that Blaine could do. He wouldn't answer his texts, so he stopped trying. It was the one last grand gesture, to tell Kurt through song what he wasn't being allowed to tell him in person.

Wandering around the outlets, Blaine wished deep down that Kurt had heard him, so that he would understand that he was sorry, and that he wanted nothing more than to be holding his hand...kissing him....lying next to him in what Blaine now refers to as "their" bed at the guest house. He didn't want to go home yet, so he drove to Dalton, where he spent a few hours talking to David and Wes. He asked for their advice, but they had none. It was all up to Kurt now.

He looked at his watch. It was just before 8pm, and getting dark out. If he drove slowly, it would prolong the time before he was alone with his thoughts. Maybe sleep would come easier tonight. Almost as a reflex, he pulled his phone out to check for a message. Nothing.

Pulling into the driveway, he felt something roll from under the drivers seat and hit the back of his feet. He shook his head when he came to a stop and realized that it was the missing Walgreens bag. He left it where it landed, and slid out of the car.

As he turned the key and pushed the door open, his heart jumped in his chest as Kurt stepped out of the bedroom, holding the wilted boutonniere from the other night in his hand.

"Blaine Anderson, you have 10 seconds to remind me where we left off the other night...."

## **CHAPTER TWELVE**

### *Ready or Not*

Please don't let this be a dream.

He crossed the room quickly and grabbed Kurt, kissing him so hard that it knocked them both off balance. He was never letting him get away. Ever.

"Kurt, I would suggest getting yourself into our bed. Now."

Kurt's heart felt like it was going to explode. Did he say "our" bed?

Blaine kissed him hard again, and began to unbutton Kurt's shirt, which was proving frustrating. "How attached are you to this?"

"Well, it's vintage."

Blaine pulled at the front of the shirt and they both watched buttons hit the floor. Kurt raised an eyebrow and gave him a fake look of anger.

"Sorry, Kurt...I only have 10 seconds, remember?"

"I want you right now, Kurt... wait, hold on a sec. I need to run out to my car."

Kurt grabbed his hand and pulled him towards the center of the room. "Blaine, no.... every time you walk away from me something happens."

"No, no, baby, it's ok. I just need to grab something from under my seat. Something we need." He pressed his lips to Kurt's, then ran out to his car to grab the Walgreens bag.

He came back in and locked the door behind him. Kurt walked slowly over to him, and wrapped his arms around him. It felt perfect. Kurt leaned Blaine against the door as he kissed him, pressing the length of his body against him, not shy about taking the bag from Blaine, and looking inside.

"I see we have a full night ahead of us."

Blaine laughed inside as he remembered the sales clerk saying the same kind of thing to him as she rang up his order the other day.

"Do you want to call your parents...let them know you won't be home tonight?"

"No. I think they know. Actually...they insisted."

"Kurt, I'm just curious. How did you get in here?"

"Let's just say it pays to have a friend named Noah Puckerman."

"Ahhh...remind me to thank him."

Kurt was silent for a few moments, then said, "I heard you sing today."

Blaine looked up at him and smiled. "You were there?"

"I was there with the girls. It was beautiful. You're beautiful."

"Kurt, I don't want to ever be away from you. These few days have been miserable, and I don't want to ever go a day where I can't kiss you, or hold you when I want to. Where I can't look at you and say wow, how lucky can I be? We need to do something about this situation. Soon."

Kurt blushed as he took Blaine's hand and pressed it against him. "I think we need to do something about *this* soon."

Blaine took Kurt's hand and led him to the bedroom. Their bedroom. "If I had known you were coming, I would have straightened up a bit." Blaine laughed as he looked down at the messy bed. "I just didn't want to...lose what I had of you here." His eyes were moist as he looked at Kurt. "Do you know how much I love you?"

"Show me." Kurt slowly began to remove Blaine's shirt, and looked at the mess that was his hair. He ran his fingers through it. "I kind of like this. I love your curls." All of these touches from Kurt were driving Blaine to distraction, and as he eased himself out of his shirt, he took Kurt's hand and pressed it against his heart. "Do you feel that...Kurt? It's been so broken that I never thought I would feel it beat again."



"I love you, Blaine. Even when we were apart, I kept saying it out loud to anyone that would listen because it gave me hope...that we would be here again..."

