

Prequel: Dalton's Views

by

inkinmyheartandonthepage

Klaine || Romance || M

This is a prequel to Redefining Views so please check that one out first. Follows Kurt and Blaine's developing relationship and their time at Dalton.

inkinmyheartandonthepage.tumblr.com || fanfiction.net/s/7700546

eBook by klaineficspdfs.tumblr.com || klaineficspdfs.livejournal.com

CONTENTS

CHAPTER ONE

Westerville High - 5 -

CHAPTER TWO

Immediate Transfer - 10 -

CHAPTER THREE

Bottled Up - 15 -

CHAPTER FOUR

Dalton Academy - 20 -

CHAPTER FIVE

First Day Nerves - 27 -

CHAPTER SIX

Panic Attack - 34 -

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Warblers - 40 -

CHAPTER EIGHT

Pavarotti and Bonding - 46 -

CHAPTER NINE

Weekend Part 2 - 52 -

CHAPTER TEN

Sick Day - 58 -

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Progress - 64 -

CHAPTER TWELVE

<i>First Competition</i>	- 70 -
CHAPTER THIRTEEN	
<i>Guy Talk</i>	- 79 -
CHAPTER FOURTEEN	
<i>Advice</i>	- 87 -
CHAPTER FIFTEEN	
<i>Anniversary</i>	- 93 -
CHAPTER SIXTEEN	
<i>Bullying</i>	- 100 -
CHAPTER SEVENTEEN	
<i>Christmas</i>	- 107 -
CHAPTER EIGHTEEN	
<i>Beach Day</i>	- 115 -
CHAPTER NINETEEN	
<i>Set Back</i>	- 120 -
CHAPTER TWENTY	
<i>The Talk</i>	- 127 -
CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE	
<i>Science Class</i>	- 133 -
CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO	
<i>Pamphlets</i>	- 139 -
CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE	
<i>The First Time</i>	- 145 -

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

The Morning After

- 152 -

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Happy Birthday

- 158 -

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Valentine's Day

- 164 -

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Family Vacation

- 170 -

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Cupcakes

- 177 -

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Date Night

- 183 -

CHAPTER THIRTY

Meeting Carol

- 189 -

CHAPTER ONE

Westerville High

The crack of a body slamming up against the metal lockers echoed around the busy hallway but nobody spared the commotion that was currently unfurling a glance. It was common sound in the hallways and the students showed no interest in the boy who was being slammed up against the lockers by the jocks. Kurt winced as pain shot down his side and he sighed. It was just another bruise to add to his already extensive collection.

Kurt straightened his clothes dutifully and continued on his way, ignoring the way the other students jostled him as he passed. He ducked into his English class and brightened when he saw Blaine already sitting at a table. Kurt strode towards him and slid into the seat next to him, blushing slightly.

It had only been a few weeks since Kurt had admitted his feelings to Blaine and he could now call his best friend his boyfriend. It was an incredibly overwhelming thing to get used to.

"How was art?" Blaine asked as Kurt opened his English folder.

"It was alright," Kurt shrugged. "Matthew 'accidentally' spilt paint all over my work."

Blaine winced and shook his head. "I'm sorry, Kurt."

Kurt gave Blaine a weak smile. "I'll fix it tonight."

"Fags!" A student coughed loudly and the class sniggered at them.

Blaine and Kurt ignored them, having become used to the slurs that were thrown their way on a daily basis. The teacher walked into the room and the class started to settle. The teacher attempted to start the class, the majority of the students refusing to pay attention. Kurt looked at Blaine and saw reflected on his face the thought that was swimming through Kurt's head. *I can't wait to get out of here.*

Annie was waiting for them after school, parked off to the side. She smiled when she saw Kurt and Blaine walking together, bags slung over their shoulders, hands occasionally brushing against one another's.

They reached the car and Blaine held the door open for Kurt who blushed at the gesture. Kurt slid into the back seat and Blaine climbed in after him, shutting the door with a *thump*.

Annie smiled at the two of them and started the car, pulling out quickly and merging with the traffic. "How was your day?" Annie asked, looking in the rear-view mirror at them.

Kurt shrugged, looking out the window without commenting.

"It was alright," Blaine gave his mom a pointed look in the rear view mirror. "One of the boys ruined Kurt's art work."

"Oh, Kurt. I'm sorry," Annie sighed and Kurt just shrugged again. "Can you fix it?"

"I'll have to start again," Kurt told her, sounding mournful. "It's due tomorrow." Blaine growled softly and Kurt took his hand, rubbing his thumb over his knuckles.

Annie sighed in frustration. She was sick of that school and the crap that those kids got away with. The amount of times she had seen Kurt and Blaine come home with stained clothes and bruises on them were starting to add up and the school didn't seem to be doing anything to stop it. They had talked about sending them to another school – a safer school – but with Burt's single income he couldn't really afford a private school. Annie and Edward had offered multiple times to help pay for the tuition, both of them having high paying jobs but Burt refused to take their money.

They had been friends for a long time, since Kurt and Blaine were five and had first met at kindergarten. They two of them had quickly become best friends and were inseparable. A couple of weeks ago, Kurt had made a move on Blaine after talking to Annie about it and she had never seen the boys happier.

"How was your day?" Kurt asked, desperate for a change in subject.

"Long," Annie sighed, "and so boring. I'm glad you two are home now to keep me company."

"Where's Dad?" Blaine asked.

"He's got meetings all day and won't be back for a while," Annie explained, "and Burt's been at the garage since the early hours." Annie weaved expertly through the traffic and turned onto their street, zipping past the houses.

"Better than school," Blaine muttered.

Annie pulled up to the Anderson's home and turned into the driveway. She cut the engine and the boys jumped out, grabbing their bags as they left.

"I was thinking that we could have a barbeque tonight," Annie suggested as they walked, "How does that sound?"

"Sounds good," Blaine grinned.

"Dad would like that," Kurt nodded, smiling softly at Annie.

"Excellent, I've already got everything we need," Annie beamed, opening the door. They walked inside and the boys dropped their bags on the couch.

"Do you want something to eat?" Annie asked as she placed her bag on the table.

"Yeah, I'm starving," Blaine replied, trailing after his mother, grabbing Kurt's hand to drag him along, too.

"Kurt, what about you?"

"Yes please," Kurt said politely.

"Alright, I'll get you something," Annie beamed, kissing Blaine's cheek and turned towards the fridge.

"I'm going to grab my art stuff," Kurt said, extracting his hand from Blaine's, turning back around and leaving the kitchen.

"Is Kurt OK?" Annie asked, glancing over her shoulder at Blaine, who was staring at the door hopefully, as if Kurt would suddenly reappear.

"It's really getting to us, Mum," Blaine said quietly, tuning back around to face Annie, his face a picture of sorrow. "Kurt doesn't talk about it much, but it's getting worse. He spent so much time on that art project."

"I'll talk to Burt again," Annie promised. "I'm sorry, Blaine."

"We hate school, Mum," Blaine told her, voice soft.

"I know you do," Annie murmured.

"I'm going to start on my homework," Blaine said, quickly leaving the kitchen. Annie sighed, watching him go with a sorrowful expression. She wished there was something she could do.

Blaine grabbed his homework out of his bag and his pencil case and sat next to Kurt at the table. Kurt had his sketch book open and his hand was flying across the page as he worked. His ruined drawing was ripped out of his book and scrunched up into a ball.

Blaine worked quietly next to Kurt, not wanting to disturb him as he sketched. He knew Kurt was more upset that he was letting on and it bothered him slightly that Kurt wouldn't talk to him about it.

Annie came in, placing the food and drinks on the table and left them to work – but not before shooting them both a worried look over her shoulder. She really wanted things to work out for the two of them. God knew they deserved it.

An hour later, Blaine had finished his work and Kurt had just finished the outline of a bridge with water running underneath it. "How's it going?" Blaine asked quietly.

Kurt threw down his pencil and sighed. "I still have to add colour. It's not nearly as good as my other one."

Blaine grabbed one of Kurt's hands in his own and ran his hand over it soothingly; causing Kurt took look at him with eyes full of exhaustion.

"It's still beautiful," Blaine assured him, "and I'm sorry everyone at school's a jerk."

Kurt chuckled and leant against Blaine. "Usually I love your dapperness, but I don't think jerk is a strong enough word."

Blaine laughed under his breath and wrapped an arm around his boyfriend. "Want to take a break?"

"Sounds good," Kurt smiled and jumped up, tugging Blaine up too. The two hurried upstairs to Blaine's room. Blaine put some music on as Kurt settled himself on Blaine's bed. He grinned at the photo that was perched on Blaine's bedside table.

It was picture of the two of them when they were ten, spending the day at the beach with Burt, Annie and Edward. Kurt was pale but Blaine was a nice golden tan, his arm slung around Kurt's shoulder, both of them beaming brightly at the camera, standing behind a sandcastle they had built.

Blaine sat on the bed next to Kurt, gently tilting Kurt's head back towards him and pressed their lips together. Kurt sighed and melted into the kiss. Blaine lips were soft and full under his and in that moment, Kurt knew he would never grow tired of kissing Blaine.

Kurt made a noise of protest when Blaine pulled away and his eyes fluttered open. Blaine was beaming at him and Kurt smiled shyly back.

"Mum's going to talk to Burt again," Blaine said and Kurt cocked an eyebrow, "about changing school."

"We don't have the money, Blaine," Kurt frowned.

"But Kurt, we're miserable," Blaine cried. "I'm so sick of getting pushed into lockers every day and jocks ruining everything we do! I can't even hold your hand at school."

"I know, Blaine," Kurt said softly. "I hate it too."

"I don't want to be miserable anymore, Kurt," Blaine growled, "I want to be happy. I want *you* to be happy."

Kurt pulled in Blaine into a hug and Blaine buried his head into Kurt's neck. "I'm happy with you," Kurt whispered in his boyfriend's ear.

Blaine hugged him tighter and placed a kiss on Kurt's neck. "And I'm happy with you. Always."

"I guess we'll see what happens," Kurt sighed. "But don't hold your breath Blaine."

Blaine sighed and pulled Kurt back into a kiss, hoping that Burt agreed to get them out of that school as soon as possible. Even then, it wouldn't be soon enough.

CHAPTER TWO

Immediate Transfer

Kurt was used to getting stares, people sniggering behind his back and making loud comments about him, but something the way the jocks were looking at him today put him on edge. They were planning something, but he didn't know what and a large part of him didn't want to find out.

Kurt was standing at his locker and spun round when someone tapped his shoulder. He smiled when he saw Blaine but it quickly vanished when he saw a bruise forming on his jaw.

"Blaine! What happened?" Kurt gasped, reaching out to caress Blaine cheek but, remembering where he was, withdrew his hand instantly, glancing around.

"I got pushed into a locker," Blaine winced as he spoke. "I'm fine."

"Did you need some ice?" Kurt asked. Blaine held up the blue ice pack and waved it. "You should put it on."

Blaine smiled fondly at Kurt and placed the ice pack back on his cheek. "You're going to be late for art," Blaine told him, watching as Kurt pulled out his sketch book. "It's on the other side of the school."

"I know. I'm going now," Kurt promised, shutting his locker gently. He'd grown far too used to sound of them slamming as he was pushed into them.

"Meet you at lunch?" Blaine asked.

"Of course," Kurt smiled. "Keep that ice pack on."

Blaine mock-saluted and they headed off in separate directions. The art room was located on the lower level, near the back of the school. Kurt walked quickly, clutching his sketch book to his chest. The bell rang and everyone flooded into their class rooms, leaving the halls empty. Kurt reached the stairs and was about to take a step when a sharp shove to his back knocked him forwards. His stomach fell, his heart stopping as he stumbled and went flying down the stairs.

Pain ripped through his body and he felt a sharp pain in his wrist and a sickening *crack*. He rolled to stop, feeling horribly dazed and disoriented. He whimpered as he heard footsteps on the stairs and then there was a pressure on his back, pressing him into the dirty floor.

"You tell anyone about this," a male voice whispered in his ear, causing Kurt to shudder, "I will kill you."

The pressure was gone and he heard rapid footsteps running away. Kurt whimpered, curling up and rolling onto his side, cradling his wrist to his chest. He lay there for a while, shaking with fear and pain. Eventually, he realised that he couldn't stay here all day and hauled himself up, gritting his teeth as he stood. He swayed for a moment, gripping the wall with his spare hand and then slowly made his way along the hall to the nurse's office.

He was happy to find it deserted, save for nurse sitting behind her desk. She glanced up when Kurt staggered in and gasped. "What the hell happened?" She gasped, standing up and hurrying over to him.

If you tell anyone, I will kill you.

"I tripped down the stairs," Kurt lied, shaking violently.

"Come sit down," the nurse instructed, leading him over to the one of the cots. Kurt sat down shakily and winced as his arm was jostled. "What hurts?" The nurse demanded.

"My arm," Kurt murmured, staring down at the offending limb.

The nurse peered at it, taking in the swelling and bruising that was already starting to appear. "It looks broken. You're going to have to go to the hospital. I'll call your dad."

Kurt nodded and winced as his vision danced in front of him. He swallowed down the nausea that was taking hold of him and thought longingly of Blaine. His eyes darted around the room as he tried to distract himself.

"Your dad's on his way," the nurse told him, coming back in, the sudden noise causing Kurt to flinch.

"Thank you," Kurt said quietly and sat in silence.

Burt turned up fifteen minutes later, panting and looking severely pissed. "What the hell happened?" He demanded, storming into the room.

"I tripped down the stairs," Kurt muttered, refusing to meet his father's gaze. Burt's eyes narrowed. Kurt was a lousy liar and he wasn't particularly clumsy. There was no way that this was an accident.

"Let's get you checked out," Burt grunted. Kurt stood, his father taking hold of his good arm and leading him through the school.

"What about Blaine?" Kurt asked quietly.

"I rang Edward. He's picking Blaine up at lunch," Burt told Kurt as they walked.

They hurried to the car and slipped in. Both were silent as they drove, Burt glancing furtively over at Kurt every few minutes. They pulled up to the hospital and Burt led them into the accident and emergency department. They were forced to wait a long time, Kurt shifting uncomfortably. Pain was prickling through his body from his fall.

"Hummel," a nurse called and they stood, heading over to her.

Kurt was taken to get x-rays and then left to wait on a hospital bed. An hour later, a doctor came back with his scans.

"Sorry Mr. Hummel, but it looks like your arm is broken. You're going to be in a cast for 6 to 8 weeks," the doctor informed them, holding up the x-rays to the light. Burt inhaled sharply and Kurt winced. "We'll put it in a cast now," the doctor said, "It says here you took a tumble down the stairs. I'll take a look at the rest of your body."

Kurt sucked in a breath as the doctor lifted his shirt. There was a graze on his hip and several bruises littering his torso.

"We'll clean the graze too," the doctor told them. While he wrapped Kurt's arm in a cast, a nurse washed his graze. Kurt was silent throughout and Burt watched him worriedly. "All done," the doctor said, smiling encouragingly at Kurt.

Burt thanked him and after signing some pages, he led Kurt to the car and they headed home. "Something on your mind, Kurt?" Burt asked as he drove.

"Just sore, Dad," Kurt murmured, gazing intently out of the window.

Burt grunted but didn't push him to talk. He was stubborn and would close up if he thought he was being pressured. Burt rounded the corner of their street, seeing Edward's car parked on the curb and he looked up to see Edward and Blaine waiting on the front veranda. Burt pulled into the driveway and cutting off the engine. Blaine was already running towards the car and pulling Kurt's door opened, his face etched with worry.

"Kurt! Are you OK? Dad told me you fell down the stairs," Blaine rambled, eyes trailing over Kurt's body, searching for visible injuries. Kurt slid out and Blaine's eyes went wide as he saw that his boyfriend's arm was encased in a sling, a white cast poking out of the end. "You broke your arm!" Blaine cried, unnecessarily.

"M'ok," Kurt mumbled, stepping closer to Blaine and resting his head on his boyfriend's shoulder.

"Come on, let's get inside," Burt said, ushering them up the garden path. Blaine took Kurt's good hand and led him into the house. Edward and Burt followed them inside, watching as Blaine led Kurt to the couch. "I'll get you something to eat," Burt told them and both he and Edward disappeared into the kitchen.

"Kurt. Did you really trip down the stairs?" Blaine asked once they were seated.

"I bumped into someone on the stairs and lost my footing," Kurt lied, eyes pleading Blaine to believe him. "It was an accident."

"Kurt," Blaine murmured, reaching out and taking his good hand. "You'll tell me if it wasn't – right?"

"Of course," Kurt replied, guilt turning in his stomach as he lied. "I'm sorry."

Blaine wrapped an arm around Kurt and pulled him close, kissing him gently. Kurt responded eagerly, making a noise of protest when his boyfriend pulled away. Blaine rubbed his thumb across his cheek bone and Kurt stared into his hazel eyes adoringly.

"I'm glad it's just your arm and not your neck," Blaine admitted, leaning in to kiss his boyfriend again. Kurt curled into him and rested his head on Blaine's shoulder. "We can decorate your cast when it's dry," Blaine said, gently running his fingertips over the fingers that were sticking out of Kurt's cast.

"That will be fun," Kurt replied, voice small, eyes following Blaine's tanned fingers.

Blaine frowned, head whirling with worries about Kurt. He was quiet and seemed withdrawn. Sure, he had just fallen down a flight of stairs but Blaine was sure that there was something else on his mind. "Mum said I could take the day off with you tomorrow," Blaine said, smiling at the thought. "She's working from home so we can decorate it then."

"Hmmm," Kurt mumbled. Blaine looked down and saw Kurt's eyes drop closed. He kissed his temple and let his boyfriend sleep against him.

When Edward had picked him up at lunch, Blaine had immediately demanded to go to the hospital but his father had insisted that they wait at the Hummel's home. Blaine had been sick with worry and his thoughts had immediately gone to the worse. He had been unable to sit still as they waited for Kurt and his father to arrive, pacing up and down as they waited.

Blaine knew Kurt was hiding something from him and he was determined to get it out of him sooner rather than later.

CHAPTER THREE

Bottled Up

Kurt woke up with his arm throbbing and his hip aching. He made a noise at the back of his throat, frustrated that he'd woken. He opened his eyes and winced, shutting them immediately. The room was far too bright. Bringing his good hand to cover his face, he rubbed his eyes and fluttered them open slowly.

He didn't remember coming up to his room last night and he frowned. He sat up and blushed at the sight that awaited him. Blaine was sprawled across the floor on one of the blow up mattresses. Kurt took a moment to trail his eyes over Blaine's body, noticing the way his t-shirt had risen up during the night, showing off his tanned skin. Kurt couldn't help but wonder if Blaine was warm and he blushed again. Sure, he was allowed to stare now but he still couldn't get over how lucky he was that he could.

Kurt got up slowly and crept to the bathroom so he didn't wake Blaine. He shut the door behind him and sighed. He caught his reflection in the mirror and winced – he was so glad Blaine wasn't awake to see his bed hair. With one hand, he fixed it as best he could.

When he was finished in the bathroom, he crept back into his bed and snuggled down into the covers. His arm was still throbbing but he had been given some painkillers by the doctors that he would take for it later.

"Kurt?" Blaine whispered and Kurt jumped, whipping around to face his boyfriend, who was sitting up on his air mattress, rubbing his eyes.

"Blaine! You scared me," Kurt whined and Blaine scrambled onto the bed, slipping under the covers next to Kurt.

"Sorry," Blaine said, looking sheepish. "Is this OK?" Kurt nodded and blushed violently as he felt Blaine tangled their legs together. He was right – Blaine was warm. "How are you feeling?" Blaine asked, smiling at him.

"My arm's throbbing but otherwise, I'm OK," Kurt answered.

"Is it bad?" Blaine asked, lightly running his fingers over Kurt's cast-encased arm.

"Not too bad," Kurt lied and Blaine nodded.

Blaine glanced at the clock, the glaring red numbers informing him that it was 8am. "We should get up and have breakfast. Mum's going to be picking us up soon."

Kurt remembered that he must have fallen asleep on Blaine last night and he blushed. "OK. Sorry about last night," Kurt said shyly.

Blaine grinned and nudged him playfully, being mindful not to cause him any more pain. "Don't worry about it. Come on," Blaine beamed, throwing back the covers and jumping out of bed.

Kurt followed at a slower pace and disappeared into the bathroom to change. It took him a while to get his pants up and a shirt over his head but eventually, he was fully dressed.

Blaine was waiting for him, already dressed and grinning when Kurt emerged. "Let's go," Blaine held out his hand and led the way downstairs. Burt was already eating his breakfast and grunted at them in greeting through a mouthful of cereal.

"Morning, Dad," Kurt said, sliding into a seat with help from Blaine.

"How you feeling?" Burt asked, eyes trailing over him critically.

"I'm fine, Dad," Kurt sighed. "My arm's just sore."

Burt nodded and didn't comment further on the subject. Perhaps Annie could get something out of Kurt today – or Blaine.

Blaine slid into the chair next to Kurt, placing a plate of toast in front of him. Kurt beamed at his boyfriend and took a large bite. At eight thirty, Burt was ready to leave as Annie pulled up, ready to take the boys back to the Anderson's home. Burt ushered them out, locking the door behind them.

"Come to dinner tonight, Burt," Annie smiled, kissing his cheek in parting. "We're having take out."

"I would never say no to that," Burt grinned. "I'll be there."

"Bye Dad," Kurt waved with his good hand as he slid into the car.

"What are you boys doing today?" Annie asked as she pulled out onto the street and headed back the way she had come.

"We're going to decorate Kurt's cast," Blaine answered as Kurt sat in silence.

"Sounds fun," Annie replied, trying to catch Kurt's eye in the rear-view mirror but it was to no avail. "I have to work from home today."

"We'll keep out of your way," Kurt assured her. Annie pulled into their driveway and they jumped out, heading inside.

"Come on, let's go get some markers," Blaine said, taking Kurt's hand and leading him upstairs to his room. Blaine switched on the music as he entered and Kurt lay on his stomach on the bed. He watched as Blaine rummaged through his drawers and pulled out a variety of colourful markers. He slid on the bed beside Kurt and grinned. "What would you like on your cast?" He asked, looking thoughtful.

They spent the next few hours singing and decorating Kurt's cast. Blaine had written his name in calligraphy style alongside the lyrics to all of Kurt's favourite songs. It was Kurt's left arm that was broken so he was able to draw on the cast as well. He drew a picture of a bird sitting on a tree branch, music notes floating out of its beak.

"Beautiful," Blaine breathed, staring at the work with awe and Kurt blushed at the praise. "You've been quite. Is something bothering you?" Kurt looked up and found Blaine's hazel eyes boring into his. Kurt felt his resolve crumbling – the urge to tell Blaine everything that had happened was overwhelming. "Kurt?" Blaine was sitting up now, looking worriedly at his boyfriend.

"I – Blaine, *please*," Kurt pleaded, looking away. "Don't make me."

"Kurt, what are you talking about? Is this about yesterday?" Blaine asked, face etched with worry.

"Yes," Kurt whispered, refusing to look at Blaine.

"Kurt, what happened?" Blaine asked, gut filling with dread. "You didn't trip did you?"

"No," Kurt replied pitifully, shaking his head and tears welled up in his eyes.

Blaine put his finger under Kurt's chin and tilted his head up to look at him. "Who tripped you?" He demanded and Kurt took a deep breath.

"Matthew," he whispered. He'd have known that voice anywhere and the flash of letterman jacket that he'd seen made it evitable.

"The jock who spilled paint on your work," Blaine clarified and Kurt nodded. "Kurt, why didn't you tell me?"

Kurt took in Blaine's hurt expression and hiccupped, tears rolling down his cheeks. "He said he'd kill me if I said anything," Kurt murmured, voice hoarse.

Blaine face fell and he visibly paled. "He did what?" Blaine yelped, his voice coming out strangled.

Kurt felt himself break and started to sob, burying his face in the comforter. Blaine pulled Kurt up and drew him into a hug, rubbing his back and letting Kurt cry against his shoulder. "I'm sorry," Kurt whispered.

"Shh," Blaine soothed, though on the inside he was terrified for Kurt and for what this meant. "You're safe."

"I should've have t-told you," Kurt sobbed, gripping Blaine tighter.

"It's OK," Blaine assured him, holding Kurt protectively against his chest.

"What's going on?" Annie said and Blaine whipped around to see his mother standing in the doorway. "I heard crying. Kurt? What happened?"

"It's about yesterday," Blaine said quietly, swallowing thickly.

"What happened yesterday?" Annie asked, kneeling down beside the bed.

"It was Matthew who pushed Kurt down the stairs," Blaine said in a shaking voice, "and he threatened to kill him if he said anything."

Annie eyes widened with shock and her mouth fell open. Kurt sobbed and Blaine rubbed his back, kissing the top of his head.

"That's it," Annie said, standing up. "You're both getting out of that school and into a private one. I'll ring Dalton Academy today."

"But –" Kurt protested, but Annie cut him off.

"No buts," Annie said firmly but then her voice turned softer. "Come here." Blaine reluctantly pulled away and let Annie wrap Kurt in a hug. "Nothing is more important than yours and Blaine's safety and you aren't safe at that school. This accident is the final straw."

Kurt nodded and let himself be hugged. Annie's hugs reminded him of his mothers and he wished now more than ever that she was alive. He pulled himself together and tried desperately to stop crying, wiping his tears away.

Annie pulled away, kissing his temple. "I'll ring the school now," she said, leaving the room.

"I'm sorry, Blaine," Kurt whispered.

"Kurt, this isn't your fault," Blaine said, pulling his boyfriend back into his arms. "I just – why didn't you tell me sooner?"

Kurt picked up the hurt in his voice and gently cupped Blaine's face with his good hand. "I was scared," he admitted. "What if he hurt you, too?"

"You can tell me anything," Blaine promised. "You're my best friend and boyfriend."

"I know," Kurt murmured. "I'm sorry."

"I won't let anyone hurt you, Kurt," Blaine vowed.

Kurt smiled and leant in, capturing Blaine's lips with his own. Blaine cupped Kurt's face and kissed him deeply. He was so relieved that Kurt had told him and more so that he was safe and on the mend. Annie would get them out of there and to a school where they would be safer. He'd everything within his power to keep Kurt safe.

CHAPTER FOUR

Dalton Academy

Burt was incredibly pissed when he found out that the 'accident' was in fact, a completely intentional attack of bullying at its worst. On hearing the news, he'd agreed to pull Kurt out of Westerville High and let him attend Dalton Academy with Blaine. He had been disappointed that Kurt had kept this to himself for so long but was so glad that he had finally come clean. Annie and Edward were more than happy to help pay the tuition but Burt assured them that he would pay them back every penny.

Kurt and Blaine had the rest of the week off; Annie had insisted on not letting them anywhere near the school again. Annie had torn the school staff to shreds when she called them to inform them that Blaine and Kurt would not be attending their establishment anymore. Both Kurt and Blaine had retreated to the safety of Blaine's room when Annie had started yelling down the phone at the principal.

