

# **Close to Home**

**by**

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

*Their senior year of high school, Kurt and Blaine's parents get married.*

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**A/N: This fic is a stepbrother AU. It features a Blaine Anderson who never got bashed or went to Dalton, so he's a little different. Think Blaine with less inhibition and more of Darren Criss' wardrobe. ;)**

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Kurt comes away from his dad's wedding to Dorothy Anderson with two things prominent in his mind.

- 1) The centerpieces had the wrong colored ribbons and he is *so* getting a refund on Monday.
- 2) His new stepmother's son looks better in a tux than he does, and this means that their relationship is doomed to failure.

It's such a shame, too; Blaine seems nice enough. He's charming, athletic in a small, spastic kind of way, seems completely cool with all Kurt's friends and family, and he can *dance*. They've only seen each a few times over the six months that their parents have been dating; Kurt had tagged along for get-togethers only when his dad had insisted; truth be told, he's still coming to terms with the fact that his dad now loves someone who is not Kurt's mother.

This isn't to say he doesn't *adore* Dorothy. He's had lunch with her, gone shopping with her, given her a *make-over*, for god's sake, but he can't deny that it's still awkward for him in ways that he can't articulate without offending everyone he cares about. He is thrilled for his dad. He just needs some time to get used to it, that's all.

Not that he's been given much of that; they moved in last week. And, oh, is it ever awkward.

It's been just Kurt and his dad for so long that Kurt just doesn't know what to do with himself. Burt now has someone to occupy a large portion of his time at home, and he knows that he should be having "bro" time with Blaine but the thing is, they don't *know* each other.

He has gathered that Blaine is neither a jock nor a geek, but this only makes things more confusing; Kurt hates stereotypes but sometimes they are handy for immediately placing people into either "will they hate me" or "will they just ignore me" categories. For someone who has trouble with new people, Kurt relies on that kind of thing. Without it, he just finds himself drawing a huge blank around Blaine.

How the heck do you even comfortably get to know someone your own age when they are just suddenly there in your house every freaking day of the week? He and Blaine now share classes at school, yes, but not extra-curriculars; they don't sit together at lunch and they don't interact in the halls. Blaine isn't avoiding him or he Blaine, per se; they just don't *bother*.

In many ways, Kurt doesn't think much of it. He's a senior; between classes, college applications, and glee club, he is too busy to fret over becoming best friends for life with his new stepbrother. They'll probably be going off to different colleges in a little under a year and only see each other over holiday breaks after that, anyway.

\*

His dad gets a little drunk at the reception.

"I love you, Kurt. Hey, hey, look at me. I want you to know that this—this just means that our family is going to be even more full of that love, okay? *So much love*. Blaine is an awesome kid, you should—hey, go talk to him, okay? Go on."

He hasn't been *avoiding* Blaine, strictly speaking, but he does as his dad asks. Blaine surprises him by immediately hugging him, stopping in mid-conversation with one of aunts to do so. Kurt is sure that he's been sneaking champagne and can't blame him; he had chosen an excellent brand, if he does say so himself.

"Heyyy new brother," Blaine says, doing a dance move that would be considered obscene in most counties in Ohio.

Kurt can't help it; he laughs, shaking his head. "Drunkard," he sighs. "Having fun?"

"So much fun. This is the best. You set all this up, didn't you?" Kurt nods, smiling. "You are *awesome*, man."

"I'm glad you're enjoying yourself," he says, and means it.

\*

Burt and Dorothy go on their honeymoon, leaving Kurt and Blaine to fend for themselves for two weeks.

The first week they hardly interact. Kurt spends a lot of time at glee practice and his girl friend's houses. Sometimes he'll come home in time to eat dinner, and there will be something left in the refrigerator or he'll have a bowl of cereal or heat up a can of soup. Most of the time Blaine is out with friends or in the guest room (*his* room, Kurt corrects himself) doing whatever it is he does to pass the time.

The second week they both get curious about each other and interact a little bit more.

Blaine is at the kitchen table one day when he comes home from glee practice, doing homework. He freezes upon entering; it's too late to pretend as if he hasn't noticed Blaine, so he shrugs his bag onto the back of a chair and sits down at the table.

"Hey," he says, feeling his stomach twist nervously. "Have you eaten?"

Blaine is wearing jeans and a t-shirt with a faded band logo. He must have recently showered, because his hair is wet and a little wavy. "Uh, no. Did you want me to fix us something?"

"I can heat something up." Dorothy had left them all sorts of interesting filipino dishes in the hopes that they wouldn't eat pizza and Chinese take-out the entire time. He turns the oven on and takes one of said dishes out of the freezer.

"Thanks," Blaine says, smiling at him.

Kurt takes out his homework and they sit quietly at the table together. He stops working to put the food in the oven, then again to take it out, and then a third time to serve it.

"Oh, hey, let me—" Blaine stands and they move for the cutlery at the same time and kind of *bump*. Blaine laughs, putting a hand on his hip and moving around him, their bodies brushing. "Sorry." He sets out the dishes and Kurt dishes up the food.

Only when they're done eating and Kurt has loaded the dishwasher does Blaine speak up again.

"Look, um. I heard some guys talking at school this week. About you." Oh, here it comes. He's a homophobe. Kurt braces himself. He *hates* this conversation. It's one of the reasons why he avoids meeting new people at all costs. "I just wanted you to know that I am totally cool with you being gay," Blaine says. "And if anyone gives you shit at school, I've got your back."

Kurt's face burns. He doesn't know what to say. He is grateful but also embarrassed. He appreciates the gesture, but not the fact that it was necessary to make in the first place. He longs for the day when his sexuality is not a talking point in any given conversation. But Blaine is looking at him in complete earnestness, and he can't just dismiss that. Besides, he feels bad that he'd assumed that Blaine was going to say something cruel.

"That's thoughtful of you," he replies, voice a little high. "Um, would you like some dessert?"

"Is it pie?"

Kurt laughs. "It might be."

"Then you have my attention, good sir."

\*

"Look, that room was decorated by your Aunt Meredith. It's got floral patterns. It's got doilies. I think somewhere it also has kittens. I want to let Blaine do what he wants with it, and that means a new carpet and a few coats of paint," Burt says, weeks later.

Kurt can't get over how *happy* his dad is. Dorothy is getting ready to leave for her day shift at the hospital, and just having her hovering seems to make his dad glow brighter. She kisses his cheek and Kurt's before leaving, and then Burt continues.

"It's either that or we split the basement," he continues.

Kurt *blanches*. "That room is my castle. I will defend it."

"Okay. Then it's settled; Blaine bunks with you down there until the paint dries. You can handle sacrifice a few days privacy. Don't give me that look, young man."

It's not that he doesn't like Blaine. It's just still so awkward between them, and he cherishes his privacy, and what if Blaine is loud or likes alternative rock or smells or watches Cinemax after midnight? What if Kurt's moisturizing routine gets interrupted by any and all of the above?

Blaine disappoints him by being completely boring. He does homework and surfs the Internet with his headphones in and doesn't bother Kurt at all. He talks on the phone once or twice to a girl that Kurt can only assume is his girlfriend, but never past a certain hour. He's not as neat as Kurt might like but he isn't really messy, and he stays away from all of Kurt's things.

For the most part.

There's a bit of friction when he uses some of Kurt's very expensive organic raspberry-flavored body wash. He comes out of the bathroom wearing a towel and smelling like it, and Kurt looks up from his computer desk.

Blaine strolls across the room to the fold-out bed they'd set up for him, shoulders still wet. There's water dripping down his back. His calves are hairy. Kurt finds himself staring.

"Did you use my...?" he asks, a little too high-pitched for his liking.

"Oh, my god, I'm sorry, was it special? I just, my stuff is still upstairs and—"

"No, it's...okay, really." It isn't; that body wash costs thirty dollars a bottle, but Kurt isn't channeling his inner diva tonight, apparently.

Blaine smiles at him over his shoulder. "Thanks, Kurt." He is going to drop that towel and slide on a pair of boxer shorts and Kurt knows it, so he turns around *immediately* and closes his eyes, too, just for good measure.

\*

Family bonding nights are weird.

Burt insists that one night a week they all eat dinner together and then do some other group activity; watch a movie or play a board game, most weeks. Dorothy and Burt will quietly interact while encouraging Kurt and Blaine to talk; they'll take the big couch and the boys will sit on the love seat.

They tried to get away with just texting friends or surfing the Internet on their phones or laptops, but their parents caught onto that quickly. It forces them to talk, and mostly they just offer snarky comments about whatever is on the television. Blaine surprises Kurt by having a pretty awesome sense of humor, and a variety of opinions on everything from sports to fashion to old-fashioned movies. He also kicks ass at Monopoly, which he rubs in Kurt's face on a weekly basis. Kurt learns that he plays soccer and already has a girlfriend on the tennis team (her name is Denise). He's also a member of the Latin club and the debate team.

He's also *fucking adorable*. Kurt can't deny that; he's tried very hard not to notice, but there's only so many ways to avoid it. Blaine definitely won the genetic lottery.

\*

"Hey, can I bunk with you tonight?" Blaine asks one day when they pass each other in the hallway. "I had to do some paint touch-ups and it still kind of stinks in my room."

"Sure, I'll get the cot out."

"Eh, don't bother. Your bed's fine. It's just one night."

Kurt blinks into space until he sees spots. Oh, how he longs for the days when he thought that Blaine might smell. Or be unpleasant. Or listen to loud music.

He comes out his bathroom that night as if entering the lion's den.

Blaine is already asleep on the left side of his bed, wearing nothing but boxers; the tan, wide expanse of his back is lit by the light spilling from the bathroom, and his head is a dark mess of curls on one of Kurt's pillows.

Kurt can't breathe for about ten seconds. He changes into his pajamas, willing the heat on his cheeks to go away. He literally *dives* onto his side of the bed, wraps himself in the sheets, rolls over until he's almost off of the edge and closes his eyes as tightly as he did when he was a kid and was afraid of seeing monster-shaped shadows in the dark.

The next morning he wakes up to find that he's rolled over in the night. They aren't touching or anything like that, but Blaine is blazing warm from a night under the covers, and he's *right there*, sprawled on his back. The sheets are around his knees. His chest is faintly hairy. His nipples are small and pink. His mouth is gaping and he's snoring.

And he has a morning erection and it's down along his right leg and Kurt just kind of *gawks*, dry-mouthed and breathless.

