

# I Want Your Love

by

lextempus

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

*Blaine is in his first-year at NYADA when he meets Kurt Hummel, 24-years-old and a dance instructor. Along the way, they become friends, fall in love, and have lots of sex.*

**Warnings:** BP!Blaine, oral, frotting, toys, fingering, 69-ing, PIV, intercrural, age difference, begging, innocence, desperation, and dirty talk. [Link to prompt](#) on the glee\_kink\_meme.

lextempus.tumblr.com

eBook by klaineficspdfs|| klaineficspdfs.livejournal.com

Blaine forces his smile a little during orientation.

It's not that he's not excited. Being in New York, in the school of his *dreams* is probably the most amazing and exciting thing that's ever happened to him. NYADA's musical theater program was one of the best in the country and *he* was chosen, out of the thousands that applied, to study under the very best in the business and to hopefully someday make it onto Broadway.

That had been Blaine's dream and now he was finally getting a chance to *earn* it. To show everyone that he could make it.

But orientation is tiring and there are too many people, all too eager to size him up as competition first and friend last, who shake his hand and ask him how many productions he's starred in so far. He's a little—a lot—intimidated by these people, but he tries not show it in his voice and his posture and he thinks it works for the moment because most of them back off.

When he returns to his apartment, he slides down into the bathtub and lets the shower run over his face and his body as he eases his tense muscles. Blaine goes to bed that night, burying his face into his pillow to drown out the humidity of a New York summer, hoping that tomorrow would be less stressful.

-

Hands roam down his body, gentle but firm. They're strong hands, Blaine thinks in the back of his head, hands that *want* him. He feels a smile pressed to his lips and Blaine moans, his neck straining to put more pressure into the kiss but the man's mouth moves with his, keeping his presence constant but also not enough to satisfy.

"Please," Blaine begs him as the hands press his hips into the bed. He squirms underneath the touch and can feel the slick slide of his thighs that makes him blush. "Please, I need you." The man bites at Blaine's lip, running his tongue across the swollen flesh as the man's hand gravitates *closer* towards where Blaine wants him to be. "Yes,*yes*," Blaine says, hips rocking upwards and he gasps as the pad of his thumb touches his clit *just barely*. "Touch me."

The hands rub circles against his skin, into his pubic mound where they catch against the neat, but coarse hairs and Blaine moans, willing the man to move his hand with just the force of Blaine's want. "Here?" The

man asks him, sliding down a thumb into his folds and rubbing the *hot, slick* wetness already dripping out of him like he wants to rub its straight into Blaine's skin like a mark.

"Yes, please," Blaine begs one last time before the thumb slips down further and into him.

-

The blaring of his alarm clock is cruel as it rips him away from his dream with a gasp. Blaine's eyes open in shock and his heart is like a jackhammer in his chest, as loud as the alarm itself. He turns it off, staring blankly at the ceiling for a few moments before rubbing his thighs together, feeling the uncomfortable stickiness between his legs drying quickly as the minutes pass. He's never quite sure what to do during these mornings when he feels the throbbing between his legs more persistent than anything, and he's brought himself off once or twice before, but it never felt right doing it to the image of some faceless dream-man who touched him like Blaine was gorgeous.

Sexy.

Desirable.

And Blaine knows, theoretically, that he could be that to someone. He's seen enough websites to know that his pussy is a valued commodity (as gross as that word sounds, that's basically what it is because it's a rare thing, *he's a rare thing*) in porn but that's not the way he wants to be thought of or touched. He wants to be loved and to be respected by a man who sees him for more than just his strange sex-parts (even though he knows they're normal, goddamn it) enough to let him close and to share his body with.

But with every non-date with boys who are either not interested or only want sex, the dream seems to be slipping father and father away from him.

Blaine sighs and gets up, ignoring his arousal in favor of taking a shower and heading out to the campus for his first lecture. *Musical Theory* should be exciting and Blaine's honestly looking forward to a day where he gets to spend his time with a bunch of like-minded and passionate music lovers.

-

It turns out that the room is full of *sharks*, as Blaine comes to realize thirty minutes into class. There are fifty people in the room and each one is just as bright-eyed and eager to upstage one another in the

classroom hoping for the notice of their teacher. Everyone has read the first ten chapters of their book and has raised their hand for every question the professor asked during the lecture and if Blaine weren't as prepared as he was, he would have been too scared to answer any questions at all.

As it was, he was just a bit annoyed and the TA sitting near him at the back of the class smiled in sympathy. "It's always like this during the first few weeks," she tells him with a smile. She's a pretty girl, with long, dark hair and big eyes and a prominent nose that reminds him of Barbra Streisand in the best way. "I have to admit, I was like this too when I first arrived. But you seem to be handling yourself well. My name's Rachel."

Blaine smiles and ducks his head at that, gracious for the compliment. "Thanks. I'm Blaine, by the way," he holds out his hand in introduction. "So you went to NYADA? Have you graduated yet?" Rachel nods at him, telling him that she graduated two years ago and was currently auditioning for plays on and off Broadway.

"I'm doing okay," she tells him as the class ends, chatting continuously all through the lecture though never loud enough to draw the professor's attention. "I've gotten some small roles, and there are a lot of other talented people here, but I'm doing well enough to survive and the rest of the time, I'm working here as one of Professor Young's teaching assistants. You don't have class, do you? They serve a great cup of coffee at a café that's close that's been my life saver for six years." When he shakes his head, Rachel smiles a bit fondly at him and takes his arm to lead him to a coffee shop, "You remind me of myself, you know. Except a bit less loud."

That's how Blaine makes his first friend in New York.

\*\*

Over the next few weeks, Rachel seems to feel like she has to take him under her wing. When he's not in classes and she's not working, she's taking him out to mingle with her friends and co-workers to "put his name out there" as she says.

So far, he's met several people who looked down their noses at him because he's a freshman musical theater student, a photographer that didn't know what personal space was concerning people he "must photograph at once!", and Rachel's on-again-off-again-currently-on-again boyfriend, Jesse St. James, who is every bit as melodramatic as she was.

The only person he hadn't met yet in Rachel's revolving door of friends was the elusive *Kurt*, who was apparently in his last year at Julliard, studying voice and dancing. "You'll love him," Rachel raved, clutching onto Blaine's arm as they got their coffee. "We've known each other since high school and he's absolutely brilliant and talented. Not as much as me, of course, but he could give Jesse a run for his money," they both ignore Jesse's indignant whine, "But he's busy right now. I'm sure you'll meet soon enough. Our little musical theater society isn't so large that you'll never come across him and when you do, tell him you know me and I'm sure you'll be great friends."

Not that he hasn't made his own friends, of course. There's a girl named Harmony in most of his classes that's a little intense but a very cheerful person that he's grown to like. And there's Chandler, who is a bit too enthusiastic about *everything* and may or may not be trying to pick Blaine up (though he's not interested, really) who likes to talk about Broadway and look at music sheets when they have the free time and money. He's even gotten a job at the coffee place that Rachel first took him to and he's been a bit better at flirting with other guys since his days in high school but there's no one who has caught his eye yet.

He hasn't even had many dreams lately, and he's not so lonely right now.

-

Two months into the term, Chandler insists that Blaine come with him to a dance studio he takes lessons at. Blaine only agrees because they're offering a "first lesson free" deal to students that come in. He's been told to work on the musicality of his dancing ("*Softer, Blaine, softer! You don't need to do that quite so angrily! No, Blaine, with more feeling!*") but Chandler is excited to ogle the sexy dance instructor who is, in Chandler's words, "A total dish!"

He enters the studio with a bit of apprehension, pulling at the hem of his shirt a little as Chandler flits off to socialize with a few girls at the other end of the room. Blaine looks around uncertainly for the instructor but can only see a few students milling about, stretching their muscles, so he decides to follow their lead and begin on the barre, straightening his back and extending his arm upwards as he breathes in and out. He stretches, not allowing his hips to rotate, and bends forward with ease, feeling the pull all along the back of his thighs. He does this for a few minutes, switching out the other leg, before he finally sets both feet back onto the ground and lets his arms and head hang down towards his toes.

A low whistle catches Blaine's attention and he straightens up, blushing lightly at the thought that someone might have been watching him.

That someone is a very tall, very handsome someone who smiles at Blaine as he leans his hip against the barre. "You actually look like you know what you're doing," he says by way of introduction, "Not the kind of fodder that usually comes through these doors for their first actual dance lesson thinking the teacher will be around to start them up all the time." Blaine blushes to the tips of his ears and looks down at his toes again.

"Second nature, I guess," Blaine says, "I've been dancing for years." He rubs the back of his neck with a nervous glance at the man, who seems only to get more attractive every time Blaine looks at him. He has a slim dancer's body, with wide shoulders and a defined waist that Blaine can see plainly by the clingy tank top that he's wearing. His arms are bare and his hands are big and strong, though graceful. Muscled forearms and biceps that probably do lifts with ease. Legs covered by an even more clingy pair of tights, built with muscled thighs and strong calves that all serve to make him seem even taller than the other lines of his body already do. Hair is swept back behind a thin, black headband and his skin is a pale peach with the faintest of freckles dusting over his cheekbones and his nose that's almost a little too turned upwards but is exactly perfect on his face. *Eyes* are something else all together that Blaine can't begin to describe.

The man smiles at him as Blaine looks up, and Blaine knows he's been caught staring. "May I ask why you're here, then? Other than making us all look bad."

The joke makes Blaine feel at ease and his tense body finally relaxes a bit, although he's still embarrassed. "My friend," he explains, "He said that they offer a first lesson for free here and I wanted to see if I should sign up for classes. My professors say I need to work on my musicality when doing softer pieces, and I would do it at the college, but their hours aren't nearly as flexible as an actual studio during breaks and the instructors aren't always on hand to help me." The man opens his mouth to say something, but a blur of blonde hair runs towards them and stops beside Blaine.

Chandler grabs onto Blaine's arm, staring up at the man with a shit-eating grin that shows way too much of his teeth and Blaine is about to snap at him for interrupting their conversation before Chandler starts talking. "*Kurt* Hummel! You're finally here! The girls and I were worried because you're never late but it's only been five minutes so I guess we *might* be able to forgive you if you *promise* never to do it ever again."

A large group of dancers walk up to them, most giggling behind their hands as Chandler flirts shamelessly with their instructor.

The man—Kurt, as in the instructor that was, if Blaine decided to stay (which he was who was he kidding), going to help him with his dancing—gives them all a charming smirk. “I’m sorry and I’ll try not to. Why don’t you all get started on your first few stretches while I get...” Kurt looks at him expectantly and it takes Blaine a few minutes to understand that he wants a name.

“Blaine,” he says, too breathless and eager all at once when Kurt rewards him with a smile and an arm draped across his shoulders. He leads them towards the center of the room and the dancers begin filing into lines on the barre.

“As I get Blaine acquainted with how things are done in this studio.” The group gathered around them disperses into their routine while Kurt stares down at him, the weight of his arm still heavy and present as Kurt rambles a bit about his instructional methods.

As the class goes on, Blaine’s never been so glad that he can’t get a hard-on.

\*\*

“I want you so bad, Blaine,” a voice moans into his ear and Blaine lets out a sob, rutting against the man’s leg between his legs and the hard cock in the slot of his hipbones, feels it rub up against the crease of his thigh. “I want to be inside you so bad, baby.”

“Then do it, please,” Blaine begs. He’s always begging this man, who thrusts against him faster and presses his thigh harder into Blaine in a way that’s not enough for either of them. “Get inside me, *please*.” The man is kissing him, dragging his hands up next to his head and holding them there. Blaine bends his knees to cant his hips upward for more friction against where he’s throbbing and wet for anything that the man would give to him. “Oh god, *oh god*,” he says like a mantra as the man’s cock slips-

*down, between* and slides against his folds, all hard and getting himself wet from *Blaine* and the man doesn’t stop his frantic pace, rutting against Blaine’s slick pussy as he moans into his mouth and finally, *finally* the head of his cock catches on the rim of his vagina and *pushes in and-*

-

*BEEP. BEEP.*

Blaine cries out in want into his empty apartment. The ache between his legs is hot and *present* in a way it hasn't been for weeks and god, *does he want*. The slickness of his thighs feels good as he rubs beneath the underwear and gathering the juices that have collected there and running his fingers hard and desperate over his folds and rubbing his swollen clit with his thumb as he rubs his hole with his finger. "*Ah, ah,*" he moans, desperately trying to recreate the sensation of the dream-man's fingers touching him so intimately. He thrusts a finger in and out, imagining it's someone else, anyone else, one hand at his clit and the other inside him as he writhes on his sheets and he's close, *he's so fucking close-*

But it's not the same and it loses its magic. The smell of sex in the air isn't quite enough to throw him back into his fantasy without it feeling mechanical and Blaine pulls his fingers out and screams into his pillow in frustration as the hollow ache of his pussy still wants what Blaine can't give.

He's never been so glad to have an empty apartment as today.

-

"You're still up for the party tonight, right?" Harmony asks him over the phone. Blaine honestly wants to say no, because he's really not up to partying right now.

Not after waking up frustrated and alone and wanting to punch the wall because he's goddamn useless even to his own body.

Not after a long week of endless classes with mean people who are so passionate and driven but so ruthless.