Monday morning came quickly and Kurt was standing in front of the mirror gazing at his reflection in horror. He eyed the new uniform critically and sighed. Kurt had never been one for uniforms. He loved that he could dress the way he wanted – fashion had been a love of his from a young age but Kurt guessed he could live with the uniform if it meant he would be safe. It was a small price to pay to not constantly have to look over his shoulder and jump at the slightest noise. He'd give anything to feel secure.

The door bell rang and Kurt knew instantly that it was Blaine. Edward had agreed to take them to Dalton for their first day; Burt was unable drive them to due to an early morning client. He heard Burt open the door and knew it wouldn't be much longer until Blaine was in his room. He frowned as he tried desperately to fit his cast into his sleeve, though he knew it was hopeless. He sighed, extracting the arm and letting it hang limply under his blazer. Kurt ran a frustrated hand through his hair – he looked ridiculous.

There was small tap on the door and Blaine stuck his head in. "Hey," he grinned. "Are you ready?"

"Yeah," Kurt sighed and Blaine stepped in, frowning. Kurt's eyes widened as he took in his boyfriend's appearance. "That's not fair!"

"What?" Blaine asked, confused.

"How do you make it look so good?" Kurt whined and Blaine chuckled, flushing violently.

"I don't know, you look pretty good too," he grinned, wiggling his eyebrows and Kurt rolled his eyes – but couldn't help but feel pleased. Blaine took a step toward Kurt and pulled him close, kissing him softly. "Are you ready for today?" He asked quietly.

Kurt shrugged. "I don't know. What if it's the same as Westerville High?"

"There's a zero-tolerance bullying policy," Blaine assured him, "and our parents wouldn't send us to the school if they didn't think we would be safe."

"I know," Kurt sighed, smoothing his boyfriend's collar with his good hand. "I guess I'm just nervous."

"Me too," Blaine admitted, "but I know that I'll be OK, because I have you."

Kurt smiled at Blaine, his cheeks gaining a rosy hue. "You are so cheesy."

"But you love it," Blaine grinned and Kurt nodded.

"I do." He cupped Blaine cheek and drew him into a kiss. Blaine kissed him back deeply but pulled away much too soon for Kurt's liking.

"We'll be late if you keep that up," Blaine said, eyes slightly glazed over.

Kurt grinned and side stepped Blaine to grab his bag. He took one last look in the mirror and grabbed his boyfriend's hand, tugging him out of the room. Edward was waiting for them in the living room, making conversation with Burt.

"Ready to go boys?" Edward asked as they entered.

They nodded in unison, Blaine picking up his bag.

"Have a good day," Burt said gruffly, patting the two boys on the shoulder.

"Thanks, Dad," Kurt smiled weakly over his shoulder as they headed out to the car.

Blaine slipped into backseat with Kurt and Edward started the car. The ride to Dalton was long and silent as Edward drove. He had the radio on and glanced in the rear-view mirror to see Kurt and Blaine looking mournfully at Kurt's cast.

"Do you think it will be OK?" Kurt murmured – it was only meant to be for Blaine's ears but Edward still heard.

"I hope so," Blaine smiled reassuringly. "We stick together, OK? Just like always."

Kurt smiled and squeezed Blaine's hand.

Edward pulled up to Dalton and parked. They jumped out of the car and began the long walk up to the building. Kurt and Blaine were standing close together, their hands brushing occasionally. Edward led the way to the front office, taking in the beautiful architecture. Blaine and Kurt flinched slightly as everyone stared after them as they passed. Kurt glanced at Blaine and saw his eyes darting around frantically. Blaine acted like he was confident but only Kurt knew that the bullying they had endured all their life had dramatically affected him.

"Breathe, Blaine," Kurt whispered, discreetly taking Blaine's hand in his.

"I'm OK," Blaine assured him, taking a deep breath and squeezed Kurt's hand tightly. They stepped into the office and were greeted warmly by the receptionist.

"The principal is ready to see you," she said and led them into the principal's office.

There was an older man sitting behind the desk and he looked up, smiling as they entered. "Welcome boys," he greeted them. "Please take a seat. I'm Andrew Carter."

"Nice to meet you," Edward replied politely, shaking his hand. They sat down and Andrew looked over the transcripts forms laying front of him.

"Everything is in order," Andrew said, "and we have your timetables ready. Do you have any questions?"

"We chose this school based on it's the zero-tolerance bullying policy. I want reassurance that this is strictly enforced," Edward raised his eyebrows in question.

"It is, by both staff and students," Andrew addressed them all, seriously. "Unfortunately, Kurt, Blaine, you are not the first emergency transfers and you won't be the last." The two boys nodded, shooting sideways looks at each other. They might be emergency transfers, but at least they had each other. So many boys didn't even have that. Edward nodded, appeased. "Now, we have two students who have volunteered to show you around and are in the majority of your classes."

"Thank you," Blaine smiled politely and Kurt nodded his thanks.

"Excellent. If you will follow me," Andrew said, standing up and leading them out of the office. In the reception area, they saw two boys waiting. Both grinned when they saw Blaine and Kurt. "Boys, meet Wes Montgomery and David Thompson," Andrew introduced, gesturing to the students.

"Nice to meet you," Kurt greeted quietly, shifting closer to Blaine unconsciously.

"Welcome to Dalton," David grinned.

"I have to get going," Edward said and he turned to Kurt and Blaine. "Burt will pick you up tonight."

"Thanks Edward," Kurt replied sincerely.

"Bye, Dad," Blaine smiled. Edward nodded and clapped them on the shoulder before heading out.

"Wes, David," Andrew addressed them. "I trust that you will make Kurt and Blaine feel welcome."

"Of course sir," Wes grinned. "We'll show you around."

Kurt and Blaine shared a look and followed Wes and David out into the corridor.

"So where did you guys transfer from?" David asked as they led the two new boys to their first class.

"Westerville High," Blaine answered.

"Hey, not too far from here," Wes interjected. "Dalton is lucky to have you."

"Thank you," Kurt said quietly.

Wes and David shared a concerned look. They glanced at Kurt's broken arm and the fading bruise on Blaine's jaw line.

"Rough weekend?" David inquired and both boys flinched.

"Something like that," Blaine murmured, dropping his eyes to the floor.

"Were you a part of any clubs at your old school?" David asked, trying to change the subject.

"No," Kurt replied, "but we like to sing."

"Cool. Both me and David are in the Warblers," Wes grinned.

"The Warblers?" Kurt echoed, sharing a confused look with Blaine.

"It's the name of our glee club here," Wes explained. "We're like rock stars."

"Are you guys any good? Because we could talk to the council members and maybe get you an audition if you would like to join," David offered, looking between the two of them.

Blaine looked at Kurt and Wes and David were shocked to see that they appeared to be having a silent conversation with each other. "We'll think about it," Blaine finally decided.

"Sure, that's cool," Wes smiled, wanting the boys to feel comfortable here. "We'll introduce you to some of the other guys at lunch."

"Sounds good," Kurt said, smiling softly.

Wes and David led them to their first class, which was English. Wes and David sat down at a table and Kurt and Blaine immediately slid into one next to them, sitting next to each other, closer than necessary, which didn't go unnoticed by Wes and David. They'd already guessed that the two were an item, but they appeared to be closer than the boys had first imagined.

"Hey Wes, David," a blonde headed boy greeted them. "Who's this?"

"Jeff, meet Blaine and Kurt," Wes introduced them and both boys smiled shyly.

"Hi! Welcome to Dalton," Jeff beamed. "Nice to meet you. This here is Nick."

Jeff indicated to a boy who had just come behind him, smiling. He was medium height with brown hair that was swept off to one side. "Hi guys," Nick grinned.

"Hi," Kurt and Blaine said in unison.

"Boys, take your seats," instructed the English teacher as she waltzed in. The boys quickly took their seats and Kurt and Blaine were surprised that everyone was quiet and listening eagerly. They smiled at each other and pulled out their books. Kurt was immediately thankful that he didn't have to get up and introduce himself to the class. He didn't want everyone staring at him.

Kurt and Blaine found out that they were behind the curriculum in English as the lesson went on. Their class was far more enjoyable than at Westerville and everyone participated in the class when they held class discussions. The bell rang and everyone started packing up. Kurt frowned, struggling to put his things back in his bag.

"Here, let me," Blaine offered gently, hands brushing Kurt's as he took the book from his boyfriend's hands.

"Thanks," Kurt smiled at Blaine, who returned the gesture.

"When did you break your arm?" Nick asked. The group of boys had waited for them and struck up conversation as they walked to their next class.

"Last week," Kurt said quietly and Nick nodded.

"I like the art work on it. You do art?" He inquired, trying to carry the conversation with Kurt. He had a feeling that there was more of a backstory than Kurt was letting on.

"Yeah," Kurt nodded.

"Nick does art, too. He loves it," Jeff interjected, grinning at Nick who smiled back.

"You'll have art together," Blaine smiled at Kurt, trying to reassure him.

"I look forward to it," Kurt said shyly and Nick beamed at him, pleased to be making progress.

"Come on, let's get to geography," David said, leading the group through the hallway. Blaine put Kurt's bag on his shoulder and carried it for him, Kurt blushing in response and nudging his shoulder against his boyfriend's.

Both Kurt and Blaine prayed that the rest of the day went as smoothly as the morning had.

CHAPTER FIVE

First Day Nerves

Wes, David, Jeff and Nick watched Kurt and Blaine throughout the day with worried expressions. They had only just met the boys but felt strangely drawn to them. Both boys were quiet, standing close together. As they walked through the crowded halls to their next class, someone accidentally bumped into Blaine, muttering an apology before continuing. But Blaine flinched violently, obviously affected greatly by the unintentional physical contact and Kurt caught his hand, immediately placing himself in front of his boyfriend and looking in his eyes.

"Are you OK?" Jeff asked and Blaine just looked away.

"Blaine," Kurt prompted, ducking his head to catch Blaine's eyes.

"M'K," Blaine mumbled. "I promise."

Kurt turned, gently putting his good hand on the small of Blaine's back and pushing him forward – effectively getting the group to move again. Nobody said anything as they headed to their next class. When they entered the classroom, they were surprised when Blaine and Kurt quickly took two free seats up the back. Kurt leant in close and whispered something in the other boy's ear. Blaine mumbled something back that they couldn't quite hear. They quickly took their seats in front of the two new boys, effectively placing themselves within earshot.

"It was just an accident," Blaine murmured. "I promise I'm fine, Kurt."

"OK," Kurt conceded. "Sorry. I overreacted."

Blaine shook his head. "We both did. It'll take some time to adjust."

The two fell silent as the class begun and didn't speak again until the end, obviously well practised in the art of staying beneath the social radar. Blaine helped Kurt pack his things into his bag again and carried it for him as they followed Wes, David, Jeff and Nick back out into the busy corridors.

"We have one more period and then lunch," Wes explained.

Kurt and Blaine both glanced at their timetable and then back up at each other. "I have History," Blaine said.

"Art," Kurt replied sadly.

"You have that with me," Nick beamed. Kurt smiled back shyly and Blaine handed over his bag.

"I'll see you at lunch," Blaine promised. Kurt nodded, nervous to be without Blaine but pleased that he was left with Nick. Out of all of the boys, he'd warmed to Nick the most.

"You and Kurt are really close, aren't you," David commented as they headed to History.

"He's my best friend," Blaine replied, smiling, "has been since we were five."

"Like Wes and I," David grinned, throwing an arm around Wes's shoulder casually. "But we only met when we were ten."

Blaine smiled at the two and noticed that nobody commented on the fact that two boys were touching.

"Jeff and Nick and best friends too," Wes said and Jeff grinned. "Though we have our suspicions that there's something more going on."

"For the last time, Nick and I aren't dating," Jeff sighed, rolling his eyes. "Two gay boys can be friends, you know."

"You're gay?" Blaine echoed, eyebrows shooting up into his hairline in surprise. Wes and David turned to him, looking disappointed.

"Yeah, I am," Jeff told him proudly.

"Zero-tolerance bullying," Wes reminded Blaine. "Everyone can be who they are and nobody will discriminate."

"What? No, I don't care. I'm gay, too," Blaine assured them hurriedly. "So is Kurt."

The three boys relaxed and smiled at Blaine. "That's cool. Nobody here will mind."

"Are you sure?" Blaine asked, biting his lip.

"I take it you had trouble at your old school," Jeff said as they walked. "I did too."

"Kurt and I were the only people out at our school," Blaine explained quietly.

"Wait – you didn't get that bruise from your school did you?" David asked, indicating to the fading bruise along Blaine's jawline.

"Yes," Blaine said, clearing his throat, looking uncomfortable.

"Sorry," David winced.

"It's fine," Blaine replied and they slipped into their class room.

Kurt and Nick walked through the halls and Kurt couldn't help the shiver that passed through him. He was thankful that there were no stairs on the way to the art room, scared that he would slip into a panic attack if he was faced with them.

"Mrs. Willow is really nice," Nick explained as they walked. "She's one of the best teachers and always gives us great projects to do."

"Good," Kurt smiled shyly.

"In here," Nick gestured and walked through the door to their left. It was a large, spacious room and Kurt sat down next to Nick at one of the many tables. Nick grabbed his bag off him and helped him to retrieve his sketch book and art supplies.

"Thank you," Kurt said, surprise evident in his tone.

"Don't worry about it," Nick grinned easily. "I really like how you decorated your cast."

"Blaine helped," Kurt admitted, smiling and looking down at his cast. Sometimes, the most beautiful things came from the ugliest situations.

"You guys are close, huh?" Nick asked.

"Yeah. He's my best friend," Kurt smiled. He didn't tell Nick that they were also boyfriends; unsure of how he would react.

"That's cool," Nick beamed. "It's nice to have someone you know when you transfer."

"You were a transfer student?" Kurt asked.

"Couple of years ago," Nick told him. "Public school can be cruel."

"I know," Kurt agreed quietly.

"Alright everyone," Mrs Willow called out from the front of the room. "We are continuing on with our animal drawings today."

"We're learning to draw animals," Nick explained as everyone opened their sketch books. Nick glanced at Kurt's cast and grinned. "Something tells me you won't need much help."

Kurt chuckled and pulled out his pencils. "Any particular animal?" He asked.

"Your favourite animal," Nick said. "I'm drawing a panther."

Kurt looked over at Nick's sketch and saw a panther lying on a thick tree trunk, tail hanging down into the realms of paper that had yet to be drawn on. "That's beautiful," Kurt breathed in awe.

"Thanks," Nick smiled proudly, twirling his pencil around his finger as he considered how to finish the sketch.

Kurt picked up his pencil and thought of his favourite animal. He began sketching, losing himself in his work, as he often did when it came to art. There was chatter around him but he ignored it, used to having to drown out his class mates. He jumped when the sound of the lunch time bell rang through the room and looked down at his page. There was small bunny hidden in long grass.

"That's cute," Nick commented, smiling encouragingly at Kurt.

"Thank you," Kurt gave a shy smile and started picking up his pencils. Nick helped him put his things back into his satchel and placed it on his shoulder with a grin.

"Lunch time," Nick told him. "I'll help you find your locker, too."

Kurt just stared at him, shocked at how nice Nick was being despite the fact that they had only just met. He followed Nick out and the boy helped him find his locker. He smiled in relief when he saw that his boyfriend was only a few lockers down. Blaine looked up and grinned at him, closing his locker gently and hurrying over to Kurt.

"How was art?" Blaine asked.

"Good. Fun," Kurt smiled. "How was history?"

"It was actually interesting and we learnt something," Blaine grinned. "No more horrifying divorce stories."

Kurt chuckled. "I'm glad," he fumbled with the lock on the door, eventually managing to open his locker and Blaine helped him put his books inside.

Wes, David and Jeff joined them, all wearing large smiles. "Ready to go to lunch?" Wes asked and they nodded. Kurt shut his locker and they followed them to the cafeteria.

It was crowded and loud and Kurt automatically stepped closer to his boyfriend. "Blaine," Kurt whispered, swallowing nervously and glancing around. "I don't – I don't think I can do this."

"We'll take our food outside," Blaine murmured. Kurt nodded and followed the boys to grab their lunch. Blaine grabbed himself a chicken sandwich and a salad for Kurt before hurrying with Kurt out into the halls of Dalton. They wandered around until they found their way outside and sat down on one of the stone benches. "Here," Blaine said, opening the plastic lid on Kurt's salad and placing it on his boyfriend's lap carefully.

"Thank you," Kurt smiled and picked up a fork that was inside the packet.

Blaine un-wrapped his sandwich and took a bite. "Everyone's so nice," he said quietly and Kurt turned to see his head bowed. "Really nice."

"I know," Kurt agreed, turning his body to face Blaine. The boy sniffed and Kurt saw a stray tear roll down his cheek. "Hey," he said softly. "Don't cry - *please*."

"I'm not," Blaine wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his blazer absentmindedly. "It's just – it's always been the two of us. Nobody gave a damn about us at our other school; nobody even talked to us. We haven't even been here for a whole day and those guys have already showed more kindness than anyone ever has."

"I know," Kurt said quietly, taking Blaine's hand.

"What if it's just a sick joke?" Blaine asked, starting to get worked up. "They've done that before. What if this is all an elaborate scheme to pull a prank on us or something?"

Blaine breathing was getting shorter and more laboured and Kurt recognized that panic look in his eyes. "Hey, breathe," Kurt instructed, gently cupping his cheek, "calm down baby, just breathe." Kurt blushed. It was the first time he had called Blaine a pet name, though it had rolled off his tongue without a second thought.

Blaine breathing eased and his eyes locked with Kurt's. "You called me baby," he panted and Kurt's flush darkened.

"I – yeah. Sorry."

"Don't be," Blaine said quickly. "I liked it."

Kurt smiled and Blaine grinned back at him. "You OK now?" Kurt asked and he nodded. "I don't know what this school will be like, but I know that we can get through it because I have you."

"Together," Blaine smiled adoringly at Kurt.

"Just like always," Kurt said firmly. "We made it though primary school and we can make it through high school."

Kurt had gotten back that passionate glint in his eyes that Blaine loved so much. Blaine grinned at him and glanced around, realising that they were alone and he quickly leant in and placed a kiss on Kurt's lips. The boy gasped into Blaine's mouth but before he could return the kiss, Blaine had pulled away. They didn't normally indulge in PDA, not wanting to tempt their peers.

"I couldn't resist," Blaine smiled. "You are so beautiful."

Kurt blushed. "It's OK."

Blaine grinned and nudged Kurt's legs. He picked up his fork and continued to eat. When they finished their lunch, they were content just to sit with each other but they were quickly joined by Wes, David, Jeff and Nick.

"There you guys are," Jeff grinned. "We are heading to the oval, want to come?"

Blaine and Kurt spared each other a glance before nodding. "Yeah, OK," Blaine agreed and they both stood. They followed the boys, surprised but pleased that none of them were commenting on the fact that they had disappeared.

Wes, David, Nick and Jeff all saw that the boys needed time. If their conversation in their first class was anything to go by, they still had a lot to adjust to at Dalton and were both scarred by their experience at their previous school. Those wounds would take time to heal and the boys were willing to give Kurt and Blaine as much time as they needed.

CHAPTER SIX

Panic Attack

Their first week went better than they had expected. Wes and David met them every morning and since they had majority of their classes together, they found themselves seeing a lot of the two boys. They sat with them at lunch and found that they got along surprisingly well. Blaine was happy to see that Nick and Kurt were hitting it off; the boys were soon becoming fast friends.

During their second day, both Kurt and Blaine had been called into the councillor's office. The councillor, Janelle, had sat them down and offered her services to them. "You are not the first emergency transfer students," she explained soothingly. "And to each of them I have offered my time. I want to make sure that you are settling in and feel welcome here."

"Thank you," Kurt said quietly.

"If you ever need to talk, feel free to come to me," Janelle smiled. "I'll keep in contact with you so that I can see how you are both doing."

"Thank you very much," Blaine replied, smiling softly.

"You're both welcome," Janelle told them. "I'll write you each a pass."

Kurt and Blaine stepped out of her office and followed the signs to try and find their first class.

"A councillor who cares," Kurt murmured. "That's something new."

Blaine squeezed Kurt's hand gently and Kurt smiled at him. They slipped into the class room and took their seats quickly. Nobody had asked them where they had been, which they were thankful for.

It was Friday, signalling the last day of their first week and they were pleased to have made it through unscathed. It was lunch and they were sitting with Wes, David, Jeff and Nick. They had slowly been introduced to the rest of the Warblers and were starting to become friends with them as well.

"We are thinking of having a basketball game," Jeff said with a grin. "You two in?"

"Yeah," Blaine nodded. "Kurt won't play but he'll watch."

Kurt nodded and smiled, fingers ghosting over his cast.

"Great. Let's go," Wes beamed and the boys headed to the gym to where the basketball courts were.

Kurt went and sat on the side lines and Nick joined him, claiming he wasn't interested in playing but Kurt had his suspicions that Nick just didn't want him to be by himself.

The boys shed their blazers and ties and Blaine copied them. Kurt held onto his blazer and tie so that they didn't get wrinkled and he couldn't help his eyes drifting to the small bit of skin that was on display. Blaine followed his line of vision and knowing that he was caught out, Kurt flushed and he quickly averted his gaze. Blaine grinned wickedly and winked before joining the others on the court.

Kurt watched Blaine adoringly as he got into the game. He glanced at Nick to see if he had noticed Kurt's stare but he was too busy watching Jeff to notice. Kurt bit back a smile and continued to watch the game happily. Blaine was sportier than himself but he liked cheerleading and yoga. Kurt and Nick cheered when Blaine tossed the ball at the ring and it fell easily through the hoop.

He grinned and bounded away, everyone cheering him along. It was going well, until Thad went to pass the ball to Cameron and missed, smacking Blaine right in the face. Kurt gasped as his boyfriend went down hard. Kurt was on his feet in an instant and running towards Blaine. The Warblers jumped out the way as Kurt pushed past them and crouched down beside his boyfriend, who had curled up into a ball, whimpering.

Kurt reached out to touch him but Blaine flinched away violently, his breathing laboured. "Blaine, it's me," Kurt said into his ear. "Come on, breathe."

Blaine uncurled a little, staring at Kurt with wide eyes, blood dripping from his nose.

Wes bent down and reached out to touch Blaine but Kurt growled. "Don't touch him," he snapped and Wes instantly withdrew his hand, eyes wide.

"Sorry," Wes said, stepping back. He could see the fear and panic not only in Blaine's eyes but in Kurt's too. "Let's give them some room." Wes and David ushered everyone back and Kurt turned his attention back to Blaine.

"Look at me," Kurt instructed firmly and Blaine's panicked eyes met his. "Follow my breathing, OK?" Kurt placed Blaine hands on his stomach and took deep even breathes. Blaine whimpered and wheezed, struggling to comply. Kurt started to sing softly under his breath. It was *Blackbird* by the Beatles, one of his favourites as well as Blaine's.

The Warblers glanced at each other as Kurt sung, eyes widening. His voice was beautiful. The Warbler's hadn't had a countertenor in their midst in years. Blaine breathing was evening out and with his free hand he wiped his nose, wincing when he saw blood on his hands.

"I've got it," Kurt said, pulling out a tissue from his pocket. He wiped Blaine's hand and then dabbed at his nose.

"I'm sorry," Thad apologized sincerely. "It was completely accidental, I'm so sorry."

Kurt eyed him suspiciously and Blaine placed a hand on his thigh. "It's fine," he wheezed. "It was an accident."

"I am *so* sorry," Thad repeated.

"It's fine," Kurt told him, helping Blaine stand. "Let's get you cleaned up." They passed the Warblers, only stopping to grab Blaine's tie and blazer before heading to the nearest bathroom.

"Something tells me," Wes said slowly, "that that wasn't just about a basketball to the face."

"I think they were bullied," Nick stated and Jeff squeezed his shoulder tightly, looking concerned. "They have all the signs. They're withdrawn, they flinch at loud noises."

"Like you used to," Jeff interjected and Nick nodded.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he sighed.

"They had said they were the only openly gay boys at their old school," David told them.

"We just have to make sure that they're welcome here then," Wes said firmly. "That we are their friends and they won't be hurt here." Wes looked around at each of them and they all nodded back.

"We'll see if we can get them an audition," Thad suggested. "I mean, you heard Kurt's singing. That way they can feel a part of something."

"Good idea," Cameron nodded.

In the bathroom, Kurt was dutifully cleaning the blood off of Blaine's face and shirt. Blaine watched with wide hazel eyes and gently grabbed Kurt's hands as they started shaking. "I'm OK," Blaine assured him.

"You scared me," Kurt whispered. "Last time you had a panic attack you ended up in hospital because you couldn't breathe."

"I'm breathing now, I promise," Blaine said, gently kissing Kurt's palm.

"I should apologize to Wes," Kurt winced. "I snapped at him for trying to touch you."

"I'm sure he will understand," Blaine told him softly. Kurt finished cleaning up and helped Blaine with his tie.

The bell rang and they shared a look. "Will you be OK for the rest of the day?" Kurt asked.

"I'll be fine," Blaine assured him.

They headed out and to their lockers, staying close together. They grabbed their books and headed to their next class. Wes and David were waiting outside for them and Kurt bit his lip.

"Wes," Kurt said and Wes looked to him with a small encouraging smile. "I'm sorry for snapping at you when you were trying to help."

"Don't worry about it, Kurt," Wes told him. "I don't blame you. Blaine looked pretty bad although now he looks fine now."

Blaine chuckled weakly and both boys grinned at him. They headed into class, taking a seat with the two boys and feeling immensely glad that Wes and David didn't treat them any differently and were including them even more than before.

At the end of day, they walked to the parking lot with Jeff and Nick. "Have a good weekend," Nick beamed at Kurt and Blaine.

"You too," Kurt smiled.

"Bye guys," Wes and David waved happily before heading to their cars.

Annie was waiting for them and they hurried to the car, slipping inside. "Hi boys," Annie greeted them brightly. She had noticed the change in the boys. They came home far happier than they ever had and seemed to making firm friends. "Good day?"

"Yeah, up until I got a basketball in the face," Blaine said and Annie gasped.

"Are you OK?"

"Fine," Blaine assured her. "It was just an accident and Kurt fixed me up." He took Kurt's good hand and smiled adoringly at him.

"Well I'm glad you're OK," Annie told him. "Did you have an attack?"

"A little one yeah," Blaine admitted, looking embarrassed.

"Let's get you home so you can rest," Annie said and started the car, pulling out of the parking lot.

Blaine dozed in the car on the way home, Kurt watching him with a smile. Blaine was adorable when he slept – then again, he was adorable the majority of the time. Annie pulled into the Anderson's driveway and Kurt gently woke Blaine. They climbed out and headed inside. Blaine immediately headed upstairs and Kurt watched him go.

"I'll get you some afternoon tea and bring it up to you later," Annie said, smiling at Kurt.

"Thank you Annie," Kurt smiled, giving her a quick kiss on the cheek and hurrying after Blaine. He dropped his bag next to Blaine's and smiled at he saw his boyfriend spread out on his bed. Kurt removed his blazer and loosened his tie and then he sat on the edge bed, slipping his shoes off. He had just removed them when a hand reached out, tugging him back on to the bed. Kurt gasped and Blaine's arms wrapped around him.