Fucking *hell* there is nothing fair about this arrangement.

He can feel a sympathetic twitch in his underwear; he was already a little turned on when he woke up (he thinks he might have had some kind of dirty dream) and this isn't helping matters.

Blaine yawns, wipes drool from his cheek, and squints first at the clock and then at Kurt. "Morning," he says, his voice sleep-warm and rough.

Kurt is fucking *fucked*.

\*

"New Directions, please welcome our newest member: Blaine Anderson!"

Kurt turns and looks at Rachel. "Did you know about this?"



"No," she answers. "Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"We thought you might be weirded out by having your stepbrother in Glee, Kurt. We were only thinking of *you*. Also your stepmom threatened us, sorry. I've heard that he has a passable vocal talent; maybe he might even be able to keep up with me."

Kurt sighs. If he believed in someone up there, he would also believe in that being's unshakable hatred of him.

Of course, Blaine is incredibly talented. It's not enough that he plays soccer and speaks *Latin* and has a sexy girlfriend who plays *tennis* (who even plays tennis?), he also has to be able to sing and dance and charm the pants off of everyone Kurt knows.

"I may have encouraged him," Dorothy admits when they go window shopping that weekend and Kurt asks. "I just—I want you two to have something in common, Kurt." She pats his arm. "And between you and me, Blaine has always loved singing and dancing."

He wants to be mature about it, but the truth is that he can't just ignore how *amazing* Blaine is. And that's okay, right? It's not as if they'd known each other before their parents got married. He's seventeen, gay, and doesn't have the freedom to so much as glance at another guy in school, and then they drop a *perfect specimen* into his house and he's supposed to not *notice*?

\*

"Okay, I have to admit; it's fun. I mean I've always liked being in front of an audience, I guess I'm kind of an attention whore, but I never knew that what I could do was actually any good. I just thought I was making an ass out of myself and people were being nice about it."

"Oh my god, stop being so modest. You're good. You're good and denying that makes me want to *whap you*."

Blaine laughs, throwing a balled up piece of notebook paper at Kurt. They're doing their homework together in Kurt's room, Blaine sitting on his bed while he sits at his desk typing away.

"It's weird, though, isn't it?"

Kurt presses his tongue to the corner of his mouth. "Weird?"

Blaine's voice is suddenly softer, more natural. "One minute we're strangers, the next we're like, all up in each other's business. I know it must be weird for you."

"And it's not for you?" He turns, reluctant to give this his full attention but feeling obligated. "Come on."

"It was," Blaine says, shrugging. "I dunno, your dad is awesome, Kurt, and—well, you are, too." He smiles, bright and *god* it makes his whole face light up. "I like that we're friends." He has one hand tucked up under his chin and he's looking at Kurt as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.

"I like you, too, Blaine," he admits, looking sideways. "On that note, can I give you some friendly advice? Stay away from Rachel. I love her, but she'll wrap you in sheet music and roast you with aromatics if she senses that you're competition."

Blaine laughs. "Noted."

\*

Sometimes, Blaine falls asleep with him after they do their homework.

Kurt really, really wishes he wouldn't. It's hard enough as it is to like him, to *notice* him, and then he curls up like a three year old in his silly jeans and t-shirts and flannels and drools all over Kurt's pillows. And Kurt doesn't even mind. It's like having a disease, liking Blaine. He is *infected*.

Kurt falls asleep, too, sometimes, warm and comfortable next to Blaine, and sometimes he wakes up and their legs are touching or their shoulders brushing. Sometimes he wakes up with his hips *pressed* into the

mattress. One evening he wakes up having had a wet dream that he can't recall, and he's so embarrassed that he rushes to clean himself up before Blaine can notice.

He texts Rachel, *i rly need a b/f*. She replies, *honey tell me about it*. He leaves it at that.

It happens only occasionally on the weekends, but on this particular one Kurt has a few of the girls over and Blaine joins them in his room. They watch a movie and give each other pedicures and Blaine makes a point of *insisting* that they include him. The girls are delighted, and Kurt is secretly *buzzing* at how willing Blaine is to join in.

When the girls leave for the night, Blaine stays.

"That was a first," he says, wiggling his toes. He's wearing boxers and a t-shirt and he looks silly with his feet in the air, toes painted with clear nail polish.

"You now have fabulous toes," Kurt answers. "We'll have to work on the rest some other time."

Blaine punches him lightly on the arm. "Jerk!" But he keeps wiggling his toes.

They've evolved to punches. This must mean that Blaine really likes him. "Thank you for humoring me. It was sweet." He glances sideways at Blaine, smiling shyly.

"I wasn't humoring you," Blaine says, and sprawls on his back over his side of the bed, looking serious. "I had fun tonight."

Kurt can only smile. "Well. I'm glad."

"Do you mind if I crash here?" He scratches a hand down his stomach, idly tucking his fingertips just under the waistband of his boxers.

Kurt swallows heavily. "Um, no." Yes. No. *Shit shit shit*.

There are only so many times that he can wake up drilling a hole in the mattress or having ruined his underwear during the night before it starts to drive him crazy. It doesn't happen every time he sleeps with Blaine, and it doesn't happen every time he sleeps alone, but it's been happening so much more *often* since Blaine moved in that he can't deny the connection.

Why the fuck does he always crush on straight boys? It's like a *curse*.

He wakes up the next morning with yet another full erection, but he's used to it by now. He just lies there staring up at the ceiling, waiting for it to go down so that he can get up and pee.

He doesn't expect Blaine to be awake, too, though. Blaine yawns and looks at him. He usually says good morning and gets up, but this morning he just *looks* at Kurt, and Kurt realizes that he'd kicked the blankets off of his legs because he'd been so *hot*, and Blaine is—looking.

That plump mouth curls into something that could be a smile or a smirk. His eyes are morning-dark. "I have one, too," he says, strangely uninhibited when he's half-asleep. "It's okay."

Guys just don't *talk* about this sort of thing. It's unheard of. Kurt's throat has closed up completely. He can't help it; it's like a command. He looks down just in time to watch Blaine shift his pelvis. He's *completely* erect, the shape of him outlined in full detail across his hip.

*Oh god oh god oh god no no stop looking abort mission.*

"I'll give you some privacy," Blaine says, slow and sweet and almost *teasing*, and he slides out of bed and Kurt swears that he twitches his hips all the way to the bathroom. He *definitely* adjusts himself. Kurt stares at his perfectly rounded ass until it's out of view.

He chokes. He wants to text someone something to *share* this but he has no idea how he'd phrase it or who he'd tell.

He briefly puts a hand on himself, but he can't do that, either. Blaine *would know*.

\*

Kurt gets slushied for the first time that year. Blaine happens to notice him walking into the boy's bathroom covered in slush, so he follows.

"Who was it?" he asks, taking a packet of tissues from his bag and offering a few to Kurt.

"The usual Neanderthals," Kurt replies, nonplussed. It's nothing personal, not since Karofsky transferred, and he can't be bothered to feign surprise or offense at this stage in the game.

"I wish you'd report these assholes," Blaine says, leaning back against a sink, hands in his pockets. He's wearing black pants and a purple flannel button-up.

"I appreciate your concern," Kurt says, almost done getting the worst of the ice out of his hair. "But it's been happening for years; we Glee kids just accept it as the cost of being fabulous."

Blaine smiles. "The fabulous part we agree on, at least." He inches closer, tugging at the back of Kurt's shirt. "Here, let me. You've got some back here." He sticks his hand up the back of Kurt's shirt.

Kurt freezes, struck dumb by the feeling of those warm, masculine fingers searching along his skin.

Blaine scoops a few chunks of ice out, then smooths Kurt's shirt back into place. "There we go."

Kurt looks at him through his reflection in the mirror, embarrassed by how red his cheeks have gone. Blaine's wide, soft eyes stare back at him. He looks *good* there behind Kurt, just slightly to his right.

"Thanks," Kurt says, breathlessly, nervously reaching a hand up to rearrange his bangs.

"Any time," Blaine replies.

\*

Kurt doesn't meet Denise for a while. Blaine's mom has very strict rules about girls in the house and Blaine respects them, so it isn't until Blaine invites her along on one of their mall trips that he puts a face to the name. He's seen her in school, of course, he just never had any reason to know her name before now. She's a short, plump brunette. Kurt wants to hate her but can't; she's actually really sweet, and obviously smitten with Blaine. How could he blame her?

She and Blaine hold hands and are comfortable staying in each other's personal space, but they aren't revoltingly into PDA and for that Kurt is very, very grateful. Kurt keeps quiet for most of the afternoon, only speaking up when there are fashion decisions to be made.

Later, at home, watching TV in the living room, he says, "Denise is nice."

"Isn't she *adorable*?" Blaine asks.

"She is." He smiles. He's *trying*.

"I think I'll give her a call, actually. Night!"

"Goodnight," Kurt replies, and hates that he can't just be *happy* for once. Is he such a selfish person that he can't even cope with his dreamy stepbrother having a girlfriend who is actually kind of great?

He knows that he's been a shit about it all day, so he goes by Blaine's room to apologize (he even has a peace offering of cookies and milk in hand). The door is open just an inch or so. Blaine is still on the phone, which is weird because he'd disappeared over an hour ago and wow, what have they be talking about that long?

Blaine is sitting on his bed. His legs are out in front of him. He's speaking into the phone in a soft, low voice. Kurt only overhears because he's *trying* to.

"Me too," Blaine is saying, and god, his voice is *rough*. "God, yeah. Oh my god don't, I am so bad at this." He pauses, breathing a little heavily. "I am. Are you?" He pants. "Um, not really." Oh god is he? He *is*. Kurt can't see much from this angle, but he *is*. "And how would you—oh. Oh, damn, honey, that's not fair." He is quiet for a long, long time, and Kurt tries to *move his legs* but he can't, and then Blaine makes this little noise and—

He flees, cookies and all.

He locks himself in his bathroom, turns the faucet on, and leans against the door cupping himself.

He will not jerk off. He will *not*.

\*

They hang out a lot, the glee kids and Denise, in the months that follow. She even comes with when the show choir competes to cheer them on. They try to entice her into joining but she insists that she is tone deaf and that her tennis schedule would conflict. She is so freaking *sweet* about it that Kurt wants to *scream*. She even likes Rachel. I mean, what planet is this girl from?