Not after dancing lessons with Kurt that leave him bone tired from physical exhaustion and trying not to stare too hard at the line of his body when he executes a perfect *pirouette a la seconde* that leaves Blaine breathless in envy and want, even if he knows it's a bit inappropriate. (He's already seen Kurt reject advances from his other students, and what makes Blaine different?)

But this is Harmony, and by proxy Chandler, depending on him as their invite to a party Blaine was invited to by Rachel who was invited by Jesse who was invited by someone else. And that makes him relatively important in the chain of things, so he can't really refuse them.



"Yeah, I'm picking out my clothes right now," he says. He's going for casual with dark washed jeans that pull across his thighs a little tightly and a striped shirt that's a little small around his arms with a casual blazer that he rolls up to his elbows and his hair in some loose curls though still packed down tight with gel. He's not sure how he's supposed to look, because Rachel never gave him the dress code but she would probably have told him if he needed a tie or something. He hopes it'll do. That it will impress someone enough to want to go up and talk to him: a desperate 18 year-old gay virgin boy with a vagina.

Not that anyone knows that.

Not that they ever will, probably.

They all meet up around Blaine's coffee shop and take a subway to the heart of the Village, where the house that's hosting the part is lit up with Christmas lights and streamers and there's loud music escaping through the open windows and doors. The inside of the house is packed full of people, all drinking and smiling and talking over each other as they down their alcohol with one hand and wave at friends passing by with the other.

Blaine loses sight of everyone else the minute they step through the door so he shrugs, takes a cold beer out of the cooler and enjoys himself, talking to people he recognizes from class or from Rachel's brief, but interesting introductions. He finds that he knows more people than he first thought, which is a welcome and unexpected relief from the awkwardness he was expecting tonight.

As he finishes up his drink, he starts feeling loose enough to move, weaving through the dancing people and smiling at people passing him, most of whom are probably too drunk to care. "Enjoying yourself?" Blaine turns at the familiar voice, and smiles when he sees Kurt's smiling face only a few feet away.

"Yeah!" He nods enthusiastically, holding up a second beer in one hand and the other to shake his hand. Kurt bypasses it and wraps his arm around Blaine's shoulder in a short hug that makes Blaine feel a little warm under his collar. "Are you?"

Kurt shrugs, eyes roaming around the room for a brief moment. He waves hello at a few strangers that pass them by. Attractive strangers, Blaine notices with a bit of a pang in his chest that he smiles through. "A bit, but it's better now that I see a friendly face." Kurt says, turning back to him. "I didn't expect you here, though. This isn't usually a first year scene, although some do tend to get picked up from here and there."

"I'm one of those, actually. My friend brought me along and my other friends kind of tagged along with me. Her name's Rachel Berry-"

Kurt makes a surprised sound and he leans in closer to Blaine's space. "I know her! Short? A little tacky with the clothes? Has an obnoxious boyfriend?" Blaine nods, taking another sip of his beer. He's starting to get a little buzzed from the closeness of a very attractive man and very good alcohol and he's not sure if he can actually say anything articulate enough to impress someone like Kurt. "I can't believe we haven't really met up before, wow. Small world. I feel like this is the universe's way of telling us we should start talking more."

Blaine stares at him for a moment, captivated by the catch of neon lights against Kurt's skin and in his eyes and maybe he's a more than a little drunk when he shouts, "Do you want to dance?!" But he feels brave instead of stupid when Kurt just laughs and pulls him in close to the circle of his arms, presses chest to chest against him, and dances with him for the rest of the night.

\*\*

Blaine wakes up the next morning, head pounding and breath stale, not to his alarm clock but to the sunlight in his eyes. He glares at the open blinds, before he sits up too quickly and looks around. He is in his apartment.

He panics. He doesn't remember coming home and it could have been with *anyone*.

Blaine jumps out of bed and sighs, a little relieved, when he sees that his clothes from last night are still on, save for the blazer draped over the headboard. There's really no sign of anyone else in the apartment. He doesn't share it with a roommate, the perks of having rich parents, and he probably didn't take anyone home in a fit of drunkenness, so the quiet is reassuring, but he's still not sure how he got here.

So reaches into his blazer, pulling out his phone and sending a text to Rachel, Harmony, and Chandler, asking them if they got home safe and if they saw him leave and takes a shower while he waits for their replies. When he comes out, there are three new messages that he skims through, each more unhelpful than the last.

**Chandler (11:08 am):** y r u up so early?? no class. ddnt c u leave. was he hot?

**Harmony (11:15 am):** OMFG WHO DID U GO HOME WITH? U SLUT, TELL ME EVERYTHING.

**Rachel (11:15 am):** I was busy the entire night with Jesse, though I did see you with Kurt at one point. Ask him. I told you that you'd be great friends!

With a groan, he throws the phone against the sheets. Maybe Kurt *would* know, except Blaine remembers that he doesn't have his cell number. He rubs his palm against his temple, willing away the already massive headache that's building up behind his eyes. Suddenly, the phone rings and he picks up, not even bothering with a greeting. "What?" He asks. His day has gone from bad to shit in a matter of three texts.

"You sound a bit grumpy, don't you?" Kurt's cheerful voice answers back and Blaine drops his phone in surprise. "Sorry, I hope you don't mind that I put my number in before I left. You were a bit gone when I asked you, so I hope I wasn't overstepping."

"No, not at all," he says, trying to gather his bearings. "Before you left?"

"I took you home yesterday, because you said you couldn't find your friends and you were starting to get sick. You're a bit of a lightweight, really." Blaine huffs and Kurt laughs at him. "I don't mean that in a bad way. I am, too. You're very cute when you're drunk."

He's glad Kurt can't see the blush on his cheeks. "Thanks, I guess. Are you... are you calling for any reason? Did you forget something at my apartment?"

"No. I'm actually calling to see if you're free tomorrow." For what, Blaine wonders, and he probably says that a loud because Kurt's speaking again, this time a little faster. "For coffee. If you want. You don't have to, but I'd really like to talk more. We got on very well last night, so." He trails off nervously. "Blaine?" Kurt asks when Blaine is silent for too long.

He's a bit too enthusiastic in his answer. "I'd love to! There's a shop near NYADA that makes the best coffee. We could go there after lunch?"

"Text me details, then. Talk to you later, Blaine." He's already plucking clothes out of his closet before Kurt even hangs up.

"You, too."

-

The next morning finds them both sitting outside, coffee in their hands and biscotti on a plate between them. “So tell me more about yourself, Blaine Anderson.” Blaine can’t help but stare at Kurt’s sweet smile across the table. He’s having coffee with Kurt. Kurt wants to be his friend! Older than him, sexy dance teacher Kurt. Only friends but that’s still quite a lot, in Blaine’s opinion, because Kurt is an amazing guy. “I didn’t realize Rachel was telling me a lot about you already, but I’d like to hear it from the mouth of the man himself.”

Blaine takes a bite of his biscotti thoughtfully. “I don’t know what she’s told you but I guess I’ll start from the beginning. I’m 18 and from Ohio—like you and Rachel, I know, she’s told me repeatedly about our homegrown roots or something—and love musical theater.

“I’ve basically been dreaming about New York since seeing Dick Clark’s New Year’s Rockin’ Eve on t.v. when I was four. I sing, dance, act, and can make pasta like no one’s business. I read a lot, but most of it is trashy romance novels and young adult fantasy books, but I’ll deny it if you ever say it out loud. I really like bowties and want to be on Broadway someday soon, which is why I applied to NYADA, and I work at this very same coffee shop.” He takes a breath as he realizes Kurt hasn’t taken his eyes off Blaine for even a second. “What about you? I’ve heard some things, but never the full story on Kurt Hummel.”

“And I’m 24 and have been living in New York for the past four years,” says Kurt. “I applied to NYADA my senior year, same as you, but I wasn’t accepted,” Blaine makes a surprised sound in the back of his throat like he can’t believe that, “No, no, it’s okay. I’ve moved on and found a better niche where I am now.

“I stayed in Ohio for a while after that, though, taking classes in Columbus Community College for a year and a half and did some theater while I was there before I applied to Julliard and, *tada*, got in with a scholarship. I don’t read that much save for Vogue and biographies of my Broadway idols, like Patti LuPone, who I someday hope to be as great as. I sing, dance, act, and cook as well; sometimes all at once. Rachel is a good friend of mine and her boyfriend used to be someone I hated until we came to an agreement some years ago. I like coffee and skin-care routines and cats, and you already know I work as a dance instructor.”

That sets both of them off into laughter, even though it wasn’t that funny, but it’s easy to do that with Kurt.

Blaine feels at ease in his presence because Kurt has been honest and kind, in both words and actions, in the short amount of time that Blaine has known him. For a few hours, all they do is sit and talk, nursing their coffee until it gets distastefully lukewarm, about any subject that comes to mind. They even sit and

watch people during the noon rush, making up stories about people with interesting faces or clothes and Blaine hopes he'll see more of this side of Kurt, and more of Kurt in general because he's truly a wonderful person.

As if Kurt could read his mind, he rests his hand on Blaine's. "You're amazing," he says with the utmost sincerity, "Let's do this more often, if you're not sick of me already."

*Never*, is what Blaine thinks. "Okay."

\*\*

*Be a more honest person*, is Blaine's resolution and days into the New Year he already feels like a mess. He *likes* Kurt. Really likes him (beyond even his stupid crushes on hot guys he knows he doesn't have a chance with) because this time he *knows* too much about Kurt to not care.

They hang out a lot, after the first initial coffee date. Rachel invites them out to clubs and they go dancing together under the strobe lights, laughing with their faces close together like they're sharing secrets under the heavy beat of the club mix or during karaoke nights when Blaine dominates the stage and Kurt claps the loudest at the front of the stage when he's done. Sometimes Blaine's at work and Kurt drops by for an hour or two to sit by the counter and chat with him over the whirr of the cappuccino machines. And when dance classes end, Kurt lets him stay and practice with him, which mostly ends up with Blaine watching in awe at the complicated routines Kurt choreographs and performs as a final project before he gets his degree in dance.

And it should be easy, because talking to Kurt is always easy. He is Blaine's best friend, and he'd like to consider himself a good friend of Kurt's too. They tell each other everything. From embarrassing family stories like his unfortunate crush on his step-brother or Blaine's own attempt to cope with his brother's widely-known commercial jingle ("Oh my god! You're related to the credit-guy! He was a celebrity back in Ohio. That's *priceless*.") to things that broke each other's hearts like Kurt's own experience with high school and how he felt when he got that rejection, to Blaine's issues with his dad.

They've seen each other cry tears that were ugly and bitter, and they've been stronger friends every since. So when he decides to be more honest, naturally the first thing that wants to come out is his secret. And Blaine's pretty sure that he's ready and that Kurt won't run away screaming once he finds out because

Kurt is better than that, but there's always the tiny speck of fear lingering in the back of his mind that he tries not to think about, tries really hard not to be insecure about.

It all comes to head in the most anticlimactic setting that Blaine could have thought up, and he really should have better dramatic timing for someone going to do theater.

They're sitting in Kurt's home, an apartment on the upper side of SoHo, eating pad thai and watching romcoms when it comes out. As far as confession of secrets goes, the scene is up there in cliché, right next to standing in the pouring rain or whispered at someone's death bed. He didn't plan it this way and he didn't plan to do it so tactlessly, but it happens anyway between the moments of Kurt's snorting laughter at something Generic RomCom Guy #1 does and his next bite of noodles.

He blurts it out. "I have a vagina."

Kurt looks at him, turns his head slowly and just stares for the longest time at his face as if he can't understand. This is the thing Blaine's been dreading from the moment Kurt wanted to go get coffee with him. From the moment he was old enough to be self-aware of his body and how different it was from any other boy's. From the moment he figured out he was gay and had to deal with the panic attack of finding a man who would at least tolerate his anatomy or else be lonely forever. Because it's *weird* and what kind of gay guy would be even into that and he should just never tell anyone about his secret. (But what's the point in having friends if you can't share with them your everything?)

Blaine stutters, the words falling from his mouth in little bursts of sound that trip over the sob catching in his throat. "I-, I mean, Kurt," he reaches out towards the other man and then pulls back like he's been stung when Kurt just *stares* like he's some *freak* and says absolutely nothing. Oh god, this was the worst mistake, wasn't it? "I'm so *sorry*," he says and tries to bury words and his tears behind the palm of his hand. He's not going to cry. Not over this. He has nothing to be ashamed of. (It doesn't feel like it though.) "I didn't mean to keep it a secret."

He closes his eyes, half expecting an empty seat when he opens them again but, "Sshhh," is what he hears instead of the rush of the door slamming. Kurt wraps Blaine tenderly into the fold of his body and tucks his head into the crook between his neck and his shoulder. "It's okay, you're okay. I'm here, Blaine." He slips a hand under Blaine's shirt and rubs soothing circles into the skin between his shoulder blades and presses his face close to Blaine's hair and breathes slow and rhythmically until Blaine's racking breaths

have calmed. He curls limply into Kurt's chest and, "I'm here" hits him like a wave. Blaine cries, latching onto the pressed linen of Kurt's shirt like a lifeline.

"You're okay. You didn't do anything wrong, and thank you for telling me. You're brave, Blaine. So brave, and you don't have to worry. I'm not going anywhere. You should never be sorry for telling me anything about you." Kurt's fingers flatten across the small of his back and he pulls Blaine into the circle of his legs, so that they're chest to chest and their limbs are splayed all over each other. Blaine's thank you's stop in his chest before he's able to say them and it just feel too big, *too much*.