Blaine nuzzled into his neck and Kurt giggled at the sensation. Blaine had always been one for physical contact, even before they had started dating. He had made sure to hug Kurt multiple times a day. To him, being physical with someone was the easiest way to show your affection and he was always keen to make sure that Kurt knew exactly how much he meant to him.

"Did I thank you today for helping me?" Blaine whispered against Kurt's skin.

"No, but I forgive you," Kurt murmured, arching his neck, granting Blaine better access.

Blaine hummed in approval and gently started placing kisses and small bites up Kurt's neck. He couldn't believe what he had been missing out on. Kurt's skin was glorious and Blaine couldn't wait to explore it over and over again.

Kurt rolled over on to his side and gently rubbed his nose against Blaine's before pressing their lips together. Blaine moaned as Kurt slipped his tongue against his and pushed himself closer. Blaine held him and kissed back deeply.

They hadn't yet passed making out and neither wanted to push the other. Kurt pulled away first, panting against his boyfriend's lips, feeling almost lightheaded with the weight of the sensation of sharing these intimate moments with Blaine.

"You should rest," Kurt breathed and Blaine nodded, licking his lips. Kurt's eyes widened and he swallowed thickly. He pulled away, putting space between them and Blaine whimpered. Kurt chuckled and stroked his cheek. "Rest," Kurt instructed, kissing his cheek. Blaine beamed and his eyes slipped closed.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Warblers

Monday morning brought with it a very excited Wes and David. They were standing by Kurt and Blaine's lockers, waiting for them to arrive. They bounced on the balls of their feet when they saw the two boys and called out their names.

Kurt and Blaine shared a look before heading over to them. "Hey," they greeted in unison.

"Did you have a good weekend?" David asked with a bright grin.

"Uh yes," Kurt answered, distracted by the way the two boys were smiling at them. "It wasn't bad."

"Did you guys?" Blaine asked, raising an eyebrow. It wasn't nearly as good as Kurt's – then again nobody's was.

"Not bad," Wes answered. "Epic Nerf Gun war though."

"I'll be feeling it for weeks," David moaned, rubbing the back of his neck subconsciously.

"Sounds fun," Blaine grinned, genuinely interested.

"We have news for you," Wes blurted out, startling both Kurt and Blaine. David rolled his eyes at his best friend. "We got you an audition for the Warblers."

Blaine and Kurt's eyes widened and their mouths fell open. "We – we weren't sure if we wanted to join," Kurt protested weakly.

"We heard you singing last Friday," David beamed, "and the Warblers haven't had a countertenor in years. We would love to have you."

"Just give it a try," Wes pleaded. "You would both be a real asset to the team."

Blaine looked to Kurt, raising his eyebrows in question. "I suppose we could give it a try," Kurt begrudgingly agreed.

"Yes," David cheered and Kurt broke into a smile. He and Blaine opened their lockers and grabbed the books they needed for the day and closed them softly, flinching slightly when a nearby locker was slammed shut, which didn't go unnoticed by Wes and David.

"When are the auditions?" Blaine asked, turning back to the other two boys.

"Lunch time," Wes grinned and Kurt whirled around to face him.

"Lunch time! That's hardly enough time to prepare," he yelped.

"We would have messaged you this weekend but we didn't have your numbers," David said, holding his hands up in defence. "Actually, could we grab those now?"

Kurt glared and David took a step back. Blaine put his hand on the small of Kurt's back to calm him down. "We'll be there," Blaine assured them. "We'll think of something."

"Can we still grab your numbers?" David asked hopefully.

Kurt threw Blaine a look. They never gave out their numbers. They got enough abusive calls as it was, why give them more ammunition? But there was something about the two boys' hopeful looks that had Kurt taking David's phone and typing in their numbers.

"Yes!" David grinned. "Thank you so much."

Wes copied down their numbers and grinned brightly at them. The bell rang loudly and the four boys hurried to their first class.

Blaine and Kurt sat outside Dalton's choir room, waiting to be invited in. They had spent the morning discussing what song they would sing as they walked to their classes.

"So we have settled on *Baby It's Cold Outside*?" Blaine asked for the fourth time in last few minutes.

"It will have to do on such short notice," Kurt tutted, soothing his pants that were already wrinkle free.

"We don't have to do it," Blaine said softly, grabbing Kurt's good hand. Kurt looked up and found Blaine's hazel ones gazing at him softly. "We can just tell them no."

"No," Kurt protested, shaking his head, "we should try this. We can't hide forever. Westerville high suppressed us and actively stopped us from joining any clubs but now we have a chance to join something we like."

Blaine beamed at Kurt and squeezed his hand. "Courage," Blaine said. It had become their mantra over the years. The door opened and Blaine reluctantly let go of Kurt's hand.

"We are ready for you," Wes told them, smiling encouragingly. Kurt and Blaine stood and followed him inside. Everyone was waiting for them eagerly and they took the centre of the room.

"Whenever you are ready," Thad nodded with a smile. Blaine and Kurt nodded and took a deep breath. Blaine pressed play on the CD player that had been provided for them and spun on his heels, shooting a charming at Kurt.

*"I really can't stay - But baby it's cold outside
I've got to go away - But baby it's cold outside
This evening has been - Been hoping that you'd drop in
So very nice - I'll hold your hands, they're just like ice
My mother will start to worry - Beautiful, what's your hurry?
My father will be pacing the floor - Listen to the fireplace roar
So really I'd better scurry - Beautiful, please don't hurry
Well maybe just a half a drink more - Put some records on while I pour,"*

Blaine and Kurt bounced off one another, smiling the whole time and chasing each other around the room, openly flirting, though if anyone asked then it would have been strictly professional.

*"I've got to go home - But, baby, you'll freeze out there
Say, lend me your coat - It's up to your knees out there
You've really been grand - I'm thrilled when you touch my hand
But don't you see - How can you do this thing to me?
There's bound to be talk tomorrow - Think of my life long sorrow
At least there will be plenty implied - If you caught pneumonia and died
I really can't stay - Get over that hold out
Ohhh, baby it's cold outside,"*

The final notes lingered in the air and Blaine and Kurt watched everyone anxiously, trying to gauge a reaction. Nick jumped to his feet and started clapping loudly. Everyone followed him, smiling brightly and clapping loudly. Blaine and Kurt broke into smiles, looking to each other. When the applause died down, a member of the council – which in future years would become David, Wes and Thad – stood.

"Thank you, that was wonderful and very enjoyable to watch. We need to discuss our decision so if you wouldn't mind waiting outside," the tallest member of the council said, gesturing to the door.

Blaine and Kurt nodded and headed outside, closing the door behind them. "You were beautiful," Kurt smiled at Blaine adoringly. "I love hearing you sing."

Blaine sat next to Kurt, making sure that their thighs were touching. "You move me, Kurt."

Kurt blushed and leaned into Blaine's side. That was about as much as they touched at Dalton; nobody knew that they were dating. They didn't want to take the chance of copping any shit from anyone.

"Do you think they'll let us join?" Kurt asked quietly, a hint of anxiousness in his voice. Blaine knew how much Kurt loved singing; their love for it was mutual.

"If they don't, it's their loss," Blaine said, nudging Kurt gently. He stroked Kurt's fingers that were popping out of the cast. "We'll find another club to join."

Kurt watched Blaine's fingers dance over his, a flush filling his cheeks. They both looked up startled when the door opened and Wes was standing there, face impassive. "You can come back in now," Wes instructed and turned around promptly.

Kurt and Blaine stood once more and made their choir room. They couldn't read any of the boys' expressions and they faced the council, standing tall.

"We have made our decision," the tallest council member said and allowed a little grin. "By unanimous vote you have been accepted. Welcome to the Warblers."

Everyone clapped and Wes, David, Nick and Jeff descended on Kurt and Blaine, hugging them and patting them on the back. Kurt and Blaine were shocked but grinned brightly at each other. The meeting broke up after that as lunch was nearly over. Wes, David, Nick, Jeff, Thad and Cameron walked with Kurt and Blaine as they headed to their lockers.

"So, are you two together?" Thad asked out of the blue and Kurt narrowed his eyes.

He grabbed Blaine's hand and held his chin up high. "He's my best friend and boyfriend," Kurt said, glaring at them as if challenging them to make a scene.

"I knew it!" David cried happily. "Wes you owe me five dollars."

Wes grumbled and dove a hand into the inside pocket of his blazer and pulled out a crisp five dollar note, handing it to David. Kurt and Blaine looked confusedly between the two of them.

"Don't worry. You're not the only gay kids here," Wes explained, catching their expressions. "Nick and Jeff," the two boys waved, "they're gay and we have our suspicions about Cameron."

"Hey!"

"Wait...you don't care?" Kurt asked, looking confused.

"No," David smiled softly but then it faded. "I take it at your old school they did." David nodded to the cast on Kurt's arm and Blaine wrapped an arm around Kurt, pulling him closer.

"Yeah, they minded," Blaine said quietly and Kurt flinched, mind instantly flashing back to the horrifying moment when he had been pushed down the stairs.

"Well, you have nothing to worry about here," Wes grinned. "Except that you are officially the cutest couple here and you've only been here a few days."

"That's so unfair," Cameron whined and the boys laughed, Blaine and Kurt chuckling along with them, hardly daring to believe that they had been accepted so easily. It was almost too good to be true. The bell rang and the hurried to gather their books.

Blaine noticed that Kurt was quiet during the rest of the afternoon, a small frown creasing his face. To Blaine, it was like a weight had been lifted off his shoulder. Yes, it would still take time to feel completely safe at Dalton – you don't just forget years of abuse – and he felt like he could slowly get back to himself here at Dalton.

At the end of the day as they waited for Burt to pick them up, they sat on the stone steps.

"What's wrong?" Blaine asked quietly, leaning in close. Just because they had been accepted by the Warblers didn't mean they would be flaunting their relationship all over Dalton.

"They accepted us," Kurt whispered and Blaine's heart broke as he saw tears in Kurt's eyes. "When everyone found out that we were together at Westerville, they put a dead cat in our locker." Blaine winced at that particularly disgusting memory. "I keep waiting for the hate but it's not coming."

"I hardly believe it myself," Blaine said quietly, taking Kurt's hand in his. "But it's different here. Maybe now we can start being ourselves outside of our homes."

Kurt squeezed Blaine's hand tightly and a single tear slid down his cheek. Blaine wiped it away carefully, smiling softly, his own eyes suspiciously bright.

A car horn honked and they looked up to see Burt waving at them through the window. Blaine gathered their bags, putting his hand on the small of his boyfriend's back and pushed him towards the car. They slid in and Burt drove away.

Nick stepped out from behind the pillar he had been standing behind, eyes bright with emotion. He hadn't meant to eavesdrop on the two new Warblers. He had been coming to say goodbye when he heard them talking. He was disgusted to hear about the dead cat in their lockers as a congratulations present. It took him back to his own public school war memories. He took a deep breath, trying to get a hold of his emotions. He vowed then and there that Blaine and Kurt would get treated with nothing but respect here at Dalton. They deserved it.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Pavarotti and Bonding

Having never been involved in a club before, Kurt and Blaine weren't sure what to expect in their first Warblers meeting. They certainly weren't expecting to be presented with a bird.

"This is Pavarotti," Justin – the tallest council member – introduced, indicating to the small yellow canary that was hopping around in bird cage. "Each new member is to look after Pavarotti. Now since there are two of you, you're going to have to alternate when you get him."

"That won't be a problem," Blaine said, accepting the bird and holding the cage in his arms. Kurt nodded in agreement.

"Excellent," Justin beamed. "You may take your seat now."

Blaine and Kurt headed to an open couch that Nick had saved for them. They sat down and Blaine put Pavarotti on the floor by the edge of the couch. Blaine and Kurt sat quietly as the meeting went on around them, trying to take in the dynamic of the group. Blaine knew that Kurt was itching to tell them his ideas – Kurt had been excited after getting over the initial shock of being a part of the club and had rambled about all of the things he would love to do. Kurt was restraining himself however; he knew better than to get on the bad side of the council in his first meeting.

As the meeting came to a close, Wes stood up and called for attention. "Everyone! Saturday the party is at my place," he announced. "Bring your own pillows and sleeping bags." Murmurs broke out and Justin brought the meeting to a close. "Are you coming this weekend?" Wes asked, bounding up to where Kurt and Blaine stood.

"To the party?" Blaine asked, surprised evident in his tone. It didn't go unnoticed by those around them.

"Of course! It's for all Warblers," Wes beamed. "Are you guys free?"

"Uh – yeah," Kurt answered, unable to keep the surprise out of voice, "we're free."

"Great," Wes replied brightly. "Here's my address." Wes handed Kurt a piece of paper with his address written on it and Kurt pocketed it.

"What kind of party will it be?" Blaine asked, picking up the cage as they headed out of the room.

"Nothing too out there," David assured them. "Wes' parents will be there so there's no alcohol or anything. Basically we just sing, play guitar hero, games, eat and a movie marathon in there somewhere."

"Sounds fun," Blaine grinned.

"Great," Jeff beamed, slinging an arm around Nick's shoulder casually, unaware of the smile that it brought to his friend's face.

"Come around eleven," Wes said. "That's when everyone usually rocks up."

"We'll be there," Kurt nodded and the boys cheered. As they reached the parking lot, they dispersed to their respective cars. Burt had picked them up and as they slid into the car and raised an eyebrow at the bird cage.

"Science project?" Burt asked gruffly.

"Warblers," Kurt answered, putting his seatbelt on.

"Since when has a glee club had anything to do with birds?" Burt asked as he pulled out of his space.

"I think it's a bonding thing," Blaine explained.

"Speaking of bonding," Kurt interrupted. "We've been invited to a party. For all of the Warblers."

"You going?" Burt asked, raising his eyebrows in question.

"If we can," Kurt said, eyes pleading.

Burt shrugged. "I think it's a good idea."

Blaine grinned at Kurt, who smiled back. Both Annie and Edward were working late so Blaine would be at the Hummel's home that night. When they arrived at home, they jumped out and headed inside. Blaine put Pavarotti on the coffee table and the bird chirped happily.

"Do you know anything about birds?" Burt asked, looking warily at Pavarotti.

"It's called the internet, Dad," Kurt rolled his eyes. "How hard can it be?"

"You tried to feed the neighbour's cat glitter," Burt pointed out and Kurt flushed as Blaine sniggered.

"I was six! That hardly counts," Kurt huffed.

"Blaine knew you don't feed cats glitter," Burt mumbled and Kurt shot his father a glare.

Blaine muffled his laughter and Kurt turned his glare on him. "Fine, laugh. I'll be doing my homework," Kurt sniffed and turned on his heel, heading downstairs to his basement.

"I'd better join him," Blaine said, managing to stop his laughter.

"Door stays open," Burt reminded him and Blaine nodded, dashing down stairs. Kurt was lounging on his bed, books already open. He glanced up at his boyfriend before lowering his eyes back to his page.

"Don't be mad at me," Blaine pleaded softly, dropping his bag and crawling onto the bed, pulling his puppy dog eyes out.

Kurt made the mistake of looking up at him and sighed. "You know I can't resist that face," Kurt whined and Blaine leant in, gently pecking him on the lips.

"Right, what subject are we starting with?" Blaine asked.

"Maths," Kurt smirked and his boyfriend groaned.

On Saturday Blaine arrived at the Hummel home early. Burt would be driving them to Wes' place. Burt greeted Blaine warmly and told him Kurt was in room, still packing for the overnight party. Blaine jogged down the stairs and stopped – eyes wide as he took in his frantic looking boyfriend. Blaine dropped his bag with an audible thump and Kurt looked up at the sudden noise.

"Finally," Kurt sighed in relief and grabbed Blaine's hand, yanking him into the room. "What did you pack?"

"Uh – jeans and a clean shirt," Blaine answered, still startled.

"What about products?" Kurt asked.

"Just my hair gel," Blaine said, unable to tear his eyes away from the vast amount of products that were lined up on Kurt's bed. "Babe? What's all this?"

Kurt was momentarily distracted by the pet name before answering. "I don't know what I'll need."

"I don't think you'll need any of this," Blaine told him carefully.

Kurt looked at him with wide eyes. "But my moisturizing routine!"

"I'm sure you can survive one night without it," Blaine raised an eyebrow.

"But my skin will go all dry and awful," Kurt gasped.

Blaine couldn't resist reaching out and stroking a finger of Kurt's cheek bone, his skin soft under his fingers and Kurt blushed. "Feels pretty soft to me," he grinned. "I'm sure it will be fine."

He could see Kurt's resolve breaking and his smile widened. "Fine," Kurt sighed and picked up his products, moving them back to his dresser.

"All you need is spare clothes," Blaine said, picking up a pair of black skinny legged jeans that had Blaine wondering how on Earth Kurt fitted into them. Not that he was complaining, of course. Kurt whimpered softly. He was used to packing heavily. The only sleepover he had ever had was with Blaine and most of his stuff was spread out across their two homes. "You can't take everything," Blaine continued, "we're only there for one night."

"Fine," Kurt sighed, pouting. With Blaine's help he packed an outfit for tomorrow and his toiletries, not including his skin creams, much to his own disappointment.

By the time they were done, it was time to leave. Wes lived a while from them so they got a good head start on the time and made it to his place – which they swore was more of a mansion than a house, it was so big – right on eleven.

"Alright, Annie will pick you up tomorrow," Burt told them, turning his seat to look at the two boys. "Be good and be careful."

"We will, Burt," Blaine promised.

"Bye Dad," Kurt said and slipped out of the car after Blaine.

Blaine grabbed their bags – Kurt protesting that he could carry his bag with one arm just fine, but his boyfriend had insisted – and up the front path nervously. Burt watched them from the driver's seat until someone opened the door, before pulling away from the curb.

Wes pulled the door open and grinned at them brightly. "You made it, come on in!"

Blaine went first and Kurt followed after him. They trailed after Wes, gazing around in awe. "Wow, Wes, this house is amazing," Kurt said, admiring the décor.

"Gets kind of lonely as only child," Wes shrugged. "So usually all the Warbler parties are held here." He led them past the massive room, the biggest kitchen Kurt had ever seen and to the back of the house to another large living room. "This is the games room," Wes explained.

Many of the Warblers were already there and greeted Blaine and Kurt warmly. They were in the middle of a pool game, laughter echoing around the room. Jeff and Nick hurried over to the boys, grabbing their bags off them and putting them with the others.

"Glad you guys could make it," Nick beamed and they smiled back.

More Warblers started turning up and soon it was a full house. The pool game came to an end and Wes declared that it was lunch time. Wes' dad had the barbeque going in the back yard and the Warblers all descended out to the garden, Kurt and Blaine following at a slower pace and sticking together.

"Go get a deck chair and I'll grab you something," Blaine smiled and Kurt beamed back at him.

"Thank you." Blaine hurried off to get them something with Jeff while he and Nick grabbed some spare deck chairs.

"You and Blaine are so cute together," Nick beamed and Kurt blushed. "You guys were best friends before, right?"

"Yeah. We met when we were five on our first day of kinder," Kurt said, smiling at the memory. "He's been my best friend ever since."

"Was it weird? Going from friends to boyfriends?" Nick asked.

"I still can't believe that we are together," Kurt admitted shyly, never having another friend to talk about boys with other than Blaine. "But no, not weird."

"Feels natural," Blaine interrupted, handing a plate to his boyfriend. Kurt turned an even deeper red and moved over so that Blaine could sit down with him.

Jeff handed Nick a plate of food with a grin and sat next to him. While they ate lunch, the Warblers filled in Kurt and Blaine about some stories from their other parties – one which included David waking up on the roof in his sleeping bag and not knowing how he got there. The stories had Kurt and Blaine laughing loudly along with the rest of them and Nick was happy to see that they were slowly becoming more and more comfortable around them. When lunch was finished Blaine took Kurt's plate for him and then Thad gave a great whistle.

"Boys. It's time for Guitar Hero."

CHAPTER NINE

Weekend Part 2

Kurt sat with Nick as they watched Blaine and Jeff battle it out on the x-box. Blaine had been playing guitar for years now and so Guitar Hero came easily to him but Jeff had more experience in the game than Blaine.

"It's going to be a close call," Nick grinned, watching them in awe along with everyone else.

Kurt nodded, watching Blaine with a smile. He seemed so at ease playing the game and it made Kurt happy that he was carefree and able to enjoy himself.

As the final notes hit the screen everyone cheered and Blaine and Jeff laughed. Jeff nudged Blaine playfully and clapped him on the shoulder. "That was awesome," Jeff beamed. "You rock at this game!"

Blaine shrugged, looking bashful. "You were awesome. I could barely keep up."

"Practice," Jeff laughed. "Lots of practice."

Everyone turned to the screen, seeing that Jeff had won by a point.

"Look like you have some competition, Jeff," David called out and the boys laughed. They handed the guitars over to the next two and returned to their seats.

Blaine grinned as he plopped down next to Kurt who smiled back in response. "You were amazing," Kurt said softly and Blaine grinned.

"When your arm heals, I'll teach you to play," Blaine promised.

"We don't have guitar hero," Kurt pointed out.

"Then I'll teach you on my guitar," Blaine grinned and Kurt chuckled.

"I won't be getting callouses on my fingers, Blaine," Kurt warned him and Blaine laughed.

Blaine gently took Kurt's hand in his and linked their fingers. Kurt eyed the room warily but nobody was paying attention to them and he instantly relaxed.

After a few more rounds of guitar hero, the boys moved on to something else. Wes had an amazing sound system and had plugged his iPod in, the boys singing along to every single track. Kurt and Blaine joined in, watching as the boys danced around. David was pulling off some amazing flips that made Kurt's heart stop beating for a moment. Nick grinned and pulled Kurt up, spinning him around and dancing with him. Kurt stumbled, surprised but allowed Nick to twirl him around.

He caught Blaine's look and saw his eyes were bright as he smiled at Kurt. Blaine was similarly pulled up by a grinning Wes a few moments later.

Blaine eventually ended up dancing with Kurt, pulling him into his arms and he spun them around.

Kurt laughed and glanced around, happy that nobody was staring at them. The music came to an abrupt halt and everyone stopped, turning to look indignantly at the stereo. Wes' mother was standing there sheepishly.

"Sorry to interrupt but the pizzas have arrived," she informed them.

No more was needed to be said and the boys rushed out of the den and to the kitchen. Kurt and Blaine followed at a slower pace, following Wes' mother.

When they got the kitchen, the boys were squabbling over the boxes of pizza. Blaine dived in, grabbing two pieces and handing one to Kurt, who eyed it warily.

"I thought you liked Margarita," Blaine said, pouting.

"I do," Kurt assured him with a smile. "It's just so...greasy."

"It can't always be gourmet pizza," Blaine chuckled and Kurt rolled his eyes.

"I know that," Kurt huffed and took a bite of his pizza. Blaine just grinned and dug into his own slice of pizza. Once all of the food was gone, the boys headed back to the den.

"Harry Potter marathon," Wes called out and the boys cheered. Kurt giggled as Blaine bounced on the balls of his feet in excitement. Blaine was a huge Harry Potter fan and had re-read the books so many times that Kurt had to buy him new copies because the others were so dog-eared. Kurt often sat through the movies with Blaine and they could mouth along to the movies without even thinking twice.

Most of the boys grabbed their sleeping bags while Wes put in the first disk into the DVD player. Kurt grabbed his and Blaine's sleeping bags and picked an empty spot on one of the couches. They wriggled into their sleeping bags and Wes flicked the lights off.

"Everybody comfortable?" Wes asked. There was a chorus of 'yes' and Wes hit play.

By the fourth movie, Kurt had fallen asleep against Blaine. He looked down at his sleeping boyfriend and wrapped an arm around his shoulder, pulling him so he was lying on his chest. Kurt mumbled something unintelligent in his sleep, cuddling closer to Blaine.

"Jeff," Nick whispered into his friend's ear and nudged him, gesturing over his shoulder at Kurt and Blaine.

Jeff looked round and grinned at the two boys. Blaine's eyes were drooping closed and then jerking back open, while Kurt was passed out cold on him. "That's adorable," Jeff grinned, nudging Nick back.

The fifth movie was put in and Nick – who had fallen asleep at the end of the fourth – was practically lying on Jeff's lap. Most of the Warblers were asleep and the only ones still awake were Thad, Wes, David and Jeff.

Wes frowned when he heard whimpering, looking round for the source of the noise. "Do you hear that?" Wes whispered to David who paused to listen. There was more whimpering, louder this time and they watched as Blaine jerked awake.

"Kurt?" He mumbled, still half asleep. Kurt's breathing hitched and his hands clenched Blaine's shirt. Blaine gently shook Kurt awake and the boy sat up bolt right, shivering and looking around wildly. "Whoa, hey," Blaine said softly, taking Kurt's hand and the boy looked up at him. "You're OK."

"Oh," Kurt breathed, swallowing thickly. Kurt buried his head in Blaine's neck and he was shocked to feel hot tears on his shoulder.

Blaine rubbed Kurt's back and held the shivering boy in his arms. "Same dream?" Blaine whispered and Kurt's breath hitched.

"Why tonight?" Kurt hiccupped miserably.

"Shh," Blaine murmured. "Come on." He shimmied out of his sleeping bag and managed to get Kurt out of his. They stood and Blaine led Kurt out of the room. Wes, David, Thad and Jeff shared a look but remained silent, clearly worried about the two boys.

Blaine guided Kurt to the bathroom and they slipped inside, Blaine locking the door behind them. "Come here," he murmured, pulling Kurt into his arms and holding him tightly, kissing his cheek. Kurt buried his head in Blaine's neck, clinging to him tightly as he shivered. Blaine grabbed a couple of tissues and pulled back briefly. Kurt's eyes were wide with fear and embarrassment. Blaine wiped his eyes gently – one of the many more intimate moments they would share – and leant his forehead against his boyfriend's. "It was Matthew again, wasn't it?" Blaine asked and Kurt hiccupped, Blaine taking this as a confirmation. "I'm sorry, baby."

"I'm so embarrassed," Kurt whispered.

"Baby, no," Blaine pleaded. "Don't be embarrassed. It's not your fault."

"They saw," Kurt muttered and Blaine rubbed his nose against Kurt's.

"I'll make sure they don't say anything," Blaine vowed. "I promise."

Kurt pecked Blaine on the lips and buried his head back into his neck. Blaine just held Kurt, rubbing his back, waiting until Kurt was ready to go back. Eventually Kurt pulled back, wiping his eyes delicately.

"Ready?" Blaine asked. Kurt nodded and Blaine tangled their hands together, unlocking the bathroom door. They stepped out, turning the light off and heading back to the den. Kurt hurried to his sleeping bag and wriggled into it.

The fifth movie was still playing and nobody said anything. Blaine slid into his sleeping bag and lay down beside Kurt.

"I don't know about you guys, but I'm beat," Wes yawned.

"Same," Thad agreed. David shut the movie off, plunging the room into darkness.

"Night," Jeff called into the darkness, laying down, not wanting to move Nick who was still comfortably asleep in his lap.

Blaine snaked an arm around Kurt and pulled him close, holding him protectively. It reminded Kurt of when his mother had died and the Andersons had stayed with them for a while.