This is how they end up at Rachel's one weekend for a basement party. It's sort of a joke until someone breaks into her dad's liquor cabinet, and then it becomes a *drunken* joke. Kurt has a few wine coolers and tries to forget his misery, dancing in the background with various friends.

There are many reasons why Kurt hates being a teenager. Truth or Dare is very high on that list.

Dumb shit ensues, but thankfully nothing that connects him and Blaine. Lots of people end up kissing, and taking off their tops, and chugging alcohol, and doing stupid dances. He learns details about their sex lives that he *does not need to know*, thank you very much. The most difficult part of it is sitting across from a tipsy Blaine and Denise and having to watch them cuddle.

Then someone suggests Never Have I Ever.

Again, Kurt is generally safe here, but then one of the boys says, "Never have I ever made out with a guy," and Blaine is one of the people that drinks.

Everyone stares, and then cheers. Kurt's mouth drops open.

Denise laughs, apparently thrilled, and says, "Hot."

Blaine is flushed from drinking and his hair is a riot of curls. He shrugs coyly, and drinks again.

Kurt wonders why this doesn't concern more people. Kurt wonders why no one has asked for *details*.

The party starts to break up. Mostly everyone is staying over, but several of them have rides arranged and Denise is one of them. After she's gone, Kurt and Blaine settle down in a blanket nest that Rachel has built for them.

It is truly unfair that Blaine can be so adorable even when he's drunk. Kurt normally *hates* drunks.

"Have I scandalized you?" Blaine asks, floppy and uncoordinated, gripping Kurt's forearm.

Kurt pats his head. "Go to sleep, drunkface."

"Okay," Blaine sighs, and is out like a light. His hand stays on Kurt's arm.

\*

"Don't look, don't look, he is totally checking you out," Rachel says. Her freaking out is enough to draw attention; Kurt has no idea why she even bothers to tell *him* to calm down.

"Who?"

"The *guy*. The same guy that checks you out every time we get vegan smoothies. The same guy that is in your calc class. The same guy that I keep *trying* to get you to notice."

"For god's sake, he is not checking me out. He is just being nice. We always put money in the tip jar."

"Didn't you just say that you needed a boyfriend?"

Kurt sighs and grabs Rachel's smoothie, angrily sucking down a swallow. "Can it, Berry."

She does *something*, though, because Smoothie Boy introduces himself during group work one day in calc as Adam, and he is *beaming*, and Kurt thinks, well, it can't hurt. Can it?

\*



After a few weeks of casually dating Adam Kurt can honestly say that he has no complaints. He's kind of amazed that there had been another openly gay guy at McKinley that he hadn't been aware of.

Burt gives a little cheer when Kurt tells him about this turn of events, then follows that up with a lecture that leaves them both stammering and red-faced and Kurt is sure that something in him is *broken* after that. There were pamphlets. There were Brokeback Mountain references. He tells Adam about The Talk, and they have in-jokes about it within the space of one day, which Kurt is eternally grateful for.

Blaine notices after a few dates, and asks, "So are you guys, like, a couple?"

Kurt shrugs. "We're just having fun."

And it's true, mostly. Adam *is* fun. He's sweet and just a little nerdy and he likes show tunes. They hold hands and walk around the mall. They go to Breadstix and share cheesecake. They stare flirtatiously at each other over calc homework.

A month or so into dating, Adam comes over for dinner on their family night and Kurt feels *settled* for once, as if he's done something right in finding a guy that likes him and that can fit in with his family.

Everything seems pretty awesome. He thinks that they might even finally kiss goodbye tonight; Burt and Dorothy pointedly leave them at the door. He waits. Adam stares at him. He stares at Adam. When nothing happens but a hug, he just deflates and chalks it up to taking things slow. That's a good thing, right?

Blaine is perched on the couch in the living room when he comes back in. "Everything alright?" he asks.

Kurt gives him a momentarily incredulous look. "Yes, *Dad*. Geez." He laughs, but it's delayed because he realizes that Blaine isn't joking.

Blaine *stares* at him, and Kurt isn't quite sure what this is about. "Have you ever had a boyfriend before?"

Kurt narrows his eyes. "No. Did my dad put you up to this?"

Blaine's face falls. He shakes his head, looking contrite. "No. No, Kurt, I—sorry."

Okay, what the hell?

\*

"Oh my god porn is ridiculous," Blaine says one evening while they're doing their homework in the basement.

"Okay then, that is a very interesting conversation starter," Kurt replies, not even looking up. "You get a point."

"No, no, I was Googling something for this paper, and I typed 'male' instead of 'mail', and oh Jesus."

Kurt snorts. "I can only imagine."

"What, you've never looked at porn?"

"A few times," Kurt says, unimpressed. "It's gross. Unrealistic. Low production value. Terrible dialogue."

Blaine laughs. "I should've seen that opinion coming, I think."

"What about you? Is good old fashioned man-lady porn any better?"

"Uh, it does its job." He fidgets. "I've looked at gay stuff, too."

Kurt stops writing to look at Blaine from across the room. "Scientific curiosity?"

Blaine stares at him, bottom lip bitten inward. "Curiosity. I don't know if it was strictly scientific." His cheeks are red.

Kurt thinks about Blaine admitting to having made out with a guy. It is the cruelest trick of the universe that *he* has had that experience and Kurt hasn't. Kurt doesn't know if Blaine even remembers that confession, though. "Do you have something you'd like to share with the class, Blaine?" He goes for comedic because if he tries to be serious he'll *vomit*.

"I dunno," Blaine replies, looking down and *blushing* again. He touches the mouse pad on his laptop, fingertip dancing in circles. "You're right about the porn, it's terrible, but there was some...um, nudity, like posed, art stuff? I—I liked that."

And what the fuck am I supposed to say to that? Kurt's heart is pounding and he can feel heat crawl up the back of his neck. He can't stop *looking* at Blaine. "Well, it's...good to be open-minded, don't you think?" The words mean nothing, when what is going through his head is the mental equivalent of a Kermit flail at three hundred percent speed.

Blaine makes a vaguely affirmative noise and goes back to his homework.

It takes Kurt *hours* to fall asleep that night.

\*

Indoor pools are terrible. Chlorine is terrible. Half-naked stepbrothers are terrible.

Kurt claims a float as soon as he can and jumps on it, putting sunglasses on even though there's no actual sun. He drifts, and sighs when he's splashed, and ignores everyone because he is *irritated*.

He's relieved that he hadn't invited Adam to this, because having to pretend that he is in a good mood today would have been a tall order. Of course, that exclusion hadn't stopped Blaine from inviting Denise, who is wearing an *adorable* and completely flattering bathing suit and Kurt wants to *drown* her.

Blaine swims over, alone, and begins humming the Jaws theme and swimming circles around him.

Sometimes, he swears that in another life they might have been actual brothers.

"You don't fear me," Blaine sighs, giving up when he doesn't move or say a word.

"No. No, I don't."

"Then you have forced my hand." There's a pause, and then Blaine *dives onto the float*, straddles him, and shakes like a dog.

Kurt screams and *flails* and Blaine grabs his wrists and pins them to his sides. He bends over Kurt, grinning wildly. "I win."

"I know where you sleep, Anderson," Kurt growls, now *soaked*.

"I await your revenge with relish," Blaine replies, smacking a kiss against his forehead and diving off of the float.

Kurt considers drowning himself instead of Denise, and not for the first time that day.

When he gets home, he changes Blaine's laptop language from English to German, and all of his bookmarks to filthy German porn websites.

\*

Blaine doesn't notice until Monday, and after school he comes down to the basement and shoves the laptop at Kurt. "Fix it."

Kurt grins. "Fix what?" Blaine *glares*. "Oh, okay. I guess we're even." He resets the settings and restores the bookmarks from the hidden copy that he'd made. "There; all better."

"Thank you," Blaine replies, setting it down and flopping onto Kurt's bed. "You didn't invite Adam this weekend."

Kurt shrugs. "So?"

"I dunno, you've been going out for a couple of months now. Seemed weird to me."

"We're not looking at china patterns yet, geez."

"Is he not taking you seriously? Do I need to talk to him?"

Kurt is getting tired of this mothering bullshit, and maybe it also hits a nerve because he and Adam haven't even *kissed* and he sort of has no desire to change that. "Blaine, what is your problem with Adam and me?"

Blaine's face is this weird uncomfortable *mess* that it so rarely becomes that Kurt is actually worried as well as annoyed. "I just—I don't know, something about him bugs me, Kurt, I don't think he's—right for you."

"I'm sorry, what? What does that even mean?"

"You don't seem all that into him, and he's a little too quiet when he comes around, don't you think?"

Kurt's face is on fire and he's gone past annoyed and straight into angry. "It's none of your business. I'm sorry, but you're out of line. That's all there is to it."

Blaine looks away, taking a deep breath. He seems like he might say something, and then he just gets up and leaves the room.

\*

All of the sudden, after living together in relative harmony for quite a while they are pissing each other off every three seconds.

Kurt has his own bathroom but sometimes he'll do a last minute touch-up in the upstairs powder room and Blaine always seems to be in there at the exact same time every morning *fucking with his hair*. Blaine "accidentally" eats his ten dollar a pound Brie in one sitting. Leaves a red sock in with the whites, which were mostly Kurt's. Scratches his DVD of "My Fair Lady". They can't seem to get away from each other all of the sudden, and family night is a hot mess, and Kurt keeps *snapping* at him because he is the most irritating person that Kurt has ever met.

Glee is tense, preparing for competition, his classes are a nightmare, he is still getting knocked into lockers on a weekly basis, and he has no fucking clue why but he *isn't fucking attracted to his boyfriend*.

"Would it kill you to order something *not* covered in dead animal fat? Is it too much to ask for some goddamn *vegetables*?" Kurt snarls one night at a pizza that Blaine had ordered for them because their parents are out.

"Jesus Christ, Kurt, what is—it's just *pepperoni*."

He jabs at his own face. "Does this look like the kind of complexion that can handle pepperoni?"

"You are being ridiculous."

He huffs, stupidly. "Your *entire life* is ridiculous."

"Fucking—you know what, I will eat this entire pizza myself."

"Fine!"

"*Fine*."

He storms out, halfway to hyperventilating and not even knowing *why*.

He hates Blaine. Fucking hates him.

He paces around his room, agitated, then stomps back up the stairs because this is insane and they need to *confront* each other now because he's been walking on eggshells around Blaine for weeks he can't stand it anymore. If he was wearing earrings right now he'd be taking them off.