Blaine led Kurt to the side of the bed, and sat him down. Taking both of his hands in his, Blaine looked into the endless blue of his boyfriend's eyes. 'You know that I never meant to hurt you. I just couldn't bear the thought that, if you didn't want to be with me, and were with someone else, that they would ever do anything that would scare you in any way. You are so precious to me, Kurt. Everything I've done is out of love for you.'

"My Dad said that he's sorry that he said what he did. About everything. He told me that...he thinks you're brave..."

"Kurt, when you told me to leave that day, I could not believe that everything I held dear to me was being ripped from me, beyond my control. Please, from now on, let's talk to each other first about this stuff—about anything—before we take it to someone else."

"You did try, Blaine. You wanted to talk about this. I was afraid to. Because I have so little, you know...experience."

"Ah, yes...my baby penguin." Blaine leaned in to kiss him, remembering Kurt referring to himself that way. It was adorable.

Holding Kurt's face in his hands, he said "We don't have to know everything, beautiful. We can learn together, ok?"

They had been here before, their mouths, their hands, pleasuring each other, but this time felt different....deeper...more passionate. As they were removing the last of their clothes, they looked at each other to take in every inch, the feeling they had at that moment burning into their memories. And now, each touch lingered, each moan gained momentum, and their bodies felt like puzzle pieces that fit perfectly together.

"Let me know when you're ready, Kurt. I promise I won't hurt you."

Kurt looked at Blaine's face, so full of love, and concern, and told him "Soon...not just yet." Blaine nodded, pressing his lips against his boyfriend's ear. "Whenever you say. I'm yours."

After making love with their mouths, hands and hearts for what seemed like hours, they snuggled together without saying a word. They didn't have to. Their touches had spoken volumes.

Blaine grabbed the remote and turned the television on, to let Kurt know that they had all night, and there was no pressure for anything else. He flipped the channels slowly.

"How about "Fargo?"

"The wood chipper turns me off. But that Steve Buscemi is a real looker. He won a Golden Globe, you know."

"Hmmm...maybe "The Sound of Music?"

"It's a little known fact that when they were filming that scene, the wind from the helicopter blades almost knocked Julie Andrews to the ground."

"Kurt?"

"Yes?"

"Are we playing movie trivia because you're nervous, or because you think I have a sudden need to look at Steve Buscemi and the hills of Austria in a new light?"

Kurt laughed, and took the remote from Blaine.

"Sound of Music it is. But I get to sing the Maria parts."

"I love that movie," Kurt says, still humming as the closing credits roll.

"I do too, but your rendition of "You are Sixteen Going on Seventeen" lacked conviction. And ..."

Kurt pushed Blaine back on the pillows, and his kiss silenced any more talk of the movie. Blaine was a little taken aback by the suddenness of Kurt's attack, and made a face of surprise when Kurt finally had him pinned down.

"Now what?" Blaine reached up and ran his fingertips along Kurt's arms, sending shivers down his body. "It's not nice to be a tease, Kurt".

"I'm not a tease," Kurt pouted as the words came out of his mouth.

"No, not at all. You're sitting naked on top of me, kissing me like that, we are touching...there...no, Kurt...you're not being a tease. I believe you know *exactly* what you're doing. Now please continue."

"Can we do something?" Kurt said, almost in a whisper, as he moved from on top of Blaine to his side of the bed.

"We can do anything you want, Kurt. Anything." Blaine searched his boyfriend's face for some clue as to what was coming. "Are you ok?"

"Can I see what you bought the other day? I mean even Finn knows what's in there. Trust me, he made sure that I knew that *he* knew what was in there."

Blaine got up to grab the bag, and tossed it onto the bed in front of Kurt.

"Now remember, I was only going by what I read online would make things...most comfortable...for both of us."

Kurt reached into the bag and pulled out a small box that said "Astro-Glide" on it, and chuckled out loud as he held it up to Blaine, as if he was doing an infomercial. "This sounds like something I rode at Adventure-Land last summer. Do I have to be a certain amount of inches tall to use this?"

"Is that a dig at my height?" Blaine looked at Kurt, trying not to laugh.