It was late and the news that Elizabeth had passed away was still so fresh and unbelievable. The house was quiet and overcast with darkness, but nobody slept, all silently crying with grief. In Kurt's room, Blaine held a small Kurt in his arms as the boy cried. Kurt was clinging to Blaine's pyjama top tightly in his small hands, body wracking with sobs.

"I'm sorry, Kurtie," Blaine murmured.

"I want my mum," Kurt sobbed. "Blaine!"

"I know, Kurtie," Blaine sniffed.

"Don't leave me," Kurt cried.

"Never ever," Blaine promised, hugging Kurt tighter. Kurt held fast and buried his head in Blaine's chest.

Kurt snuggled closer to Blaine and closed his eyes, praying he wouldn't slip into dream again.

Wes woke up first and looked around the room blearily. He grinned as he saw Nick sprawled across Jeff and blonde's arm wrapped around him.

Everyone else was scattered across the room. He turned to the couch where Kurt and Blaine were and smiled. Blaine's hair – which was usually gelled back – had sprung free of its confinement and was now curly. He was holding Kurt protectively against his chest. Kurt looked peaceful and safe in Blaine's arms, mouth parted slightly, chest rising and falling in sync with Blaine's.

Slowly, the boys began to wake up one by one. Kurt woke up and was surprised, but thrilled, that he was wrapped up in Blaine's arms. He smiled before remembering how he ended up in Blaine's embrace and bit his lip. He looked around and saw that Wes and a few of the other boys were crowded around Thad as he slept, holding a black marker. Kurt shook Blaine awake, who grunted and rolled over. Kurt stifled his giggles as Blaine rolled too far and right of the couch, landing on the floor with a *thud*. Blaine jerked awake, looking around wildly and the boys sniggered quietly as they all looked over at him.

Nick and Jeff woke up to the noise and looked around blearily. They looked at each other and smiled before they both jerked upright with blushes tinging their cheeks.

"Shh," Wes hissed as the boys laughed louder and they turned back to Thad. Kurt helped Blaine off the floor and gently ran his hands through Blaine's curls.

"Oh," Blaine groaned. "It's so curly."

"I like it," Kurt smiled.

"I know," Blaine beamed and Kurt flushed. "You told me enough when we were little. You always wanted to play with my hair."

Kurt smacked Blaine's shoulder and he lowered himself down onto the couch next to Kurt. "How are you feeling this morning?"

Kurt's face fell and he shrugged, trying to appear nonchalant. "I'm fine. Just incredibly mortified."

"I won't let anyone make fun of you," Blaine promised and Kurt gave a small smile.

"I know you won't," Kurt whispered.

"WHAT THE HELL!" Thad yelped and they all laughed as he scrambled up and backed away from Wes, David, Cameron and Justin.

"Aye matey, what seems to be the problem?" David slurred in a pirate's voice and the boys laughed. They had drawn a goatee and an eye patch on Thad, who grumbled and dashed off to the bathroom.

"Breakfast," Jeff cried, jumping to his feet and running to the kitchen. The boys looked at each other before rushing after him. Wes, David, Thad and Jeff said nothing about Kurt's dream, not wanting to make him feel uncomfortable at all, for which Kurt was thankful. He knew that it must have come as a shock to the boys that he was still so badly affected by the bullying, but it was a big part of him that they, if they wished to be his friend, would learn to live with. Kurt had long since realised that the bullying didn't make him weak; it made him stronger.

Kurt and Blaine would later conclude that for a first sleep over, it wasn't bad.

CHAPTER TEN

Sick Day

Over the next month, Kurt and Blaine settled right into the routine of Dalton. The Warblers were proving to be loyal and amazing friends to the two boys. They looked out for them and allowed them to be themselves and act like a couple. They still weren't all that comfortable with PDA – even holding hands – but liked that the boys were so at ease with them.

It was flu season and the virus was making its rounds at Dalton. Cameron had been out for a couple of days as he was the first Warbler to succumb to the illness. Over the next week, Blaine became the second.

Kurt had been getting dressed for school when his phone buzzed, the sound reverberating around the room. His face brightened as he saw it was a text from Blaine but it quickly turned confused as he tried to decipher the text message.

Im not feedlign ll thst wekk – B x

"Oh Blaine," Kurt sighed, unable to understand anything from the message, deciding to call him instead. Kurt waited five rings before Blaine picked up.

"Lo?" He coughed on the other end and Kurt winced.

"Blaine?" Kurt asked. "Are you OK?"

"Not really," Blaine moaned on the other end, curling up into ball. "Feel sick."

"Oh baby," Kurt sighed in sympathy. "I'm sorry."

"Stupid Cameron," Blaine coughed again and Kurt cringed.

"Get some rest," Kurt soothed softly. "I'll come by after school."

"No, don't want you to get sick," Blaine groaned.

"Shh," Kurt hushed. "Get some sleep. I'll see you later." Kurt hung up before Blaine could protest and finished getting dressed. He picked his bag and was walking down the stairs when reality sunk in. He was going to school alone, with no Blaine by his side. Kurt steeled himself and continued downstairs to where Burt was waiting for him.

Kurt walked into Dalton alone, clutching his satchel strap tightly in his good hand. He kept his head high but avoided everyone's gaze – the way he used to at Westerville High – as he walked to his locker. He reached it and spun the dial on the lock, entering the combination and opening it up.

"Hey Kurt," Nick greeted him warmly and Kurt flinched, stumbling backwards slightly in surprise until he caught sight of who was talking to him.

"Oh, hi Nick," Kurt smiled, relaxing.

"Sorry for sneaking up on you," Nick apologized.

"It's OK," Kurt assured him, grabbing out his books of his locker.

"No Blaine today?" Nick frowned, looking around.

"He's out with the flu," Kurt said mournfully.

"That sucks," Nick winced. "You'll tell him we say get better, yeah?"

"Of course," Kurt smiled. Nick beamed and Kurt shut his locker door gently.

"What do we have first?" Nick asked.

"Art," Kurt answered and the boy beamed at him.

"My favourite subject," Nick noticed that Kurt was quieter and kept his face perfectly blank, not allowing his emotions to creep through. It bore stark contrast to the way Kurt looked when Blaine was around. When he was near his boyfriend, he came to life. "You and Blaine," Nick said as they walked from art class to their next one. "It's weird seeing one without the other."

Kurt chuckled. "My dad calls Blaine his son-in-law."

Nick laughed and took notice of the dreamy smile on Kurt's lips. "Do both your parents get along?" He asked, curious to learn more about Kurt's life outside of Dalton. Even after a month they still hadn't learnt much about the boys' lives.

"Oh yeah," Kurt beamed. "Blaine's dad and mine are great friends."

"And your mothers?" Nick asked.

"Yeah, they were best friends," Kurt said quietly, ducking his head.

"Oh sorry," Nick apologized. "I didn't mean to pry."

"No, it's OK," Kurt assured him.

"Are they not friends anymore?" Nick asked, curiosity getting the better of him.

"I'm sure they would be," Kurt murmured and gave Nick a sad smile. "My mum passed away when I was eight."

Nick face fell with horror. "Shit Kurt, I'm so sorry."

"You didn't know," Kurt shrugged. "It was some time ago."

Nick bit his lip but felt honoured that Kurt had shared this with him. "Thanks for telling me," Nick said quietly, smiling at Kurt.

"You're my friend," Kurt said shyly and Nick beamed.

"Yeah, I am."

As they were walking to English they met up with Wes, David and Jeff, the blonde boy immediately throwing an arm around Nick who grinned in response. Wes and David rolled their eyes at the two boys, wondering when on earth they would get their acts together and admit they liked each other.

"Where's Blaine?" David frowned as Kurt approached. "He wasn't in history."

"He's got the flu," Kurt told them. "Got it off Cameron."

"Damn," David muttered and pulled out his phone.

"What are you doing?" Kurt asked, looking over his shoulder curiously.

"Sending Blaine a get well message," David grinned, fingers flying across the keypad. He missed the bright smile Kurt gave him but it didn't go unnoticed by the others.

Blaine groaned as he slowly broke through his haze of sleep. He squinted and found that the room was darker than he expected. He glanced around and saw that the curtains were drawn and there was a figure hunched over his desk.

"Kurt?" Blaine rasped out, knowing his boyfriend's slender figure anywhere.

Kurt turned and smiled at Blaine, abandoning his homework and moving to sit on the edge of the bed. "Hey. How are you feeling?" Kurt asked softly. Blaine just grunted and buried himself further under the covers. Kurt soothed Blaine's curly hair, running it through his fingers and Blaine made a sound of content.

"How was school?" Blaine coughed and Kurt rubbed his back.

"It was OK," Kurt shrugged and he ducked his head. "I missed you."

Blaine rolled over and smiled at Kurt through hazy eyes. "I missed you too," Blaine wheezed. "Sucks being sick."

"Can I get you anything?" Kurt asked.

"No, m'k," Blaine yawned, snuggling into the mountain of pillows that lay beneath him.

"Did you get your messages from the Warblers?" Kurt murmured, trailing his fingertips along Blaine's hairline.

"Been asleep all day," Blaine coughed and Kurt reached for his phone.

"All the Warblers sent you get well soon messages," Kurt smiled, looking through them.

"They did?" Blaine asked, squinting at Kurt through the curls that were flopping over his forehead.

"Hmm," Kurt hummed. "Want me to read them to you?" Blaine nodded and settled back down. Kurt read the messages out to him, his voice lulling him into relaxation. Kurt noticed this and smiled softly. He put Blaine's phone back on his bed side table and stood up.

"Where you going?" Blaine mumbled, eyes closed, on the verge of sleep.

"Letting you get some sleep," Kurt said quietly.

"Stay," Blaine sighed and Kurt smiled.

"OK," Kurt promised and sat back down at Blaine's desk as Blaine slipped into unconsciousness.

Kurt finished his homework and pulled out a spare sketch book that he kept at the Anderson's home. He opened a clean page and started sketching, humming softly under his breath as he worked.

When Blaine woke up next it was much darker and he felt a little better. He hauled himself up into the sitting position and rubbed his face with the palm of his hand. Kurt wasn't there and Blaine swung himself out of bed, shivering. He grabbed a jumper, pulling it on and padded out of his room. He made his way downstairs slowly, following the sound of voices.

"Kurt, it's beautiful," Annie's voice drifted from the kitchen. "Is this something you want to pursue?"

"I'd like to take a fashion course in college," Kurt answered, "or an art course."

"You have the eye for fashion," Blaine rasped as he entered the kitchen and Kurt whipped around, smiling.

"Hey you," Annie smiled. "How you feeling?"

"Little bit better," Blaine shrugged.

"Are you hungry?" Annie asked.

"I could eat something plain," Blaine nodded.

"I'll get you some crackers," she told him, flitting across the kitchen.

"Come on, you," Kurt said, taking Blaine's hand and leading him out of the kitchen and to the living room. Blaine collapsed on to the couch and Kurt draped a blanket over him clumsily with his one arm.

His cast would be coming off in two weeks and he was counting down the seconds. He had never been one for relying on other people and he couldn't wait to be fully independent once more. He curled up at Blaine's feet, smiling softly at the ill boy.

"You were doing more design work?" Blaine asked and Kurt nodded. Blaine was the only one who knew of Kurt passion for design and that he wanted to be a designer after school.

"Just dabbling," Kurt shrugged.

"You'll show me later yeah?" Blaine asked hopefully.

"Yeah, of course," Kurt smiled. Blaine coughed and Kurt winced. "Dad will be here to pick me up soon," he said sadly.

"Sorry, I'm not much company at the moment," Blaine sniffed and Kurt chuckled softly.

"You looked pretty adorable while you were sleeping," Kurt teased and Blaine chuckled. The door bell rang and Kurt sighed. "That will be Dad," he said, getting to his feet. "I'll message you later, OK?"

"I'll be waiting," Blaine smiled. Kurt hesitated before swooping down and kissing Blaine's forehead. He beamed and called a goodbye to Annie as he grabbed his bag.

Blaine sighed as he heard the door open and close and in an instant, Kurt was gone. Blaine settled back on the sofa, closing his eyes and willing sleep to find him again. Being sick sucked.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Progress

Blaine had overcome the flu and was back to his usual puppy like self and Kurt had finally gotten the cast taken off his arm. The Warblers had welcomed him back enthusiastically and Kurt was happy to be able to kiss his boyfriend again. The Warblers had also celebrated that Kurt had gotten his cast off – it was still unknown to the boys how he had broken it, though they didn't dwell on that too much – and had brought a cake in. The week went quickly and soon enough, the weekend was theirs. Blaine had a lot to catch up on in the classes he missed and Kurt needed to work in the garage to earn some money – the designer labels he kept weren't cheap.

So the boys found themselves on a Saturday morning in Hummel's Tire and Lube. Blaine was working on his history homework while Kurt was replacing the tires on an elderly woman's car that had been brought in. Blaine glanced up from the history book he had been reading and swallowed thickly as he watched Kurt tighten the nuts on the wheel with a wrench – arm muscles tensing with each rotation of the tool.

Blaine was in trouble. Nobody – apart from Blaine, his family and Burt – was allowed to see Kurt so dirty and unfashionable. Kurt could certainly pull off the overalls – having put his own fashionable spin on his overalls – and damn if Blaine didn't find it sexy as hell. He had always admired Kurt for being able to fix cars; his father had been teaching Kurt since he was old enough to walk, before Blaine had even met him.

As they grew older, Blaine had started to admire certain...*parts* of Kurt as he worked but before now, he would immediately blush and push those thoughts away. Kurt was his best friend and he shouldn't have been thinking of him like that. But now that Kurt was his *boyfriend* – and still his best friend, of course, – he could look and those decidedly un-dapper thoughts crept their way back into his mind and they proved hard to get rid of.

"I can feel you staring at me," Kurt said, breaking Blaine's train of thought. He looked up at Kurt's face and saw a small smirk on his lips, even though he wasn't looking directly at Blaine.

"You're distracting me," Blaine huffed. "Here I was learning about the French revolution and then you had to be all –" Blaine waved a hand up and down Kurt's body, who glanced over his shoulder looking thoroughly amused, "and distract me."

"Me changing a tire is distracting?" Kurt echoed, amusement dancing in his eyes.

"It's sexy," Blaine said bluntly and Kurt froze, the wrench slipping from his fingers and landing on the ground with a ringing clatter that echoed around the garage. Blaine blushed and rubbed the back of his neck, smiling sheepishly at Kurt.

"You – you think this is sexy?" Kurt asked, eyes wide. He knew he didn't look handsome like Blaine. He was pale with porcelain skin and was all angles while Blaine was the very definition of sexy.

"Of course I do," Blaine smiled at Kurt in disbelief. "I've been staring at your arms for the past half an hour."

"My arms?" Kurt stuttered, looking down at them and then back to Blaine, eyes wide.

"Yeah," Blaine nodded. "You're just – you're sexy, Kurt."

Kurt's mouth opened and closed a few times, hardly daring to believe that Blaine found him sexy. "Oh," he breathed, eyes widening even further. "Dad?"

"Yeah," Burt called out from the car he was working on and Blaine gave Kurt a confused look, slightly bewildered by the fact that they'd had a conversation about being sexy and Kurt thought it appropriate to involve his father.

"I'm finished on Mrs. Lisbon's car," Kurt replied. "Do you need anything else?"

"Nah, it's pretty slow," Burt yelled back. "You and Blaine can head home if you like. Just finish up with Mrs. Lisbon and you can go."

"Pack your things and be ready to go," Kurt said quickly to Blaine, picking up the wrench he dropped and shoving it back in the tool box.

"Uh – yeah, OK," Blaine nodded, confused but excited by Kurt's sudden change in behaviour. He quickly shut his history book and shoved it into his bag.

Kurt lowered the car down and hurried to find the old lady so that she could pay and they could get out of the garage. When he was done Blaine was waiting for him, bag slung over his shoulder. Kurt grabbed Blaine's sleeve – having quickly changed out of his overalls – and pulled Blaine along with him. The garage wasn't far to walk home from but Burt didn't usually like them wandering around Lima.

"Whoa, what's going on?" Blaine asked as he jogged to keep up with Kurt's long strides.

"Sorry," Kurt said, slowing down and Blaine slowed his pace also.

"What's going through your head?" Blaine asked as they walked.

"You think I'm sexy," Kurt stated, refusing to meet Blaine's eyes.

"Of course I do," Blaine smiled.

"I think you're sexy too," Kurt blushed, looking at Blaine shyly, who grinned at his boyfriend. "I was thinking," Kurt continued, "that the house was empty and maybe we could go a little further."

"I – yeah," Blaine nodded dumbly.

"Only if you want to and are ready," Kurt added, biting his lip.

"Oh, I'm ready," Blaine assured him. "Come on."

He grabbed Kurt's hand and started jogging, tugging Kurt along with him. He beamed as he heard Kurt giggle and they reached the house quickly.

"My room," Kurt smiled and tugged Blaine down to the basement. Blaine beamed and Kurt shut the door so only a little was left open, this way they would be able to hear if Burt came home early.

They looked at each other and Blaine chuckled, both of them suddenly coming over shy. "Come here," Blaine murmured and pulled Kurt close, wrapping his arms around his waist. Kurt looped his hand around Blaine's neck and nuzzled his nose against his. Blaine captured Kurt's lips with his and gently deepened the kiss. Kurt eagerly slid his tongue against Blaine's – never would he tire of having Blaine's tongue down his throat – and Kurt threaded his fingers into his boyfriend's gel-free curls.

This was familiar to them and Blaine gently rubbed his hands up and down Kurt's side. Kurt suddenly slid his arms away from Blaine's neck and placed his hands on Blaine's chest. Slowly, he slid them down until his hand rested on Blaine's hips, toying the hem of his shirt. Kurt pulled away, panting softly against Blaine's lips.

"Can I?" he asked, opening his eyes and looking directly into Blaine's hazel orbs.

"Yes," Blaine nodded and Kurt smiled. He dipped a hand under Blaine's shirt and trailed his hands over his stomach, feeling the outline of the muscles under his palms.

Blaine breathed heavily as Kurt's hands explored under his shirt. "You can take it off," Blaine swallowed and Kurt kissed him again. He slowly lifted Blaine's shirt up and they only pulled apart to get it over Blaine's head. Kurt's eyes trailed over Blaine's bare chest and he swallowed. It wasn't the first time he had seen Blaine with his shirt off, but this was different.

"You're so..." Kurt trailed off, unable to find words, fingers lightly dancing over Blaine chest.

"Can I?" Blaine asked, fiddling with Kurt's button down. Kurt nodded and blushed as Blaine started unbuttoning his shirt. Blaine dipped his head and began sucking a hickey on to Kurt's collar bone. Kurt's breath hitched and his fingers dug into Blaine's arms. The last button came undone and Blaine gently pushed the shirt open and off Kurt's shoulders.

Kurt blushed and avoided Blaine's eyes. When Kurt's shirt was off, Blaine put a finger under his chin and lifted Kurt's face to his.

"You're beautiful," Blaine murmured sweetly and kissed Kurt again.

Kurt stepped back, Blaine following him, until he hit the bed. Slowly he sunk down onto the mattress, Blaine hovering over him. They moved up the bed until they were both comfortably on and then their hands began to roaming. Blaine pulled Kurt close and ran his hands up and down his boyfriend's back, the other boy's hands trapped against Blaine's chest, rubbing small circles, gently brushing over Blaine's nipples, causing him to gasp into Kurt's mouth.

"You're so soft," Blaine breathed against Kurt's lips, one hand going to Kurt's hair, the other still running the length of his back.

Kurt moaned against Blaine's lips and pressed himself closer, shivering at the feeling of skin on skin. He ran his hand up Blaine's chest and into his curls, angling his head and kissing Blaine deeper. Blaine moved his hands from Kurt's back and to his arms, gently squeezing and feeling the muscles.

Kurt pulled away, panting softly, licking his lips. Blaine groaned and kissed Kurt again, earning a delicious sound from his boyfriend. They pulled away and stared at each other, smiling softly and breathing heavily.

"Wow," Kurt breathed, fingers untangling from Blaine's curls and trailing down to his collar bone, tapping it lightly.

"We should – uh – cool down," Blaine murmured and Kurt nodded, sitting up. Blaine leaned up in his elbow and reached out to run a finger down Kurt's spine. Kurt smiled at him over his shoulder. "You really are so beautiful," Blaine said, sitting up and kissing his boyfriend's bare shoulder. Kurt tipped his head back to lean against the shorter boy.

"You are too," Kurt whispered, pressing a kiss to the underside of Blaine's jaw. Blaine's hands snaked around Kurt's stomach and he rubbed his hands up and down, loving the feel of his soft skin, a thumb brushing over Kurt's pebbled nipples.

"Blaine," Kurt gasped, shivering with delight against Blaine. "We need to stop."

"Sorry," Blaine said, immediately pulling away. "I just – you feel so amazing."

"It's OK," Kurt smiled, slipping his shirt back on. He turned and trailed his eyes over Blaine's chest. "Here," he handed Blaine his shirt and he tugged it on.

Kurt cupped Blaine cheek and brought their lips together in another sweet kiss before pulling away and buttoning up his shirt.

"You're ok?" Blaine asked and Kurt chuckled.

"I'm fine, Blaine," he smiled. "I liked it. A lot."

"I'm sorry if I pushed too much," Blaine started to ramble but Kurt cut him off.

"You didn't," Kurt assured him, kissing him gently.

"Good," Blaine breathed and kissed Kurt again, deepening it. He would never tire of kissing his boyfriend.

Kurt sighed against his lips, losing himself in Blaine's touch. They eventually pulled away, breathing heavily.

"I'll stop now," Blaine murmured, pecking Kurt on the lips once again.

"Hmm, sure you will," Kurt chuckled, pulling away and sliding off the bed and onto his feet. "I'm going to grab a drink. Want one?"

"Yes please," Blaine smiled. Kurt beamed at him and hurried up the stairs to the kitchen.

Blaine grinned and flopped backwards on the bed, still able to feel where Kurt's fingers had trailed over his chest and back. Blaine couldn't believe how lucky he was to have Kurt and vowed that he would never let Kurt go – not that he could – and resolved to make him as happy as Kurt made him.

CHAPTER TWELVE

First Competition

Competition season was upon them and the Warblers were competing at Sectionals against Vocal Adrenaline from Carmel High and a group named Oral Intensity. Justin had instructed the Warblers to be ready in their uniforms by nine o'clock to take the bus to the theatre where the competition was being held.

"What's it like?" Kurt asked Nick as they waited for the rest of the Warblers to arrive. Blaine and Kurt had arrived at eight thirty and were pleased that they weren't the only ones to arrive early.

"The competition?" Nick asked and Kurt nodded. "It's amazing and so much fun. Just getting up there on stage and performing." Nick trailed off with a dreamy smile and Kurt chuckled.

"Is it nerve wracking?" He questioned.

"Is this your first time performing?" Nick inquired, looking between Kurt and Blaine.

"Yeah, this is the first time," Blaine answered, taking Kurt's hand in his and twining their fingers together.

"You'll both be great," Nick assured them. "I mean, you picked up the choreography quicker than Cameron did." Blaine and Kurt chuckled. Cameron had only just stopped stepping on people's toes and gotten the moves down perfectly with a few days to spare. "Just don't picture the audience in their underwear. Thad did once and it scarred him for life."

Blaine Kurt laughed loudly and Nick joined in. His smile brightened when he saw Jeff heading towards him, a big smile on his face.

"Hi Nick," Jeff beamed, pulling the boy into a hug. "Kurt, Blaine."

"Hi Jeff," they chorused. Kurt looked between the two of them and smirked. They were clearly oblivious to each other's feelings.

It wasn't long before all the Warblers were ready to go and they loaded onto the bus. Justin did a head count and they were off.

"How you feeling?" Blaine asked as they settled into their chairs.

"Nervous," Kurt admitted.

"Me too," Blaine assured him and Kurt gave him a sceptical look.

"You don't look it," Kurt said dryly and Blaine chuckled. He grabbed Kurt's hand and placed it on his heart. Kurt could feel it palpating irregularly under his palm and he smiled. "OK, I believe you now," he said, withdrawing his hand.

"You two are adorable," Wes interjected, popping his head over the seat. He and David were seated behind them with Nick and Jeff to their side. Kurt and Blaine blushed, shooting a shy smile at each other.

"I'm getting cavities just looking at the two of you," David grinned.

Blaine wrapped an arm around Kurt, pulling him closer. The trip to the theatre wasn't long and when they arrived, the council immediately ushered them inside and signed them in. They were performing first and quickly headed to the green room to warm up. As the group went back stage Kurt eyed the stage nervously.

"You'll be great you know," Blaine said, coming up behind Kurt and laying his hand on his shoulder.

Kurt relaxed slightly under his touch but couldn't shake his nerves. "What if I forget the lyrics or mess it up?" He rambled, wringing his hands together.

"Hey," Blaine soothed, moving around to face his boyfriend. "You are going to do wonderfully. We've practiced together and I know you can do this."

Kurt saw the sincerity in Blaine's eyes and found himself relaxing. Blaine grinned, sensing Kurt's nerves fading. "Thank you," Kurt smiled at Blaine adoringly. "How can you always calm me down so fast?"

"The same way you help me," Blaine grinned, stepping closer.

Kurt opened his mouth to say something but Justin called out over the top of him.

"Alright Warblers, get on stage," he yelled and Kurt sighed. Blaine quickly pecked him on the cheek and stepped back.

"Courage," Blaine smiled and Kurt returned it.

The boys took their places on the stage and the curtain drew back, revealing the crowd and the bright lights shining on them. Kurt swallowed nervously and took a deep calming breath.

Courage Kurt told himself, thinking of Blaine. Justin stepped forward, the soloist for their first number and the music started up.

At first we started out real cool,(cool)
Taking me places i ain'tnever been
But now your getting comfortable
Ain't doing those things that you did no more
Your slowly makin me pay for things
Your money should be handling

And now you ask to use my car (car)
Drive it all day and don't fill up the tank
And you have the audacity
To even come and step to me
And ask to hold some money from me
Until you get your check next week

You triflin',good for nothing type of brother
Silly me,why haven't I found another
A baller, when times get hard he's the one to help me out
insted of, a scrub like you who don't know what a man's about

Can you pay my bills
can you pay my telephone bills
can you pay my automoto'bills
then maybe we can chill

*I don't think you do
so you and me are through*

*now you been maxing out my card(card)
give me bad credit,buying gifts with my own ends
haven't paid the first bill
but you steady heading to the mall
going on shopping sprees
peprpetrating to your friends that you be ballin'*

*and then you use my cell phone(phone)
callin who ever that you think at home
and when the bill comes all of a sudden you be acting dumb
don't know where none of these calls come from
when your mamma's numbers here more than once*

The applause was deafening and they all beamed at each other as the curtain closed. Kurt felt that he could breathe easier and Nick was suddenly tugging on his arm, dragging him offstage. "You were great, Kurt," he beamed.

"You too," Kurt grinned back.

"See, I told you," Blaine teased, coming up behind them with Jeff, Wes and David.