"You know," he snarls, charging back into the kitchen where Blaine is morosely eating pizza. "I have had enough of this. I have tried and I have tried to be—to be family to you, Blaine, I have accepted our parents being married, I have accepted you in this house, we've *become friends* but it seems like there's still something about me that you just can't stand, and I need to know what your problem is, because this isn't some temporary arrangement, okay?"

Blaine slowly stands, turns an anxious circle, and then leans his back against the refrigerator. "Kurt, I—"

"I just don't get it! We were okay. We were *fine* and you were *sweet* and I just, I just—" Kurt realizes that he's kind of losing it and he's tearing up and this is not okay, he can't cry in front of Blaine, that's like, breaking teenage boy rule number one, and why does he care so much, he was supposed to be *yelling at Blaine*, not—

"*Kurt*," Blaine pleads, stepping toward him, face tilted and *so sad*, eyes wide and eyebrows drawn together in anguish.

"Shit," Kurt curses, angrily swiping at his eyes and turning to leave, he feels so stupid, what is he even doing?

Blaine grabs his shoulder and turns him back around, and he's about to shake Blaine off when Blaine's hand slides from his shoulder to the back of his neck. Blaine *pulls*, and smashes their mouths together.

Kurt *freezes*, feeling the hot crush of Blaine's mouth against his, and the grip of Blaine's fingers at the back of his head.

Blaine pulls away, breathing warm and fast across Kurt's mouth. They stare at each other at close range, wide-eyed and still, and Blaine whimpers, "*Kurt*."

Kurt cracks. He chokes out a desperate, sharp, high-pitched noise, and pushes Blaine into the refrigerator. Magnets fly everywhere. He grabs Blaine by the jaw and kisses him, hard. Blaine wraps one hand around his hip and pulls him in and they kiss hungrily, parted lips sliding wetly together, tongues (*tongues*, Jesus) darting into each other's mouths. Kurt *grinds* Blaine into the refrigerator door, pawing uselessly at his face.

Blaine whines and fidgets and *flips* them around, except that they kind of slide sideways and he ends up pushing Kurt into the counter top instead of the refrigerator. He gasps, messily sucking kisses into Kurt's jaw and neck. The edge of the counter is digging into Kurt's ass in an very uncomfortable way, so he hops up on the counter and Blaine slides between his thighs and wraps two hands around his lower back and re-claims Kurt's mouth as if he couldn't stay away any longer than *half a second*.

Kurt threads his fingers through Blaine's curls, tilts his head and lets his lips apart and just *invites* Blaine's tongue inside again. It's only when he feels himself getting hard that he panics. "Wait," he gasps, tearing their mouths apart, and it's almost *painful* to stop. "Wait wait wait."

"Oh, god," Blaine moans, panting against Kurt's cheek. "Oh god Kurt I am so sorry—"

"Shut up," Kurt moans. "Shut up shut up." He roughly cards his fingers through Blaine's hair, feeling bruised and vulnerable all over, like his skin has been taken off and everything, every gust of air and touch is sizzling directly against his exposed nerves. He feels sick, and he feels like *dancing*, and he wants to slap Blaine and he wants to kiss Blaine again.

He allows himself to look at Blaine, which he realizes he hasn't done since he came back into the kitchen; Blaine's cheeks are flushed and his pupils dilated. He's still breathing heavily and Kurt has made his hair a mess. He still has his hands on Kurt's lower back. Thankfully, Kurt's physical reaction has stopped, but they are still *so close*.

It is so stupendously awkward that Kurt doesn't know what to say. He doesn't want to keep doing this, and at the same time he doesn't want to just *leave the room*. How does one politely end a kiss that has completely unsettled them?

"I'd like to get down now," he breathes, high-pitched.

"Yes yes, I am sorry, I am so sorry," Blaine babbles, looking *everywhere* but at him.

"Um," he falls to his feet and is embarrassed by how weak his knees feel. "You don't have to, to apologize, it was—but I'd really like to go now."

"Yes please," Blaine blurts.

Kurt flees the kitchen.

\*

It's funny how it doesn't really mean anything until he sees other people. Instead of replying "oh no thanks I've already eaten breakfast" or "I'm fine" or "good god Rachel what are you wearing" he imagines saying, "Blaine made out with my face last night", and he imagines *their* faces and what they'd say.



And then he sits down in Calculus with Adam and *guilt*, crushing and complete, steps on him repeatedly. He feels like an asshole, because he thinks that this will finally be the push he needs to break up with Adam, when really it's not even related, it's just a catalyst. Or is he just fooling himself?

He and Blaine don't look at each other in Glee that day.

It's easy to stay out of each other's way at home, too; they used to do that all the time before they became friends and recently when they've just been at each other's throats all the time.

"You and Blaine fighting?" his dad asks, and *Jesus*, this is why they can't do this, their parents notice *everything*.

"Maybe," Kurt admits. It is the truth.

"Anything I can do to help?"

"It's just—a guy thing, I guess? We'll get over it."

Burt nods. "You tell me if you need me to talk to him, okay?"

"Thanks, Dad."

Yes, he can just imagine that conversation. *Ugh*.

\*

"Can I come in?" Blaine asks, lingering just at the foot of the stairs. He's wearing pajamas, flannel bottoms and a tight t-shirt and he has glasses on instead of contacts. Kurt stares at him.

"Uh, sure."

He sits on Kurt's bed and opens his laptop. He is quiet for a minute or two, then breaks the silence. "Kurt, I'm—I don't know how many times I'll have to apologize for the other night before you forgive me. But I'll keep doing it indefinitely if I have to."

Kurt's heart clenches. He turns his chair around. He wants to just forget what happened, mostly because it scares the shit out of him, but Blaine is being so open about it. He gets up and goes to sit on the bed next to Blaine.

"Look, just, put that away—" He closes the laptop and puts it on the nightstand. "This whole living together thing has been really weird for us."

Blaine just stares at him. "Is that what you think this is?"

Kurt comes up short. "Well, you—you have a girlfriend, so I—"

"I want to kiss you again," Blaine blurts.

That's one way to stop a conversation, Kurt thinks, which eats up the two seconds that it takes for Blaine to lean in and kiss him. It's a little faster than before; Kurt moans, which opens his mouth, which leads to immediate invasion by tongue. Blaine's hands cup his face.

He breaks away, lips wet, inhaling deeply. "Oh god what are we doing."

"Tell me you want this, too, I can't do this anymore if I'm not sure that you—"

Kurt's pulse is pounding. His face is *burning*. He can't believe what he's hearing, and he can't believe himself when he opens his mouth and what comes out next is, "God yes, god—come here." He grabs Blaine's shoulders and kisses him, and pushes until Blaine is on his back. He climbs on top of Blaine and sinks his hands into Blaine's hair and kisses him and kisses him and knocks off his glasses and doesn't care at all.

It feels too good. Is it *supposed* to feel this good, is he supposed to get *hard* this fast, what the hell is this? His running internal monologue is problematic because he keeps ducking out of processing physical things to *think*, like Blaine whimpering and flushed under him, like Blaine's hips *rocking* up, driving an obvious erection against Kurt's thigh.

They make out as if they've been making out for a while and have become incredibly good at it. It's *mind-boggling*.

"Stop," Blaine gasps. "Stop." Kurt goes still, dazed and so horny that he can't think straight. "Could you move your leg please," Blaine says, in one long hot rush of breath. *Oh. Oh, god.* "It's just that when I imagined this I didn't come in my pants like a twelve year old."

"You imagined this?"

Blaine's lips touch his earlobe. "So many times, Kurt." His voice is *wrecked*. He kisses along the curve of Kurt's ear, one hand on Kurt's back. "And with you so *close*, it was like torture." He mouths at Kurt's throat, kissing all the way down to his shoulder.

But.

There's always a but, isn't there?

"What about Denise?" Kurt whispers, knowing that it's going to be cold water to the face, but he can't stop *thinking*.

"What about Adam?" Blaine counters.

"I'm going to break up with Adam. I've wanted to for weeks. There's just nothing there. There never was." Blaine is quiet; it's obvious that he isn't going to say that he wants to break up with Denise. "I see," Kurt says.

"Kurt, I—"

"No, no. Don't, look. I can't—I'm not going to be your gay experiment."

Blaine sits up, disentangling them. "I'm not *experimenting*. I'm not confused. I'm bi," Blaine says. "And I think it's really fucking uncool that you assumed that I had to be either gay *or* straight."

Oh, fuck. *Fuck*.

"Blaine," he says, rushing to get the words out. "Blaine, I'm sorry."

But Blaine is already up the stairs.

\*

He's sitting on the recliner. Blaine is sitting on the love seat. His dad and stepmom are sitting on the couch. He's not supposed to have his phone on for these evenings, but he does anyway. It buzzes in his lap and he slides his finger across the screen idly.

Blaine has texted him, *can we talk?*

He swallows thickly and types back without looking up, *ur room or mine?*

Blaine replies, *my room.*

After the movie is over Blaine says goodnight and disappears down the hall to his room. Kurt waits a few minutes, then follows.

He feels awful. He doesn't even know what to say. He'd contemplated singing to Blaine in Glee, but every song that had come to mind just seemed stupid, or far too romantic for their current situation.

He closes the door behind him and tries to gather his thoughts. It's difficult; Blaine is just so *much*, this big vortex of feelings and goodwill and general niceness that Kurt doesn't know what to do when they fight. He is by nature a little bitchy and sometimes he forgets that Blaine just doesn't *understand* bitchiness as an inter-personal concept.

Blaine is wearing beige jeans and a brown flannel shirt that is—unbuttoned, and okay, home field advantage and partial nudity; that's kind of cheating.

Kurt sits next to him on the bed. "It's my turn to apologize, now. I am—so sorry." And god, he is; he's hardly encountered any gay guys in Lima; bisexual ones never even occurred to him as a possibility.

"It's—apology accepted. I guess it was an easy way for me to avoid answering you about Denise, too, so—I don't think it was all me being insulted." Kurt nods, and stares at his fingers braced on the bedspread. "Could you just, come here, for just a minute?" His voice is so *shaky*; Kurt can't refuse.

They snuggle up together on top of the blankets, Blaine playing the part of the little spoon. He's shaking a little, and Kurt doesn't know what to say. He's freaking out inside about how intense this feels, and yet at the same time he wants *more*.