Kurt can probably read his mind because he's pressing his face closer to Blaine's hair and telling him, "You're okay, you're perfect, I'm here," that's like a balm on Blaine's frayed nerves. "Talk when you're ready, Blaine. I'm here."

When Blaine finally stops crying he doesn't pull away from Kurt and Kurt doesn't seem to mind. He just rests his head, breathing slightly off-sync with the rise and fall of Kurt's chest and it's calming. The tears make his face dry and he blinks hard to regain the feeling in his face again. "I've been meaning to tell you, except I've never told anyone before. My parents know, and my brother, and now you. My parents told me never to tell anyone and I just, I wanted you to know because you're important to me. For a while now. I just, I don't know why I said it right now. It's probably the worst way, aside from doing it in public." He tries to laugh but all that comes out are choked little sobs that he muffles into the hollow of Kurt's throat.

"Keep talking, baby, you're okay." Blaine looks up and watches Kurt watch him, eyes warm and hand tender at the nape of his neck.

He wants to kiss him, then and there, because Kurt is so kind and so beautiful, everything that Blaine has ever wanted in one person and he's still here, letting Blaine revel in his acceptance and his comfort despite how disgusting it must be to be used as a personal handkerchief. He opens his mouth again, to say his thanks properly this time, but Kurt cuts him off with a finger to his lips as the first syllables come out. "No need. It doesn't change anything. You're amazing."

Kurt leans over him, then, tilting his head up by the nape of his neck and tracing his lips with his thumb. "May I?" He asks, and Blaine's not sure exactly what he's asking but he nods anyway, shivers at the way Kurt is holding him so close that they're sharing breaths between them. "I need you to tell me, Blaine. I want you to want this—I want you to want me—too."

"Yes," and his eyes shutter close as he meets Kurt's lips for a kiss.

-

"Are you sure you're okay with this?" Is what Blaine keeps asking across the inch of space Kurt gives their lips from time to time. But Kurt is sure and has been for quite some time. The confession changes nothing.

Makes it better, even.

He's trying really hard to be a gentleman to sweet, innocent Blaine. He *wants* him, more than anyone he's ever been with before. He's trying to show it in every chaste kiss he drags along Blaine's face and down his neck, careful to keep them soft and sweet because he doesn't want this to be misconstrued as anything but comfort. Kurt wants to make it better for Blaine. To ease his worries and doubts and drown them in his love until Blaine can barely breathe from how close and how long Kurt has wanted to hold him (since the first time he saw Blaine). "Stay the night," he begs Blaine, though not in the way Kurt always imagines, and is glad that he says yes so quickly. Blaine is always so eager, and that translates in his every word and every touch.

He kisses like something Kurt's dreamed up. Soft and slow, just a hint of sweetness as his tongue shyly sweeps across the top of Kurt's lip and his hand cups his jaw a little awkwardly. Stiff, like he's not sure how to do this. In his dreams, Blaine is always innocent, and the reality of that is enough to get him half-hard with the idea that he can be Blaine's *everything*.

Knowing what's between his legs makes the fantasy even better.

Kurt wants to *wreck him* because no one else has before. Make him fall apart with his tongue, tracing the lips of his pussy as his fingers thrust into him one then two then tree until Blaine opens up for him, welcomes each digit like coming home. To sink his cock into the tight, wet heat between his legs and watch him *moan* as his body takes Kurt like a glove.

But for now, kissing is all he'll do.

Kurt is patient. He's been waiting all his life for things, like New York or Broadway or boys, and he'll wait for Blaine. Wait until he begs for Kurt to touch and to taste and he'll give it all to Blaine with only the request of being able to do it forever.



\*\*

When he wakes up Sunday morning, Blaine feels wonderful. There's no blaring alarm and no stinging lights; only the warmth of Kurt's body nestled up behind him. He blushes to think about last night, after the kissing (*his first kisses, all from Kurt*), and the way he asked Kurt to just hold him through the night, still feeling drained about the entire ordeal, although Kurt was more than kind.

Blaine turns towards him, shifting the heavy weight of Kurt's arm from his chest to his waist and just waits a few more moments, wondering if this was all a dream and if it would disappear in the blink of an eye. But it doesn't when Kurt sleepily pulls him closer; it doesn't when Blaine's grazing his eyelashes over the line of Kurt's jaw in awe; it doesn't when Kurt wakes up, bleary eyed and smiling, to press a lingering kiss to Blaine's mouth. He lets out a soft whine when Kurt rises from the bed and latches onto the hem of his shirt, letting go only when the other man leans forward to kiss him again and whisper in his ear, "Good morning. Just sit tight and let me take care of everything," before leaving the room altogether.

Blaine scrambles up from the bed and runs to the bathroom, doing his best with brushing his teeth using his finger and toothpaste and washes his faces as quickly as he can. There are still bags under his eyes, and the redness hasn't gone away completely, while his hair is a complete mess and he's drowning in borrowed clothes that fit a little too tightly against his chest and ass and too loosely everywhere else. He's a complete mess and Kurt has seen him looking like this. He buries his head under the blankets and waits for his—Boyfriend? Friend?—to come back, and he dozes off.

He wakes up to the smell of coffee and pancakes, to the sound of dishware clinking softly against wood, and Kurt's hand brushing the curls away from his forehead. "I made you breakfast," he says, sitting down against the headboard and waits for Blaine to do the same. "We didn't exactly finish dinner last night, though the unscheduled activity was great in its own way too." Blaine flushes and then- "We should probably talk about last night." That makes him stop dead in his tracks and he nods nervously, although Kurt assures him that it's nothing bad as he cuddles against Blaine's shoulder. "You can even start us off, if you'd like. Ask me anything."

"Have you ever had a boyfriend before?" Oh, wow, this is the day of no-filter and awkward questions, isn't it, Blaine? He wants to implode and have the ground swallow him up whole.

Except Kurt shrugs and answers the question, instead of telling him he's too clingy. "Not really. I've been on dates and certainly more than a few bars, but I never really wanted anything more." The *until now* remains unsaid, but present in the curve of Kurt's smile and the hand cupped around Blaine's ear.

It still makes Blaine nervous because he's still just a kid compared to Kurt. "Not me," he whispers. Insecurity is shaking him to the core. "I've never even, well, kissed. Not until last night." He looks up ashamed. "Are you my boyfriend?"

"If you want me to be?" Kurt asks him, like it's even a question and grins widely when he lets out a hum of contentment. Blaine relaxes a little as Kurt feeds him his first bite, and he moans a little around the fork as he chews. "Good, hmm?" When they're done, Kurt licks the bit of maple syrup caught on his bottom lip and Blaine almost sends their dishes to the floor chasing the kiss when he pulls back.

His nervousness is showing and in the worst way, probably scaring off his first boyfriend *ever* before their first date. "I'm sorry. I don't know how to do... *this*." And makes a gesture at them.

Kurt is having none of that, though, and he sets aside the tray in order to climb over Blaine, pressing their bodies together and linking their hands beside their heads as they kiss for long moments. Chaste, dry kisses that still feel kind of like fireworks inside Blaine's chest. "You could have kissed a hundred guys, and it wouldn't have mattered to me," Kurt tells him. "I like you."

That feels kind of like a supernova.

-

Dating Kurt feels almost too easy for Blaine. He's basically everything he's ever wanted in a person: kind, compassionate, gorgeous, funny, intelligent, adventurous, and the list goes on and on. He always listens and is ready to comfort, even give advice when asked but never pushing Blaine too far, too fast.

It's a scary thing to realize that Blaine's the one in control of the relationship. He knows that Kurt's more experienced than he is. (It's apparent every time Kurt leans in for a kiss.) He's so sure of himself and of his body, and the way he handles Blaine—and he has to be handled because sometimes he'd just stand there stiff—lets Blaine know that Kurt can easily hold him down and have his way with him. Not that it's such an unattractive prospect. But Kurt lets him make the first move, most of the time. Kurt lets him be the one to come in closer and tilt his head up for kisses or be the first to let his hands wander south of the equator,

even though Blaine has only the vaguest clue of what he's doing. Mostly from watching porn or researching.

Kurt is beautiful, though, in a way that those porn stars and those models never could be. He's full of lean lines and muscle under his white skin. His broad shoulders and thin waist are even more apparent when he's bare, and his chest and abs are something Blaine fantasizes about often. Where Blaine has angles in the way his waist dips in, Kurt is all lines. Not exactly thick, but *solid* and smooth and hard muscle like a piece of art. His thighs and calves and arms are strong when he's over Blaine, locking him into the frame of his body when Kurt corners him inside the dance studio for a kiss. His hands are beautiful. Blaine admires his long fingers and square knuckles and the way they brush against his cheek at random moments.

His cock is magnificent, too. It's long and pale and flushes red when Kurt's hard and is thick when Blaine wraps his hand around the girth of it the first time he gives Kurt a handjob.

It's a little awkward, at first. There's a lot of elbows and knees all over the place as they try to get in sync. Kurt needs to stop to reassure him several times that it's okay. Blaine needs to stop Kurt from trying to return the favor because he's really not ready for that. But despite the hang-ups, it's still wonderful.

Blaine loves the way his back arches and his hips cant up into his fist, slick from the lube and the precum that he swipes off the top periodically. He loves the way his eyes get dark and stormy and half-lidded in lust and then wide and bright when he's on the verge of orgasm and then scrunched closed as he rides the pleasure out as he fucks into Blaine's hand.

He wants to touch Kurt always and wants to eventually taste him, get to know every nook and cranny and sensitive spot to turn Kurt on just so. His body is beautiful, and he wants every single inch of it.

Even then, he still doesn't let Kurt touch him *there*, afraid that it might just put him off. Kurt is gay—meaning he's probably as into cock as Blaine is—and there's very little interest he could possibly have with Blaine's pussy, as much as Blaine would like to just rip off his clothes and get dirty. He can keep Kurt happy in other ways.

\*\*

Weeks later, he's not even close to letting Kurt reciprocate, even when Kurt repeatedly tries.

Blaine's shirt is off and Kurt's naked, his legs splayed out in front of the couch with Blaine kneeling between his knees, mouth wrapped around his dick. "Fuck, Blaine, baby," Kurt says, fingers tangled around the soft, black curls on Blaine's head. The pet name makes Blaine moan and he can feel the vibrations all against his sensitive cockhead. Kurt's panting and trying his best not to move too suddenly, save for the small circles his hips make as Blaine sinks mouth even lower.

Blaine sucks at him lightly, letting the weight of it settle in his mouth as he breathes in deep and steadies the frantic drumbeat of his heart. He's gently tonguing the head of Kurt's cock and begins to bob up and down to the rhythm that Kurt's set out for him with his hand. Blaine laps at his slit every so often, humming in pleasure at the uneven thrusts of Kurt's hips when he does because it's almost as if he can't quite keep in control. Even when he's trying so, so hard. He sucks harder at the thought, looking up at his eyelashes to see Kurt's dark, hungry eyes watching him and he shifts his legs uncomfortably as his folds slide wetly over one another.

Kurt notices the move and he pulls him off his dick by his hair. Blaine whines at the loss, his jaw aching a little, until he's made to straddle Kurt's naked thighs over the cushions, to take the dirty, open mouthed kisses being laid across his mouth, his tongue sucked and bitten and soothed and all Blaine can do is *breathe* and whimper in want.

He doesn't even notice the way his hips are moving of their own accord, pressing harder against the muscle in Kurt's thigh as he rides the feeling of the kiss that's pretty much like being eaten alive. He doesn't notice the way Kurt's hand tightens on his ass to pull him closer, thigh flexing as he matches Blaine's hips, roll for roll and presses the rough denim up against his clit. Doesn't notice until it's too late and he *screams* into Kurt's mouth as wave after wave of pleasure rolls over him and he comes, walls clenching around nothing and soaking the inside of his pants with his juices.

He feels dizzy and disoriented when it passes, slumped against Kurt's chest, breathing hard as he rides out the last leg of his orgasm. Kurt pulls him closer into a kiss but Blaine whimpers, not in pleasure this time, but in confusion, and he pushes away from him, nearly falling backwards as he stumbles off Kurt's lap and runs into the bathroom, closing it with a hard slam. His arms rest on the rim of the sink when he knees finally fail. He's shaking too badly to stand and he feels kind of like crying.

"Blaine?" Kurt asks him through the door and when he opens it, finds Blaine shaking and to the point of tears. "Blaine, are you okay?" He curls himself over Blaine's back like a blanket, kissing the nape of his

neck and the top of his head when Blaine lets himself lean back into the embrace. "Did I do something wrong?"

Blaine shakes his head no, and feels the tears slip down his face. What is *wrong* with him that he can't even control himself? He has to be the biggest, most embarrassing fool on the face of the planet. Kurt asks him again. "No, you didn't do anything wrong," Blaine tells him, turning so he's hiding his face into Kurt's neck. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do that."