"Come on, let's go watch the other performances," Wes said, heading off in direction of the audience. They hurried after him and quickly took their seats, Kurt and Blaine sitting down together. Blaine reached out and took Kurt's hand, threading their fingers together. Kurt smiled and squeezed Blaine's hand.

Vocal Adrenalin took the stage and everyone fell silent. The music started and the Warblers' jaws dropped.

*"They tried to make me go to rehab, I said, 'no, no, no'
Yes, I've been black but when I come back you'll know, know, know
I ain't got the time and if my daddy thinks I'm fine
He's tried to make me go to rehab, I won't go, go, go,"*

Blaine and Kurt shared an uncomfortable look. Any chances they had of winning were firmly over.

*"I'd rather be at home with Ray
I ain't got seventeen days
'Cause there's nothing, there's nothing you can teach me
That I can't learn from Mr Hathaway*

*I didn't get a lot in class
But I know we don't come in a shot glass*

*They tried to make me go to rehab, I said, 'no, no, no'
Yes, I've been black but when I come back you'll know, know, know
I ain't got the time and if my daddy thinks I'm fine
He's tried to make me go to rehab, I won't go, go, go,"*

Vocal Adrenaline danced across the stage as they sung, note perfect. Every one of them looked like brain-washed robots, but boy, could they sing.

*"They tried to make me go to rehab, I said, 'no, no, no'
Yes, I've been black but when I come back you'll know, know, know
I ain't got the time and if my daddy thinks I'm fine
He's tried to make me go to rehab, I won't go, go, go."*

The applause in the audience was like thunder and everyone took to their feet, jumping up and down and catcalling.

"Oh sweet Gaga," Kurt breathed. "They were good."

"Yeah," Blaine murmured.

"We're doomed," Jeff moaned, head falling into his hands and Nick rubbed his back, his own eyes wide.

Vocal Adrenaline descended off the stage and Oral Intensity took their place. They were good, although the performance was not as powerful as Vocal Adrenaline's had been, it was still breathtaking. When all three groups had performed they made their way back on stage and waited for the results.

"Thank you everyone for coming," Rod Remington smiled at the crowd. "Each club performed admirably but there can only be one winner." The teams held their breath, waiting. "And the winner is...Vocal Adrenaline."

Vocal Adrenaline screamed with delight whereas the other two teams visibly deflated. Justin put on a brave face and went to congratulate the other teams. Vocal Adrenaline just smirked at him and ignored his out stretched hand, turning their back on him.

"How rude," Wes growled and Kurt and Blaine sighed.

Justin came back, looking downcast. "Everyone, let's get back on the bus."

The Warblers made their way back, hardly speaking. They climbed on the bus and took their seats. After a few moments, Justin kneeled on his seat and called for everyone's attention. "Even though we didn't win today, I'm proud of how hard we all worked," he announced, smiling softly. "I'm proud to be a part of such a wonderful team."

Everyone clapped and cheered and Justin grinned.

They made their way back to Dalton and Annie was waiting to pick them up. She smiled at them and waved at the group of boys.

"Hey mum," Blaine grinned. "This is Wes, David, Nick and Jeff."

"It's nice to meet you, boys," Annie beamed.

"Pleasure to meet you Mrs Anderson," David greeted politely.

"Call me Annie."

"Oh, there's my mum," Jeff said, waving to his mum. "Nick, are you coming home with me?"

"Yeah," Nick grinned. "See you guys on Monday."

"Bye Nick," Kurt smiled and Nick patted his shoulder before walking away.

"We had better be off too," Annie said. "Your dads' are tinkering with the lawn mower and I don't trust them not to add any additional features to it."

Blaine and Kurt sniggered along with Wes and David. "See you Monday," Blaine grinned and they headed to the car with Annie.

"How did it go?" Annie asked the moment they were all in the car.

"We came in second," Blaine told her.

"Oh good job," she smiled. "I'm so proud of you boys."

"Thank you," Kurt grinned.

"As congratulations, we are going out for dinner tonight," Annie announced.

"Yes!" Blaine cheered and Kurt chuckled.

"Kurt, do you have an outfit at our place?" Annie asked. "Or did you want me to swing by your place?"

"No I should have something," Kurt smiled and Blaine grinned. They talked about the competition as Annie drove them home. When they got there, they jumped out and headed into the house. "I'm going to get changed," Kurt said, quickly heading upstairs. Blaine got a drink of water before following him.

He headed to the spare room to find Kurt and paused in the doorway as his mouth suddenly became extremely dry. Kurt was just wearing his tight blue jeans and was about to pull on a shirt. He turned suddenly and blushed as he saw Blaine.

"Hi," Kurt greeted, voice coming out higher than usual.

"Hey," Blaine said, stepping into the room and shutting the door so it was left just ajar. "You were amazing today."

"Thank you," Kurt smiled. "You were, too. You looked like you were having so much fun up there."

"I was," Blaine grinned, sliding his hands to rest on Kurt hips. "Don't think I couldn't see you smiling up there, too."

Kurt chuckled and leant in to kiss him sweetly. Blaine hummed and deepened the kiss, pulling Kurt closer. He pulled back and started placing kisses along Kurt's cheek and down to his neck. Kurt tipped his head back, exposing more of his neck to Blaine and clutched at his boyfriend's arms. Blaine started to suck and nibble at the sensitive spot on Kurt's neck.

"Don't you dare leave a mark," Kurt moaned softly and Blaine grinned against his skin.

He moved away and pulled Kurt back into another kiss. Kurt drew back, grinning mischievously before pressing his lips to Blaine's neck. Blaine's breathing grew heavier as Kurt licked at the skin and sucked gently.

"You're so good at that," Blaine panted and Kurt chuckled, sending vibrations up his neck.

He eventually stepped back, grinning widely and Blaine whined, reaching out for him. "Our parents are down stairs," Kurt reminded him, pulling on his shirt. "Maybe later."

"I'll hold you to that," Blaine warned and Kurt smirked.

"I hope so." Blaine wiggled his eyebrows, eliciting a chuckle from his boyfriend. "Come on, I want to say hi to my dad," Kurt said and headed down stairs with Blaine in tow.

Burt and Edward were out in the backyard, bent over Edward's lawn mower, tools spread around them and they were deep in discussion.

"Hi, Dad," Kurt called and the two men looked up.

"Hey, kid," Burt smiled. "How'd it go?"

"We came second," Kurt answered.

"Good on you," Edward beamed.

"What are you doing?" Blaine asked, cocking his head curiously.

"Fixing the mower," Edward said, glaring at the machine. "It broke down."

"Annie's under the impression that you are adding to it," Kurt told them.

"We may be improving it while we are here," Burt shrugged and Kurt rolled his eyes.

"Don't tell your mother," Edward said to Blaine. "What she doesn't know can't hurt her."

"Too late," Annie said, coming out with her arms crossed.

"Oh, hi sweetie," Edward beamed and Burt snorted.

"Both of you need to clean up and get ready," Annie said, looking amused. "We're going out for dinner to celebrate."

"We'll be right in," Edward assured her.

"You better be," Annie warned, her threat not needing to be voiced; everyone knew there would be trouble if they failed to comply with her wishes.

Edward and Burt nodded and Annie grinned, turning on her heel and stepping back inside. Edward and Burt eyed the mower, wondering if it was worth it to feel the wrath of Annie Anderson. They decided it against it and packed up the tools, heading inside to clean up and get changed.

Blaine quickly changed out of his uniform and came back downstairs to find Kurt flipping through a magazine. Blaine slid into the chair next to his boyfriend and wrapped an arm around his shoulder, pulling Kurt so he was leaning against his chest. Kurt hummed happily and flipped the page, content with Blaine just holding him.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Guy Talk

Nick walked into Dalton, a smile on his face. He headed to his locker, bobbing his head to the song he was humming. He beamed as he saw Kurt and Blaine at their lockers. He slowed as Blaine laughed at something Kurt said, tugging at his boyfriend's blue blazer, effectively bringing him closer. Blaine murmured something too low for Nick to hear but whatever Blaine said made Kurt smile and nod his head in excitement.

Nick watched as Kurt quickly pecked Blaine on the cheek, causing the shorter boy to grin widely. Nick hummed louder and continued walking to his locker, making his presence known to the two boys.

"Morning," Nick said joyfully and Kurt and Blaine smiled.

"Morning Nick," they greeted in unison.

"You're in a good mood," Kurt commented.

"Double art this morning, Kurt," Nick beamed. "What's not to love?"

"Double history," Blaine grinned.

"Oh before I forget," Kurt said, turning to Blaine. "Will you come shopping with me this afternoon? I need to get dad a present for his birthday."

"Of course," Blaine agreed. "While we're there, maybe we could get Pav some more bird seed?"

"Good idea," Kurt nodded. "I'll make a list."

"A list?" Blaine echoed. "It's going to be a long shopping trip, isn't it?"

Kurt grinned wickedly. "If you're good, I'll share one of those obnoxiously large chocolate sundaes with you without complaining."

"Deal!"

Nick beamed and chuckled at the two of them.

"What's so funny?" Jeff asked, coming up to the group, looking confused.

"Just watching Blaine and Kurt negotiate," Nick explained.

"Last time we spent five hours in the mall," Blaine groaned.

"You loved it," Kurt huffed and rolled his eyes. "Ok, maybe you didn't but I bought you some nice things."

"Which I appreciate," Blaine smiled adoringly at his boyfriend.

Jeff and Nick smiled at the two, unconsciously drifting closer to each other. The bell suddenly rang and the boys jumped slightly.

"I'll see you later," Blaine grinned at Kurt and his boyfriend smiled back.

"Bye Nick," Jeff beamed and headed off with Blaine. Kurt and Nick headed in the opposite direction to the art room.

"How did you know?" Nick asked suddenly and Kurt gave him a confused look. "That you liked Blaine and he liked you," he elaborated.

"I didn't know Blaine liked me," Kurt mused as they walked. "I talked to Annie about liking a boy and she knew instantly that I liked Blaine." Nick chuckled as Kurt blushed. "I wasn't very good at hiding it and Blaine can be oblivious sometimes."

"What did you do?" Nick asked.

"I asked him out," Kurt said simply. "Of course he mistook it for me wanting to go out to a movie or for dinner until I clarified that I meant I wanted to be boyfriends and I kissed him."

"And now you're together," Nick smiled.

"Don't get me wrong, telling him was terrifying," Kurt shook his head, "but Blaine and I have been best friends and even if he had said no, we would still have remained in each other's lives."

The two boys stepped inside the art room and took their seats. "So you took a chance?" Nick asked, taking out his things.

"Yes and it paid off," Kurt smiled. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I just – uh – have a crush on someone," Nick mumbled.

"Sorry, I didn't quite catch that," Kurt sniggered, amused.

Nick took a deep breath. "I have a crush on someone."

"Jeff?" Kurt guessed and Nick's eyes widened.

"How did you know?" He squawked.

Kurt chuckled. "Because you stare at Jeff the way I stared at Blaine before we started dating."

Nick laughed lightly. "I really like him."

"Well, judging by the way Jeff looks at you when you don't notice, he likes you too," Kurt smiled encouragingly.

"You think?" Nick asked, looking up at him hopefully.

"I do," Kurt nodded. "But you'll have to ask him to find out."

Nick blushed and ducked his head. "I'm too shy."

"I could help – if you like," Kurt offered.

"Yeah, that would be good," Nick let out a heavy breath of relief and Kurt grinned.

The teacher called for attention and gave them an assignment to work on. Today, they would be experimenting with water colours.

Nick and Kurt shared a pallet and begun their work. There was a lot of the chatter around the room and unfortunately one student wasn't paying attention. He was walking back to his chair, mucking around with a fellow pupil and he tripped, the water and paint flying out of his hands and hitting Kurt.

Kurt froze, limbs locking painfully and his breath leaving him.

"Oops," the boy sniggered and Kurt's breathing grew laboured, his mind flashing back to Westerville High.

Kurt was sitting alone at the front of the art room as usual, distancing himself from his fellow class mates and silently counting down the seconds until his could see Blaine again. He was working on a painting on his easel and he could hear sniggers around the classroom but ignored them. He moved his hand in long fluid movements, smiling at the art he was producing. Maybe he would give it to Blaine or his dad.

The room fell silent and Kurt frowned, turning to look over his shoulder. Two burley boys grinned and the taller one pushed the other boy, sending his weight flying into Kurt, knocking him off his stool. Kurt crashed to the floor, breaking his easel as he fell and he felt cool liquid running over him. The boy had 'dropped' his paint all over Kurt. The class erupted into laughter and Kurt's face flooded red with embarrassment. The teacher just looked on and rolled his eyes.

"Alright settle down," he called in a tired voice. "Mr Hummel, clean this up and then go change." Kurt eyes burned but he blinked back the tears, not wanting to give his classmates the satisfaction.

"Kurt?" Nick's voice was close to his ear and Kurt breathing became harsher.

"Mr Hummel?" Mrs Willow's voice sounded on his other side. Kurt took in a deep wheezing breath, his whole body shaking.

"I think he's having a panic attack," Nick said, his voice shaky. "Kurt, can you hear me?"

"Can't – breath," Kurt whimpered, clutching his paint brush tightly in his hands, his vision blurry.

"It's OK," Nick assured him. "Just listen to my voice."

Kurt tried but he couldn't get the vision out of his head, the whole class laughing at him. He whimpered and panted harshly.

"Easy," Nick said. "I'm going to remove the paint brush from your hand." Kurt watched as Nick tugged the paint brush out of his death grip and choked out a sob. "Kurt, breathe."

Breathe, he needed to breathe. He could breathe. *Regulate your breathing.* Blaine's voice filled his mind, murmuring instructions. What would Blaine do? Kurt reached out blindly for Nick and placed his hands on his chest, feeling for his breath. Nick realized that Kurt was trying to copy his breathing and took deep steadying breaths. Kurt wheezed but complied.

"Do you think you can walk to the nurse's office?" Mrs Willow asked, the classes watching in silence with wide eyes.

Kurt nodded shakily and Nick helped him up, wrapping an arm around his waist and placing Kurt's arm around his shoulder. They walked slowly, Kurt still breathing heavily.

"Just keep following my breathing," Nick instructed, his voice shaky and Kurt nodded.

They made it to the nurse's office and Kurt was immediately taken to a cot to lie down. He curled up and Nick sat on the edge of the bed.

"Thanks," Kurt wheezed. Nick nodded, throat tightening with emotion. Kurt was paler than usual and he looked so small and fragile.

They sat in silence; the only sound was of Kurt breathing. He was slowly starting to regulate his breathing. The nurse came with a towel and Kurt took it with shaky hands, cleaning himself up. Nick tried to help, making small talk.

"Do you think I should sing Jeff a song?" He asked.

"You should just talk to him," Kurt coughed.

"Alright, I will," Nick smiled.

The bell rang, signalling their first break and Kurt closed his eyes, exhausted. His breathing had nearly evened out and Nick rubbed his back.

"Feeling better now?" He asked.

"A bit," Kurt said quietly, eyes closed.

Nick heard pounding footsteps and the nurse's shout. He looked up to see Blaine come tumbling in, Jeff right behind him with Wes and David.

"Kurt!" Blaine yelped. Nick quickly vacated the bed and Blaine took his spot, gently rubbing Kurt's back. "Someone told me something happened to you in art."

"Someone accidentally spilt paint on me," Kurt murmured, opening his eyes and gazing up at Blaine. "I had a panic attack."

"Are you OK now?" Blaine asked, gently stroking Kurt's cheek.

"Tired," Kurt mumbled and Blaine gently kissed his cheek. "Nick helped me."

Blaine turned to Nick and smiled at him, his eyes suspiciously bright. "Thank you, Nick," Blaine said sincerely.

"It was nothing," Nick shrugged. Jeff shot Nick a concerned look.

"We'll let you rest," Wes said and Kurt's eyes slipped closed again, Blaine continuing to rub his back gently. Wes and David headed out and Jeff and Nick followed a slower pace. Jeff pulled Nick off to one side and Nick looked at him with wary eyes.

"Are you OK?" Jeff asked.

"I don't think I've ever been that terrified," Nick said hoarsely. "He went so pale and he couldn't breathe and he started shaking."

Nick trembled and Jeff quickly pulled him into a hug. Nick buried his head in Jeff's shoulder, trying to control his emotions. Jeff patted Nick's back, unable to help but notice how *right* it felt with Nick in his arms. "He'll be OK," Jeff assured him. "You did really well, Nick. I wouldn't have been able to do it."

"Yes you could have," Nick protested, pulling back. Jeff blushed and Nick's breath hitched as he realized how close they were. "Jeff?" Nick asked.

"Yeah?"

"Would you like to go on a date with me?" Nick blurted out, blushing slightly.

Jeff grinned brightly. "Is tomorrow night good for you?" He asked.

Nick nodded, smiling brightly. Jeff swooped in and kissed his cheek, grinning brightly.

In the nurse's office Kurt curled himself closer to Blaine, who kissed his cheek softly. "Do you want me to call Burt?" He asked quietly.

"Yes," Kurt whispered.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Blaine inquired as Kurt buried his head into the pillow.

"Embarrassed," came Kurt's muffled reply.

"Don't be," Blaine urged. "It's perfectly normal." Kurt lifted his head and shot Blaine a glare. "Don't give me that look. You shouldn't be ashamed."

"Because everyone else has been so understanding in the past," Kurt replied sarcastically and Blaine frowned.

"Don't be like that. Dalton's different," Blaine said.

"I know," Kurt sighed, "I'm sorry."

"You flashed back to Westerville High didn't you?" Blaine guessed. "Where everyone laughed at you in class and the teacher made you clean up the mess in front of them all?"

Kurt bit his lip and nodded. Gently, Blaine used his thumb to release Kurt's bottom lip from his teeth. "What if they laugh?" Kurt whispered.

"Then they aren't our friends and we are better off without them," Blaine said fiercely, "but they've proved that they aren't like that. If they want to be our friends they have to know that we come with baggage."

Kurt took Blaine's hand and squeezed it tightly. "You amaze me," Kurt smiled. Blaine grinned and gently kissed Kurt.

"I'll go get the nurse to ring Burt so he can take you home," Blaine said softly. Kurt nodded and his eyes slipped closed again, exhaustion taking over him.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Advice

Kurt was sitting on the veranda of the Anderson home on their porch swing, pillows propped up behind him, legs curled up with his sketch book propped up against his knees. Blaine was sitting beside him, guitar in hand and face pinched with concentration as he played, working out a tune.

Kurt smiled as Blaine played, hand flying across the page. Unbeknown to Blaine, his boyfriend was sketching him. The mood was pierced by the sound of his phone going off and Blaine stopped playing, looking up. Kurt frowned and lowered his sketch book, picking up his phone.

"Hello?" Kurt answered.

"KURT! You have to help me, I'm freaking out," came Nick's panicked voice.

"What? Nick, are you OK?" Kurt frowned and Blaine's face crinkled in confusion.

"NO! I have a date with Jeff soon and I have no idea what to wear," Nick cried.

"You asked Jeff out?" Kurt beamed and Blaine chuckled, no longer fearful that Nick was in danger.

"Yes, yesterday after art," Nick said and Kurt smiled. "He said he would pick me up tonight but I have nothing to wear."

"I'm sure you have something. Describe your wardrobe for me," Kurt instructed, getting comfortable again. He had a feeling this conversation would last for a while.

Nick quickly explained his wardrobe to Kurt, who nodded along, his mind instantly forming outfits. "Please tell me you can help me," Nick moaned.

"I can help," Kurt grinned. "Ok, get out your nicest pair of jeans – the dark wash ones – and match it with the white shirt that has the picture of headphones on it. All you need to add is a pair of converse and jacket to match the jeans and you're done."

"I've been staring at my wardrobe for an hour," Nick sighed. "You can't even see my clothes and you put together an outfit."

"It's a gift," Kurt said smugly and Blaine grinned at him.

"You'll remember my size when you become a fashion designer yeah?" Nick asked and Kurt chuckled. "What about my hair?"

"Leave it. Jeff will like your natural look," Kurt assured him.

"Thank you so much, Kurt," Nick breathed.

"You'll tell me how it goes yeah?" Kurt asked.

"Yeah, I will," Nick grinned. "Bye, Kurt."

"Have fun!"

They hung up and Kurt looked up at Blaine and found him staring at his sketch book. He had taken it without him knowing and Kurt felt his face heat up.

"You drew me," Blaine smiled and Kurt nodded. "This is really good, Kurt."

"Well, I had a beautiful muse to sketch," Kurt smiled shyly and Blaine grinned, putting his guitar down and scooting closer to his boyfriend, putting his legs over his lap.

"Nick asked you for help?" Blaine asked, fingers walking up and down Kurt's thigh.

"Yes," Kurt beamed. "He asked Jeff out on a date and they're going out tonight."

"Really?" Blaine grinned. "That's fantastic."

"I hope it goes well," Kurt bit his lip.

Blaine chuckled and rubbed Kurt's thigh with his palm. "You are playing matchmaker."

"Am not," Kurt lied and Blaine just grinned. He scooted even closer, lips tantalisingly close.

"Are too," Blaine murmured. "You are such a good match maker." He closed his lips around Kurt's, humming contentedly. Kurt threaded his fingers Blaine's gel-free curls and gripped tightly, angling his head to kiss his boyfriend deeper.

"Well," Kurt murmured against Blaine's lips, pulling back slightly. "I got you, didn't I?"

"You have me," Blaine hummed. "For as long as you'll have me."

"I want you forever," Kurt whispered, licking at Blaine's bottom lip.

"Thank god," Blaine moaned. "I don't know what I would do without you."

Kurt whimpered slightly and licked his way into Blaine's mouth, essentially preventing further discussion.

"Kurt, Blaine lunch in nearly – oh. Oops," Annie giggled as the two boy's wrenched apart, faces burning bright red. "Lunch is nearly ready."

"Thanks, Mum," Blaine grinned sheepishly.

"Thank you, Annie," Kurt murmured, voice embarrassingly high.

Annie winked and headed back inside. Both boys giggled sheepishly before collecting their things and heading inside. They ate lunch with Annie, who was working from home that day.

"What are your plans for this afternoon?" Annie asked as they ate.

Blaine shrugged and looked to Kurt. "We could go out," Kurt suggested. "See a movie?"

"Sounds good," Blaine grinned.

They ate lunch and quickly looked up times for a movie. They picked one that they had both wanted to see for a while and Annie dropped them off, promising to pick them up when it was over and to wait inside for them. Kurt and Blaine hurried to buy tickets and snacks from the concession stand. Kurt rolled his eyes as

Blaine came back with a box of Red Vines, his favourite and Kurt knew he would regret eating all the junk food that they had gotten.

"Relax," Blaine whispered as they entered the dark theatre. "Your skin is going to be fine." Kurt gave him a withering look. "You are beautiful no matter what."

Kurt flushed as the compliment and quickly hurried to find a seat. They choose one up the back, thankful that the theatre was practically empty.

Blaine slid into the seat next to Kurt, putting the drink between them and opening his Red Vines. "You have an unhealthy obsession with those," Kurt commented dryly and Blaine grinned.

"You love them too," he smirked.

"Clearly not as much as you do," Kurt said, eyes drifting to the packet.

The lights dimmed further and the previews started. Kurt settled back in his chair, hand drifting over to take Blaine's. He squeezed his hand and tangled their feet together, smiling brightly. Kurt found it increasingly hard to focus on the movie when Blaine was drawing patterns on his palm with his finger tip. Kurt blinked, realising that the movie was over and that he had no idea what had happened.

"That was really good," Blaine grinned, "did you enjoy it?"

"I – uh yeah," Kurt said, absently. Why must Blaine be so distracting in the best way possible?

"You OK?" Blaine asked, turning his body to face Kurt.

Kurt nodded. "I – uh – I don't really know what happened."

Blaine grinned sheepishly. "Neither do I. I was too distracted by you."

Kurt beamed at him and gave his knee a squeeze. "Come on, Annie will be waiting and I want to kiss you."

Blaine jumped up and Kurt giggled. They hurried out and Annie was waiting for them by a giant poster. She smiled at them and they headed out together. "Good movie?" Annie asked.

"Yeah, it was great," Kurt grinned and Blaine sniggered.

Annie gave them a curious smile, obviously missing their little joke but brushed it off. They slipped into the car and Annie took them back to the Anderson home. She smiled as the two boys jumped out quickly and nearly sprinted into the house.

Annie followed at slower pace and when she finally made it inside she heard muffled laughter upstairs and Kurt's shriek of glee. She was glad that her two boys were laughing again.

Elizabeth would have been horrified to see her son so miserable and she was glad that she could do something to make him happy again. Annie knew her son was a big part of the reason why Kurt was happy and that Kurt was why Blaine was happy. Herself, Edward and Burt knew that Dalton had been the right choice. They had friends now, relationships they never would have had at Westerville High.

If Elizabeth were still alive today, she would have been thrilled to see Kurt and Blaine together. They often joked about how wonderful it would be if their two boys got together.

Annie and Elizabeth looked out the window of the Hummel home, watching Kurt and Blaine playing in the back yard. They had been playing 'save the prince', Blaine battling an evil fire breathing dragon to save Kurt – the prince – with Blaine playing the role of the knight. Kurt had tripped over a loose root on the ground and fell to the ground. Blaine gasped and quickly raced to Kurt, falling to his knees beside him.

"Oh no," Elizabeth gasped.

"Wait," Annie stopped her, placing a hand on her friend's arm.

Blaine was telling Kurt something and gently leaned down and placed a kiss on Kurt's knee. Kurt was looking at Blaine in awe, the curly haired boy rocking back on to his feet, pulling Kurt up with him. Kurt threw his arms around Blaine and hugged him tightly, Blaine returning the hug with gusto.

Blaine said something else and turned around. Kurt climbed onto his back, little legs wrapping around Blaine's waist and the boy ran off, taking Kurt to the swing set that was set up in the backyard.

"That is so cute," Elizabeth gushed.

"Oh, I wish we had recorded it," Annie giggled.

"They are so cute together. Imagine if they grew up and fell in love," Elizabeth mused and Annie grinned.

"They would make the cutest couple," she agreed.

"A mother can dream right?" Elizabeth sighed.

"You and me both," Annie smiled. The two women giggled and watched as Blaine carefully peered at Kurt's knee to make sure it was OK, placing another kiss to it.

Annie smiled sadly, bringing herself out of her memories. She missed Elizabeth and wished that she could see how much her son had grown, the man he was becoming. She would be so proud.

Upstairs, unbeknownst to his mother, Blaine had effectively pinned Kurt to his desk and was investigating the inside of his mouth with his tongue.

Kurt moaned softly, hands tangled in Blaine's hair, his boyfriend's hand palming the muscles under his shirt. Blaine groaned, pressing himself closer to Kurt.

After a few moments, he pulled back, panting softly. "Best movie ever?"

Kurt laughed breathily and rubbed his thumbs over Blaine's cheekbones, gently bringing their lips back together. "Mmm."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Anniversary

Mondays were always hard. The start of a new week and the sluggish feeling always gets you down. But this particular Monday was far worse for Kurt. When his alarm went off he wanted nothing more than to snuggle under the covers and stay there for the whole day. He heard Burt get up and walk past his room, padding down stairs. Kurt bit his lip and flung back the covers.