He wakes up hours later; it's well past midnight. They must have untangled at some point; Blaine is on his back a few inches away and Kurt on his side, facing the nightstand. He tries to slide quietly off of the bed, but Blaine rolls over and catches the edge of his sleeve.

"Hey," he whispers, sleepy and rumpled. "Don't go."

"It's late," Kurt says.

Something warm and *interested* flits across Blaine's expression. He wets his mouth and slides across the sheets, kneeling up at the edge of the bed. He curls his fingers into the collar of Kurt's shirt and *pulls*, so gently, until their nose brush and Kurt can feel the warmth of Blaine's semi-bared chest against his. Blaine's fingers slide from his collar to his shoulders, then in and down over his chest and stomach. He hooks a fingertip in the waistband of Kurt's pants, and kisses just below Kurt's ear.

"Want you," Blaine whispers, and every hair on Kurt's body stands up. "Don't go just yet."

"Blaine," he exhales. Blaine's fingers dance over his belt buckle, tugging the end free and then letting it drop. He picks open the button on Kurt's fly but stops there, staring into Kurt's eyes.

Kurt can feel his cock *throb*, swelling to press against the front of his pants. Blaine curls an arm around his neck and pulls him back onto the bed. Kurt lands on top, but Blaine rolls them over and sits up on Kurt's thighs.

Blaine leans over him, kissing his neck and collarbone. "Can I touch you?"

"I've never—"

Blaine stops, eyelashes and huge brown eyes staring up at him. "Never?"

"You were my first kiss," Kurt says, throat closing up.

"Oh, Kurt. *Kurt*, I—I didn't know." He moves forward, pressing their lips together. "Can I be your first other stuff, too?" His mouth is a happy little grin, and Kurt feels emotion flood his chest.

"God, yes," he whispers, and Blaine laughs against his mouth.

Blaine's soft flannel shirt is hanging open, and Kurt slides his hands up and inside of it, *shivering* as he finds warm paths of soft skin over muscle over bone, so masculine that it makes his mouth flood with saliva. Blaine lies down on top of him. Kurt is so aroused that he can't *think*.

The pants that Blaine is wearing are so tight over Blaine's erection that it must hurt. Kurt fumbles between them, undoing the button and zipper, and Blaine *exhales* relief into Kurt's mouth, withdrawing his tongue for just a second to recover from the change in sensation.

"Wrap your legs around me," Blaine says and, blushing like the virgin he is, Kurt does it. The act of spreading his legs for and around Blaine makes him feel unstable, like he's *this close* to just shivering apart on the bed. "I've thought about you like this so many times," Blaine confesses, lips darting everywhere; Kurt's eyelids and cheeks and nose and chin and shoulder. "Thought about how good I could make you feel. Thought about the noises you'd make." He licks a strip down Kurt's chest that ends with closing his teeth around a nipple. Kurt arches up, inhaling sharply. "The way you'd taste." His warm breath over the spit left behind cools it, and Kurt's nipple *hardens*.

"I'm not ready to do some stuff," he blurts.

"I, um, I don't think I could—this is going to be over *so fast*," Blaine says, rolling his hips down into Kurt's, hard.

"Oh god you are—probably right," Kurt replies, *throbbing* in his underwear.

"You feel so good," Blaine says.

Kurt hitches his legs higher around Blaine's waist, which is kind of difficult because Blaine is smaller than he is, but he doesn't care. He likes the way it feels to bend around Blaine's body, likes feeling *open*. Blaine rocks slowly into him, sure and firm, and he twines his arms around Blaine's neck and they just *breathe* together for a while, letting the friction build.

Kurt reaches between them again, shifting his underwear down. He looks up into the semi-darkness of the bedroom and finds Blaine's eyes, wet and wide. "Can I...?" Blaine nods. He slides his hands into Blaine's pants and pushes both underwear and pants down enough so that Blaine's cock pops free. He *stutters* a quiet moan as their cocks touch.

Blaine lowers himself a little more heavily onto Kurt, and their bellies trap their erections, and then Blaine starts to *thrust* down into him again, burying his face in Kurt's neck. "Kurt, your *body*, I can't even fucking concentrate—do you have any idea...?"

"If you don't slow down I'm going to come," Kurt gasps, clutching Blaine's back.

"Don't want to," Blaine replies, thrusting hard between Kurt's legs. "Don't want to, do it, do it it's okay."

"*Blaine*," Kurt sobs, biting his lip to keep it as quiet as he can. Blaine's hand slides between them, and fists Kurt just *once* and Kurt gasps, shooting over Blaine's fist. "*Fuck*." It's so much, and then Kurt realizes that that's because Blaine had come all over his stomach.

Blaine shrugs his flannel shirt off and uses it to clean off the worst of the mess. He rolls onto his side and tugs Kurt with him, limbs tangling and lips finding each other again.

"That was incredible," Kurt whispers, unable to stop smiling.

"You are incredible," Blaine sighs in reply.

\*

Breaking up with Adam is probably the most embarrassing thing that Kurt has ever experienced. Not because there are tears and not even because it's awkward to do, but because the first thing that Adam says is, "Um, Kurt, I—I honestly didn't even consider us to be boyfriends. Did you?" Kurt believes that he turns *purple*. His mouth gapes like a fish's. "We never said we were," Adam continues, looking embarrassed. "And you never showed any real interest. I'm sorry if I—gave the wrong impression?"

"No that's—okay. I'm sorry that I was so awful at it." Kurt laughs, and all he feels is relief.

"Friends?" Adam asks, and Kurt smiles and hugs him.

"How the heck else would I pass Calculus?" Kurt asks, grinning.

He tells Rachel that afternoon, and she rolls her eyes so hard that it looks almost painful. "Big surprise. You hardly gave him a chance. Did you and Blaine *coordinate* today or something?"

His heart stops for a beat. "What?"

"He broke up with Denise before first period. She's a *mess*." He can't tell whether Rachel is sympathetic or excited, but he thinks that it might be both. He wants to be the former, but all he can hear is *he broke up with Denise* and his brain goes in eighteen directions at once and all of them are *fucking awesome*.

"I had no idea," he replies, trying very hard to sound casual. "Did he say why?"

"He told her there was someone else."

Kurt has to go to the bathroom to do a little happy dance; that is how extreme the feeling is.

\*

Dorothy and Burt are now working opposite shifts, so one of them is home more or less at all times. Kurt and Blaine can't just carry on as if they're alone and shackled up, and even though their parents are remarkably respectful of privacy, locked doors don't really fly and—well, Kurt can be kind of *loud*, he has learned. So they tease each other a lot over texts and chat through the computer and even over Skype, but it never feels like it's *enough*.

It's even harder around their friends, because they just *gravitate* toward each other, and now that they're both single they have nothing to keep them grounded apart. Neither of them really knows how to tell



everyone that they're—something. He knows that it's stupid to call it any kind of incest, but maybe it would *look* that way, and Kurt just feels weird.

Not to mention that he doesn't want to know what their parents would have to say about it.

"They're in their room," he whispers later that evening, following an underwear-clad Blaine into his bathroom, and maneuvering him belly-first against the counter. The need to *touch* Blaine's hard body courses through him like blood through a vein. He bites the back of Blaine's neck and pushes his fingers into the waistband of his underwear. He knows that he should be embarrassed to have Blaine pushed against the sink under the bright vanity lights but he can't *care*, he *needs* it to happen.

"Did they tell you? About Denise?" Blaine gasps as Kurt's teeth close around the muscle at the back of his shoulder. Kurt traces a birthmark with his tongue.

"Yes," he answers, pushing his erection against Blaine's ass. "Did they tell *you*?"

Blaine grins, but his brow is twisted up with distraction. "Yes. Mine was much harder than yours. I think you owe me something."

Kurt should feel bad for Denise, but Blaine is almost naked and straining his briefs with a thick, delicious erection, and he's *free*, and Kurt is his *someone else*, and he can't bring himself to care about anything else. He'd been hesitant before, but now all he wants to do is forget the last few weeks and *take*. He turns Blaine around and kisses him, wet and fast. "Name it," he answers, finally, and Blaine pushes his robe back off his shoulders, then drags their hips together.

"Suck me?" Blaine asks, eyes wild.

Kurt's mouth goes wet at the thought. He stares between them at Blaine's cock pushing against his underwear, at his flat stomach and the enticing v-shaped muscles that lead exactly where Kurt wants to be. He licks his bottom lip and goes to his knees.

Blaine blinks. "We could uh, bed?"

"No," Kurt says, suddenly and completely devoid of hesitation. Blaine is *single*, Blaine is *here*, and he wants to do this. "No, right here. Right here." He bites at the flare of Blaine's hipbone, then traces the line of

pelvic muscle to the waistband of his underwear and peels them off. Blaine's cock bobs freely, touching his chin.

"Oh my god," Blaine breathes, head tilting back.

Kurt has no idea what he's doing but, having a penis himself, he's fairly sure of what not to do. What he doesn't factor in, is the desire to lick and kiss every inch of Blaine's cock and balls, which is why he's surprised when Blaine grabs his shoulder as he's indulging himself in that.

He doesn't want to stop; Blaine tastes like sweat and salt and *boy*, and Kurt doesn't even understand it but the hardness of his cock is so specifically connected to the *hunger* in Kurt's body and soul that he can't even *cope* with it right now. He just needs it, needs to trace every bump and ridge with his tongue, needs to taste that tangy fluid at the slit, needs to suck Blaine's balls into his mouth one by one. He loves everything about Blaine, the body hair and the smell and the outward, masculine *presence* he has, so big in the room that Kurt almost can't breathe around it.

"Um you may want to stop for a second," Blaine gasps.

"I have no idea what I'm doing, sorry," he apologizes.

"Opposite problem. Jesus, Kurt, you're—" Blaine shivers, leaning harder against the sink.

Kurt doesn't know what to say to that. He watches Blaine from underneath his eyelashes, gaze never wavering, as he licks a strip from the side of the head all the way down the shaft. Blaine's *face*, hungry and closed off and aching, oh my god, Kurt could come just *watching* him. "I'm what?" he asks, impishly, backing off again, then tracing the head, dipping the tip of his tongue under the crest and around, around, around in circles.

"Kurt," Blaine gasps, hips stuttering.

He breathes hot over the shaft, kissing the head, the slit, and again applying his tongue. "Tell me."