"No, no...I just want to make sure that there are no ill timed mishaps. Let's see what else we have in here," Kurt said as he reached into the bag. "Huh...somebody thinks a lot of himself..."

Condoms. Extra Large. Blaine wanted to crawl under the bed.

"It was the first thing I grabbed. Don't judge me."

"Good thing you didn't grab a Slim-Jim or we'd be having a whole different conversation, my friend. Plus, I think our chances of an unwanted pregnancy fell to the wayside since neither of us is sporting a uterus."

"Are you about done?" Blaine readied himself for the last item in the bag to make its appearance.

"Is this a...sleep mask?"

"In case you were feeling adventurous." This is so not going well.

"Or swinging at a piñata." Kurt placed the items back in the bag and shook his head.

"I love you?"

"You must to have bought these things. My dad is right. You are brave."

"Do you want to get married?" Blaine pulled the blanket up to make it easier to snuggle.

"You mean right now?"

"No, I mean, after college, do you want to get married"?

"Sir, are you asking me this for any particular reason? Because, you know, my father would be really happy if you made an honest woman out of me." Kurt leaned up and kissed Blaine's cheek, wondering where this conversation was heading. "I don't really have any type of spousal discount to offer, if that's what you're looking for."

"Ouch". The GAP situation rears its ugly head again.

"Kurt, I'm serious. I don't want to think about life without you. We'll finish up high school, do the college thing, and then we can start our life together. I just wanted to talk about it."

"You know, of course, that you would have to deal with my beauty regimen every single day and night". Kurt was trying to lighten the serious mood.

"It was just something I wanted to say out loud to you, Kurt. So that you know I take this relationship seriously. That's all."

Kurt looked into those amazing eyes that danced when he spoke, and that melted his heart with their softness. He took the remote, and turned off the television that had been playing on mute in the background. Reaching over to turn the dimmer light on the nightstand down, Kurt kissed Blaine softly.

"I'm ready."

## **CHAPTER THIRTEEN**

### *No Regrets*

"Are you sure?"

"More sure than I've ever been about anything. Except us."

"We'll take it slow, ok? Because I think when it comes to this, we are both baby penguins."

Kurt smiled at Blaine, and could feel his heart begin pounding harder as Blaine put his hand on the side of his face, and began to kiss him.

"I don't know anything about this...so..."

"Neither do I, my beautiful Kurt. All I do know is that I want to be with you completely, and that we have all the time in the world."

"Are you scared?" Kurt sounded so sweet that it warmed Blaine's heart.

"I am. I'm afraid of not being everything you want and deserve."

"Where do we start?"

"Come here...just like this."

Blaine pulled some of the pillows out, and Kurt moved onto his stomach. He didn't like that he couldn't see Blaine, but he could feel his hands rubbing his shoulders, and his soft kisses against his neck. Blaine ran his fingertips down the length of Kurt's long legs, working his way back up with kisses. Kurt's body began to tremble under his touch.

"Kurt, I'm going to touch you, ok...go up on your knees just a little bit."

Kurt readjusted himself so that he was slightly up on his knees in front of Blaine. Blaine reached underneath Kurt, and took him in his hand, loving how it felt to be holding him like this. Kurt leaned back into Blaine as his hand moved faster.

"How does that feel, baby?"

Kurt could barely speak. And if he could, there were no words for what he was thinking. He didn't want ever want this to end.

"You ok? Do you want me to stop?"

"No. Please don't...stop. Please. I love you."

"I love you too, Kurt." Blaine thought about his next movements and didn't want to startle Kurt. "I've never done this before, so if it hurts, or you want me to stop, I will. Just keep talking to me, ok?"

Kurt nodded, and felt a twinge of nervousness as he saw Blaine reaching for one of the boxes he had purchased. He opened the tube, and put some of the lubricant in his hand. It was cold. Too cold. He rubbed his hands together for a few seconds to warm it up.

"This is going to feel weird, Kurt. I just want you to relax."

Kurt closed his eyes and felt Blaine slide one of his fingers near his opening, then slowly insert it inside. He moved lightly in and out, and hearing Kurt's moans was driving Blaine wild inside. Be gentle with him, he kept reminding himself.

"Is that ok...am I hurting you?"

"Yes. No. I mean...no, you're not hurting me."