Still dressed in his pyjamas, Kurt snuck into Burt's room and quickly dashed over to the antique chest of drawers that held his clothes. Kurt opened the bottom draw – the broken one – and laid it down next to him, gently inhaling, the faint smell of perfume still lingering in the drawer. He closed his eyes and sighed.

Kurt was just three years old; his hands steadied on his mother's leg as she sat at the vanity mirror and applied her makeup, humming softly under her breath. Kurt looked at the various products that sat on his mother's vanity, taking each one in with a curious look.

"What's that, Mummy?" Kurt asked.

"It's called foundation," Elizabeth smiled down at her son. "It makes me pretty."

"You don't need makeup to be pretty," Burt called from the joint bathroom. "You are already beautiful."

Elizabeth smiled brightly, cheeks flushing with pleasure.

Kurt stood on his tip-toes and reach out to grab the glass bottle on the edge. He took it and held it carefully in his hands. "What's this?" He asked.

"Perfume," Elizabeth explained. "It makes me smell like flowers."

"Pretty," Kurt murmured. He stepped away from the vanity but wasn't watching where he was walking. He crashed into the dresser and dropped the bottle, causing it to fall into the bottom drawer and smash. Kurt gasped and stumbled back.

"What happened?" Burt demanded, rushing out of the bathroom, shaving cream still applied to his face. He stubbed his foot on the open drawer, a creak sounding and Burt yelped, grabbing his foot and hopping about.

Elizabeth laughed and Kurt giggled and Burt glared at the two of them. "Oh honey, are you alright?" She cooed, standing up and making her way to her husband.

"I'm OK," Burt grunted. "What happened?"

"I dropped it," Kurt pouted, staring at his parents with wide eyes.

"It's OK, sweetie," Elizabeth said, picking up her son and cradling him in her arms, "as long as you aren't hurt."

Kurt shook his head, laying his head on his mother's shoulder. "Sorry."

"It's OK, baby," Elizabeth smiled. "Why don't you go and play in your room while we clean this up?" Kurt nodded and Elizabeth put him down, watching as he scurried out of the room.

"I can fix it," Burt grunted, taking a look at the drawer, which was now broken.

Elizabeth kissed him lightly and giggled as she got shaving cream on her cheek. "Finish your shave first."

"You going to school today?" Burt asked and Kurt's eyes snapped open to see his father staring at him with a sad smile.

"Can we visit mum today?" Kurt asked quietly. "We haven't been in a while."

"Sure thing. Go get dressed," Burt said. Kurt nodded and gently closed the broken draw, hurrying to his room to get dressed. Burt looked at the drawer mournfully and in his mind, a picture emerged of Elizabeth sitting at the vanity, applying her makeup. Burt cleared his throat and turned away, heading back down stairs.

Kurt dressed in his back jeans, yellow gum boots and yellow jacket. His mother's favourite colour was yellow; she'd always loved how bright and happy it made things. His phone buzzed and he smiled softly as he saw it was from Blaine.

Mum just got a call from Burt and said you aren't coming today. Courage. I know today is hard for you. – B

Kurt quickly typed back a message.

Sorry I can't come today. I need to see her. – K

Blaine's reply came instantly.

Never apologize for wanting to see your mum. I'll see you after school – B xx

Kurt smiled at the two kisses and slipped his phone into his pocket. He went downstairs and found Burt waiting for him. "Are you eating before we go?" He asked.

"I'll eat when we get back," Kurt said softly.

"Alright. If you're ready," Burt trailed off and Kurt nodded. The two of them slipped out of the house, Burt locking up behind them and jumped in the car. Burt slid behind the wheel and pulled out, driving in the direction of Lima Graveyard. They rode in silence and when they arrived, Burt pulled into the parking lot.

They slipped out, shutting the door quietly, not wanting to disturb the peace of cemetery. Burt grabbed a small bucket with some tools from the back. There was a small flower stall out the front and the old lady stationed behind it smiled softly as the two Hummel men approached her.

"Hello Burt, Kurt. Your usual?" she asked. Burt nodded and got out his wallet. The women collected a large yellow sunflower and a handful of daises, both yellow and white. She handed them to Kurt who accepted them with a small smile of thanks and Burt paid. She nodded at them and they headed to gate, slipping inside.

They weaved through the tombstones, down to where Elizabeth was buried. They paused as they reached it, looking over the headstone.

Elizabeth Hummel

Loving mother, wife, sister and daughter

Forever the music in our hearts

"Hi Mum," Kurt greeted quietly, sitting himself down on the grass. Burt moved too, kneeling down. He grabbed the small tool and started weeding around the headstone, cutting back the growing weeds. Kurt took the daises and started to create a chain, the art of which his mother taught had him. They often could be found in the back yard, surrounded by flowers, making chains.

His mother worked at a flower shop and always came home smelling beautiful and each day she would bring home a new flower for Kurt. She would press them and place them in a book, writing a description of the flower and their meanings. Kurt kept the book safely in his room.

Kurt finished his chain at the same time as Burt finished weeding the ground. Kurt laid the chain over the headstone, running his fingers gently over the stone.

"It's nice," Burt said softly. "Your mum was always good at that."

Kurt gave him a watery smile. He handed the sun flower to Burt who propped it up against the stone.

"I miss you, Mum," Kurt murmured and Burt bowed his head. They sat in silence, the sun beating down on them.

"Time to go, Kurt," Burt grunted quietly and Kurt nodded, standing.

"Bye, Mum," he whispered and started walking back to the car.

Burt bit his lip and gazed at the headstone. "I miss you, Elizabeth," he said hoarsely. "I love you." He sighed and turned around, taking quick strides to catch up with his son. They slipped quietly into car and headed home.

When they reached home, Kurt made his way to the kitchen and grabbed himself something to eat. He ate it at the table, Burt sitting quietly and reading the paper. When Kurt was finished, he washed his dishes slowly, trying to keep himself busy.

"I'll be in my room," Kurt said and Burt nodded. Once he was in his room, he quickly pulled his laptop out and the book his mother gave him. He clicked on his photo albums and looked through them, remembering the times he had had with his mother.

Blaine sat with the Warblers at lunch, hands itching to take out his phone and call Kurt but he refrained. Blaine knew that his boyfriend would need time to grieve his mother.

"Where's Kurt?" Nick asked from across the table, sitting next to Jeff who was unable to keep the smile off his face.

"Yeah, is he alright?" Wes inquired.

"Today isn't a good day for Kurt," Blaine explained gently.

"Why?" David asked, curious. Blaine looked around all the Warblers, knowing he could trust them and that Kurt could too.

"Today is the anniversary of his mother's death," Blaine murmured and he heard a chorus of gasps.

Blaine noticed that Nick didn't look that shocked about the news; instead, he looked sad.

"When did she pass?" Wes asked quietly.

"When we were eight," Blaine replied. "Kurt took it really hard."

"Damn," Jeff whispered. "I can't imagine it."

"Does he need anything?" Nick asked, eyes hopeful.

Blaine shook his head. "Just space. He'll be OK."

"Were you close to his mum?" Thad asked and Blaine nodded, a small smile on his lips.

"Yeah, Elizabeth was amazing."

The boys smiled and changed topic, not wanting to upset Blaine. The day couldn't go fast enough and finally Blaine could go home and see Kurt.

"Blaine!" Nick called as he was heading to parking lot. Blaine turned and saw that Nick was running towards him, tugging Jeff along with him.

"Hey Nick," Blaine smiled.

"Can you tell Kurt that if he needs anything just to ask?" Nick panted and Jeff beamed at him.

"Of course," Blaine smiled. "Thank you, Nick."

Nick smiled and nodded before strolling away with Jeff, hands linked together.

Blaine headed over to where Annie was waiting and jumped in the car. "Anxious to see Kurt?" She guessed as she pulled out of the parking lot.

"Yes," Blaine said honestly.

Blaine told Annie about his day as they drove and as soon as they arrived at the Hummel home, he was out of the car and running up the garden path to the house. He knocked politely before ducking inside. They were way past waiting for someone to open the door.

"Hey Blaine," Burt greeted.

"Hi, how are you doing, Burt?" Blaine asked.

"Just fine, kid," Burt smiled. Blaine nodded, pleased that Burt was OK. "Kurt's in his room."

"Thanks, Burt. Mum's coming," Blaine smiled before dashing up the stairs to Kurt's room.

He peeked around Kurt's door and saw him lying on the bed, laptop open with a picture of Elizabeth and Kurt when he was four, baking together.

Blaine crept in, crawled onto the bed and lay across Kurt back, looking over his shoulder to peer at the book Kurt was glancing at. His boyfriend huffed out a laugh, grunting.

"Hi," Blaine murmured.

"Hello. I didn't realize you were being a koala bear today," Kurt mused and Blaine laughed. He climbed off Kurt, lying beside him instead. He traced a finger over on the pages. "I miss her," Kurt murmured.

"Me too," Blaine muttered. It was true; he did.

Kurt snuggled closer to Blaine, said boy throwing an arm around Kurt, pulling him close. "Blaine?" He whispered.

"Hmmm?"

"Do you think Dad will be happy again? Like he was with Mum?" Kurt asked.

Blaine was silent, thinking. "I think he will," he said eventually. "He'll always love your mum, though. She was special."

"Do you think they'd still be together if she was alive today?" Kurt asked, looking at Blaine, his eyes a deeper blue than usual, but then again, they always were when he was emotional. Blaine loved that about Kurt.

"Yes," Blaine smiled. "Your dad was crazy about your mum. Like I'm crazy about you."

"I'm crazy about you too," Kurt smiled and gently placed a kiss on Blaine's lips. He pulled back and looked at the book again. Blaine just pulled him closer, no words needing to be said.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Bullying

Even though the competition season was over for the Warblers, they still rehearsed and had even started performing in nursing homes and – in a moment of particular madness – had flash-mobbed their local GAP. Wes was holding another party for the Warblers, Blaine and Kurt's parents encouraging them to go – not that they needed it. The Warblers were quickly becoming their best friends and they loved spending time with them.

On Saturday both Kurt and Blaine made their way to Wes' house. Jeff and his mother had picked them up from Blaine's home, since both of their parents were working. Jeff's mother was sweet and appeared to be completely comfortable with Kurt and Blaine being in a relationship. She was also funny and asked them for details about Jeff's date with Nick.

"Mum!" Jeff groaned.

"You won't tell me anything," Mrs Sterling shrugged. "Excuse me for being resourceful."

Blaine and Kurt laughed and she grinned at them through the rear-view mirror. Jeff grumbled indignantly the rest of the way there and jumped out as soon as his mother had stopped the car.

"Thank you for taking us, Mrs Sterling," Blaine said politely.

"We will happily return the favour whenever you need it," Kurt assured her.

"You boys are so sweet," Mrs Sterling smiled. "Have fun."

Blaine and Kurt slipped out, Jeff having already grabbed their bags from the back. "Bye, Mum!" He called. Mrs Sterling waved and pulled away. The three boys hurried up the front path and knocked on the door. Wes' father answered and pulled the door open wide to let them in.

"They're in the den," he said and Jeff led the way through the house.

"You're here!" Wes cried, greeting them enthusiastically. Nick came bounding up to Jeff, hugging him and giving him a shy kiss.

Kurt grinned at Blaine, who chuckled. They put their bags down and joined in the fun. Kurt took a place in the next game of pool and Blaine couldn't help but stray his eyes to Kurt's eyes as he leant over to take a shot.

David nudged him with a wicked grin and Blaine blushed, looking down bashfully. Kurt beamed as the ball rolled right into the pocket and he lined up his next shot.

"Damn, he's good," David whistled as Kurt pocketed the balls one after the other, Thad watching with horrified eyes as he steadily lost more and more points.

Blaine smirked and Kurt looked up at him, grinning back. He took his last shot and the eighth ball rolled neatly into the pocket and Kurt straightened up.

"No," Thad moaned, dropping his head onto the table dramatically.

Kurt bounded over to Blaine, beaming and his boyfriend put an arm around his waist. "Do you think I should have been easier on him?" Kurt asked innocently and Blaine chuckled.

"You're devious," Blaine teased him, "but I suppose it could have been worse."

"Remind me never to play against you," David said with wide eyes and Kurt chuckled.

"Since it's a nice day, I was thinking we could go for a swim," Wes called out across the room and the boys cheered, whipping off their t-shirts and all running for the door. Kurt and Blaine followed at a slower pace behind the boys. Several boys jumped into the pool, creating a large splash that had small waves lapping at the sides.

"Will you go in?" Blaine asked.

"No," Kurt replied, shaking his head. "Chlorine is bad for my hair."

Although it was true, Blaine knew that it wasn't the only reason why Kurt wouldn't go in. "You could leave your shirt on, you know," he murmured. "Nobody would mind."

Kurt bit his lip. Unbeknownst to the other boys, he still had bruises on his body from his bullying. When bruises are damaged over and over, they take longer to heal and Kurt's had still yet to fade. They were

more noticeable on Kurt's pale skin than on Blaine's olive complexion, though he had his fair share of bruises too.

"I can't. I don't feel comfortable," Kurt said quietly and he felt the pressure of Blaine's lips on his forehead.

"Ok," Blaine nodded, pulling back. Kurt sat himself by the edge of the pool, adopting a cross-legged position while his boyfriend stripped off his shirt. He winked at Kurt and handed it to him before diving into the pool with the rest of the boys. Blaine's head popped out of the water and he shook it, curls falling loose. He beamed at Kurt, who smiled back.

"You coming in, Kurt?" Jeff asked, blonde hair plastered to his head.

"No," Kurt shook his head.

"Can't swim?" Jeff guessed.

"I can, I just don't like chlorine in my hair," Kurt shrugged, trying to look nonplussed.

The boys accepted this and made sure not to get Kurt wet but still included him in the conversation. Jeff had swum to the edge and was talking to him and Cameron. The boys were having a game of Marco/Polo.

Kurt watched in amusement as the boys crept around the pool as quietly as they could.

Wes was it and was currently chasing after Blaine who wasn't quite quick enough, Wes managing to grab him by the shoulder. Wes opened his eyes and grinned, clapping Blaine on the back.

"Whoa, Blaine, you have a bruise on your back," Wes noted and Blaine looked over his shoulder.

"Oh, yeah," Blaine shifted out of Wes' grip.

"How did you get it?" Wes asked.

Blaine locked eyes with Kurt and spoke without lifting his gaze off him. "Bullies."

"Recently?" David asked, jaw set. "Someone from Dalton?"

"No, from our old school," Blaine told them and Kurt's breathing hitched.

"But you transferred months ago," Justin frowned.

"When you get bruises on top of old ones, it takes longer to heal," Nick answered and Kurt turned to him wide eyes. Jeff swam over to Nick and wrapped an arm around him.

"It's true," Kurt agreed quietly.

"How did you get them?" Wes pressed, his voice hard.

Blaine looked at Kurt and the boys realized they were having a silent conversation – a trait to envy. Kurt gave a slight nod, eventually breaking eye contact with Blaine.

"Locker slams mostly," Blaine told them. "Dumpster tosses."

"They threw you in dumpsters?" Thad yelped, looking horrified.

"Is that how you broke your arm?" David asked Kurt, who shifted uncomfortably. He looked at his boyfriend who mouthed 'courage' at him and he took a deep breath.

"No. One boy pushed me down the stairs. He threatened to kill me if I told anyone," Kurt said shakily and the boys gasped.

"That's bullshit!" David growled. "How did they get away with it?"

Both Kurt and Blaine shrugged.

"That's why you transferred?" Nick asked and Kurt nodded.

"Fuck," David swore and launched himself at Blaine, hugging him tightly. Blaine was startled but let himself be hugged. The boys converged, giving a group hug. Blaine gave a watery chuckle and Kurt watched, teary-eyed.

"We'd hug you too," Wes said, tuning to Kurt. "But we're wet so when we're dry we'll give you one."

Kurt chuckled and ducked his head.

"Alright, new game. Water volleyball!" David cried and the boys cheered, Justin and Thad quickly setting up the net. Blaine swam to the edge and pulled himself out, quickly going to Kurt. His boyfriend held out a towel and Blaine quickly dried himself as best as he could before sitting next to Kurt. He wrapped an arm around his boyfriend, pulling him close and placing a kiss on his cheek.

"I'm proud of you," Blaine murmured.

"I'm proud of you, too, Blaine," Kurt muttered back. "So proud."

Blaine tilted his head and captured Kurt's lips with his. It was the first time they had ever kissed in front their friends. Kurt kissed him back gently, keeping his hands in his lap. Blaine pulled away first, eyes fluttering open to gaze into Kurt's.

Kurt leant his head on Blaine's bare shoulder, careful to avoid his boyfriend's wet swimming trunks. Blaine stayed out of the water with Kurt, keeping an arm around him as they watched the boys in the pool. Eventually it turned colder and boys jumped out, wrapping towels around them and drying off before heading back inside. There was a fight for showers, nearly ending with Cameron having a door in his face. Those who were dry kept their word and hugged him tightly.

Kurt was determined for this not to spoil their fun and not dwell on the past. When Blaine was out of the shower he went straight to Kurt, who was playing cards with Jeff, Nick, Justin and Thad.

"That's the third time you've won," Thad groaned.

"What are you playing?" Blaine asked, settling down next to Kurt.

"Poker," Jeff answered. "You're boyfriends got one hell of a poker face."

Kurt smirked at Blaine, who chuckled. "You have no idea," he said, thinking about how Kurt had concealed that he had been threatened, how easily he could hide his pain.

The rest of the boys joined them and they ended up playing a huge game of 'Old maid'.

They had pizza again for dinner and afterwards, they returned to the den and started watching the TV series Alias, the straight boys just wanting to droll over Jennifer Garner and Kurt couldn't deny that Bradley Cooper was gorgeous.

Blaine and Kurt found a spot on the floor, wriggling into their sleeping bags. Blaine was propped up against the edge of the couch and Kurt was sitting between his legs, lying on his boyfriend's chest with Blaine's arms wrapped around his waist. Kurt had tangled their fingers together, resting them on his stomach.

Nick and Jeff were lying next to each other on the floor, hands entwined, nudging one another occasionally.

"Comfy?" Blaine whispered in Kurt's ear, causing him to shiver.

"Hmmm, very," he mumbled. Kurt fell asleep in Blaine's arms, his head laid on his boyfriend's chest, rising and falling with each breath Blaine took.

Most of the boys were starting to doze off so Blaine gently moved Kurt so that he was lying down and Blaine lay down beside him. Kurt immediately rolled over so that he was using his boyfriend as a human pillow, though Blaine wasn't complaining. He ran his fingers through Kurt's hair gently and he sighed contently in his sleep.

After a few moments, Blaine heard a rustling. He looked up to see Nick crawling towards him. All of the other boys were fast asleep and Blaine smiled up at Nick as he sat down next to him. Nick looked down at Kurt with a small smile playing on his lips.

"You're lucky, you know," Nick murmured, nudging his shoulder against Blaine's.

He smiled, eyes trained on Kurt's features. "Trust me, I do know." Blaine stole a glance across the room at Jeff, who was sprawled across a sleeping bag. "But you're lucky, too, Nick; Jeff really likes you."

Nick followed his line of a vision, letting out a small sigh of contentment when his eyes fell on Jeff. "I hope so," he replied, softly.

Blaine looked at him searchingly for a few moments. "Thank you, Nick," he said eventually.

Nick looked startled. "For what?"

"Befriending Kurt and I – well, especially Kurt. I know he and I are best friends as well as boyfriends but I think he's always wanted a friend like you and I'm really glad that he's got you now, you know?" Blaine told him, struggling to find words.

Nick ducked his head, though he was smiling. "He's great, Blaine," he replied, "I'm lucky to be his friend."

"Yeah," Blaine agreed, looking down at Kurt, "me too."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Christmas

The holiday season was upon them and Blaine's excitement was growing. He loved Christmas and especially loved spending time with his family – the Hummel's were a part of these family celebrations, even when Elizabeth had been alive – and he loved giving gifts. There was only one problem. He needed to get Kurt the perfect gift and he was drawing a blank.

Blaine was sitting in history with David, Wes and Jeff. They were working on a group project but Blaine's mind was elsewhere.

"Where's your head at, Blaine?" Jeff inquired and Blaine jumped, blushing.

"Sorry," he apologized, shaking his head.

"Everything OK?" Wes asked.

"Yeah, I just – I need to find Kurt the perfect Christmas present," Blaine told them, "and I'm stuck."

"You're not the only one, mate," David sighed. "We are struggling to get our girlfriends something."

"I have no idea what to get Nick," Jeff added.

"We could go shopping together," Blaine grinned. "Help each other out."

"I'm in," Blaine grinned. Wes and Jeff agreed and they made plans to go tomorrow after school. They went back to their history project, working with more enthusiasm than before.

Nick and Kurt headed to the cafeteria after art to meet up with the rest of the Warblers and their boyfriends. They scanned the room and saw them hunched over the table, talking. Nick and Kurt beamed and headed to them, slipping into two empty seats next to each other. Blaine grinned at Kurt from across the table and rubbed his calf up Kurt's.

"How was art?" Blaine asked. Kurt just beamed and handed over his sketch book. Blaine opened it and saw the sketch that Kurt had done of him playing the guitar only now he had added colour and a background. "Kurt, it's amazing," Blaine breathed and Kurt smiled bashfully.

"Thanks," Kurt said, taking back his sketch book.

"So tomorrow after school Jeff, Wes, David and I are going shopping," Blaine told Kurt who brightened.

"Can I come?" Kurt asked, eyes hopeful. Blaine bit his lip.

"I'm shopping for your Christmas present and I want it to be a surprise," Blaine said and Kurt's eyes softened, looking at Blaine adoringly.

"OK," Kurt smiled. Blaine grinned and soon enough they were distracted by Cameron tripping over his chair and dropping his lunch.

Kurt was wrapping Blaine's Christmas present when he heard the front door open and close.

"Kurt?" Blaine called and Kurt gasped. He quickly dashed to his door and locked it. He listened to Blaine's footsteps and then a loud crash sounded. Blaine had run into the door.

"Ow!" Blaine moaned on the other side. "Kurt, why is your door locked?"

"Just a minute," Kurt called and quickly scrambled to collect Blaine's present, the wrapping paper and sticky tape, looking for a place to hide it. He hadn't gotten the chance to finish wrapping it.

"Is everything OK?" Blaine asked worriedly.

"Fine," Kurt called out, wincing at how high his voice sounded.

Blaine frowned. Kurt's voice went high when he was nervous. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, just give me – ow, damn it!" Kurt snapped and Blaine frowned.

There was more rustling and Kurt suddenly yanked the door open. Blaine fell backwards in surprise and Kurt instinctively reached out to grab him, pulling him forward and into him. Kurt grunted and fell back, Blaine on top of him.

"*Omph*," Blaine grunted and looked down at Kurt. "Hey," Blaine grinned and Kurt rolled his eyes. Blaine rolled off him and helped him up. "What were you up to?"

"I was wrapping your Christmas present," Kurt huffed. Blaine eyes brightened and he tackled Kurt into a hug. Kurt chuckled. "Just – don't look under my bed," he pleaded and Blaine chuckled.

"I promise I won't look," Blaine vowed, pulling Kurt into a kiss. Blaine tasted like coffee and mint. It was an odd but no less delicious combination.

"They were handing out candy canes at the mall weren't they?" Kurt smirked as he pulled away and Blaine grinned.

"Yes they were and they were delicious," Blaine chuckled.

"Was it a good shopping trip?" Kurt asked.

"Yes! I found you the perfect present," Blaine grinned.

Kurt pouted and Blaine chuckled. "You're jealous I went shopping without you."

"I love shopping," Kurt pouted and Blaine wrapped a strong arm around his waist.

"I'll make it up to you," Blaine grinned and pulled his boyfriend into another kiss.

Christmas morning was always the same. The Hummels and Andersons spent Christmas morning together, alternating between houses and this year it was at the Anderson's home. Burt and Kurt had left early in the morning, loading the car with Christmas presents and heading over to the Anderson's home. When they arrived Annie opened the door, already up and starting to make breakfast.

"Those can go under the tree Burt," Annie directed. "Kurt, Blaine's still asleep."

"Really?" Kurt asked, surprised. "Usually he's up at 6:30 on Christmas morning."

"I know," Annie giggled. "Imagine my surprise when I woke up."

"I'll go wake him," Kurt grinned and quickly dashed up to Blaine's room.

Kurt slipped in quietly and grinned. Last year Blaine had woken up Kurt in the most obnoxious way and now it was time for payback.

Kurt settled himself at Blaine desk, facing the chair toward him. He sat down and quickly placed a CD in Blaine's CD player and pressed play, turning it up to full volume. Kurt covered his ears and watched as Blaine sprung out of bed, getting tangled in his sheets and falling off the bed.

He laughed loudly, holding his stomach and slipping in his chair as he struggled to breathe.

"KURT!" Blaine yelled over the music but Kurt just kept laughing. Blaine scrambled up and switched off the music, Kurt laughter ringing through the room.

"Mer-merry Chri-stm-as," Kurt said through his giggles and Blaine huffed though his lips were twitching, trying not to smile.

"Merry Christmas," Blaine huffed and Kurt straightened, trying to stop his giggles.

"Sorry," Kurt stifled more laughter.

"You don't look sorry," Blaine pouted.

Kurt moved to him and wrapped his arms around his boyfriend. He looked up at Blaine from under his eyelashes. "I'm sorry," he apologized and Blaine groaned.

"You can't just look at me like that and not expect me to do nothing," Blaine moaned, gently nipping at Kurt's neck. His boyfriend let out a throaty chuckle.

"Good to know," Kurt gasped as Blaine sucked on a particular sensitive spot on his neck and tipped his head back.

Blaine hummed and moved Kurt to the bed, laying him down and crawling on top of him. Kurt ran his hands up Blaine's back, up and under his t-shirt. Blaine moved from Kurt's neck to his lips, licking his way into his boyfriend's mouth. Kurt moaned softly as Blaine's hand dipped under his shirt, palming the muscles on his stomach.

"Blaine," Kurt moaned softly.

"Merry Christmas," Blaine panted softly and Kurt smiled up at him, running his hands through Blaine's curls.

"I'm surprised you were still asleep," Kurt murmured, loving the feel of Blaine's weight on top of him.

"I was having a good dream," Blaine grinned down at him.

"Hmm? What about?" Kurt asked curiously and watched a blush spread across Blaine's cheeks. Blaine mumbled something under his breath and Kurt chuckled. "I didn't catch that."

"It was about you and me," Blaine said, louder this time.

"Oh," Kurt breathed, a blush staining his cheeks. "Uh- you had – um – a," he stammered, blushing red. Blaine seemed to catch on to what Kurt was trying to say.

"No! Not a sex dream – not that I don't think of you that way because I do – but, I would never pressure you, you know that, right?" Blaine rambled and Kurt cut him off with a quick kiss.

"What was the dream, Blaine?" Kurt asked.

"Us, in the future," his boyfriend blushed. "We were married."

Kurt beamed, cupping Blaine's jaw. "I'd like that," Kurt struggled to cover his blush. "One day. With you."