"You're a fucking natural, is what you are. Please, more? Need to be in your mouth." Kurt closes his lips around the head, licking and sucking at the same time. His teeth accidentally scrape on the back pull, but all Blaine does is *sob* and thrust between his lips. "Bad plan," Blaine blurts. "Bad plan bad plan oh fuck—"

Kurt's not quite sure how well he's doing at this part; there's really nothing instinctive about shoving a very large something deep into your mouth. Blaine is so far gone at this point that it doesn't seem to matter, though; so Kurt takes it as deep as he can, as smoothly as he can, one hand on Blaine's hip to keep the thrusts shallow.

"Use your hand, I'm—close." Blaine's chest is heaving and his knuckles are white as they grip the sink's edge.

Kurt does so, feeling odd; his mouth is tingly and numb at the same time from the friction of Blaine's cock sliding in and out over his lips, his jaw hurts, and he had wanted Blaine to come in his mouth. Blaine's cock is spit sticky in his hand and smells faintly of pre-come and Kurt's breath. He stares at it, watches the slit gape and pulse, watches the head swell and get very red. Blaine's balls are tight and swollen between his legs. He looks so good that Kurt feels his own cock pulse and try to straighten; he thinks he could come right now if he could just *press* against something.

Blaine is watching him, eyes wet and dark. "Don't stop," he spits, shaking, muscles ticking *everywhere*. "Like that, yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Oh, fuck. Ohfuck." He comes, thick white gushes spilling over Kurt's fingers, hand, wrist, and even down onto the floor between them. Kurt can't help it; he closes his mouth over the head and *sucks*, drawing out another spurt or two, and moans at the salty taste and the feeling of it in his mouth.

"Oh god you don't have to—"

"You taste amazing, shut *up*," Kurt growls.

"Jesus *Christ*," Blaine whimpers.

\*

*i can still taste you in my mouth*

*fuck u are so bad, i creatd a monster*

*cant help it, ur mine, what did you expect?*

*blow off lunch and meet me at your car?*

*sold*

\*

They sneak glances during Glee. They brush arms when walking with their friends through the mall. They sit close on couches when they're at a house that isn't their own.

Kurt *vibrates* with wanting Blaine, a hunger that he has never known before, sprung from the knowledge of someone else's body and wants and needs burning underneath his skin.

He's always been very in touch with being gay, but he'd never focused too much on the reality of sex with another guy, as if he had to be better than simple teenage carnality; but being with Blaine is the opposite of that. Being with Blaine is brightness and light and a joy so delicate that it's almost *breakable*.

One evening Kurt and Blaine are tucked up close on a chair not meant for two people. All around them friends are slowly falling asleep. When it's quiet and the lights are off, Blaine's face turns and nuzzles into the hair at Kurt's temple. He inhales. "God, you smell good."

Kurt smiles, closing his eyes and just *rolling* in the way that Blaine makes him feel. "Come here."

They shift in the chair so that Blaine's legs are over his lap and their arms half-around each other. Blaine presses his face against Kurt's throat. "Some days I just want to tell them," Blaine says. "It would be so much easier."

"Me too," Kurt agrees. But the hows and whys of it are daunting, and the consequences unknowable.

\*

Kurt is friendly with the manager of the motel that Sam had once lived in, so it's not difficult to book a room without having to go through the usual steps. They've taken all the precautions they can think of; friends covering for them without knowing that their requests are related, alibis arranged, emergency plan in place, the whole nine yards.

The weird thing is, it's not urgent, the way it has been the last month. Kurt feels collected and content as they explore the room (he changes the sheets and pillows and towels with ones from home, but other than that), mature even, with Blaine's arm around his waist, their hips bumping softly as they close the door behind them.

Blaine is simply the most beautiful man that Kurt has ever seen; compact, slender, and all his. More than that, he feels *permanence* when he looks at Blaine, as if his entire life could fit inside of that shape and never outgrow it.

Blaine wraps two arms around his neck and hugs him tightly. "Come here," he whispers, backing them up in the direction of the king-sized bed. He pulls back, looking at Kurt with soft, loving eyes, and they both reach for his shirt at the same time, grasping the hem and tugging it up and off. Kurt leans back in and kisses Blaine's neck, fingers at the button on his pants. He steps out of them, and they repeat the motions on Kurt's clothes.

Blaine sits, and then lies back, scooting across the bed horizontally. Kurt follows, bracing himself on his hands as their hips slot together and their mouths find each other. They roll, laughing and kissing like kids, legs tangling, hands fighting for mock-dominance, fingers sliding in tickles and stroking touches.

Kurt is half on top, holding Blaine's thigh around his hip with one hand. He kisses Blaine until there's a sweet, buzzing warmth built up between them, then takes a breath, thumb drawing circles down the back of Blaine's thigh. "Preference?"

Blaine's eyes, Jesus, so wide and full of the light of the one lamp they'd turned on. Kurt can't breathe when Blaine looks at him like that. "In general, I'm open to both. Specifically tonight?" He licks his lips and brushes them lightly over Kurt's. "I want you inside of me."

Kurt inhales sharply. "Okay. Um, you said you'd never...?"

He blushes. "With another person, no."

*Oh, god.* "Oh. O-oh."

Blaine grins, pressing his thigh between Kurt's legs. "I see that I've enticed you."

"You'll have to tell me about that sometime," Kurt breathes, suddenly nervous. If Blaine has done that, then he's done plenty more than Kurt has. It's never even occurred to Kurt to try it; simple masturbation had taken him a while to get used to. "You'll also have to uh, guide me a little."

It's suddenly suffocating between them; Blaine breathing warm and fast across his lips. "Not a problem." Kurt can feel his excitement and it's *infectious*. Kurt whimpers, squirming fully on top of Blaine, needing to be closer.

Blaine's fingers find a gap in the headboard and curl around it. Kurt stares at his arms, muscled and spread around and above his head. "Fuck, Blaine." That body, hard chest, flat stomach, those sharp hips and thighs *spreading*, Kurt can't even breathe. He grinds their erections together.

"Kurt," Blaine gasps. "Kurt, please—put something in me."

Blaine has his free hand around his cock and his face is red and his forehead sweaty; Kurt comes out of a trance of kissing him dopey-eyed, his entire body tingling at the request. He fumbles for the lubricant they'd set on the nightstand. It's a new bottle, so opening it is loud and time-consuming but all Blaine does is *grin* at him like a loon, and Kurt laughs as he tips out of a handful. He drips some down onto Blaine's fingers and cock, and Blaine *hisses* and strokes himself to spread the lube.

"So fucking good," Blaine whines. Kurt cups Blaine's balls in his hand and rolls them; Blaine's chest seizes and he gasps. "More of that. Harder. You can—I like when you squeeze them." Kurt does so, working the soft flesh and skin between his fingers, earning a low breathy moan. He shifts his fingers down under them, then, rubbing the tips into the furry space just behind. "*Please*," Blaine gasps, and Kurt can feel his cheeks spread; he's so *hot* down there, and clamped up like a vise.

Kurt can't wait any longer; he coats his fingers in the lubricant. "Lift your hips for me," he says, and Blaine does, bending his knees, spreading his legs, and flattening his feet on the bed. His cock is rosy and full and slick as it disappears inside his fist again and again.

Kurt slides his fingers from behind Blaine's balls to the crevasse below, then lower, pushing Blaine's cheeks apart and *pressing* against his hole. "OhfuckKurt *yes* fucking put your fingers in me," Blaine babbles. Kurt begins to circle the pucker with one fingertip, shaking a little, not sure about it.

"Two, okay?" Blaine gasps, and Kurt bites his lip and puts another one there.

Blaine takes the lubricant bottle turns it upside down over Kurt's fingers. He breathes unevenly, then *bears down* and Kurt's fingertips breach him and Kurt *chews* his lip to keep the noise that rises from exploding out of him. Blaine's head hits the pillow; his neck and throat arching sharply, tendons standing out, muscles flexing and covered in sweat. Kurt angles his fingers up, letting Blaine's weight pin his hand and wrist into the mattress. Blaine slowly inches down onto his fingers; his body is tight and hot and Kurt isn't even sure he'd be able to last sliding inside much less fucking Blaine for any length of time.

"Oh god, so good," Blaine moans. "Your *fingers*." His chest hitches. "'S'okay, you can—move."

Blaine's body is alive around the digits, clenching and *pulsing* and warm. Kurt begins slowly pushing in and out, stopping to add lubricant when it dries. Blaine had felt so tight at first, but after just a short while his body is looser and *hungry* around Kurt's fingers, his hips jerking and rolling into the intrusion, clamping down when Kurt pulls out as if he doesn't want Kurt to leave him. His face twists and sweats and he makes these breathy, filthy noises that drive Kurt insane.

Tongue on his bottom lip, Blaine looks down at Kurt and breathes roughly, "Fuck me, Kurt."

*Jesus fucking Christ*. He is going to come in eight seconds. He is going to make an ass out of himself. And hadn't there been something about prostates that he should've already figured out? *Shit*.

"Panicking bad," Blaine says, grinning, dropping his cock and wrapping a sticky hand around Kurt's hip. "Come here." His fingers traces Kurt's belly, then detour south to wrap around Kurt's erection.

"Don't," Kurt gasps.

Blaine *stares*, almost challengingly, dragging his fist up Kurt's cock. "God, you are so hot." He shifts his hips up, and drapes one leg around Kurt's waist. "Come on. Put this beautiful cock inside of me."

"Condoms," Kurt gasps.

"Neither of us has done this before," Blaine says, *twisting* his hand up and down. He bites his lip and arches, letting Kurt's cock nudge between his cheeks. "Want to *feel* you."

"Oh, fuck, Blaine." He's completely wrecked and he hasn't even— "Put your legs on my shoulders."

It happens quickly after that. Blaine's body is just *there*, open and ready, and Kurt can't stop himself from *pushing* the head of his cock against Blaine's pucker. He is so unbelievably small there, despite all of the fingering. Blaine's legs tense around him. Kurt groans into the knee that's closest to his lips.

"Kurt."

He lets his weight come down against Blaine's, and feels his cock *stretch* Blaine open as it slides in. Blaine gasps—whimpers—and Kurt can't *breathe*, it's so tight.

"I'm hurting you," he gasps.

"All of it," Blaine begs.

Kurt sinks in to the root of his cock, sobbing, and the motion coincides with Blaine's hand *flying* around himself, and Blaine comes with a twitch, white jolts painting his stomach and chest. And Kurt just fucking can't; he comes inside Blaine not three thrusts later, shaking so hard that he can't feel the bed beneath his knees. He sits back on his calves, lungs screaming for air, cock still pulsing and spurting inside Blaine's body.