"Do what?" He sounds genuinely confused and Blaine looks pointedly down at himself, messy and disheveled, the crotch of his pants stained a dark blue that makes him flush even more to look at. Kurt laughs, sitting on the floor with Blaine sprawled on top of him and he nudges a thigh between his legs with a smirk as Blaine gasps and arches into it. "That's it? You're embarrassed because you came just from rubbing off on me? That was... hot, Blaine. Really hot." He kisses him again, heady and slow as Blaine slides down his thigh and presses Kurt's still-hard-dick between them. "*You're hot.*"

Blaine whines in the back of his throat and he looks anywhere but Kurt's face. "I'm not," he denies. He wants to disappear right about now because he can still feel the weight of Kurt's stare on him, trailing down his body and between his legs, and it's too much and makes him clench involuntarily. "You don't have to--"

"Have to what, Blaine?" Kurt's nipping at his neck. His hands roam down Blaine's back, massaging the muscles and grabbing handfuls of flesh that he squeezes appreciatively. "Because I *want*. So bad, you don't even know." His tongue swirls at the hollow of Blaine's throat and follows the line of his collar bone with nips between little licks. "I want to get you naked, and moaning under me. Or over me, if that's what you prefer." Blaine gasps and Kurt bites at his nipple, swirling his tongue around the areola and sucking his nipples until they're erect. "I want to touch you *everywhere* but where you need me to and make you so desperate for my cock that when I finally decide to finger your pussy--"

"Kurt! What ar--" Blaine squeaks a little as Kurt pushes him down onto the floor, straddling his legs as his mouth continues to leave hickeys on his chest. His will power needs a little work because it doesn't take much for him to give in with a moan. "*Please,*" he says, throwing his head back as his hips rock up where Kurt's stomach is pushing against them.

Kurt leans up and laughs, dropping a kiss to his temple before nipping at his ear. “Do you like it when I talk to you like that, baby? Do you like it when I talk about your sweet little pussy and how wet it’s going to get for me?”

Blaine *mewls* like a cat in heat. Cants his hips up in time with his gasps, and his vision is a tunnel only for Kurt’s face and the way his lips turn up in a smirk—the way they pucker up to suck a bruise into his neck—and Blaine *aches* between his legs for it. Kurt can see it all over his face.

“Do you like my mouth, Blaine? Because I want to use it on you. I want to give you kisses all over, including right here-,” suddenly, he grabs Blaine where he’s soaking wet through his pants, thumb pressing into him through the denim, “Right against your clit. I’m going to give it so much love, baby, and you’ll be begging me to stay down there for *hours* and I’ll gladly do it for you.”

“Kurt, *oh god*.” Blaine wants. His eyes squeeze shut at the onslaught of images and the hand kneading at his clit; the first hand that’s not his own touching him, even if it’s through his clothes. “*Take it off*, please.” Kurt helps him shimmy out of the last of his clothes and he splays his thighs wide, gasping as Kurt settles his body there and Blaine clenches his entire body as his pussy lips rub against the contours of Kurt’s abs.

Kurt’s fingers knead at the apex of his thighs and he lets his head fall back, as hands brush over him every so often. He’s lost for words. A thumb sweeps across the trimmed hairs at his mound, rubbing against the grain and Blaine feels a rush of fluid trickle out of him and the absolutely *filthy* sound of his juices squelching as he adjusts his hips. “I’m going to fill you up, Blaine. First with my tongue, fucking in and out of your little hole and licking out your little pussy until it’s all swollen and red and dripping,” a finger presses up against his clit and rubs against the sensitive nub.

Blaine *can’t breathe* from the anticipation and he moans, begging without words for more. All he can do is chant out, “Ah, *ahhh*,” in uneven little bursts, grinding against the palm of Kurt’s hand and his legs bracing themselves on the floor so he can cant his hips up.

He shudders as the pads of Kurt’s fingers run over his slit, parting and dipping inside, just an inch, to scoop up some of his juices and rub it over his clit. “Then,” he continues, “then I’m going to fuck you with my fingers. Stretch you with three or four until you’re gaping, all loose and open for me.” Blaine shudders and his body arches as the pressure on his clit increases and Kurt rubs faster against him, fingers going back every now and again to slather his clit with more juices as they slowly drip out of him and pool onto the floor. “And when your body is ready, I’m going to make you *take. My. Cock*.” And Blaine screams again as

his body is racked with its second orgasm and his walls clench up around the very tip of Kurt's finger and Blaine's nails dig into Kurt's back hard until it passes.

He just lies there, breathing hard and stars dotting his vision when Kurt rests his body on top of Blaine's, erection stiff against his hip and Blaine whimpers. "I'm not. I can't, yet," he whispers, feeling a little ashamed that he isn't ready for *everything* Kurt told him he'd do, no matter how good it sounds and no matter how good Kurt made him feel. Can't even return the fucking favor.

Kurt kisses him, slotting his erection against Blaine's hip and frotting against him. "Whatever you want, baby. We'll get you there eventually. No rush." He pants into Blaine's ear and he comes hard.

-

They sit together at the coffee shop the next day and Blaine is nervous. Kurt had wanted him to stay over, and he did, but he hadn't mentioned what they did for the rest of the night and since they woke up. Not until now, at least, sitting in their private little corner, thighs pressed together and staring at each other's faces like a competition.

Kurt sighs, rubbing his face with the heel of his hand, sounding exasperated with Blaine's silence. "I want to ask you a question, Blaine. And please, don't lie to me or try to change the topic. If it makes you uncomfortable, tell me, but this is important for *both of us* and for our relationship." He looks anywhere but at Kurt's face. "Blaine," Kurt says sharply, but then his voice goes tender. "Please?" He looks up through his lashes and nods.

"You're not breaking up with me, are you?" He asks in a small voice.

Kurt looks at him, shocked, and denies it quickly. "No, baby, *never*. I just wanted to talk to you about last night." He wraps his arm around Blaine when he looks away again. "Don't be shy, Blaine. Is it... Is it me? Am I making you uncomfortable in the bedroom?"

Blaine is in disbelief. When he turns back to Kurt, he sees nothing but sincerity and that floors him. "No," he tells him, wrapping his arms around Kurt's waist and snuggling as close as he can get, "Please don't think that. It's not you, it's me."

"Now *that* sounds like a break-up line." Blaine cracks a grin and pinches the side of Kurt's hip. "Okay, okay. I get it. Serious now. What is it then? If it isn't me. I'm perfectly okay with taking it slow, if that's what you need."

But it's not. Blaine wants Kurt and wants everything with him. They have the relationship part down to pat; they're in sync and they're happy, save for Blaine's fumbling during sex. And he knows that Kurt wants more from him, which isn't asking for too much because they are in a relationship and they do have sex, but Blaine is scared. He doesn't want to disgust him or turn him off and last night, last night was wonderful but could have been a complete fluke.

Kurt saying those things didn't make it any more likely that he wanted anything to do with Blaine's vagina. He understands the heat of the moment more than anyone, remembers the way he fell apart under Kurt and cried out for him and begged for more without caring what it took. "I don't want to take it slow, not really. I'm just, not sure what to do next." Kurt looks confused, so he elaborates.

"I *know*, technically, what everything is. I've done my research about my own body and I know how sex works, but I can't imagine myself doing it. I can barely even make *myself* come, so how am I supposed to feel about someone else doing it? What if I'm an even bigger freak than I already am?" And there he goes again, losing control over the silliest little thing. Kurt doesn't need a sob story. He's not interested in Blaine being a stupid, silly *child* who can't even put out.

He has to hold back tears as Kurt kisses the side of his neck in comfort. "I'm scared. Scared that you might not really be interested when you see how much work you have to do, scared that you're going to lose interest and find someone with the actual hardware to keep you happy, I don't know. I'm scared that when I *show* you, you're going to laugh at me because I'm a goddamn blushing virgin and I don't even know what I'm doing with myself, let alone with you because you're out of my league." He waits with bated breath for Kurt to say anything, anything at all, and his heart starts beating out of his chest every second he doesn't. "Please say something," he whispers.

"I love you," Kurt says, and Blaine can't hold back the choked sob of disbelief that escapes his throat as Kurt hugs him to his chest. He's glad that they're secluded in their little booth, away from prying eyes, because he's not sure he can handle all the staring at his tear-stained face right now. "I love you," he repeats, "As you are. I'd never laugh at your body, because it's beautiful. I'd never get tired of making you feel as good as you did last night. Don't *ever* think that you're not good enough for me, for *anyone*, and don't ever think I'll find anyone who can even come close to how I feel about you. You're what I want,



Blaine, regardless of hardware or experience. You have nothing to be ashamed of. I told you once that it doesn't matter to me. You could have kissed, could have fucked, a hundred other people, or none at all. You're worth more than that to me and I love you regardless."

Blaine cries even harder, clutching onto Kurt's shirt like a lifeline. Like he did all those weeks ago when he first told Kurt his deepest, darkest secret. He never imagined anything, anyone, like this. Not since he grew up and realized that most people would probably only ever see him as an accessory for whatever fantasy he could fulfill. Not since his own father told him he might as well give up because he's gay and practically a girl and what kind of person would want whatever he was? But here he was, being held in Kurt's arms like a goddamn treasure. It is cathartic.

"As for the other part," Kurt teases, nipping at his ear, which makes Blaine giggle. "I told you. We'll get you there. Go home, get some sleep, go to your classes. And if you want, stay over next weekend and we'll see what we can do about making you *come*." Blaine shivers as Kurt purrs that into his ear and he doesn't stop thinking about it, even when Kurt drops him off at his doorstep with a slow, deep kiss that steals the breath right out of his lungs. "I love you."

He doesn't stop thinking about that either.

\*\*

For the rest of the week, he goes about his business as usual. He goes to classes where Harmony and Chandler chat his ear off about music and boys—the latter being extremely jealous about his boyfriend, who he constantly asks questions about, much to Blaine's annoyance. Rachel and Jesse keep bugging him about double dates that will never happen if he can help it. The coffee shop has its weekly fill of costumers all ranging from stressed out college students to stressed out business workers all shouting at him to get their coffee faster, hotter, etc. and so forth. And he hasn't seen Kurt all week because of his busy schedule and because he hasn't got the time to go to the studio like he usually does. The constant phone calls and text messages had done wonders in making it bearable, but it was still not the same. The culmination of these events leaves him on edge at the end of his Friday, standing in front of Kurt's door with his bag at his side and his legs ready to bolt.

He seriously considered calling in sick, like he would for work, because his stomach was tied up in knots and his chest felt a little too tight. But it was all nerves about what Kurt expected him to do. The conversation last week had eased his nerves about Kurt rejecting him, but not the ones about his

performance. After all, no matter how much Kurt *loved* him (oh god, Kurt *loves him*), that wouldn't make any difference as to how good or bad he was in bed.

When the door finally opened, he was engulfed in a warm hug that he sagged into. He nestled his face into Kurt's shoulder, breathing in deep to steady his nerves and tilted up his face to receive a sweet greeting kiss and a hello. "Hi there, stranger. It's been a while," he says, stepping into the living room eagerly and shutting the door behind him. Kurt still hadn't let go of him, walking backwards until they tipped over into the couch, Blaine sprawled over Kurt as they melted into dry, open-mouthed kisses, which Blaine knew Kurt did to comfort him.

He finally pulls away from Kurt with a peck, adjusting his body so that he is straddling Kurt's waist, and he looks into his mischevious eyes. "Can I know what you're planning, mister?" He asks and squeaks when Kurt stands without warning, forcing him to clamp his thighs around his waist to hold on. "Kurt!"

Kurt walks them into the bedroom, setting Blaine down on his bed and lying over him with a smile. "We, my dear," he says, rutting against Blaine's hips once and *hard*, enough to make Blaine gasp, "are going to masturbate."

"What?" Kurt gets off him, sitting at the foot of the bed while Blaine leans up on his elbows, eyebrow raised. "What does that even mean?" Kurt reaches under the bed and pulls out an elegant, pale pink box with a stylized white logo on its face. He hands it to him, nudging it carefully into Blaine's trembling hands that shake even more when he opens it and a matching egg-shaped device falls into his hand. "Kurt?"

"Last week, you told me that you weren't sure about someone else making you come when you could barely do it yourself. I," Kurt swallows, this adam's apple bobbing up and down harshly in a way that makes Blaine swallow a little bit, mouth suddenly a little dry when his voice drops a bit, "I think this is the perfect way to get to know your body. For me and for you." He crawls up the bed, looking up through his eyelashes at Blaine and licking his lips. He stops at Blaine's knees, one finger tracing his inseam up into the v of his thighs with just a hint of pressure.

"Only if you want to, of course." He thinks about it, really thinks about it, for a few moments, before he nods. "Okay," Kurt says with a smile, leaning back a bit to shimmy off his shirt, "let's get naked."

"Kurt!" Blaine squeaks, a little mortified at how quickly Kurt is getting out of his pants. Kurt gives him a wink as he's tugging away Blaine's pants and shirt, leaving them both in their underwear in the middle of

the bed. He looks everywhere but at Kurt and at the vibrator sitting innocently on the bedspread. "What do I do now?" He asks, and Kurt leans down to kiss him.

It's a hungry kiss. Not quite like *any* they've ever shared before. Kurt's kissed him plenty of times. Some of them sweet, some of them hot, some of them like he never wants to separate his lips from Blaine ever again.

This one though, is *consuming*. Kurt kisses him just with his lips at first, dry and a little too hard until Blaine is forced to open his mouth into it. There's a lot of teeth, first nipping and scraping at his lips, and a lot of wetness between their mouths as Kurt sucks Blaine's tongue into his own mouth. Blaine moans into the kiss, pulling Kurt down, flush to his body and reveling as their overheated skin makes contact. He bares his neck to Kurt's biting, little pinprick of pleasure every time he makes a little mark on the skin.