"Ok..I'm going to do a little more now..." Blaine used two fingers now, and he could feel the tightening around them as Kurt moved into him. He could not believe they were here...doing this...

"I love you, Blaine."

"I love you too, baby. Ok, I want you to just think about you and I, and how lucky we are to have found each other, and our amazing future..."

Blaine added more of the lubricant to his hand, and began to rub it on himself, feeling himself become more aroused as he thought about what was going to happen next. How could he love one person so much?

"Remember when we first met?" Blaine ran the length of himself along the inside of Kurt's leg.

"Of course I do." Kurt was having difficulty breathing and speaking at the same time.

"And we held hands in that hallway?" He pressed himself gently against Kurt...almost there...

"I remember." Kurt's responses were down to a whisper.

"I've wanted you from that moment, Kurt. All of you. Now just breathe, baby."

Blaine pressed himself inside of Kurt, just enough to feel Kurt around him. Kurt let out a moan and Blaine put his hands on both of Kurt's hips to hold him steady. He looked down, and saw teardrops falling onto the pillow in front of Kurt.

"Kurt...sweetie...we can stop..."

"No...I don't want to stop. I can't believe we're together...like this..."

Blaine moved himself up so that he went further into Kurt, his arms wrapping around Kurt's waist as they began to move together, their moans becoming one. Blaine blinked away tears as he looked down to see he and Kurt connected like this. With one hand in the small of Kurt's back, he reached around with the other and began to touch Kurt as he had earlier. He had every part of him now, and as Kurt said his name over and over again, Blaine felt himself cry out as he released into Kurt, almost unable to balance himself any longer. Kurt collapsed onto the pillows, with Blaine on top of him, and they just lie there, trying to catch their breath. "I love you, Kurt" was all that Blaine could manage to say. To Kurt, that said it all.

They cuddled with each other in silence before Kurt finally spoke.

"I can't believe we...are good at this." Kurt shook his head at his weird choice of words.

"Well, you make it easy. Are you feeling ok?" Blaine was running his hand along the side of Kurt's face, trying to wrap his thoughts around what had just happened between them.



"I feel like I should return the favor" Kurt blushed at the boldness of his statement.

"Whenever you're ready, we can do whatever you want. I'm yours, Kurt. Forever."

Blaine turned the clock radio next to the bed on, and almost immediately he was struck by the song that was playing. He started to climb out of bed.

"Where are you going?"

"This song...is perfect." Blaine walked to Kurt's side of the bed, and put his hand out for him to take. When he had Kurt in his arms, Blaine grabbed the bed sheet and wrapped it around them. The lights were still dim, and the music played softly around them.

*It's late at night and we're all alone,*

*Just the music on the radio,*

*No one's coming, no one's gonna telephone*

*Just me and you and the lights down low.*

*And we're slow dancing, swaying to the music*

*Slow dancing, just me and my girl,*

*Slow dancing, swaying to the music,*

*No one else in the whole wide world.*

Blaine held Kurt tightly as they danced, their thoughts on nothing but each other, and the grown up steps that they had taken in their relationship tonight. As the song came to an end, Blaine softly sang the last part to his boyfriend, his heart at the bursting point-

*As we dance together in the dark*

*So much love in this heart of mine*

*You whisper to me, hold me tight*

*You're the one I thought I'd never find.*

"This may be my new favorite song", Kurt said, looking with tear filled eyes at the man who had stolen his heart at first sight.

"I love you," " Blaine said, kissing Kurt with a little more force than he thought, sending them almost toppling over, sheet and all.

"So I was wondering...would you do me the honor of going to my Prom with me?". Blaine was unwrapping the sheet from around them, so Kurt was in sort of a spin as he said it. By the time he got the whole sentence out, he was dizzy.

"Of course I will." Blaine took Kurt's hand in his to steady him, and walked back over to the bed. "Get in."

"Any regrets, Kurt...about tonight?"

"I only regret that we didn't do this days ago. We do seem to have spells of wasted time, don't we?" This statement, so true, saddened Blaine. Had he just been truthful with himself months ago, they would have been here so much sooner.

With the confusion swirling around their relationship over the last few days, Blaine wanted to make sure that he and Kurt were on the same page from this point forward.