"No, stay, stay just a minute," Blaine says. He smiles, every line of his body screaming satisfaction underneath Kurt, still *throbbing* around Kurt's softening cock.

Kurt closes his eyes and turns his face into Blaine's thigh draped over his shoulder. "I love you."

Blaine's fingers crawl around his waist, pull him forward over Blaine's body. He's laughing, and his eyes are wet, and he's *trembling*. "God, I love you, too. So much, Kurt."



\*

"Mm, what are you doing?" Kurt asks. He's lying on his bed, down to just underwear, laptop on his pillow, when Blaine sits on his ass and begins rubbing his shoulders.

"Being an attentive boyfriend," Blaine replies, digging his fingers in. "Which is an accomplishment because all I really want to be right now is a sex-crazed boyfriend. Have you *seen* your back recently, it is like, criminally hot." He bends over and trails his tongue between Kurt's shoulder blades.

Kurt doesn't think he'll ever get tired of hearing the word "boyfriend". He sighs happily, arching his back as Blaine's lips begin a trip down his spine. Blaine kisses all the way to his lower back, and then bites the soft curve of Kurt's ass through his briefs.

"They're not asleep yet," Kurt protests weakly. He can hear their parents moving around overhead, and the muffled noise of the television from the living room.

"Mm," Blaine hums noncommittally, working the waistband of Kurt's underwear down off of his hips. His lips trace the rise of Kurt's left cheek, down and over to the back of his thigh. He shifts to the right, ghosting his mouth over Kurt's soft-furred balls, while his hands remove the underwear completely.

"Blaine," Kurt whispers breathlessly, pressing his face into the pillow. Blaine's wet tongue licks at the skin of his balls, lifting each in turn. "*Oh.*" He has no idea why that feels *so good*. Blaine cups his ass and squeezes it, spreading him open a little as his tongue and mouth explore every inch of Kurt's balls. Kurt whines into the pillow, panting and trying to keep his hips still. He can't. He can feel the touch in every inch of his body.

"So hot for me," Blaine groans. "You have idea what that does to me, Kurt, *fuck.*"

"We can't," Kurt gasps. "They'll hear."

"I want to make you fucking *scream*," Blaine growls, kissing just above Kurt's sac, right below his—

"*Blaine!*" He buries his face in the mattress.

Blaine *licks* against his hole, and he bucks into the bed. “Oh my god what—” Blaine makes a hungry noise and lashes his tongue out again, pushing forward with his jaw. He sucks at the puckered skin, and then licks all around it. Kurt *sobs*. “Oh god oh god I can’t,” he pants, cock rock hard against the sheets. Blaine’s tongue pushes inside of him, just the tip but it’s enough to make him start *begging*. “Please please oh fuck.” He lifts his hips and Blaine just keeps fucking him with his tongue.

Blaine gasps against his hole, panting, “Fuck I wish we were alone, wanna *open you up*.”

High-pitched, half-stifled noises keep coming up that Kurt can’t control; he is freaking out about them hearing, but somehow that only serves to make him *harder*. God, he feels *empty*. “Please. Finger, anything, just—in me, need—something.”

Blaine wrangles a half-empty tube of lube from the nightstand drawer (they have these literally everywhere now) and coats several fingers messily. He circles Kurt’s hole for a moment, then just crooks one finger and eases it inside, turning it a little, searching—

“*Oh my god*,” Kurt cries, and wraps his hand around himself. It takes six strokes and one more push of Blaine’s finger against that spot, and he comes, mouth full of pillow and hips pumping as he shoots all over the bed.

More noises from upstairs. His heart is pounding like a giant fist against the inside of his chest.

Blaine kneels behind him, grabs his hips and then his waist, and pulls him up onto his knees. Blaine’s lube-sticky hand flattens over his stomach. He whispers hot and fast in Kurt’s ear, “The next time we can—I am going to *fill you up*, Kurt, I will make it so good—make you feel every *inch*.” He thrusts his clothed erection against Kurt’s ass, against the cheek and then *between* where Kurt is wet and slippery. “Oh, fuck. Oh *fuck*.” He tightens his hold on Kurt’s waist and *thrusts*, and Kurt feels him spasm and shake and come in his underwear, the thick shape of his cock throbbing, the cloth stick to his skin as Blaine pulls away, shaking.

\*

They’re sitting at the back of the choir room waiting for class to start.

“Go to prom with me,” Blaine whispers into the silence between them.

Kurt blinks. “I thought that was always the plan?” They’d decided to go together (just not *together*) weeks ago.

“No,” Blaine says. “Go with me. As my date. Please?”

“But then we’d have to—” Blaine is staring at him, eyes very wide. “Oh. Oh, *Blaine*. Are you sure?”

“I am crazy about you,” he replies. “I can’t keep that bottled up anymore.”

Kurt feels tears burn behind his eyes. “Okay. Okay, let’s do it.”

\*

Lying to their friends has been difficult. Lying to their parents has been *painful*.

They both know what it’s like to have one parent as their entire world, and they talk a lot about how guilty they feel as they continue to hide their relationship. The truth is, they know that if Dorothy and Burt knew, they’d never be allowed the freedoms that they’ve been enjoying, and it’s that selfish fact that has kept them from confessing.

They don’t plan the conversation, but it happens all the same.

They’re having family night and the topic of prom comes up. Blaine looks at Kurt and Kurt looks at Blaine, and then Blaine texts him, *COURAGE*, and Kurt smiles, nodding in reply.

“Mom,” Blaine says. “Kurt and I are going to prom together.”

“We figured that,” she answers. “You’ve been attached at the hip lately.”

Kurt makes a face at Blaine and motions. *Not good enough; try again.*

Blaine makes a face at Kurt. *Why do I have to do it?*

“Um,” Blaine says, eyes dancing nervously. “No. That’s—not exactly what I meant.”

This gets both Burt and Dorothy’s attention.

Kurt clears his throat. “Blaine and I are—”

“I’m in love with Kurt,” Blaine interrupts. “We’re in love with each other.”

Kurt *blushes* but can’t keep a smile from blossoming across his face. “I was going to say dating, but that is also accurate.”

Burt sighs. He slowly reaches into his pocket, takes a twenty dollar bill from his wallet, and hands it over to his wife, who plucks it up with a smirk.

Kurt feels his eyes bug out of his head. “What?”

“I was sure you’d come out with this after graduation. She said nope, before prom.”

“Do you think we’re stupid?” Dorothy asks, rather primly. “Did you think we’d just assume that you’d developed a love for doing laundry every other day? You did the same thing when you hit puberty, Blaine. The sheets got so worn I had to buy new ones.”

Blaine just stares into space, looking vaguely ill. “Oh, god.”

“I’m going to be sick,” Kurt mutters.

“Not to mention the cornered market on cheap drug store lubricant,” Burt adds.

“Oh my god no no no, goodbye.” Kurt gets up to *run away*.

Blaine squeaks, “Oh no you don’t you’re not leaving me with this!”

“Hey,” Burt says. “Sit down, the both of ya.” They sit. *Pouting*. “You’ve had your fun. We wanted to wait until you felt comfortable enough to tell us. So you have and that’s good. And now, there will be bed

checks. You're almost adults so we'll let the last few months slide, but keep it under control until after graduation, alright?"

"You aren't upset? I mean, we're technically..." Kurt waves a hand.

Dorothy glances between them. "It complicates things, but we've seen how happy you make each other. What's to be upset about?" She shrugs. "It's not as if you were children together."

"I would like to go to my room and vomit now," Blaine says, very carefully.

"Ditto," Kurt moans.

\*

"Nothing could be worse than that."

"Is this what dying baby animals feel like?"

"I am never going to be able to look your dad in the face again."

There is a long pause, and then Kurt says, "I'm going to miss you." It hadn't been all the time, but they had slept in each other's beds often enough to feel the loss of it now.

His dad talks to him privately later (he's sure that Dorothy does the same with Blaine but they never discuss it). The conversation is much more in character than the one all four of them had shared.

"You love him?" he asks.

"Yes, Dad. I do."

Burt squints a little tighter and leans forward on his knees. "You two having sex?"

Kurt wants to *die*. "Y-yes."

“Have you been—did you—with Adam or...?”

“Blaine was my first,” he says, and he can’t hide how much he *loves* that.

“Are you okay with that, with...all of it? No pressure, no funny stuff?”

For some reason he feels like crying all of the sudden. “Yes. Blaine is—wonderful. It was wonderful. Is wonderful. I’ve never felt so—safe.”

He sees a twitch of a smile, and then his dad hugs him. “Okay, Kurt. Okay.”

“Telling” their friends is just as ridiculous.

At a weekend party someone starts a game of Never Have I Ever and, drunk, Rachel shouts, “NEVER HAVE I EVER DATED AND OR HAD HOT SWEATY AND POTENTIALLY KINKY GAY SEX WITH KURT HUMMEL.”

And everyone looks at Blaine.

Blaine stares heavenward with a lofty sigh, then chugs his beer, and *everyone* laughs and shoves Kurt into his lap and they just look at each other, clearly wondering why they even bothered hiding it.

They are apparently the least subtle secret boyfriends *ever*.

\*

Kurt will admit to being nervous about prom. Telling their friends and family had been one thing, but it’s the people that he doesn’t know that he can’t prepare for.

The glee kids do a great job for them in this regard, spreading the word without spreading it, so to speak, and so they only get a few odd looks and whispered comments when they arrive. He’d like to think that it’s his stunning fashion choices that leave them speechless, but he’ll take what he can get.

It's difficult to get too hung up about it with Blaine on his arm, looking stunning in his suit, his hair styled into carefully controlled chaos. He looks like a damned Disney prince, and Kurt wastes no time in telling him so.

He'd only told Blaine the story of junior prom once, and Blaine had promised that they'd never talk about it again. They make up for that tonight in spades; they dance to cheesy prom songs until they can't stand, two students that Kurt doesn't know personally are elected prom king and queen, and no one bothers them or their friends in any serious way; it is literally everything that Kurt has ever wanted out of a prom.

Everyone goes over to Rachel's after, and her dads throw them a seriously excellent post-prom party (both highly stylish and musically superior). Kurt doesn't miss the heavy looks he keeps getting from them, and when they get around to talking all Hiram says is, "He's gorgeous. Good luck."