Kurt pushes them both up the bed until Blaine's back is at the headboard, cushioned by pillows so he's halfway sitting up and laying down and Kurt sprawls himself on top of Blaine's lap like a cat, contently nuzzling his belly and letting out soft puffs of breath that alternately tickle and give him goosebumps. Blaine sighs, ruffling his hands through Kurt's hair as the other licks the line of his abs and dips a little into his bellybutton; gasps when Kurt traces the skin of his hips, right above the elastic of his briefs.

"Kurt?" He asks, a little uncertainly. Kurt looks up at him from between his legs and it's an image enough to make Blaine *flush*, everywhere. He can feel the heat between his legs intensify and he can feel himself *throb* with the thought that maybe one day, Kurt will do that again, but with his mouth slick with fluid. His thigh twitches under Kurt's fingers. "What do I do next?"

"It's up to you," Kurt tells him, laying his head on Blaine's belly and tracing patterns over the fine hair. "It's your body, baby, and I'm just getting to know him. Introduce us however is more comfortable for you."

Blaine's breath hitches and his fingers twitch towards the toy but stop short, not confident enough yet to use it. But he does trail his hand down his body, feeling Kurt's gaze darken as he fondles a nipple in passing and smooths his hand down his chest and stomach to rub the sparse hair that turns thicker and darker the closer it gets to his waist band.

Kurt watches him, attention wrapped up in the way Blaine fiddles with the cotton of his briefs, skimming his fingertips under the elastic but passing over it to press the cotton between the lips of his pussy so they're outlined, clear as day, for Kurt. "Is this how you usually start when you touch yourself?" Kurt *has* to

ask, and is rewarded with a small nod and a flush steadily forming from the top of Blaine's cheeks to the top of his chest. Blaine pushes a finger between the plump lips, rubbing slightly at his clit and down his slit, breath hitched as he feels how wet he is already. Feels how hot it is between his legs and how hot Kurt's stare gets as he moves closer to where Blaine is slowly massaging himself. He slips two fingers under the cotton and whimpers when he feels Kurt tug it to the side, as if he wanted to get a better view.

*Kurt wants to get a better view of my pussy, oh my god.*

The thought makes him rub harder against his clit and fluid gushes out of him, slicking his clenching hole even more as it drips out of him and down the crease of his thighs. "Fuck," Kurt breathes out, and the rush of air makes Blaine *buck*, straight into Kurt's face.

"Fuck!" Blaine swears and he nearly sits up in panic before he sees Kurt, *licking* the moisture off his chin with such a pleased look that his legs only fall open wider and his fingers dip inside him slightly to play with his slit. "Kurt, oh god."

Kurt looks down again, straight into him, and just *stares* for a long while at the sight of Blaine's fingers and his flushed, swollen, red pussy pulled open by the spread of his thighs. "You're beautiful, you know that Blaine. You and your beautiful little pussy are putting on such a show for me." Kurt grinds his hip against the mattress, laying his head down on Blaine's thigh so that he's close enough to see it; to smell him, almost taste Blaine's juices as they're dripping out. "You're all soaked and red just from me watching you. You should see yourself right now, aching and open, and your sweet little pussy clenching around nothing as if it wants something to fill it all up."

Blaine throws his head back and his back arches. Kurt's words have a powerful, unexpected effect on him. He never knew this could even be a thing, because he's always feared being some show—some fantasy—but Kurt says it like he's everything and it feels too good. He has a finger inside himself now, plunging in and out just a few inches and the wet noise is obscene. Then, he hears Kurt *whimper* and he looks down at Kurt frantically rutting against the mattress and biting his lip, his hand clenched around the cotton briefs he's holding back from Blaine's pussy and it gives him courage.

Courage enough to reach for the toy, turning it on and pressing it up against his clit so suddenly that it makes him *scream* and start coming with barely a moment's passing. He writhes on the bed, walls clenched around his finger and Kurt letting out a high pitched keen and pressing his mouth up against the

vibrator, *right over his goddamn clit*, and Blaine screams and screams and bucks his hips so violently that Kurt has to hold him down by the thighs as he wraps his legs all over Kurt's head to keep him there.

And when his vision finally stops spinning and the vibration is too much for him to handle, his legs falls down from over Kurt's shoulders and he drops the toy between them. He shudders as Kurt presses soft kisses to his clit like a thank you after he removes the soaked briefs, and stays down there to clean Blaine's thighs up with his tongue, never going far enough to actually touch is vagina though he can feel the warm puffs of Kurt's breath, how much Kurt wants to plunge his tongue and lick him all out, and he laughs.

Laughs until his sides hurt and Kurt snuggles up against his hip, laughing too.

"Wow," he says, and he still can't bear to close his thighs because the air just feels too good right now where he's a little bit sore and too sensitive.

Kurt agrees with a nod, giving Blaine's pubic mound one last kiss. "Nice to meet you," he says, and Blaine just starts laughing even more.

<http://en.lelo.com/index.php?collectionName=femme-homme&groupName=LILY&page=0&page=0>

\*\*

"You know," Kurt says, voice hoarse and thick with sleep and arousal, when he wakes up, "I could get used to this." Blaine smiles at him from the foot of the bed, mouth full of cock and hair a mess. Kurt thinks he's never looked more beautiful, or open, or sexy than right now. He sits up on his elbows, watching the flutter of Blaine's eyelashes as he takes more of Kurt into his mouth, moaning around the girth when it hits the back of his throat and swallows around it. Kurt's panting, hips rolling up into that beautiful mouth with its beautiful, bowed lips lush and pliant around him. "You're getting so, so good at this, Blaine. You're perfect, ugh, so perfect at taking my cock."

Blaine moans again, this time deep and rumbling in his throat, enough to set Kurt off. He pushes his head and moans when he feels Blaine's throat spasm around him trying to swallow his cum with hard sucks.

When Blaine's done, he crawls up Kurt's body and gives him a shy little kiss (like he didn't just suck Kurt's life out through his cock) and snuggles into his neck. Kurt feels him, though, wet and hot on top of his thigh and he rubs against Blaine a little just to feel him jump. But then, in a stroke of boldness, he presses back against Kurt hesitantly. He looks up, as if to ask permission, which Kurt is more than happy to give.

"Anything you want, baby." Blaine gives him a kiss at that; a little wet and close mouthed until Kurt coaxes his tongue out of his mouth and sucks on it. Blaine's panting into him, body humping the muscles of Kurt's thigh, which are hard and tense as they slide between his legs and around the lips of his pussy. "Anything for you."

"Kurt," he whimpers, "Kurt, *ah*," he feels the brush of Kurt's spent dick on his knee, feels it twitch with its valiant effort to get hard again.

Kurt just watches him, watches him get off on humping his thigh and Blaine *loses it* when Kurt slides a hand through the trail of Blaine's juices on his leg and *sucks it into his mouth* and comes all over Kurt with an obscene amount of fluid.

"*Blaine*," Kurt says with a laugh when he tries to scramble off to get a towel. He pulls him back by the arm and kisses him again and again with little pecks on his mouth and his eyelids and on the tip of his nose.

"I made a mess," he whines, wanting to hide forever. He's still not sure how he got this lucky. How Kurt is even *into this* and how it doesn't make him feel any less like a person or how it doesn't make this feel any less like love.

Love.

He rolls the word around in his head, feeling a little woozy when he thinks about it. He knows Kurt's said it already, and he knows Kurt means it. But he's not sure about himself, about his own feelings. He's wonderful and sweet and probably the best thing that's ever happened to Blaine ever but LOVE feels too real, sometimes. Feels too much and too soon and he can't quite say it even if he's almost sure that he feels it.

They take a shower together, no sex, but Kurt insists on washing him up, using his hands to lather soap onto his skin and clean him off with the shower head. Blaine blushes when his fingers gently slip between his legs, a little like a tease, to clean him *there* and he definitely moans when Kurt sprays the shower head to wash him off. Blaine's face doesn't turn back to its normal shade for a while, because Kurt is so much more comfortable with Blaine's body than even Blaine is.

It makes him realize just how much Kurt likes to *touch* him, beyond getting himself off. He actually likes to look at him and to hold him and to press up against him whenever and wherever he can.

He wonders what his parents would think now, if they knew he was in a relationship. He wonders what Cooper would. They'd be shocked, probably, but Cooper would be happy for him, at least, though his dad would laugh and his mother wouldn't even say a word. Like none of them can quite believe it; none of them could have seen anyone wanting Blaine like this, and that huts more than he lets on. All he's ever wanted is love; from his parents and his brother, from his friends, from anyone that could give it to him. He's never really gotten as much as he needed, because he tends to push away as much as he pulls in. He's never quite as open as he wants to be, and he knows that makes him awkward and uncomfortable to be around sometimes, when things get too personal. He guards himself with an open hand and a closed heart, and so far, he's been doing fine.

Kurt's never made him feel like that, though. Kurt makes him want to be more open, more honest. To be a better person, just by being around him. He admires Kurt and the way that he's always so sure of himself and lets no one get him down. It's not the same circumstance, but even if it were, he knows Kurt would never act like him. Kurt is so full of courage and so full of love and so willing to hand it out; even to Blaine, who is pathetic and needy and just *wants* so much but isn't able to say anything back because he is immature and insecure and has been for almost all his life.

-

"Let's have a lunch date," Kurt tells him after they lounge around the house a bit. It's pushing 4 in the afternoon, which is late for lunch, but Blaine hasn't wanted to move off the couch since he sat down. He's far too comfortable resting against Kurt's shoulder and feeling the solidness of his presence there to ever want to move.

But he's hungry and so is Kurt, so they end up sitting outside a little Italian restaurant by Broadway eating chicken carbonara from each other's forks, eyes staring each other down across the table with matching, dopey grins as they act like the sickeningly sweet couple they are. Which is exactly how Chandler finds them.

"Blaine! Kurt Hummel!" He shouts from across the street, and both men turn towards him surprise. He's already rushing across the street towards them and Blaine feels a little twitch of annoyance before he schools his face into a pleasant smile and greets him.

"Hey, Chandler," Kurt says as well, hand doing a little wave. "What are you doing here?"

Chandler looks between them, eyes narrowed just a little behind his glasses. "Just shopping around, you know, here and there. But the real question is: what are *you* two doing here? I didn't know that this," he makes a gesture towards them, "Was a thing. You never said that you two were close. Or who your boyfriend was." Blaine can feel the jealousy in his voice and tries not to feel too bad. Chandler is his friend, yes, but so was Kurt (before the boyfriends thing, of course, because now they're *more*) and he was under no obligation to report things to him. But he knows Chandler's been after Kurt for a while now, and he can practically *hear* the scornful, "*Why didn't you accept **my** invitations*" practically on the tip of his tongue.

There's absolutely a reason why he hasn't told anyone *the details* of *who* exactly he was dating, and Chandler is pretty much a big part of it.

"We are," Kurt says, reaching over to squeeze his hand atop the table. "A thing. That is, we're dating." Happiness unfurls like a flower in Blaine's chest when he hears Kurt say it, like he isn't embarrassed about dating someone like Blaine, who is so inexperienced and young and who has the weirdest set of circumstances ever (not that Chandler would know anything about that ever because he's the biggest gossip this side of Manhattan). Kurt beams proudly up at Chandler, sneaking an arm over Blaine's shoulder and Blaine responds by wrapping his arm around Kurt's waist like a claim.

"That's great!" Chandler says. "I'm so happy for you guys!" No, you're not, Blaine thinks. "If that's the case, then how about you two come out dancing with me tonight? We'll invite the girls and Jesse. Celebrate this new *romance* of the ages and so on and so forth." Blaine is reluctant, but he doesn't want to spoil Kurt's blinding smile, so he nods. "Great! *The Swallow* in West Village? We'll meet you there at 10. They have *sing-a-longs* and I know how much you love those, Blaine." But it does nothing to dispel the uneasy tug in his stomach, even after Chandler leaves.

-

Later that night, they head out into town, arms wrapped around each other's waists and smiling. Blaine is feeling a little better about the invitation when Kurt's eyes linger over him as he comes out of the bedroom, dressed in some dark-washed jeans and a black t-shirt that's only just a little too small. The look in his eyes makes him warm, heart fluttery in his chest when Kurt tugs him closer and squeezes the muscles in his arms and fingers the hem of his shirt with a smile and a, "You're gorgeous," leaving his lips with a breathy sound. *He* made Kurt feel like that, and it's amazing. Kurt looks very good too. His hair is just a little messy and he's in white skinny jeans and a dark blue Henley that opens in a deep v along Kurt's collarbones. A strip of smooth, white skin that Blaine wants to bite every time he catches a glimpse of it.



Chandler, Harmony, Rachel, and Jesse meet them there with surprised faces and even excited squeals from the girls (who ask how long they've been keeping it a secret), before they go inside the club and have a few drinks. Three of them are still underage, but it doesn't stop them from ordering and, thank god, no one is really asking too many questions on their age. It helps Blaine loosen up, enough to drag Kurt by the arm into the center of the room.

They step onto the dance floor, and Blaine can feel the eyes on them, even through the darkness and the strobe-lights flashing to the pulse of the club. He lets himself melt into the shape of Kurt's body, back to chest with his hands dragging down to his own thighs where Kurt's fingers are splayed wide as they bend their knees and rock against each other. His face is buried in the damp, heat-flushed skin of Kurt's neck and he moans around it, tongue finding his pulse every so often and letting it taste the salt of sweat and the bitterness of some cologne that's been overpowered by the scent of *Kurt*. It tastes too good, too much, and he turns into Kurt's chest and wraps his arms around Kurt's back.