"So, the way I see it, I, Blaine Anderson, and you, Kurt Elizabeth Hummel—that's right, I said it—are in a committed relationship, and will confide in each other first before making any assumptions or rash decisions that will affect each other and the relationship. Deal?" Blaine held out his hand for a handshake. Kurt took his hand in his, and pressed it up against his heart. "Deal."

"I'm hungry."

"I don't think anything is open right now. I could run up to..."

"Oh, no. You're not going anywhere." Kurt pulled Blaine close, and decided that he could forego food for now.

"I was going to say that I can run up to the main house and grab something for us. You can come with."

"We do need to get our strength up for the rest of the night." Kurt ran his hand down Blaine's back and kissed him just below his curls.

"What did I tell you about being a tease?"

"I'm not being a tease. I'm just giving you a preview."

"Put your clothes on." Blaine tossed Kurt his pants and shirt.

"Something I said?" Kurt chuckled.

"I don't think you should walk in and meet my parents in a state of undress, do you?"

"Imagine the stories they would tell at the club," Kurt said as he threw his hand up to his forehead in a dramatic fainting pose.

Blaine hesitated a moment. "Besides, I want things to go smoothly when I introduce them to my live-in boyfriend."

Kurt felt his pants slip from his hand.

"I'm sorry...what?"

## **CHAPTER FOURTEEN**

### *Do We or Don't We*

Kurt picked up his pants, and looked at Blaine for more of an explanation of his last statement.

None came.

"Perhaps I heard wrong...but did you just refer to me as your "live-in boyfriend?"

"I did. It has a nice ring to it, no?"

"It absolutely does. But I think we're glossing over one specific issue. We don't live together."

"Well, not yet. But my offer to your Dad still stands. You move in here"—Blaine's smile was always disarming—"and life will be perfect."

"I think this night is almost becoming more than my brain can handle at once." Kurt said with a laugh.

"You do understand that we can't live here together. It's...too small."

"Not really. I mean, we'll obviously be sharing the bed, and we have the living area here," Blaine looked around.

"My assumption is that we will be so caught up living on love that food will no longer be an issue, and therefore we don't need a kitchen."

"Well...come on Kurt, it's just a minor detail. Think about it. Waking up every morning together...spending every night together". Blaine leaned in to kiss Kurt to complete the sentence. "It will be amazing. Lets go tell my parents."

"Whoa...Blaine, I've never even met your parents, and the first thing we're going to do is tell them we are going to be living together...on their property? Don't you think we should allow them some time to warm up to the delight that is me?"

"You don't want to live with me." Blaine sat on the arm of the couch, crestfallen.

Kurt walked over to him and put his arms around his neck.

"Of course I do. But there are things that need to be worked out first. I mean, can you see the look on my Dad's face when I say to him "Listen, you can have that rec room that you've always wanted because I'm going to be living with Blaine". He's had health problems. I don't want to be responsible for a relapse."

"Burt likes me. Or, I think he does. Things have been a little blurry on that front lately."

"Besides, there's the whole school issue. My parents really can't afford Dalton right now, even without the board fees. I'm going to have to stay at McKinley at least until the end of the year".

"Fine." Blaine got up and walked into the bedroom. He finished getting dressed without saying another word about it.

"Ok, what is this, the silent treatment? I'm not saying no, Blaine. I'm just saying that we need to work it out...realistically, not on a whim. And, you know...we don't have to do this just because of what happened between us earlier."

"Wow...so you think the only reason that I would want us to live together is so that I can get a little piece of Kurt Hummel whenever the mood hits me".

"When you put it like that, it's almost too hard to resist" Kurt answered sarcastically.

"Come here." Blaine put his arms out for Kurt, who happily stepped into his boyfriend's embrace. "Let's do this-we'll grab something to eat.... come back here...and we'll talk about it"-Blaine kisses Kurt along his collar line "and we'll talk about it. Ok?"

"Ok. But remember, we need to be adult about this for it to work out." Kurt looked around. "We may need to put an addition on. My wardrobe is extensive."

"What are you hungry for?"

"Oh, honey...what a loaded question. Come with me."

Kurt took a moment to change the sheets using a set he found in the closet. "There, better".

"See, you're becoming my little Hausfrau already."