"I made a deal with Rachel," Blaine whispers in his ear, tugging Kurt away. "She's going to cover for us while we sneak off to a guest room tonight, if we cover for her tomorrow morning."

Kurt doesn't even want to know who she has her disastrous sights set on, and quite frankly he has better things to look forward to tonight.

\*

Kurt stands just inside the bedroom in front of a closed and locked door, watching Blaine step toward the bed. It's a slow, warm moment, tinged pink because the walls are a shade of rose. Kurt comes up behind him and gently pulls the suit jacket off of his shoulders. He turns Blaine by his arm, undoes his tie, and then the buttons down the front of his shirt and at his cuffs.

Blaine stares wetly up at him, the space between his eyebrows creased. "Kurt."

It isn't a question or a plea, so Kurt just smiles, heart in his eyes. He takes Blaine's shirt off. It's so warm underneath; Blaine's skin radiates heat. Kurt strips off the undershirt, his breath catching as that beautiful chest and stomach are revealed. He unbuckles and removes Blaine's belt, then his pants, then his underwear and socks, feeling giddy and aroused.

His voice is higher when it comes again. "Shower with me?"

Blaine's eyes go dark at the suggestion; his mouth curves into a smile. Kurt sheds his clothes as he follows Blaine into the bathroom, unable to take his eyes off of Blaine's naked body.

The shower is somewhat perfunctory; they don't touch much at all, just wash themselves while sharing the spray. Blaine towels him dry, and Kurt returns the favor.

It's only when they're back at the bed that Blaine stops behind him, sliding his arms around Kurt's waist and kissing the back of his neck. "Lie down for me? On your stomach?"

Kurt *shivers*. The words are soft, but the tone is firmer than usual. Feeling clean and warm and comfortable, Kurt lies horizontally across the bed, and Blaine lowers himself over him, matching up their bodies from chest to ankle. Blaine's weight feels wonderful. Kurt is already flushed and tingling, just from the simple contact.

"I love watching you," Blaine says, dropping open-mouthed kisses all over the back of his head and neck. "But I want you like this. I want to feel every inch of you when I'm inside of you, want us to *move* together, is that, can we?"

Kurt shakes, clutching the bedspread. He's uncomfortably hard against the mattress, and the emotion in Blaine's voice is making his heart race. He stares, struck dumb with love and longing at Blaine's arms bracketing his own, at the contrast between Blaine's olive-toned skin and his own pale flesh. Their fingers tangle. Kurt could *choke* on the feelings rising up inside of him. He tucks his face sideways into Blaine's arm, inhaling deeply. "Yes. Want you that way, too." He feels completely cocooned inside Blaine's embrace, safe and adored.

Blaine moves against him, kissing his skin, sucking gentle red marks into the surface here and there. He slides down, and Kurt mourns the loss—until he feels the wet drag of a tongue down the cleft of his ass. Being completely clean down there definitely allows him to let go and enjoy it.

Blaine doesn't even tease him, just *sucks* a tongue-filled kiss against his hole, pushing hard. Kurt can't help but buck against the mattress, gasping. There is still loud music playing throughout the house, and he knows that he can be as loud as he wants without fear of discovery.



Blaine goes at him like a starving man, licking and sucking at his hole until there's spit dripping down Kurt's balls and his body is opening with slow, gaping throbs. Blaine's fingers are hard around his cheeks, squeezing and spreading and pushing and making it all feel like *too much* and not enough at the same time. He never knew how connected he could feel to that part of his body, never knew that he could actually *crave* Blaine's face *rocking* between his cheeks, fucking him open with his tongue.

Never knew how *loved* it would make him feel, how cherished.

He sobs into the bed, coming up just a little on his knees so that he can rock back into Blaine's tongue.

"Yeah," Blaine moans, smacking loud kisses against Kurt's cheeks. "Yeah, let it go, like that." His fingers slip in all the spit, thumbs fingering the edge of Kurt's entrance. "God, I could do that all night."

Kurt laughs, gasping, "If it's all the same..."

"Greedy, greedy," Blaine drawls, curling his thumb inside Kurt's body, which *clenches* around it.

"No," Kurt breathes. "No, please, just—you." It feels so strange, but he wants it.

Blaine slides back up Kurt's body, nuzzling against the back of his neck. "Second." He disappears for just long enough to retrieve the travel-sized bottle of lubricant from his pants pocket.

"Boy scout," Kurt says, grinning, as Blaine knees across the bed and straddles his waist.

"You love it." Kurt listens intently as Blaine coats himself, then dribbles most of the bottle between his cheeks. "No fingers at all?"

"No," Kurt repeats in the silence, *shivering* when Blaine slides back down to where he was, covering his body and pressing it into the bed. His arms wrap around Kurt's chest from underneath and behind, forming a sort of pretzel shaped arm pillow that settles beneath Kurt's chin.

Blaine's face slides up alongside his jaw, and his cock falls between Kurt's cheeks, rubbing between. He keeps on like that far past the point of Kurt's patience, thrusting lazily, the head of his cock catching on Kurt's softened, open hole, such a fucking tease that Kurt's heart skips a beat every time that it happens.

Eventually, Kurt is just as breathless as before, humping the mattress and *writhing* back against Blaine's cock, and their arms are tangled and Blaine's fingers slide between his inside the mess of limbs, and Blaine's breath is hot against the back of his sweaty neck, and Kurt just *can't*. "Please," he moans.

"Don't come," Blaine says, having clearly been paying attention to the way that Kurt is rocking into the mattress.

"Won't, just, *please*."

This position is so much more intimate than Kurt ever imagined it might be; Blaine seems to be everywhere, and his mouth is *right there* against Kurt's jaw; it feels as if they are just one person with a lot of extra limbs struggling toward a singular goal. Blaine settles between his legs and bends a bit, and Kurt feels the head of his cock, blunt and soft-over-hard, *pushing* against his body's entrance.

"Blaine. *Blaine*, god—"

"With you, okay," Blaine gasps into his ear, letting his body weight bring them together in the slowest, sweetest slide possible. It's so slow that Kurt has to force himself to breathe before it's over, because he's starting to see spots. "Kurt. Oh, god, Kurt." Blaine slowly lets go of the weight balanced on his arms, and Kurt huffs out a gasp as Blaine bottoms out inside of him. Their balls touch, and Kurt is so *full*. There is no pain, just a stretch so complete that he wishes they could just stay that way.

Until Blaine starts rolling his hips, that is, and the drag of his cock through those two rings of muscle has Kurt *twisting* and sobbing into their tangled arms. He can feel it everywhere, in his abdomen and in his legs and up his spine, Blaine's cock forcing his body to take it, take it *all*.

It goes on for at least a half an hour like this, a slow grinding drag of flesh in and out of his body, hitting every nerve. Every time that Blaine gets close, he slows down and resets the rhythm.

Blaine finds his prostate accidentally several times in a row, and Kurt screams, biting down on Blaine's forearm. "Gonna come if you do that again fuck don't do that unless you—"

They may have to; there is so much sweat between them that they're starting to slide around too much, and Kurt is about a minute away from coming just from the friction of the bedspread against his erection.

"No," Blaine says. "Not yet." And so he slows down *again*, finding a snail's pace, taking his time with each individual thrust until Kurt starts begging again, denials and pleas so desperate that he doesn't even recognize the words coming out of his own mouth. "Mine," Blaine gasps. "You're mine, all mine, Kurt."

"Yes—yours—please, god, please now, please please—"

"Want to come in you," Blaine growls, close now, biting the back of Kurt's neck. "Come so deep, so hard."

"All yours," Kurt gasps.

Kurt can tell that they're almost there; Blaine is shaking despite the ease of the position, his breath leaving him in trembling, uneven riffs. He's dripping sweat from *everywhere*; Kurt can feel the warm drops splatter across his back and shoulders, cooling the moment they touch his skin. Blaine's fingers have his in a death grip, and he keeps starting and stopping.

"Blaine," he whimpers. He hasn't even let himself move against the bed because he knows he'll come the second that he does.

"Oh god. Oh fuck. Kurt." Blaine *squeezes* around him, arms and legs and the hug of his sweaty chest and belly. Kurt twists their fingers together, feeling his heart pound in the opposite rhythm of Blaine's now frantic thrusts. He listens to the bed squeak and Blaine's balls slap his skin, to the wet noise of Blaine's cock slamming him open again and again. He is as deep as he's ever going to get, grinding Kurt into the bed with every slam forward.

"Come, honey," Kurt whines. "Come."

"*Fuck*," Blaine sobs, head back, mouth open, hair in his eyes, and he *convulses* as he comes, hips stuttering. Kurt lets go, arching his back and then letting his hips come down, letting the motion of Blaine's thrusts rock his erection into the bedspread just enough, just *right fucking there please fuck yes*, and he comes all over the bed.

They don't separate because, for once, they don't have to. Blaine just curls around him, exhausted. They fall onto their sides, mostly because Kurt would like to get out of the wet spot he's created, but also because their muscles just give out.

Blaine holds him from behind. Kurt's body is humming with satisfaction; he can feel every inch of himself; the sweet throb between his cheeks most of all. He feels *good*. He sighs, and his eyes slide shut.

\*

At some point, they must've stripped the bedspread off and crawled under the covers. Kurt wakes up on his stomach, drooling into a pillow that he doesn't recognize. Blaine's head of crazy puffed up curls is all he can see when he opens his eyes. He smiles, then giggles to himself, just *staring*. Why can't every morning be like this?

The noise wakes Blaine, who smiles at him like the damned sun rising. "Hey."

Kurt stares at him. "You were amazing last night." He can still feel it, and he'd compare it to being hit by a freight train if it didn't feel so good. His body is thoroughly fucked out.

"I love you," Blaine says.

"I love you, too."

And without preamble, "I got into NYU."

Kurt's sleep and sex addled brain takes a second to catch up. "What?"

"I got into NYU," Blaine repeats.

"But I thought you were—going to stay local, you said—"

Blaine's eyes *shine*. "The social work program there is excellent. And that's what I want to do."

"But—"

"And you're going to NYADA, I don't care if the letter hasn't come yet. And we're going to be together in New York."

Kurt's eyes fill with tears. "*Blaine*."

Blaine threads the fingers of his right hand through Kurt's hair. "I'm never saying goodbye to you."

As Kurt rests in his arms, he thinks that it's no small thing to realize that every morning can—and will—be just like this.