Suddenly, there's another body pressed up against his ass and Blaine gasps, startled out of his trance and he looks behind him to see another man, tall and lanky with a smirk on his face. He's a bit handsome, but far, *far* too close as he presses his hips up against Blaine and he can *feel* the bulge of the man's erection against the cleft of his ass and he whimpers, pressing closer to Kurt's body.

"Hello, handsones," the man purrs out in introduction, slipping a hand around to tug Kurt's waist closer, sandwiching Blaine between them. Blaine feels too closed in, with Kurt's thigh pressed up between his legs and the man's body pushed up behind him uncomfortably. "You two looked so *sexy* pressed up against each other like that, but I thought you could use another person to complete the look." The other man reaches over and grabs Kurt's ass, which makes Kurt's eyes widen in shock, though the expression in his eyes is unreadable. "We should take this party somewhere private. I can definitely make it worth your while." That makes Blaine nervous and he silently begs Kurt not to accept. Silently hopes that the offer isn't tempting enough for him to take, because Blaine *can't*, and either he will have to suck it up or Kurt will leave without him.

Both options are horrifying.

Kurt scowls, though, and takes a step back, dragging Blaine along with him when Blaine bites his lip and shakes his head. "Thanks for the offer, but my boyfriend and I are doing great by ourselves." Before the man can say anything else, Blaine drags him away, pressing Kurt up against the bar with a kiss and a shaky smile, fiddling with the belt loops of Kurt's pants. "You okay?"

"Thank you," he says, still nervous and jittery. "I didn't know, wasn't sure, if you were going to or not. I mean, he was attractive and experienced. And offering. I wasn't..." He trails off, looking up at Kurt, who brushes a loose curl away from Blaine's ear.

"I won't ever do something that makes you uncomfortable, Blaine, and even then, I wouldn't have taken it. You're far more handsome and more than enough for me," Kurt kisses Blaine's nose and winks, "and I'm a bit selfish and don't like to share." Kurt grinds his hips against Blaine's, which makes him blush when he feels the tell-tale hardness Kurt drags along the top of his thigh, but he presses back even closer, bracketing Kurt's body with his forearms and leaning up for a kiss. "How about we go home and have our own little party. Just for us." Blaine hums into his mouth, looking up as if contemplating the offer and giggling when Kurt pinches at his hip with a pout.

"Bathroom first," Blaine says, and he swats at little at Kurt's ass when the other man whines. "I need to pee. Go find the others and tell them both of us are going back home, okay. I'll meet you outside." Blaine leaves him, turning into the hallway that leads into the bathroom and freshening up. He feels giddy and excited, and the bad feeling about Chandler and this entire outing has dissipated out of his body since Kurt offered to leave, avoiding any further incident with any more people like him or the stranger on the dance floor.

But as he's leaving, a hand shoots out from the side and drags up against a wall, pressing his back into the hard surface. He looks up and sees the stranger, grinning a little bit too widely as he literally corners Blaine. "What do you want?" Blaine asks, pushing the man back a few inches, though he doesn't seem to mind when he just leans in closer, trapping Blaine's palm between their chests. "Seriously? I thought my boyfriend set you straight about this."

"I'm Sebastian," he says, smirk wide and sure, like a cat who just got the canary. "And you see, I think I could convince you otherwise. Your 'boyfriend' wasn't really my type anyway, but you're worth it even if I had to deal with the gay-face for a while." He is uncomfortably close, and wow, his dick is really, *really* hard and not at all easy to ignore pressed up against his thigh like that and it's creeping him out. "What do you say? I could show you a thing or two that he couldn't. He probably doesn't even know how to handle his own cock, let alone yours." His breath fans across Blaine's face and he scrunches his face up, smelling the tequila heavy in his exhale. "Come on, baby, let me fuck you good."

Blaine pushes him out of the way, with more force this time, and Sebastian stumbles back. "Look, I'm really not interested, okay. I'm taken and perfectly happy with that."

"Your 'boyfriend' doesn't seem like it, though." Blaine startles, blinking at Sebastian in shock before asking him what he means. "I just mean, he seemed to be getting cozy with a blonde wanna-be hipster back at the bar. Maybe you're not as exclusive as you thought you were."

Blaine doesn't believe him, but he can't help but rush out of the hallway and scan the room, looking for Kurt and what *has* to be Chandler, and there they are, up against the bar where Blaine left him, Chandler attached to Kurt's lips.

\*\*

Coldness seeps into Blaine's bones at that, and he's shocked and heartbroken and he doesn't know how long he stands there staring, even after Kurt's broken the kiss and is talking to Chandler, when Sebastian drapes himself up against Blaine's back. "See? Come home with me, babe, and I'll make you forget *all* about him." Except Kurt chooses that moment to look straight at him, and his face contorts into anger as he stalks up to them, reaching out to pull Blaine towards him.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" He hears Kurt ask Sebastian, but he's still in shock. Chandler is walking up to them, and Sebastian and Kurt are arguing behind him and he doesn't know what to think or anything. He hears Sebastian say something about the kiss and Kurt angrily replies, "He kissed *me*, and I pushed him away. It's none of your fucking business. I love Blaine."

"Fuck off, you had your chance," Sebastian says, pulling at Blaine's wrist and attempting to drag him out of the club. But Blaine just pulls himself out of the grasp and pushes Kurt out of the way and finds himself face-to-face with Chandler, who is attempting to look innocent in this entire situation.

Chandler, who sounds a little drunk, starts talking. "It should be *me*, Blaine. I've been flirting with him for *months* and he doesn't even tell me that he's with you? I should be his boyfriend. I introduced you to him! It should be *me*."

Kurt glares at Chandler and Sebastian, before looking at Blaine. "I'd never, Blaine. It was flirting, I didn't think anything of it when he did. I want *you*, okay?"

Blaine looks at Kurt with big, pleading eyes. "Is that true? You're not lying to me, right?" He whispers uncertainly, hands clenched at his sides, and when Kurt nods, reaching out for him, he *snaps*, rearing back and punching Chandler in the face. There are gasps all around them, but he tunes them out, letting the

absolute *rage* inside his veins fuel him as he grabs Kurt's arm and drags them out of the club and into the first taxi he hails down.

As soon as he finishes giving the address, he climbs over Kurt's lap, interrupting the stream of apologies that fall from Kurt's lips with his mouth. He kisses Kurt like he never has before; hard and forceful and biting at his lips and sucking at his tongue and messy and sloppy against his mouth enough that Kurt is *gasping* underneath him for air before Blaine even considers parting. "B-Blaine," Kurt gasps as Blaine dives for his throat, sucking a large, red mark just above his adam's apple, "Blaine, *oh god, please.*"

He's glad that New York cab drivers have probably seen much worse, because he starts rocking up against Kurt's lap, dragging against the very obvious erection tenting in Kurt's jeans. "You're *mine*," he growls, "Fuck Chandler, fuck Sebastian. These are *mine*," biting at Kurt's lips against when the other man nods. He shoves money into the driver's hand and pushes Kurt out of the cab and into his apartment, dragging him into the living room and pressing him into the couch frantically ripping at his clothes.

He *wants*. He wants to *mark* Kurt and let everyone know that he is *Blaine's* and that *no one* should ever question that. Wants to make Kurt squirm underneath him and sob and cry out and *moan* out Blaine, *Blaine*, **Blaine** so much that he doesn't even remember his own name, let alone anyone else he's ever been with. Wants to wash out the taste of Chandler's kiss with his own and drown him in his marks so that Kurt never wants anyone else.

But the more he thinks about it, the more he staggers and his rage belies the insecurity that's eating him up. What should have been settled ages ago with Kurt's sweet, gentle love but hasn't gone away. So he stops, breathing hard into Kurt's neck and letting himself tear up at the idea of what-ifs rolling around in his head. He tries to find his voice inside the sob crawling its way up his throat. "You didn't kiss him back, did you?" He whispers, the intensity from a few minutes ago dissipating into a soft, aching plea. "Tell me the truth." His voice breaks over the last word and he can feel Kurt sag against him.

"No, never," Kurt says, tilting Blaine's chin up so they're eye-to-eye. "I didn't, it wasn't like that. I used to flirt, I'll admit that, but not since you. Never. You're what I want, okay?" He feels like it always ends like this. Kurt always has to reassure him when he feels like crumbling into a million pieces and he should be able to hold himself together, but he *can't*.

He's pathetic. "Take me," he begs, clutching onto Kurt's shirt, "*Own me.*" He sobs against Kurt's mouth with frantic, sloppy kisses and rocks against Kurt's hard dick, feeling the ridge of it press up right against his

pussy in the most *achingly* sweet way that he clenches his eyes and lets the tears slip out. "Oh, please, Kurt. I want you. *I just want you.*"

Kurt steers him into the bedroom, wraps his arms around him and gently sets him down onto the bed, crawling on his hands and knees on top of him. He looks down at Blaine with such a tender look and he kisses away the hot stream of tears that escape his eyes. "I want you too, baby," he says, and hesitates, "But not like this."

Blaine lets out a whine, hitting at Kurt's chest weakly at what feels like a rejection. He wants to curl up into a ball and *cry*, because he's here, *offering himself*, and Kurt won't take the goddamn bait. It's all he has against Sebastian and Chandler and all those other men who have had Kurt, it's all he can do for him, and he's not enough. "Why?" His breath hitches around the word, feeling so sharp against the back of his throat that he sobs with it. He pulls himself closer to Kurt's face, taking the slow kisses being offered instead. "Fuck me, Kurt. I want it so bad. Want you. Don't you want me too?"

"I do," Kurt tells him, kisses harder, presses his body fully into Blaine's so he can feel the hardness of his dick rutting up against his stomach. "I've wanted you for forever."

"Take me then."

Kurt closes his eyes, *clenches* his entire body as he pulls back a bit. He can't, no matter how much his dick strains valiantly to bust his zipper with the thought. He can't do that to Blaine, who's feeling so vulnerable right now; he wants Blaine to want him, to love him enough to open himself up like that, not just for the sake of dispelling a threat. "Not when it's something you have to prove, god, Blaine. I'm yours. I'll be anything you want, but not that. I won't be something you have to prove, okay." And when he looks at Blaine again, eyes dark and blown and breath hitched, "I'll give you what you need, Blaine, but I don't want our first time to be something you regret."

He pulls Kurt's face down into another kiss, this time searching, and Kurt melts into him, without urgency or restraint or anger or desperation. He clutches onto Kurt's shoulders, then his back, then rucks up his shirt around his chest to palm at the smooth, creamy skin of his back until they're rutting, pressed up against each other through their clothes and moving. "*Ahh, Kurt*, I, I want," he stutters, not knowing what to say. He's not ready. Not yet, but he needs Kurt. Needs to be close to him as much as possible right now, to know that all he needs to do is ask and it will be given. "I just, you. Just you, I need to feel you." He grits his jaw, throwing his head back as Kurt traces the veins that run up the sides of his neck. He feels Kurt nod

against the underside of his jaw, sucking a hickey into the sensitive skin there. Kurt pops the button on their jeans, kicking them away to the foot of the bed and tugging their shirts away until they're in nothing but their underwear.

He's so hard against Blaine's hip, grinding into where his hip and his thigh meet and he feels himself getting *wet*. So wet between his legs that his thighs strain as they tense at the sudden throb of pleasure shoots up his spine, liquid heat that pools in his hips as he throbs, clenches around the idea of Kurt being that close. Kurt moans beside his ear, nipping at the lobe and whispering his name, so soft. So soft that it makes him ache between his legs. "Oh, Blaine, baby," Kurt whispers, fingers rubbing against his entrance, over his underwear, before sliding under and rubbing against the wet skin. "You're so wet already. So wet for me, you probably taste so sweet right now, too."

He trails up to Blaine's clit, rubbing the sensitive nub with the pad of his finger and then with his knuckle, altering pressure and pace in soft, hard, strong, slow, gentle strokes until Blaine is pushing his pussy up into each stroke, dragging the length of it between the lips and against his entrance and Kurt's finger *just barely* drags into him, sliding against the rim of his vagina.

Blaine lets out a pathetic little whine when Kurt finally gets them naked, and settles between his thighs. "*Fuck me*," he begs, and Kurt moves down, pressing his face into Blaine's breastbone and licking a little around his nipples and dipping into his bellybutton and further down.

Kurt *sighs*, right up against where he's nestled into the juncture of his thigh and crotch, right over his clit and breathes lung deep in a way that Blaine knows he can smell it. Smell *him*, and he does it again and again like he can't get enough. He cants his hips up again and whimpers when Kurt's nose accidentally bumps into his clit and it just hovers there for a moment. Endlessly blue eyes stare up at him, from between his legs, with a question.

"Can I?" Kurt breathes out, licking his dry lips. His mouth is watering at the prospect, at the *smell* of Blaine so close to him, and so sweet it's practically on the tip of his tongue. Blaine angles his crotch up in response, without hesitation, hands digging into the bedsheets and twisting hard.