"Do me a favor and get in bed. I need you to do something with that mouth besides talk". Where on earth did *that* come from, Kurt thought to himself as his cheeks flushed.

Blaine complied with his boyfriend.... now lover...and climbed into the bed. He started chuckling when he realized that they were still half dressed. Kurt has never fully gotten his pants on, and Blaine's shirt was nowhere to be found. "You know, if there's some kind of emergency and we need to flee in a hurry, things could get a little sketchy".

"Take off your pant's Blaine". Kurt looked at his sexy partner and couldn't wait to see him naked again.

"Take off your pants Blaine—what?" He loved it when Kurt pouted and said please.

"Take off your pants Blaine...now".

"Yes, dear". Kurt resisted the urge to hit Blaine with a pillow.

"Can I ask you something?" Kurt suddenly turned serious.

"Kurt, you need to stop asking if you can ask me something. Just say it".

"Do you promise that you've never done this before with anyone?"

"If my memory serves me, I believe you and I did this earlier. Or was it so unremarkable that it's slipped your mind?"

"Oh, no...it has not slipped my mind. Actually, it's all I can think about. I just don't want to be compared to someone else...with more experience".

"What is it going to take for you to understand there has been no one else? No one has ever touched me in places that you have, and I will tell you without question that I have not done to anyone else what we did earlier. And I never will. It's you, Kurt. Only you. Now come here".

Kurt took his shirt off and climbed into bed next to Blaine. He has barely pulled up the blanket when Blaine kisses him hard, almost to the point where Kurt couldn't breathe. Not that he minded. Blaine's kisses were amazing.

"I want you so much", Kurt looked at Blaine, his heart melting at the mercy of those eyes.

"I'm yours Kurt. Just tell me what you want to do".

"I want to do this"—and Kurt took some of the pillows and put them underneath Blaine, lifting him slightly off the bed. "I want to look at you when I'm making love to you. You're so beautiful". Blaine reached his hand out to touch Kurt's blushing face. "Then we'll do this the way you want to Kurt. However you want".

Kurt wrapped his fingers around Blaine, and could feel the immediate reaction. "Do you like this?" Kurt was looking at Blaine with those big blue eyes as he spoke.

"I do...you know I do". Blaine watched as Kurt teased him with his fingers, then his tongue. "How about this?"

"Kurt, I should probably tell you that I will not be able to handle that for very long."

"Good...then how about this?". and Kurt wrapped his mouth around Blaine, pulling tightly as Blaine began to move his hips slowly. God, Kurt is amazing, and how could he ever have thought for a second that he wasn't sexy. This was driving Blaine insane.

Blaine tried to focus on Kurt's face, but could not keep his eyes off of what Kurt was doing to him. His sweet, innocent Kurt who knew *exactly* what he was doing. Kurt let go of Blaine, and pulled Blaine's hand up so that he was touching himself while Kurt prepared to give Blaine what he had given Kurt earlier. All of him.

Kurt opened the tube and covered his fingers, then watched Blaine's eyes close as he slid inside of him, getting him ready. "Blaine, look at me. I love you so much". Kurt began to breathe harder as he struggled to control himself, grabbing Blaine's legs and pulling him higher onto the pillows. "Tell me you want me".

"Kurt, please...I want you..." Kurt made sure that he had covered himself enough, and looked into the eyes of his partner as he slid inside of him, holding onto Blaine's legs, wrapping them around him as he went deeper, then sliding his fingers around Blaine as he moved in and out slowly, tears running down his face

as he watched Blaine go over the edge. "I love you, Kurt" Blaine cried out, causing to Kurt to follow right behind him.

"I don't want to move", Kurt said, looking down at Blaine. I want to stay inside of you forever."

"You know", Kurt said later, cuddling up with Blaine, "my father said that once I started having sex, I wouldn't want to stop".

"And?"

"I think my father is a very, very smart man." Kurt ran his fingers through Blaine's curls, which were wet from sweating. "We need a shower".

"Give me two minutes, Kurt. I don't think it's humanly possible for me to stand right now."

Kurt thought for a moment, a smile creeping across his face. "Ok. Let's do it".

"Dear God, Kurt...are you trying to sex me to death?".

"No...live together. Let's do it".