"Me too," Blaine whispered and kissed Kurt slowly and sensually. They pulled back and stared at each other, both with bright smiles.

"You had better get dressed," Kurt eventually broke the moment.

"You're right," Blaine agreed and place one last kiss on his boyfriend's lips before hauling himself up. Kurt took a deep breath and relaxed against Blaine's bed, breathing in his scent. Blaine disappeared into the bathroom and quickly got dressed. He came back out and helped Kurt off the bed and they went downstairs, hands linked.

Annie was placing breakfast on the table when they entered and she smiled at the two of them. "Merry Christmas," she beamed and pulled the two boys into a hug. They hugged back and returned the holiday greeting.

Hugs were given to Burt and Edward as well and they all sat down to enjoy breakfast. When they were full they moved to the living room to give their gifts. Kurt gave his present to Blaine and watched him open, biting his lip. Blaine gasped and pulled a Harmonica with the words *courage* engraved on it and new guitar picks that had his name engraved on them.

"Kurt, I love it," Blaine breathed, immediately clasping it around his wrist and hugged him tightly. "Here," he grinned, passing Kurt his present.

Kurt opened it carefully, having no idea what it was. The box was long and beautiful. He opened it and gasped, eyes going wide. "Blaine," he breathed and pulled out two brand new samurai swords.

Kurt had picked up the talent after watching *Electra* and practiced twirling them. He never had a pair but often wished he had. Kurt placed them gently back in the box before tackling his boyfriend into a hug. Blaine laughed and kissed him gently.

Once everything was opened, Edward and Burt cleaned up the paper while Annie started on making their Christmas lunch. Family was coming down to their house for this Christmas and would be staying for lunch and dinner. Kurt and Blaine moved the presents upstairs and out of the way. Blaine helped Edward and Burt set up a large table inside the living room while Kurt helped Annie in the kitchen.

Around noon the family started arriving, Edward greeting them joyfully and ushering them in out of the cold. Hugs and greetings were tossed around, the house instantly filling with loud chatter. The Anderson family greeted Kurt and Burt warmly, hugging them as they passed. The Hummel family were all celebrating elsewhere but this year they decided to have Christmas with the Andersons.

Kurt wished his Aunt Mildred could come but she was spending it with her parents. His phone rang and he pulled out, smiling when he saw his Aunt's name on the screen. He quickly ducked out of the kitchen and answered it. "Merry Christmas," Kurt greeted.

"Merry Christmas, Kurt!" Mildred cried over the end. "Did you get a good haul this year?"

Kurt laughed and filled her in on the presents he had gotten. "How are grandma and grandpa?"

"They're good," Mildred told him. "We wish you were here but I hear it's difficult to pull you away from your *boyfriend*."

Kurt gasped. "Who told you?"

"Burt did. We had a bet going," Mildred cackled. "We wondered how long it would be before you and Blaine would get your acts together." Kurt huffed and leant against the wall. "How is he by the way?"

"He's good," Kurt said, unable to keep the smile off his face.

"As dreamy as ever?" Mildred prompted.

"Even more so," Kurt sighed and Mildred giggled.

"I just wanted to wish you a Merry Christmas. I'll let you get back to lover boy."

"Don't call him that," Kurt groaned and Mildred laughed.

"Bye Kurt," Mildred sang.

"Bye," Kurt hung up and shook his head fondly. He missed his aunt and hoped that she would come and visit soon.

Kurt jumped when he heard a throat clearing and found Blaine grinning at him. "Who you talking to?"

"Aunt Mildred," Kurt answered. "She says Merry Christmas."

Blaine grinned. "Is she coming down soon?"

"I hope so," Kurt beamed.

"Come on. Uncle Marcus is on his third eggnog," Blaine grinned. "Soon he'll be attempting Mum's Turkey dance."

Kurt giggled and grabbed Blaine's hand and they hurried to get good seats to watch Blaine's uncle embarrass himself. Kurt loved Christmas and hoped that one day he would be having Christmas with a family of his home, Blaine by his side.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Beach Day

Christmas went quickly and so did winter, meaning that the summer holidays had arrived and the boys at Dalton were ecstatic. Usually in the summer Kurt and Blaine would have gone to the beach with their families, sitting the back yard on Blaine's hammock, finding ways to keep cool in the summer heat.

This year though, the Warblers had many plans to fill up their holidays and their first was to make a beach trip. On a nice warm day, Wes had called everyone and made a plan to go to the nearest beach. It was a secluded spot that was only known to the locals, which meant that wouldn't be overly busy. Everyone had agreed and so they were heading to the beach.

Burt had offered to take Blaine and Kurt to the coast, agreeing to pick up Nick and Jeff along the way. Kurt had packed towels, hats, sunglasses, sunscreen and everything to protect him from the harsh sun. He burned and freckled unlike Blaine, who tanned beautifully.

Burt dropped them off, making sure they had everything before driving off, giving Kurt strict instructions to call him if they needed anything and to be safe. The majority of the Warblers were already there, waiting for the four boys to show up.

"Yes, you made it," David grinned, throwing an arm around Blaine's shoulders.

"Let's go," Cameron called, already running down on to the beach. The boys followed eagerly, hurrying after him.

They set up their towels on the sand – already warm underneath their feet – and whipped off their shirts. They took turns in helping rubbing sunscreen on their backs. Blaine took extra care with Kurt and he found himself loosing himself in Blaine's touch, wishing he would never stop. He blinked out of his trance when he felt Blaine's lips by his ear.

"All done," he whispered.

"Thanks," Kurt swallowed thickly and Blaine chuckled.

When they were lathered in sunscreen, they took off to the water. Most of the boys dived in right away, Cameron jumping on Thad's back and pushing the boy down, causing him to cough and splutter when he surfaced. Justin had brought a skim board with him and went running, jumping on the board and skimming on across the shallow water. The boys cheered him on, squabbling over who would go next. Blaine looked at Kurt before winking and running into the water, Jeff sprinting after him.

Nick and Kurt stayed knee-deep in the water, both not big fans of the ocean. "Want to build the most epic sand castle the world will ever see?" Nick asked and Kurt grinned.

"Yes."

They waded to the water's edge and started digging up the sand with their hands. Kurt usually hated getting dirty but it was worth it. He and Nick laughed and talked freely as they gathered sand and their sand castle started to take shape.

"It should have a moat," Nick decided and Kurt chuckled.

"All the good castles do."

They were unaware that they had gathered a small crowd of children who were watching with wide eyes, whispering to each other excitedly.

"Here," said a small girl and Kurt jumped. She was holding out a large beautiful shell, "for your sand castle."

"Thank you," Kurt said kindly. "Would you like to put it on?"

"Can I?" She asked and Kurt nodded. She beamed and carefully placed it on top of one of the towers that had been built.

"Quick, they need more shells," one boy cried and the kids dashed around, collecting as many shells as they could.

Nick and Kurt laughed, grinning at each other and continuing to build. From the water, the Warblers had stopped and were watching Nick and Kurt building the castle and talking with the kids.

"Damn that's good," David breathed with awe.

Blaine wasn't focusing on the sandcastle. He was too focused on Kurt interacting with the small children that were eagerly handing them shells and decorating the sandcastle. Blaine couldn't help but picturing his future with Kurt and them having children – which, one day, would come true. He knew he would marry Kurt one day.

Wes quickly ran from the water to their bags before running back with a camera and took a picture of Nick and Kurt's master piece.

Cool enough from the water, the boys decided to play a game of beach soccer. They formed teams and made make-shift goals out of some drift wood they had found. The game was fun and Blaine found himself once again in awe of Kurt. He didn't play much sport – preferring yoga and cheerleading – but he was naturally gifted. He adapted well to anything that was thrown his way; he had always been like that.

"Stop being so good at everything," Jeff called out to Kurt, who laughed.

The afternoon wore on and while most of the boys went back in the water, some decided to lie on the beach. Kurt and Blaine lay side by side, having a thumb war, smiling at each other. Nick and Jeff had gone for a walk, eager for some privacy.

Blaine grinned in triumphant as he pinned Kurt's thumb under his. Kurt chuckled and gently kissed his boyfriend's thumb and Blaine smiled adoringly at him.

Burt came to pick them up again in the afternoon and found them waiting for him. "Did you have fun?" Burt asked as they climbed into the car.

"Yes," Jeff answered. "It was such a great day."

Nick sighed happily beside him, drowsy from the sun. He laid his head on Jeff's shoulder, the blonde placing a quick kiss on his temple.

Burt dropped them off and continued on to the Hummel home. They jumped out and headed inside. "I have to run to the garage," Burt told them. "I'll be back in about an hour."

"OK," Kurt answered.

Burt nodded, eyed them suspiciously and then left.

"M' tired," Blaine mumbled, collapsing on the couch.

"I ache," Kurt mumbled, toying with his shirt. Blaine looked up and frowned.

"You ache?" he echoed and Kurt nodded. "Lift your shirt up."

Kurt arched an eyebrow but obeyed his boyfriend. Blaine's eyes went wide and he stood, taking his boyfriend's shirt off the rest of the way. He turned Kurt around and winced.

"Uh oh," he breathed.

"What?" Kurt drawled out, turning back around.

"You're not going to like this," Blaine bit his lip. "You're burnt."

Kurt looked down and yelped. His skin was had turned a light pink from the sun.

"No," Kurt moaned looking distressed. "I had sunscreen on and everything!"

"Come on, let's get some Aloe Vera gel on this," Blaine said, directing Kurt down to his room.

Kurt lay on the bed while Blaine rummaged through his bathroom for the gel. He found it and padded back to Kurt. He sat on the bed and uncapped it, drizzling it over Kurt's skin. Kurt whimpered and shuddered and Blaine bit his lip.

"I'll be gentle," he promised and lightly rubbed it over Kurt's back. Kurt sighed and melted under his touch. Blaine rubbed his shoulders and down his arms. "Roll over," Blaine murmured and Kurt sluggishly rolled on to his back. Blaine smiled at Kurt's dazed and sleepily smile. He gently drizzled it over Kurt's stomach and chest, watching the muscles twitch under the coolness.

Blaine started rubbing it in and Kurt sighed softly and arched into Blaine's touch. He rubbed up his chest, Kurt gasping when he brushed over his nipples and around his neck.

Kurt leant up and pulled Blaine into a heated kiss, moaning and grasping tightly at his shirt and dragging him down. Blaine moaned and kissed Kurt back passionately, careful not to grip him too tightly because of his sunburn. Blaine pulled away, Kurt panting softly. He licked his lips and Blaine followed the movement with wide eyes.

"Kurt," Blaine let out a strangled whimper. "You have to put your shirt on otherwise I don't think I can control myself."

Kurt whimpered, eyes darkening but he pulled his shirt on slowly. Blaine was still staring at his chest and closed his eyes, inhaling deeply. Both sat in silence, trying to control their rapidly beating hearts.

"Sorry," Blaine murmured. "You – God, Kurt you do things to me."

Kurt moved to sit beside Blaine and pushed back his hair, kissing his cheek. "I know how you feel," he said gently. "I'm crazy about you."

"I'm crazy about you, too," Blaine smiled at Kurt, "so crazy."

Kurt rubbed his nose against Blaine's, leaning his forehead against his boyfriends. "Soon," Kurt promised. "Soon we can go further but I'm not ready at the moment."

"Me neither," Blaine swallowed. "I want everything to be perfect for both of us."

"It will be," Kurt murmured and gently pecked Blaine on the lips. They heard a muffled car door slam and pulled away. "Dad's home," Kurt smiled and his boyfriend chuckled. They stood and headed upstairs, sinking down onto the couch, smiling secretively at each other.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Set Back

Nick hadn't realized how bad the bullying had been at Westville High. He knew some of the bullying that Kurt and Blaine had been through; dumpster tosses, locker slams, dead cats in their lockers, threats, broken bones and Nick was sure the list went on but neither Blaine or Kurt liked to talk about it.

Nick wished they had.

Jeff's birthday was coming up and Nick had enlisted in Kurt's help for a shopping partner. Kurt had eagerly agreed and they had made plans. The two of them went after school, Nick's mother dropping them off. Blaine had given Kurt a rather sweet goodbye and told him to come to his house after they had been shopping.

"Have fun, Nick," Jeff beamed, giving him a quick yet sweet kiss.

"I will. I'll call you later," Nick beamed and hugged his boyfriend tightly. Blaine and Jeff watched as their boyfriends' slid into the car and drove away.

"So what were you thinking of getting Jeff?" Kurt asked as they headed to the nearest mall.

"I have no idea," Nick blushed. "I've bought him presents before but this is different."

"Because you're dating now," Kurt nodded. "I understand. We'll find something."

Nick's mother dropped them off and promised to pick them up in an hour. The two boys immediately scanned the shops, trying to collect ideas of what to give Jeff.

"There," Nick beamed, pointing to a games store. "Jeff been playing *Gears of War* lately and he hasn't gotten the third one yet."

"Sounds perfect," Kurt agreed. "Let's go."

Nick grinned and they hurried to the store. Kurt wasn't into video games much but Nick seemed to know his way around the store. He came to a sudden halt and Kurt almost ran into him.

"Sorry," Kurt apologized and Nick just smiled at him.

"This is it," he beamed, pulling the game off the shelf. Kurt let Nick read the back of the game and he waited patiently. Kurt scanned the shop and froze when he saw a couple of boys enter. He instinctively took a step back, knocking into Nick.

"Hey, you OK?" Nick asked, seeing Kurt freeze and his slightly panicked look.

"Fine," Kurt squeaked. "Are you ready to go?"

"Yeah, I'll go pay now," Nick nodded. He quickly grasped Kurt's arm and propelled him forward to the counter. Nick placed the game down and the man behind the counter started scanning it through.

"How would you like to pay?" The man asked.

"Card," Nick answered, handing it over. It swiped it through the machine and Nick entered his pin, taking his card back.

The man slipped the game into a plastic bag and handed it over with receipt. "Enjoy," he said and Nick nodded.

"Ok, let's go," Nick turned to Kurt, who nodded eagerly. They were nearly at the door when one of the boys Kurt had seen walk in called out.

"Hey princess," he sneered. Kurt shivered and Nick's grip on his arm tightened. "Where's your *boyfriend*, fag?"

"Back off," Nick growled and the boy laughed.

"Hiding behind some else," he sneered. "You're a coward, you little fag."

Kurt whimpered quietly, trying to glare at the boy but it wasn't having much effect.

"He's not a coward," Nick snarled.

"Yeah he is," the boy sneered, "and he's a waste of space."

Nick glared and quickly stepped forward, pulling his arm back and punching the boy across the face. One of his friends quickly punched Nick in the stomach and he coughed. Kurt sprung forward and his fist collided with the boy's jaw. Kurt was shocked at himself and quickly moved back to help Nick up.

"Enough! Break it up," a security guard snapped, pushing the boys back as they attempted to get to Kurt and Nick again.

Nick and Kurt quickly grabbed their things and hurried out of the store. "Nick, are you OK?" Kurt gasped as they headed towards the exit.

"Fine," Nick wheezed. "Are you?"

"I can't believe I punched someone," Kurt breathed and Nick saw him shaking. "I punched someone."

"Whoa, it's OK," Nick said, grasping Kurt's shoulders. "It was self-defence."

"Oh God, what's Blaine going to think?" Kurt whimpered, his breathing getting harsher.

"Breathe Kurt," Nick instructed but Kurt couldn't. Fear was coursing through his body. Fear from seeing his former tormentors, of what Blaine was going to think. He squeezed his eyes shut and let out a sob. He felt Nick wrap him up in a hug and he flinched but Nick held tight. "Regulate your breathing Kurt," Nick pleaded but he couldn't. *He couldn't*. He felt Nick shifting but he couldn't comprehend what was going on.

"Blaine! I need your help," Nick cried and Kurt whimpered. "Kurt's having a panic attack and I can't calm him down."

Kurt sobbed again, chest tight and he felt something being pressed to his ear. "Kurt, baby, it's me," Blaine's voice sounded in his ear. "I need you to breathe."

"C-a-n-t," Kurt gasped out.

"Please Kurt," Blaine pleaded. "Try and calm down. You're safe with Nick, I promise, just try and calm down."

Kurt inhaled deeply, trying to breathe properly. He listened to Blaine's soothing words and he desperately tried to calm himself down.

"My mum's here," Nick told Kurt, still holding the phone to Kurt's ear. He propelled Kurt forward and opened to car door, helping Kurt in and sliding in next to him.

"What's going on?" Nick's mother asked, turning her seat to look at them.

"Panic attack," Nick told his mother. "Can we go?"

She started driving, glancing back in the rear-view mirror occasionally. "Does he need a hospital?" She asked.

"No," Nick shook his head. "Just take him to Blaine's house."

She nodded and continued driving in the direction of the Anderson's home.

Kurt had managed to regulate his breathing, Blaine still murmuring in his ear. Kurt laid his head on Nick's shoulder in exhaustion, far too tired to keep up the pretence of staying strong. When they arrived at the Anderson household, Blaine and Annie were waiting for them out the front. Blaine quickly ran to the car door and opened it. Nick slid out, taking his phone back and Blaine gently helped Kurt out, wrapping a strong arm around his waist.

"Oh Kurt," Annie sighed sadly, stroking his forehead. "Get him inside, Blaine."

Blaine nodded and, with Nick's help, they got him inside and laid him on the couch.

"Thank you, Nick," Blaine thanked, voice thick with tears.

"Are you OK?" Nick asked, touching Blaine's shoulder. He nodded, unable to speak.

"What happened?" Annie asked, coming in with Nick's mother.

"We were shopping and these guys started calling Kurt names and being awful," Nick explained and Kurt whimpered.

"From our old school?" Blaine demanded and Kurt nodded shakily. Blaine growled and Kurt exhaled sharply.

"It's OK, Kurt," Annie soothed, shooting Blaine a look that clearly said 'control yourself'.

Blaine nodded and took a deep breath.

"Were you hurt?" Annie asked.

"No," Nick shook his head. "I mean – I got punched but Kurt punched him back."

Blaine looked at Kurt with wide eyes and his boyfriend buried his head into the pillow.

"Thank you, Nick," Annie smiled at Nick.

"It's no problem," Nick assured her.

"We'll get out of your hair," Nick's mother said and Annie nodded.

"Thank you for bringing him home," she smiled.

"Not a problem."

"I'll see you later Kurt," Nick said softly, gently rubbing Kurt's back.

"Thank you Nick," Kurt whispered and the boy smiled at him. He grabbed his things and left with his mother.

"Do you need anything?" Annie asked Kurt and he shook his head.

"I'll be in my office if you do. I'm going to call Burt," Annie told them and let the two boys have some privacy.

Blaine sat on the couch and moved Kurt so he was between his legs, lying on his chest. Blaine ran his hands through Kurt's hair, surprised when his boyfriend made no protest.

"Sorry," Kurt murmured.

"You have nothing to apologize for," Blaine said firmly. "*They* should be apologizing to you. They attacked up in a public place. That is not OK, Kurt. You didn't even do anything to provoke them!" Blaine was getting worked up and Kurt gently placed a finger over his lips.

"Shh," he whispered.

"Why can't they leave us alone?" Blaine whispered and a tear rolled down his cheek. Kurt wrapped his arm around Blaine and squeezed him tightly.

They held each other in silence. Blaine was just glad that his boyfriend was OK. "Do you need anything?" Blaine asked a while later.

"Just you," Kurt murmured, his eyes closed and on the verge of sleep. "Don't go."

"I'm not going anywhere," Blaine promised and continued to stroke Kurt's hair, lulling him to sleep. Blaine was on the verge of falling into a deep sleep when he heard voices but couldn't bring himself to wake up fully.

"- they brought him straight here," Annie was saying, "they haven't moved since."

"Was he injured?" Burt asked.

Huh, Burt's here. When did he get here? Blaine thought.

"No, he just had a panic attack. Nick couldn't get Kurt to calm down so they rang Blaine," Annie explained.

"When does end?" Burt sighed. "Why can't they be left alone?"

"I don't know," Annie sighed. "They're strong though. They'll get through this."

"I just want to protect our boys," Burt protested.

"Me too," Annie said. "Especially against this. Burt, you are a wonderful father. Not many gay children have such accepting parents."

"Well, those other parents are idiots," Burt grunted and Annie laughed softly.

"Come on, I'll make you something to eat," she said and then they were gone.

Blaine tried to make sense of what happened but Kurt shifted in his arms and Blaine's focus was pulled back to him before he fell into a deep sleep.

CHAPTER TWENTY

The Talk

Burt clutched the pamphlets in his sweaty hands, eyeing them as if they would suddenly grow teeth and attack him. He knew he had to do this and he equally knew that it was every parents dread to know that their babies were growing up and making decisions for themselves. It was time to give Kurt 'the talk'. Burt knew it was time; he and Blaine had been together for a while, their second anniversary approaching and Burt had to make sure that Kurt knew about sex.

But Burt had always hoped that Elizabeth would be here to give their boy *this* talk. Burt had no idea what he was doing. This was as new to him as it was to Kurt. Burt and Edward had gone to the clinic together to get pamphlets and learn about it as much as they could so that if their boys had any questions they could help them out.

Burt eyed the pamphlets again and sighed. Elizabeth would know what to say, make the inevitable talk much less awkward than Burt was bound to make it. He wasn't famed for his smoothness.

Burt heard the front door open and took a deep breath. He could do this. He had to, for Kurt.

"Hi Dad," Kurt greeted, coming into the kitchen. Kurt was still in his Dalton uniform, Annie having dropped him off. Both Kurt and Blaine had been surprised when they had been told that they couldn't see each other this afternoon but didn't object.

"How was school?" Burt asked, trying to buy time before making the afternoon decidedly awkward.

"Good," Kurt beamed and Burt was happy to see Kurt smiling about school for once instead of being close to tears. "We are learning a new song in glee club."

"That's great, kid," Burt smiled. "I need to talk to you."

Kurt frowned and leaned against the kitchen sink, eyebrow raised. "Is everything OK?" He asked, his face a picture of concern.

"Everything's fine," Burt assured him. "We just need to talk."

"About what?" Kurt asked, frowning.

"Sex," Burt said bluntly and Kurt choked on his own saliva, face going from its beautiful porcelain tone to beet red in seconds.

"What?" Kurt spluttered.

"You and Blaine are getting serious," Burt said, ignoring Kurt's protests, "and even if you weren't, we would have had to have this conversation sooner or later."

"Why now?" Kurt whined.

"Just, come sit down," Burt jerked his head to the living room and turned on his heel, striding in.

Kurt followed him at much slower pace and settled himself on the couch while Burt sat in his chair. Burt cleared his throat and Kurt brought his knees up to his chest, curling in on himself which Burt knew to be a defence mechanism.

"I went and got pamphlets for you to read over," Burt told Kurt, shifting awkwardly, "and I want you to read them."

"You went to a clinic for me?" Kurt asked, eyes wide and his face red, "and learnt about...?"

"Course I did," Burt grunted.

"Thank you," Kurt said quietly and Burt smiled.

"Now, I would prefer it if you saved sex until your 30th birthday as a present to yourself but I know that's not going to happen. Not with how you and Blaine are made for each other," Burt told his son, "but I don't want you to be pressured into anything."

"Dad!" Kurt cried, indignantly. "Blaine would never!"

"I know he wouldn't and you wouldn't pressure him," Burt amended hastily. "But I want it to be when you are both ready and it's special for the two of you."

"It will, Dad," Kurt's flush deepened.

"I know you may be progressing in your relationship –" Burt continued but Kurt cut him off.

"Oh my god, Dad!" Kurt cried, eyes darting around the room as he desperately tried to avoid his father's gaze. "We really aren't there yet."

Burt looked so relieved that Kurt would have laughed if he wasn't feeling so awkward. "Good," Burt grunted. "Now – er, if you have any questions, just ask."

Kurt nodded and took the pamphlets that Burt was holding out to him. "Thanks, Dad," Kurt blushed. "I'll be in my room." Kurt fled from the living room and down to his basement. He dived onto the bed and shuddered. Though he was scarred for life, he couldn't help but feel impressed with his dad. He had gone out and learnt about gay sex just for him, so that Kurt could ask questions if he needed it. Kurt looked at the pamphlets and began to read. He supposed he owed his dad that much.

Blaine watched Kurt walk into his house before Annie pulled away from the curb. "Blaine," Annie said, breaking Blaine out of his Kurt-daydream.

"Hmm?"

"When we get home, your dad and I need to speak to you," Annie told him.

"Oh, what about?" Blaine asked, head cocked to one side.

"You'll see," Annie smiled mysteriously and Blaine was definitely curious. Annie asked about his day as they drove, easily distracting him.

They pulled up to the house and jumped out. When they got in, Annie led him to the living room and Blaine was surprised to see his father waiting for him. "Hey Dad," he grinned, flopping on the couch next to him.

Edward smiled and Annie sat on Blaine's other side. "Did your mum tell you we wanted to talk to you?" Edward asked.

Blaine nodded. "She didn't tell me what about, though."

Edward looked to Annie, who nodded. Edward cleared his throat and handed Blaine some pamphlets. Blaine looked at them and the tips of his ears instantly turned crimson, a clear sign he was embarrassed. "Is this – is this a sex talk?" Blaine asked, voice hoarse.

"Kurt's getting the same talk," Annie smiled. "We just want to make sure that you boys are safe and understand what you are doing."

"We aren't doing anything," Blaine protested.

"Not yet," Edward interrupted. "But you boys are serious and you're both teenage boys."

"We aren't ready yet," Blaine told them quietly.

Annie smiled at him. "We just want you to be prepared when you are."

"If you have any questions, just ask," Edward said to Blaine. "We don't want you to feel that you can't talk to us."

"Thanks," Blaine lifted his head to look at both his parents. "I'm going to go read these." Blaine smiled at them before jumping off the couch and hurrying to his room.

Edward scooted closer to Annie and wrapped an arm around her shoulder, pulling her close and kissing her cheek sweetly.

"You did good honey," Annie beamed at her husband. "Thank you for going with Burt to get the pamphlets."

"I just hope his talk went as well as ours," Edward chuckled.

Upstairs, Blaine flopped on his bed and looked at the art on the front of pamphlet sceptically. He opened it with shaking hands and glanced over it. Blaine quickly pulled out his phone and hit speed dial number one, holding it to his ear.

"Hi, Blaine," his boyfriend's beautiful voice floated into his ear.

"Hi," Blaine grinned. "Guess what?"

"What?" Kurt asked.

"I just got a sex talk," he said bluntly and Kurt gasped.

"You too?"

"Mum said Burt was giving you one," Blaine chuckled.

"He gave me pamphlets," Kurt told him.

"I got them too," Blaine assured him. "I'm looking at them now."

"Me too," Kurt whispered and Blaine could picture how Kurt's cheeks would be adorably flushed.

"What do you think so far?" Blaine asked, curious to hear his answer.

"I trust you," Kurt answered and Blaine heart sped up, "and I love you."

"I love you too, Kurt," Blaine beamed. He would never tire of telling Kurt this or hearing it in return. "We should read these together some time."

"We should," Kurt agreed. "Soon," Blaine grinned and hugged his pillow. "Blaine? I'm sorry but I have to go. Dad's calling me."