Kurt presses a kiss on his clit, like a greeting, rubbing his fingers along the sides of his pussy to ease the ache. He licks a stripe up, between the labia, sucking one into his mouth and then the other, staring a little at how they flush a deep shade of red, at how the rest of his pussy is glistening and shiny with Blaine's juices and his own saliva and so pink and perfect that he actually moans, right up against where his mouth

is sucking. "You're so perfect, baby, so, so perfect for me. Such a sweet little cunt, tastes as good as it looks." Blaine is pliant in his hands, undulating his hips a little further, further into the heat of Kurt's mouth. He covers the length of Blaine's vagina and laves his tongue up his labia and around his clit, peeking out from its hood. "My beautiful boy and his beautiful little pussy," Kurt pants, sucking at his clit every few seconds and dipping a tongue into his hole to taste the gush of fluid that trickles out of Blaine. "Your shy little clit, y-yeah, wants all the attention from my mouth. Want to stay down here forever. Eat you out every day, live off how sweet you taste, baby."

"Oh god, *oh my god*," he chants. Blaine twists under him, sliding his legs around so they hook over his shoulder and *pulls* Kurt's face deeper into his crotch with a vice-like grip. "Keep going, *keep going—talk, Kurt. Oh fuck, fuck me. Ah!*"

He can feel Blaine's pussy spasm over nothing, over just the tip of Kurt's tongue when it passes to lick up his juices. Blaine rocks into the feel of it, burying his hands into Kurt's hair and crying out to the bedroom walls. "Want to fuck you so bad, baby. Fuck you with my tongue and my fingers. Fuck your pussy and make it red and open and wet, so wet, and then lick it all up. So good, you're so good to me, Blaine," he babbles into the folds, the sounds vibrating pleasantly against Blaine. He fucks into Blaine's entrance, tongue stiff as he thrusts, buries himself as deep as he can into the motion. His nose bumps against Blaine's clit every so often, jerking him in surprise every time, and he wiggles a finger between them to rub against the rim of his vagina and down his perineum.

The stimulation is almost enough to tip Blaine over the edge as he humps into the open mouth just *taking* it, taking everything Blaine has to offer. "Want you to ride me, god, Blaine. When you're ready, you're gonna ride me. Ride my face, ride my fingers, my cock. Oh, baby, you're so good."

Blaine makes a wet, "*Uh, uh*," noise in the back of his throat, fisting a hand in Kurt's hair to press him closer, get his tongue deeper. The slick slide against his pussy is amazing; hot and sloppy, dragging out his juices messily and pushing in with the same urgency he *just knows* Kurt's cock would if he were buried balls-deep inside Blaine. He pulls at Kurt's hair, dragging him up his body and away from his aching hole and kisses him hard, tasting himself all over Kurt's wrecked face like he can't do anything else. "Please, oh god, please, I want to feel you." He grabs Kurt's arms, bracketed around his body, and wraps his legs around his waist and gasps when Kurt's cock slides between his pussy, slick around the girth of it as it drags along his skin. "Fuck, fuck, please move." He's trying, so hard, but there's not *enough*. Not enough speed, not enough friction, not enough of Kurt everywhere.

Kurt rolls them over, settling Blaine over his thighs and Blaine whimpers as his weight drags Kurt's cock deeper between his folds and the wetness between them makes a filthy sound that's so loud in the midst of their panting and groaning. When Kurt's hands settle at his hips, moving him forwards and backwards, Blaine gets the hint and starts humping down and against the length of Kurt between his legs, slick and fast and sliding all over and sweat beads at his forehead and down his face and he clutches at Kurt's shoulders for leverage. Blaine arches into the feeling, the heavy ridge of the cockhead dragging against his clit, the hot hardness of it pressed up against his entrance, how wet everything is from his juices. Kurt's eyes are drawn between their bodies where he can see the head of his cock, peeking out from right under Blaine's pubic mound and disappearing to drag against his hold and he *loses it*-

He comes like a teenager, right in the middle of Blaine's frantic humping, right onto Blaine's aching cunt in hot spurts of his cum that catch on the sparse hair there and around his labia and Kurt pushes him down-

Kisses him hard and ruts against him, slicking his softening, sensitive dick with his own cum and Blaine's juices until Blaine's spasming and throbbing in frantic little jerks that are needy and achy and they both ride out each other's pleasure until they're too weak, too tired to move.

Kurt licks his lips after a few minutes, looking at Blaine's tired but sated face. "You're perfect, Blaine. So perfect."

Blaine flutters his eyelids, staring up in a haze at Kurt's face. He looks like an angel, draped around Blaine's body—hot, solid, *there*—with his impossible eyes filled with love and so bright. He drags his knuckle along Kurt's cheekbone, tilting his face up for a kiss that is so readily given. "I love you," he breathes out, without a doubt this time, and Kurt's smile is the last thing he sees before he's lulled into a satisfied sleep.

\*\*

He's tired and achy the Monday after, and he can't help but remember the feel of Kurt's tongue slick inside of him every time he takes a seat. A feeling that is not altogether unpleasant, even if it makes him uncomfortably turned-on a few minutes into the lecture.

Blaine woke up in Kurt's apartment after, the sun not even up yet, and with Kurt's hands softly stroking over the planes of his face. They laid there for hours, just talking, mostly about nothing, until Blaine had to get up for class and Kurt had to get up for work. He borrowed some of Kurt's clothes, which were too tight and too long on him, but felt just right as the fragrance of Kurt's ever present cologne and



just *him* wrapped over Blaine like a hug. Their kisses were shy and hopeful, that morning, tasting of happiness and warmth and the bitterness of the coffee he had been sent out with and the promise for more, later on.

It was perfection.

But he can't help the twist of rage that bubbles inside of his stomach when he sees Chandler, curled up in the corner of the room, looking wide-eyed and miserable. He chooses the seat farthest from him, on the other side of the room, and focuses instead on relieving the gentle touches and the heated words spilling out of Kurt's mouth. Focuses a little too much, apparently, because now he's aroused while listening to his professor rant about Vivaldi.

As soon as class is over, he packs up his things and leaves, ignoring the calls of Chandler behind him, and runs to the nearest subway to Kurt's studio. He sees Kurt leaning up against the wall outside the studio, happy little smile curving at his lips as he meets Blaine half-way and they go to lunch at a local café. As soon as they sit down, Blaine starts talking, pulling a little at his hair in frustration and stress.

"I just can't believe him, you know?" He says to Kurt, munching on a piece of biscotti while he rants. "I can't believe he'd try to talk to me, after what he said last night. After what he *did*. And I know that he's had a crush on you for a while, but he's acting like he's *entitled* to someone liking him just because he does. I can't believe him!" The hurt tries it's hardest to seep into his voice, but he pushes it back, letting anger replace it instead. "And don't get me started on that douchebag Sebastian from the club."

Kurt just smiles at him, dragging his fingers across Blaine's knuckles in a gesture of comfort. "Don't work yourself up over him, Blaine. I really should have made it clearer that I wasn't interested. And Sebastian," Kurt lets out a grimace, "Well, we don't have to see him anytime soon, right? Just forget about them and tell me you love me again, because I love you." His grin is bright, wide and toothy in a way that very few Kurt-smiles ever tend to be.

"I love you," he murmurs, still a little shy about saying it in public, but feels better the instant Kurt's face lights up and their hands interlock. "Are you planning on anything for spring break next week?" He asks, changing the topic. To be honest, he's a little bit worried about this. They haven't really discussed breaks and holidays since getting serious. He doesn't want to spend the week alone, but doesn't want to drag Kurt down or away from his plans. Plans he probably made before Blaine came into the picture.

Kurt hums, tilting his head back and squinting at the sky thoughtfully. "I was thinking of heading back to Ohio, actually. I haven't seen my dad and Carole in a while, and it would be nice to spend some time with them."

"Oh," he says, clutching at Kurt's hand a little tighter. "That's great. I hope you have fun."

"Don't be ridiculous. You're invited to come too, if you want to go." Blaine starts and looks at Kurt, mouth open a bit in surprise. "Don't look so shocked. I would *love* to introduce you to my dad. Let him meet the man who's finally made me an honest one." He says this a little bashfully, tugging Blaine out of his seat and wrapping his arm around his waist. "We can drive there in my car Friday afternoon, and stay at my house for the week. I promise it'll be fun." Blaine couldn't have said yes faster if he tried and he was rewarded with his second toothy Kurt-smile of the day.

When the weekend of Spring Break comes, Blaine packs his bags into the back of Kurt's navigator with a nervous quake in his stomach. Even though he had agreed quickly, the pressure of meeting the parents is still a new and terrifying feeling. He's never done it before; and certainly never spent the week at their house, and he's not even sure that Kurt's father will like him. Or will accept him.

The ten hour drive to Ohio is mostly done by Kurt, while Blaine sleeps in the passenger seat, exhausted from worrying. He shifts during the entire ride, worried about the first impression he'll make on Burt Hummel, who was an intimidating man from the pictures Kurt has shown him, even though the stories he tells paint him out to be a great dad. He doesn't really have a lot of experience with those, either.

He's slightly woken up by a gentle kiss against his forehead and he moans, reaching out for Kurt's face in the dark. The older man nips at his ear, unbuckling the seatbelt from the driver's seat and going around to help Blaine out of the car, slinging an arm around his waist for support as he blinks the sleep out of his eyes. He's not fully conscious yet when he's taken inside the house and set into a warm bed, stripped to his underwear while another body curls up behind him to share the heat.

He dreams about this. About someone holding him, pressing kisses to the back of his neck while their body moves in tandem behind him. He dreams of something hard and long and *hot* stroking into him, making him tighten his muscles in the sweetest anticipation he's ever felt. He dreams of a man's voice laughing softly into his ear and whispering his name like a prayer. He dreams of Kurt.

And when he wakes up, he wakes up to the warmth of a body on top of his. A solid arm laid across his hips and a strong hand and long fingers splayed out across the plane of his thigh and a mouth licking slowly into him and Blaine *sighs* into the caress. He flutters his eyelashes and his legs spread out even wider, allowing Kurt's tongue to glide in deeper into his body. The ache is already high, building with every nip and kiss that he lays across the flushed, swollen skin of Blaine's pussy. Heightens to something even *better* when Kurt lets his fingers wander, stroking the length of him and rubbing small circles with the pads of his fingers, barely pressing into him, but going deeper, with more pressure each time. Suddenly, Kurt parts Blaine's labia with his forefinger and thumb, stroking up into him every few seconds with his other hand, and lets his tongue *fuck* into him and Blaine jerks off the bed, his ass in the air and Kurt's face buried deep in his pussy and he moans into the morning. Kurt follows the movement of his hips, never altering the slow, steady pressure of his finger as it curls into Blaine. He feels full, but not enough, even with Kurt's tongue pressing in just beside the finger to stretch his hole a little more.

"More," he begs, when Kurt drags out his finger slowly, licking into him fully to replace the hollowness that his finger left behind. "*More, Kurt,*" he begs again, and scrunches up his eyes when Kurt's tongue plunges into him, stiff and slick and wide and amazing and then it *curls* inside of him and Blaine is gone.

His pleasure finally crests, a feeling kind of like *flying*, he feels himself throb around Kurt's tongue and lips until he lets himself fall apart under Kurt. Under his careful hands as they ease his trembling muscles and his wide, soft mouth that kisses his parted lips good morning in such a way that he can taste himself on Kurt's tongue. "Hi," he whispers, wrapping his body all around Kurt and rocking them together like that.

Kurt mumbles his good morning into the underside of his jaw, sliding his cock between the wet mess of Blaine's pussy, still hot and throbbing even after his release. "Oh, Blaine," he breathes out, closing his eyes when Blaine's fingers rub across the barely-there stubble on his jaw. "Just like that, baby," when Blaine reaches down between them to finger at his own clit. "Make yourself feel so, so good. That's it." And when he feels Blaine's hole tighten right against the head of his cock, Kurt kisses him *hard* and comes to the hot gush of Blaine's cum right up against his dick.

He feels Blaine giggle into the kiss, which has turned more into an open press of their lips and he eases himself to the side, pulling Blaine's body closer to his. Blaine's eyes are bright and happy, with a soft flush tinting his face pink in contrast to the dark shadow on his jaw. "We should probably clean up, huh? Can't have you meet my parents like this." Blaine blushes cherry red and pulls himself away from Kurt, scrambling to the bathroom to get himself clean. He ignores Kurt's laughter when he comes up to hug him from behind, settling his chin on his shoulder.

"I can't believe you didn't wake me up. I can't believe you're going to make me meet your parents after we had sex *in their house*." Blaine says, grabbing a razor to shave his face smooth. He thinks that the blush on his cheeks will never fade. He's *embarrassed* because he's in his boyfriend's house, *in his bed*, where they had sex. He's embarrassed that he *forgot* that he was in his boyfriend's parent's house while they had sex. They must think he's rude or some sort of sex-fiend that can't keep it in his pants or something. "I'm moving my things to the guest room."

"Its fine," Kurt murmurs, brushing his chin against Blaine's shoulder enough that it makes it tickle. "I'm twenty-four and we're both adults. Dad didn't even say anything when I tucked you into my bed. "

"*Your dad saw me in your bed?!*"

-

When both of them finally finish cleaning up, they head downstairs where the scent of coffee and pancakes breezes in from the kitchen. The first thing Blaine sees when he steps into the dining room is Burt, dressed in a bathrobe and reading a newspaper, and Finn, who is munching on some eggs and toast. Both of them look up and smile at Kurt, greeting him with a hug nearly pulls him off the ground in their excitement. "Dude!" Finn says, thumping him on the back, "You're finally up. I thought you were going to sleep forever."

"Not forever," Kurt says, giving Blaine a wink that makes his toes curl up against the floorboards. "Dad, Finn, this is Blaine. My boyfriend." He pulls Blaine to a seat, dragging his chair close and setting down a plate for him to fill with food.

"Hello," he says quietly, giving a little wave to Finn, who gives him a thumbs up, and holding out his hand for Burt to shake. "Nice to meet you. I've heard great things from Kurt." He's a little flustered when Burt does nothing for a few long moments and he's about to withdraw his hand when Burt *bursts out laughing*, grabbing his arm and shaking it heartily.

"Don't look so scared, kid. We ain't that frightening first thing in the morning. I assume you've seen Kurt without his coffee. *That's scary*." With Kurt's resounding whine, the tension is broken between them and Blaine relaxes into his seat, taking a bite of the pancake he had taken. Burt, Finn, and Kurt had started talking about people in Lima and how everyone was doing, about Burt's business, and about what they were going to do over the weekend. He even joined in the conversation a few times when Carole came in,

complimenting her on the food and the house, to which she proclaimed him her favorite because the three other boys took her home-cooking for granted. "So, Blaine, how did you and Kurt meet? He hasn't really told us much about you."

Blaine blushes when all the attention is on him, but starts talking, finding comfort when Kurt's fingers lace through his over the table. It turns out that Kurt's family is really nice, and really welcoming, and none of them make him feel uncomfortable or ask him too many personal questions about his family or anything, which he's eternally grateful for.

When lunch finally comes and the family disperses to do errands, Burt lays his hand on Blaine's shoulder with a smile. "Welcome to the family, kid. I'm glad Kurt's finally found someone to hold on to."

They head up to Kurt's room and Blaine collapses back onto the bed, the other man curling up to his side over the blankets. "What do you think?" Kurt asks, smoothing his hand over Blaine's arm. "My dad likes you. And so does Carole and Finn."

That makes a giddy little bubble of hope rise up in Blaine's chest. "You think so?" He asks, and holds Kurt tighter when he nods. "I like them, too. You have, you have a wonderful family, Kurt." His voice goes all choked up when he says that, and his mind drifts to his own family, sitting at home, two-hours away, Blaine's seat empty and unoccupied and unmissed. "Your dad. I see the resemblance."

Kurt rolls over him, trapping his body between his arms and laying his chin on Blaine's breastbone. "You think so? People always told me that I resemble my mother a lot. I got the hair from her, obviously." Blaine traces the line of Kurt's cheeky grin and dimples until it softens into something gentler. "This is the first time anyone's ever told me I looked like my dad."

"It's in the eyes," he whispers. "You both have the kindest eyes I've ever seen."

Blaine sighs into the kiss that Kurt gives him. "You really haven't seen your own eyes then, have you?" Blaine gives his arm a smack for the cheesy comment.

"You're ruining the moment, Kurt." Except the moment really isn't ruined, because the fullness in Blaine's heart says otherwise. "I love you."

"I love you, too."

\*\*

Life goes back to normal, mostly. He's still not talking to Chandler, and that has very little chance of changing anytime soon. Harmony is, thank god, mostly supportive of his decision after he told her what happened and Rachel is too busy with getting her next job and with Jesse to really pry into it. Kurt is wonderful, and so is his family, who now take to talking to Blaine and asking after him whenever Kurt calls him. They even ask when he's coming back next time.

They fall into this careful routine of work, sleep, and dating between two apartments, two jobs, and two schools. Kurt usually stays over at Blaine's when he needs study time, because it's quieter than his apartment building. Blaine usually stays over at Kurt's when he has a free weekend and they can curl up together on the couch, eating take-out thai because they can't be bothered to cook.

And in between those moments of beautiful domesticity, they have the most mind-blowing sex ever.

He never imagined a life like this, where he would feel so loved and safe and even sexy, and not cheap or used or like some sort of freak. It's a little bit wonderful, and he wants it to stay that way. It's his first actual relationship; THE relationship, if he's being honest with himself, because Kurt is probably the love of his life and it's not even scary to admit it anymore.

Kurt's been slowly easing away those walls, his fears, with kindness and an open ear and, more and more often, a gentle touch. It's soothing and exciting, all in the same breath. Kurt loves his body and, he says so often enough, in the dirtiest ways sometimes. (Blaine wonders how such a lovely mouth can be so filthy.)

-

"We should move in together," Kurt tells him from across the table.

It's one of those days when they're both free and have enough energy to cook up an entire meal, setting the table and talking to each other about how the week is going.

"What?" Blaine asks, around a mouthful of pasta. He's pretty sure he heard right, but he isn't sure he believes it. "Move in? Together? Us?"

Kurt smiles at him, reaching across the table to take his hand. He stroke his thumb over Blaine's knuckles, a little bit dreamy. "Yeah, there's another apartment for rent at my place that's just perfect. Not right away,

of course. I know your lease doesn't end until the end of the summer, but my building is closer to your campus, and it would be easier paying for just one place. Your apartment isn't really big enough for the both of us. We spend almost every day together, and I feel a little lost when I wake up and you're not there." When Blaine says nothing, Kurt's hand stills and his expression drops. "Of course, you don't have to. It's just a suggestion. I know we're still new, but you're it for me Blaine and I—"

Blaine pushes his seat back with a loud screech, the wood dragging on the tile, and he leans over to kiss Kurt, smiling up against his lips. "Is that a yes?" Kurt mumbles, pulling him around the table and settling Blaine on his lap. His hands find their way to Blaine's face, cupping his jaw and ear and tracing fingers over the apples of his cheeks.

"Yeah," Blaine says. He leans in for another kiss, deeper and harder, and the air between them is hot. He can feel Kurt's heart, beating hummingbird-fast, right where his hand is over his heart. He presses in closer, wrapping his arms around Kurt's neck and dragging their shoulders together, backing him against the seat.

Kurt wraps his arms around his waist, squeezing his ass appreciatively and licking at his lips when he pulls away to moan. "Bedroom?" He mumbles, licking lines down the side of Blaine's neck and sucking marks into the skin there.

Blaine nods, standing up on shaky legs and dragging Kurt by the arm onto his bed. They collapse onto it, Blaine arching up into the weight of Kurt's body holding him down. He feels hot—too hot almost, and he tugs at the buttons of Kurt's shirt and wiggling underneath him for more friction.

Kurt kisses the corner of his mouth, "Want to try something new?" Blaine nods, desperate for any type of contact, and whines when they're skin to skin. Kurt lays down, head by the foot of the bed, and drags Blaine on top of him.

Realization dawns on him when Kurt kisses his hipbone, mouthing against the skin and his legs stretch, long and lean, by Blaine's face. "Yeah?" Kurt asks, licking a stripe down his pussy. Blaine nods quickly, mouthing at the base of his dick and moaning when Kurt's tongue slides into him.

"Fuck, Blaine, just like that, babe," Kurt says. (The pet name still makes him blush, because it should feel degrading, but the way his tone softens around the B's of the word, of Blaine's name, is so much more tender than anything that he can't really find it horrible.)

Kurt's hands grab at his hips, pulling him down towards his mouth and his tongue, licking up into him shamelessly. Blaine's hips twitch, sliding further down on his hands and knees and grinding onto Kurt's face, wanting more. "Suck it, Blaine, suck my cock while I eat you out. Fuck, *you're being so good to me.*"

At his encouragement, Blaine leans down to lick at the cockhead, savoring the bitter-salty taste of the precum and skin. He mouths around the ridge of Kurt's dick, sliding his mouth around the side, from the tip to the base, in slow, sloppy motions that makes Kurt's hips jerk up, dragging his cock up the side of Blaine's cheeks. He hears Kurt whimper, in the back of his head, but now he's more focused on what's in front of him, licking his lips as Kurt's cock twitches a bitch with Kurt's shifting legs, bracing his knees to push up into Blaine's face. "*Blaine,*" he whines, "Don't tease."

So he obliges, sucking a few inches into his mouth with a wet slurp that forces a moan out of Kurt that vibrates right up against Blaine's pussy in the most delicious way. Blaine bobs up and down, slowly easing more and more of the length into his mouth, lips sealed tight as he sucks gently. Kurt's tongue is inside him, licking and slick against his folds while Kurt's bottom lip grazes against his clit. His hands are busy kneading the muscles in Blaine's ass and thighs, pushing his hips closer with and thrusting his tongue deeper with every upstroke of Blaine's head.

He wonders what it's like to be filled like that, not with Kurt's tongue, but with his cock, with his fingers stretching him open and easy around their width. Wonders if the stretch of his hole will feel anything like the stretch of his mouth around the girth of Kurt's cock, or if it will fill better.

He whimpers around Kurt, cheeks hollowing with a strong suck that leaves the man underneath him breathless and gasping hot air right up against his clit. He pulls off with a wet sound, grinding his pussy on Kurt's mouth and chin. "Please, *please, more, Kurt,*" he begs when Kurt stops to stroke over his perineum and the rim of his asshole, but not where Blaine is dripping wet for him. He flicks his tongue against his balls, sucking one into his mouth.

Blaine squeals in surprise when Kurt rolls them over again, this time crawling up so that they're face to face, his fingers dragging Blaine's juices messily up his folds and rutting his cock into the crease of his thigh and hip. "What do you want, baby?" He can hear Kurt ask against his skin, muffled and humid and breathy. "My fingers? My tongue? My cock? Want me to fuck you like this, don't you, sweet thing. Hands and mouth on your sweet little pussy and my cock fucking your throat, yeah." Kurt rolls his hips hard, the tip of it slipping between Blaine's legs and sliding in and out, dragging up where Kurt's fingers are entering him.



"You gonna open up for me, Blaine? Let me fuck you, so, *so good*."

The surge of Blaine's hips is enough of a confirmation so he thrusts in the first two fingers, so easily, and Blaine spreads his thighs so far apart that he's almost spread eagle on their bed. He stares down between their bodies, where his fingers disappear into Blaine's pussy, and kisses Blaine hard, almost breaking the skin of his lip against Blaine's teeth as he mouths out praises into his lips. He adds another finger, and the muscles of Blaine's pussy just *give*, lax and open as he crooks three fingers up towards the ceiling and robs, hot inside the walls of Blaine's body.

He feels the trembling of Blaine's thighs and how tight he gets against his fingers, and his mouth parts when Blaine comes around him, cum gushing out around his fingers and slicking the head of Kurt's dick. Blaine reaches out for him, grabbing his face and kissing, kissing him hard and riding his fingers through the orgasm and Kurt is almost sure that he's going to pass out because Blaine *is so hot* and his body is so beautiful and his lips are heaven. "Inside," Blaine says suddenly, body suddenly slackening its grip around Kurt.

"What?" He still feels dizzy, too close to actually make sense of anything.

Blaine reaches down between them, guiding the head of his cock where his fingers are still buried deep inside him and stroking up the length gently. "Please?" He asks. His voice is so small, but so sure, and Kurt can feel him squeeze tight around his fingers. "Want you to come inside me."

When it finally hits him, he stares, wide-eyed, at Blaine. He thinks the grin spreading across his face will probably split it. "You sure, Blaine?" *Please be sure*. His body is already vibrating, excitement coiling up tight and hot inside of him. When he nods, Kurt sighs, pressing his lips soft against Blaine's mouth and sliding his fingers out. He settles his body over Blaine's, the head of his dick right against his hole and looking into his eyes one last time for confirmation.

"Kurt." Blaine sighs. The head of Kurt's cock stretches his hole wide, and almost painful, but the pleasurable tingles from his last orgasm dull the ache of it. He tries his best to remain still, letting Kurt move at his own pace as he bottoms out, their hips pressed flush against each other and *wow*—

*Kurt is inside him.*

It feels so much more solid than anything he's ever had in there. Much more than Kurt's soft, slick tongue or the slide of his fingers curling up into him. The sensation of Kurt's cock is just *solid* and hot and *so hard*, and he feels his muscle *give* around the girth of it, opening and lax and tightening when he pulls away only to give again when he strokes back in. "Kurt," he whines, high and needy in the back of his throat. "*More.*"

He wraps his legs around Kurt's waist, the move spreading his thighs a little more, letting Kurt sink in a little deeper. He arches into each thrust of Kurt's hips, his spine curving up so that their chests are almost always touching, and one of Kurt's hands holds him there, fingers splaying out on the small of his back as he fucks Blaine into the mattress.

"So good, Blaine, I love you. I love your body, I love everything about you. I love you," Kurt babbles into a kiss, his movements sloppier and sloppier by the moment. He lets his weight press Blaine down, arms bracketing his body as his hips thrust again and again and again, sinking him into Blaine's pussy harder, faster each time. He reaches between them, rubbing over his clit hard and it's finally too much.

His second orgasm hits him like a wave and his walls *tighten* around Kurt's cock and the feeling makes him feel even fuller, even better, and he sobs out his relief into Kurt's mouth. Sobs as Kurt thrusts once, twice more, and finally stills, heat flooding between their bodies as they move slower, gentler, until they finally come apart at the hips and just curl up beside each other.

He tucks his head into the side of Kurt's neck, palm flat over where he can feel Kurt's heartbeat thrumming up against his skin and he cries.

"Ssshh, *Blaine*, please don't cry. Are you okay? Does it hurt?" Kurt's voice calms him, enough so that his sobs have turned into little hiccups that he hides against Kurt's damp skin. "Was that still okay?"

"It was, it's everything."

THE END