"No problem," Blaine smiled. "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Love you," Kurt told him.

"Love you too," Blaine replied and waited until Kurt had hung up before putting down his phone.

Blaine finished reading the pamphlets and put them safely in his bedside drawer before starting on the homework he had been assigned. Blaine couldn't help but glance over at the drawer occasionally. He loved how open his relationship was with Kurt, how they could talk about anything with each other.

He knew that Kurt had never been truly comfortable with the idea of sex, not with all the hateful slurs thrown their way and the filthy limericks that were written on the bathroom walls about him at Westerville High but they were slowly making progress.

Blaine was perfectly happy with the pace they were going. He wanted Kurt to be comfortable with whatever they did so they could both enjoy the pleasures of sex. Blaine finished his homework and pulled out his guitar, strumming an unfamiliar tune as he thought about his beautiful boyfriend.

Kurt finished the pamphlets later on that night after dinner and put them away safely. He leaned back on his pillows, sketch book in his lap. Sex didn't seem that threatening after reading the pamphlets and Kurt knew that Blaine would be loving and gentle, not at all like the limericks suggested.

With Blaine, he had nothing to be afraid of. Kurt knew that he was ready. He was ready to move forward with Blaine, ready to give him everything.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Science Class

When Kurt slipped into Annie's car the next morning, both boys blushed but linked their hands together, squeezing tightly. Annie giggled to herself silently and started the journey to Dalton.

"Good talk last night?" Blaine whispered to Kurt, who glared back.

"I'm not talking about this where your mum can hear us," Kurt hissed and Blaine chuckled.

"I wasn't going to go into details," Blaine assured him and his boyfriend huffed. "Aww, don't be like that."

Blaine placed a well aimed kiss on Kurt's neck and felt his boyfriend melt under the touch. Blaine pulled back and grinned at Kurt, who rolled his eyes fondly.

Annie pulled up to Dalton and turned in her seat. "Have a good day, you two," she smiled.

"Bye," they chorused and jumped out of the car. Annie watched as the two of them automatically linked hands as they walked together. She smiled and pulled back out onto the street, heading home.

Kurt and Blaine automatically went to their lockers, as they did every morning.

"Why are girls so complicated?" Wes moaned, slamming himself into the locker next to Blaine. He jumped slightly, but fixed his friend with a stare.

"You do realize you are talking to me," Blaine reminded him. "I'm gay and have a boyfriend. I know literally nothing about girls."

"But still," Wes ignored Blaine's points. "Why? Do they take pleasure in making us miserable and horribly confused?"

"Umm, yes?" Blaine said, frowning in confusion.

"Don't mind him," David told him, coming up to Blaine and Wes. "He had a fight with his girlfriend yesterday."

"Ah," Blaine breathed in understanding.

"I don't even know what I did," Wes groaned. "We were having a nice conversation and then BAM! It all went downhill."

"I don't think I can help you," Blaine shrugged.

"Don't you and Kurt fight?" Wes asked.

"Not often," Blaine shrugged.

Wes and David started at Blaine like he had grown a second head. "KURT!" Wes and David suddenly called out and Kurt locked up from his locker.

"Yes?"

"Do you and Blaine fight?" Wes asked and Kurt frowned.

"Not often," he shrugged. "Why?"

"How is that possible?" David gasped.

Kurt shut his locker door and made his way to Blaine, taking his hand. "We talk," Blaine grinned at Kurt, "about everything. We don't have secrets."

"That's it? You talk?" Wes asked, clearly hoping for some words of wisdom or maybe even the name of an ancient tablet that held the secret to relationships. "But I talk to Maddie all the time," he protested.

"Why are you fighting in the first place?" Blaine asked.

"I don't know!" Wes cried. "She was going on about some movie while I was trying to listen to the football updates."

"There's your problem," Kurt rolled his eyes. "You weren't listening to her."

"But football," Wes whined and Kurt smirked.

The bell rang and Wes sighed. They group of boys headed to their first class, which was science. They went in and took their seats, sliding in next to Nick and Jeff, who were already there. "Hi guys," Nick greeted and they grinned back.

"Alright boys," the teacher called. "Settle down. We have a lot to get through this term." The boys fell silent, taking out their books. "We are going to be looking at diseases, covering heart attacks, strokes and diabetes and cancer."

Blaine felt Kurt freeze next to him and Blaine slid a hand to his thigh, squeezing it tightly. Kurt jumped and grabbed Blaine's hand.

"We are going to start with heart attacks," the teacher continued and Blaine felt Kurt relax slightly. They listened intently to the teacher and Blaine came to the conclusion that he never wanted to have a heart attack and hoped that the people he loved never suffered from one.

The bell rang, signalling the end of class and the boys packed up. Kurt was slower than usual and the boys were waiting on him.

"You guys go on ahead," Blaine smiled. "We'll catch up."

They nodded; looking concerned but filed out nonetheless. Kurt finished packing up his things and stood up. Blaine took his hand and they walked to their next class at a leisurely pace.

"I know it's silly," Kurt broke the silence between them.

"It's not silly, Kurt," Blaine assured him. "I wouldn't want to relive the effects that cancer can have when you watched your mum suffer through it."

Kurt took in a shaky breath. "You did too."

"I did," Blaine agreed. "But she was your mum, Kurt. It's different."

Kurt leaned into Blaine as they walked to the next classroom. "At least I have a few weeks to prepare myself," he sighed.

"I'm sorry," Blaine said sincerely and Kurt smiled at him.

"Can I apologize in advance if I snap at you?" He asked with a small cheeky smile and Blaine laughed.

"Yeah, but just this once," Blaine teased and Kurt chuckled softly.

They turned into their classroom and took their seats.

"Everything OK?" Wes asked as Blaine took a seat next to him.

"Yeah, everything's fine," Blaine assured him.

"See, Wes," David grinned. "They communicate."

Wes reached over and smacked David on the back of the head and the boys laughed. Kurt chuckled and Blaine was glad that he wasn't dwelling on the science lesson.

Elizabeth had contracted cancer and in the end, it's what had taken her life.

Blaine was in Kurt's room and the two of them were playing with their power rangers. They had been told to go to Kurt's room while the adults talked downstairs in the kitchen. They were in the middle of marrying the red power ranger and the yellow power ranger when they had heard something break.

Kurt and Blaine looked at each other before abandoning the dolls and heading to the stairs. As quiet as seven year olds could be, they climbed the stairs and peeked out around the door.

"Oh, Elizabeth," Annie sobbed and they watched as Annie hugged her tightly. Elizabeth soothed her back, giving her cheek a kiss.

"It'll be OK," Elizabeth assured her. "We'll get through this."

"Nothing pushes the Hummels around," Burt told them gruffly. Edward pulled Elizabeth into a hug and held her tightly.

They pulled away and they all sat back down at the kitchen table.

"Whatever you need," Annie said. "We'll help you."

"Thank you," Elizabeth smiled.

"Have you told Kurt yet?" Edward asked. "That you have cancer?" He choked on the last word and cleared his throat.

"Not yet," Elizabeth answered quietly. "He won't really understand what happening."

Kurt turned to Blaine with wide eyes. "What's cancer?" Kurt whispered. Blaine shrugged but he wrapped an arm around Kurt's shoulders.

"When are you going to tell him?" Annie asked.

"Soon," Burt sighed. "He won't know what cancer is but he'll understand his mother is sick."

Kurt whimpered quietly and Blaine held him tightly.

"Mum's aren't supposed to get sick," Blaine frowned.

"Can Kurt stay with you tonight?" Elizabeth asked. "I have another doctor's appointment."

"Of course," Annie smiled. "You don't need to ask."

"Maybe the doctors got it wrong," Blaine whispered to Kurt.

"Maybe," Kurt frowned.

"Your mum will be OK," Blaine said. "She's your mum." Kurt nodded and rested his head on Blaine's shoulder. "Let's go play again," Blaine nudged Kurt and tugged him back down the stairs.

Neither noticed the adults turn in the direction of the stairs, eyes wide. They had forgotten to be quiet on the way down.

Later that night, Kurt was curled up next to Blaine, tugging on his curls. They were at the Anderson home in Blaine's room. They were lying on the bed, a story book between them.

"Blaine?" Kurt asked as Blaine turned the page. Blaine looked up and saw Kurt biting his lower lip. He reached up and released the lip from his teeth.

"What's wrong?" Blaine asked.

"What if my mum doesn't get better?" Kurt asked.

Blaine frowned. He hadn't thought of that. "But, she's your mum," he pouted. "She has to be OK."

"Dad looked really serious," Kurt frowned. "He only looks like that when something is wrong."

"I know!" Blaine gasped. "We can make her feel better, like she does for us when we are feeling sick."

Kurt beamed and hugged Blaine tightly. "Yes," he smiled. "We'll need blankets and pillows."

"And hugs," Blaine added and Kurt beamed.

"Lots of hugs."

Blaine turned to Kurt and smiled. Kurt smiled back and gently tugged on the cuff of his blazer. Kurt was, without a doubt, the bravest and most courageous person Blaine knew. In that moment, he vowed to help Kurt as much as he could when it came to learning about cancer, be the shoulder to cry on if he needed it and make it easier for him.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Pamphlets

The weekend came quickly and Kurt and Blaine found themselves alone at the Anderson home. Annie had run out to do some shopping; Edward and Burt were at work. The two boys were watching a movie, curled up on the couch. Kurt was subconsciously playing with the curls at the nape of his neck. Blaine shifted and gazed at Kurt, eyes trailing over each feature. Kurt felt Blaine's gaze and tore his attention from the movie to his boyfriend, smiling at him.

"What are you thinking about?" Kurt asked, curling closer to Blaine.

"You. Us," Blaine smiled and Kurt mirrored it. "Since we are alone," he continued, shifting, "I thought maybe we could talk."

"Is everything OK?" Kurt asked.

"Everything's fine," Blaine assured his boyfriend quickly before he could start worrying. "I wanted to talk about the pamphlets."

Kurt blushed but didn't move from Blaine's side. "I want to, too; I just didn't know how to bring it up."

"You know you can talk to me about anything," Blaine said, stroking Kurt's cheek.

"I know," he smiled. "I just didn't know if you were ready and I didn't want to pressure you or make you feel like I was."

"You're not," Blaine assured him quickly. "I'm ready. I love you, Kurt."

"I love you too," Kurt smiled and pressed his lips gently against his boyfriend's.

"Will you read the pamphlets with me?" Blaine asked, eyes hopeful. Kurt nodded and Blaine smiled softly. Kurt stood up and held out his hand to Blaine, who took it, linking their fingers together. They went to Blaine's room and made themselves comfortable on the bed. Blaine grabbed the pamphlets out of his draw and cuddled up close to his boyfriend.

He noticed the red blush on Kurt cheeks and pulled him into a reassuring kiss. "We can wait if you want," Blaine said, pulling back.

"No, I want to talk about it," Kurt smiled at him, laying his head on his boyfriend's shoulder and taking a deep breath. He took the pamphlet from Blaine's hands and spread it out across their laps.

"I want out first time to be special," Blaine said, pulling Kurt closer, "For both of us."

"What did you have in mind?" Kurt asked.

"Our anniversary," Blaine answered immediately. "It's the perfect time. We've been best friends since we were five, we've been dating nearly two years and I know it will be the perfect time."

"I agree," Kurt smiled. "I want to do it then."

Blaine beamed and kissed Kurt gently and sweetly, though he pulled back before they could get carried away. They had things to discuss after all.

"We will need...supplies," Kurt blushed and Blaine shifted.

"Uh – I already have them," he admitted sheepishly. Kurt raised an eyebrow and Blaine blushed. "My dad gave them to me. He gave them pamphlets to read and after dinner he came up to my room and asked if I had any questions. He also gave me condoms and lube so that we were safe."

"I'm glad it was your dad and not mine," Kurt chuckled and Blaine joined in. They both looked over the pamphlets again, reading it together. "Blaine?" Kurt asked and Blaine looked over at him. "I want to bottom."

Kurt was blushing and Blaine stared, eyes wide. "You want – are you sure?" He asked. Kurt nodded. "It will hurt."

"I know but I also know that you will be nothing but gentle and loving," Kurt smiled adoringly at him. "I want to feel you."

Blaine swallowed thickly but nodded. He shoved the pamphlets off their laps and pulled Kurt into a searing kiss. It was hot and all teeth and tongue. Blaine dragged Kurt into his lap and kissed him deeply,

hands dipping under his shirt and palming the muscles there. Kurt gasped and moaned, hands going to his boyfriend's curls and he clutched them tightly. Blaine moaned and clutched Kurt tighter. All too soon, the need for oxygen became too great and they ripped away, panting into each other's mouths, their chests heaving.

Blaine licked his lips and Kurt eyes widened slightly.

"I couldn't resist," Blaine said by way of explanation and Kurt let out a breathy laugh. He pressed his lips back to Blaine's softly and cupped his cheek.

"I think I can forgive you," Kurt teased and Blaine chuckled, rubbing his hands up and down Kurt's arms.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Blaine asked and Kurt smiled.

"Yes, Blaine. Are you?" He asked, looking at Blaine hopefully.

"More than ready," Blaine assured him. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Kurt smiled. "But before we do, I want us to go out for dinner and celebrate our anniversary."

"Sounds like you already have a plan," Blaine hummed and Kurt winked.

"I might," he drawled out. "I was thinking we could go to that Italian restaurant you love so much in Westerville."

"I do love that place," Blaine agreed.

"And then I don't know. Maybe we could go for a walk or something afterwards?" Kurt shrugged.

"That sounds perfect," Blaine beamed and kissed his boyfriend slowly again.

Kurt hummed into the kiss and pulled back. He toyed with the collar of Blaine's shirt and bit his lip.

"What is it?" Blaine asked, gently stroking Kurt's cheek.

"Where are we doing this?" He asked shyly.

"I thought about that," Blaine said, taking Kurt's hands. "I want it to be somewhere special. Either here or a nice hotel. What would you prefer?"

"How would we get a hotel?" Kurt asked. "They would know."

"They already know when they gave us the talk," Blaine pointed out. "They knew it was going to happen sooner or later."

"My place?" Kurt suggested. "I'm sure our parents could go out and Dad could stay here."

"We could have the place to ourselves," Blaine grinned.

"It's going to be so awkward," Kurt moaned, leaning his forehead against Blaine's. "Dad will know!"

Blaine chuckled. "We'll be OK. If you want I can talk to my dad and he could talk to Burt."

Kurt shook his head. "No, I need to tell my dad, otherwise he'll think that I can't talk to him and our relationship is really important to me."

"I know it is," Blaine said quietly, hugging Kurt.

"Our anniversary is in three weeks," he said. "Your birthday is next week and you can get your driver's licence."

"Then we won't have to rely on our parents to drive us around," Blaine grinned and Kurt grinned right back at him.

"You know, I'm really glad that we can talk," Kurt said, looking at Blaine fondly.

"Me too," he assured him. "I love that you can tell me anything."

"I love you," Kurt smiled, "So much."

Blaine pulled him into a gentle loving kiss. "I love you too, Kurt. Forever."

"Good," Kurt whispered. "As cheesy as this is, I don't want to ever let you go."

"You'll never have too," Blaine assured him.

Later that day, when Kurt was at his own home making dinner for himself and his father, he brought up the subject of having the house to himself with Blaine. Burt was trying to help, being tasked the job of making the salad.

"Dad?" Kurt asked suddenly and Burt grunted to show that he was listening. "You know how Blaine and mine's anniversary is coming up?"

"Yeah," Burt said, his eyes never leaving the tomatoes he was dicing carefully.

"I was wondering," Kurt said slowly, blushing, "If we could have the house for the night."

The knife slipped and Burt jerked back, dropping it with surprise. Kurt looked up from the meat he was cutting with wide eyes. "You and Blaine. Alone?" But clarified and Kurt nodded, his cheeks a rosy red.

"Yes," he answered truthfully.

Burt was silent for a while, trying to process what his baby boy was saying. He wanted the house to himself with just Blaine. Burt had been a teenage boy once and he knew exactly why Kurt was asking. "Have you talked about this with Blaine?" Burt asked.

"Yes," Kurt nodded. "We spent the whole afternoon talking about it."

"Good," Burt grunted. "You'll be safe?"

"Yes, Dad," Kurt nodded, cheek burning red.

"That's all I ask," Burt told him. "You can have the house."

"Thank you, Dad," Kurt smiled and turned back to the meat, cheeks still burning red. Burt picked up the knife and went to the sink to wash it.

He could hardly believe his little boy was growing up. It felt like just yesterday Kurt was asking him to have tea parties with him out in the back yard and he was watching Kurt and Blaine playing with Lego and their toys together. He remembered finding the two small boys curled up next to each other on the floor, blanket over the both of them as they fell asleep during a movie that Elizabeth had put on for them.

But now his little boy was all grown up. Burt knew this day would come, but he always hoped he would have just a little while longer. He moved back to the tomatoes and continued cutting them. They were both silent as they continued to work on dinner.

"Dinner is ready," Kurt spoke up, plates all ready. Burt divided the salad and placed it on the plates.

The two of them went to the dining room table and ate, Kurt asking Burt about his day, his cheeks still a little pink.

Burt was happy to change the subject, not wanting to picture what Kurt and Blaine would get up to alone. They finished dinner and Kurt washed up while Burt sat in the living room, watching *Deadliest Catch*. When Kurt finished, he brought his laptop in and started on some homework that he hadn't gotten round to yet. Burt watched him for a moment and smiled. Yes, his little boy was growing up but he was becoming a man that Burt was so proud of.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

The First Time

Kurt fidgeted nervously in front of the mirror, looking over his outfit one more time. He wanted everything to be perfect for tonight. He was wearing his tight black skinny leg jeans, his doc martins, a white shirt with a black vest over the top that was covered in fine chains. The doorbell rang and Kurt glanced over his shoulder. Blaine was here.

He took a deep breath and quickly headed down stairs. Burt was already gone. He was having dinner with Annie and Edward tonight and would stay with them. Kurt opened the door to reveal Blaine standing there with a small bouquet of flowers in his hands. Kurt beamed at him and Blaine grinned back.

"You look beautiful," Blaine breathed. "These are for you."

"Blaine," Kurt murmured, taking the offered flowers, "You didn't have to."

"I wanted to," he grinned. He stepped forward and gave Kurt a chaste kiss. "Are you ready to go?"

"Just let me put these in some water," Kurt smiled and Blaine followed him into the house. Kurt retrieved a vase they kept in the kitchen and filled it with water, placing the flowers into it carefully. He sniffed them and smiled, before placing them on the counter. Blaine was watching him with a smile and took Kurt's hand as he came to him.

"I'm ready," Kurt smiled. Blaine grinned and put his hand on the small of Kurt's back and propelled him forward. Blaine opened the door for him and they stepped into the cool air. Kurt shut the door and locked it behind him, slipping his set of keys into his pocket. Blaine had successfully gotten his licence and had borrowed Annie's car for the night.

Kurt slid into the passenger seat and Blaine behind the driver's wheel. He carefully pulled out and they made their way to the restaurant. It was quiet when they got there, making that it was easy to find a spot to park in. They slipped out of the car and Blaine took Kurt's hand. He opened the door for Kurt, giving him a mock bow and Kurt chuckled. The waitress beamed at the two of them as they entered.

"Hi, table for two?" She asked.

Another reason why Blaine loved the place was that none of the waitresses judged them. It was one of the few places that didn't. "We have a reservation. Under Anderson," Blaine smiled.

"Of course. Follow me," she grinned and led them to a small table that had a candle placed in the centre. They sat across from each other and were handed a menu each. "I'll be back shortly," she told them and flitted away. The two of them knew the menu off by heart and saw no reason to look at it. They didn't have to wait long before the waitress came back and took their order.

"Happy anniversary," Kurt grinned, slipping his hand into Blaine's. "I got you something."

"Kurt, you didn't have to," he protested, but Kurt shook his head. Out of pocket he pulled out a small box and handed it to Blaine. With careful hands Blaine opened the box and gasped. Enclosed in the box was an old friendship bracelet. They had made them in primary school and the two of them had swapped them. Over the years they had disappeared and Blaine thought they had been lost forever.

"Where did you find this?" He gasped, taking it out. Kurt took the band and slipped it on Blaine's wrist, tightening it.

"I found them in my closet," Kurt confessed, smiling. "I was looking at the back for something to wear and I found a small box of my mum's. They were in there."

Kurt rolled up his sleeve and there on his wrist was the band Blaine had made him. Blaine traced his finger over it and smiled. "Thank you, Kurt," he smiled.

Kurt shrugged but grinned happily. Their meals were brought out and conversation flowed naturally between them, as it always had. They shared a dessert and split the bill – Kurt insisted and threatened Blaine that he would walk home if he paid for all of it.

They walked out hand in hand and back to the car. Blaine drove them to a small park that was deserted at this time of night and they went and sat on the swings. After an hour at the park and they feeling far less full than they had when they left the restaurant.

"Are you ready to go home?" Blaine asked and Kurt nodded. He took Blaine's hand and tugged him up off the swing. They went back to the car and Blaine drove them back to the Hummel home. When they were parked, they slipped out of the car and linked hands as they walked up the garden path.

Kurt slid the key into the lock and twisted it, the door swinging open. He let Blaine in and followed after, shutting the door behind him.

They moved to the living room and stood awkwardly for a moment. Blaine chuckled and pulled Kurt close to him, resting his hands on his boyfriend's hips.

"This shouldn't be awkward," Blaine chuckled, rubbing his nose against Kurt's.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled.

"Why?" Blaine asked, confused.

"I'm just – I'm nervous. I want this to be perfect for you," Kurt answered quietly. Blaine gently tilted Kurt's head up to meet his gaze.

"Kurt, I'm with you. It doesn't get more perfect than that," Blaine assured him. Kurt smiled softly and Blaine pulled him into a kiss. They kissed languidly, Blaine looping his arm around Kurt's waist and pulling him closer. Their tongues rolled lazily against each other, Kurt sighing in contentment.

When the need to breathe became too great they pulled back gently, foreheads resting against one another. Kurt slid his hands up Blaine's chest and fiddled with the collar of his shirt. "Do you want to go to my room?" He asked.

"Yes," Blaine nodded and Kurt smiled. He took Blaine's hand and led him to the basement. Kurt shut the door behind them and pushed his boyfriend down to the bed. Blaine sat down and Kurt stood between his legs, leaning down to kiss Blaine again. Blaine hummed into the kiss and his hands moved to Kurt's vest, gently undoing it.

He slid it off Kurt and then started on the button of his shirt, all the while kissing Kurt. He slid the shirt off his body and Kurt broke the kiss. "Your turn," he whispered and he helped Blaine out of his shirt.

"Come here," Blaine murmured. He moved up the bed and tugged Kurt on to it, too. They lay down next to each other, turning onto their sides.

Kurt stroked his thumb over Blaine's collar bone. They stared at each other for a moment, smiling shyly. Blaine waited for his boyfriend to move first and smiled when he leant in to kiss him again. Blaine gently pulled

Kurt closer so that he was flush against his body. The kiss grew more passionate and their hands roamed up and down each other's chests.

Blaine rubbed his thumb against Kurt's nipple and he gasped, hips jerking. Blaine moaned, gently biting Kurt's lower lip.

Kurt moaned and felt Blaine's hardness against his own. They pulled back, both breathing heavily.

"Can I?" Blaine asked, fingers curling and Kurt's belt loops, tugging gently.

"Yes," Kurt breathed and Blaine gently undid the top button and slid the zipper down, brushing over Kurt's hardness, causing him to let out a breathy whimper. Blaine smiled at Kurt adoringly as he slid his jeans down and folded them gently, leaving his boyfriend in only his briefs. Kurt chuckled and Blaine grinned at him before moving back up his body to kiss him.

"I want to take yours off, too," Kurt said, looking Blaine in the eyes. He nodded and Kurt easily flicked the button open and unzipped the pants, making sure to brush against Blaine's hardness, making him groan. His pants joined Kurt's and Blaine pulled him close again, kissing him harder.

He gently rocked his hips into Kurt's who moaned, fingers curling into Blaine's hair. After rocking against each other for a moment, Kurt pulled away, panting. "Stop," he whispered and Blaine froze.

"I – Kurt I'm so sorry –" Blaine started to apologize but Kurt cut him off with a kiss.

"If you keep going," he blushed. "It will be over before we even start."

Blaine chuckled and gently kissed Kurt again. He pulled back and gently scooted off the bed. Kurt watched through confused and slightly hurt eyes as his boyfriend left. Blaine went to the bathroom and came back a few moments later with lube and a condom in hand. Kurt's eyes widen in understanding and he smiled at him.

Blaine came back to the bed and kissed Kurt again. "Are you ready?" He asked, pulling back gently.

"Yes," Kurt nodded. Blaine kept eye contact with Kurt as he slowly pulled down his boyfriend's briefs. His erections sprang free, resting against his stomach. Blaine tossed the underwear away and swallowed as he looked at Kurt. His boyfriend blushed, the red spreading down his chest as Blaine stared.

"You're beautiful," Blaine smiled, looking back up to Kurt's eyes. He smiled and tugged Blaine closer, kissing him again. Kurt slid his hands down Blaine's body, leaving a trail of fire where his fingers touched, and slid his boyfriend's briefs down. Blaine kicked them off the rest of the way. Both moaned loudly as their erections touched and they clutched one another tightly.

"Please," Kurt moaned, sucking a hickey onto Blaine's neck. "Blaine, *please*."

Blaine grabbed the lube and opened it, slicking up his fingers. Kurt blushed and spread his legs, propping a pillow under his hips. Blaine knelt between his legs and kissed his way up Kurt's thighs, trying to ease his tension. Kurt melted under his touch, legs relaxing and Blaine gently circled his hole, Kurt moaning.

Gently, he pushed a finger in, Kurt gripping the sheets tightly in his hands. He eased it in, gently kissing Kurt's hip bone. His boyfriend adjusted, breathing heavily.

"More, Blaine," he pleaded. Blaine couldn't help but moan at the sounds Kurt was making and gently added another finger. He took his time prepping Kurt, wanting this to be as painless as possible for him. He had four fingers in when Kurt started begging. "Please, Blaine," Kurt moaned, rocking his hips back and forth, down onto Blaine's fingers, brushing against his prostate. "*Oh, Blaine*. God – more. Want you. Please."

"Yes, shit, *yes*," Blaine mumbled and withdrew his fingers, Kurt whining at the loss. He watched with glazed eyes as Blaine slid the condom on, moaning as he brought himself some relief, and slicked himself up. He hovered over Kurt, drawing him into a passionate kiss before gently sliding in. Kurt tensed at the intrusion. Blaine was so big. Of course, he'd known this before, but now it seemed more apparent than ever. His boyfriend froze and looked down at Kurt.

"Keeping going," Kurt urged and Blaine slowly pushed in. Kurt gripped the sheets tightly and Blaine dropped kisses along his collar bone, throat, chin, cheeks and lips.

When Blaine was in completely he stopped, resisting the urge to pull out and thrust back in because God damn it, Kurt was so tight and felt *so good*. He was breathing heavily, hands going up into Blaine curls.

"Are you OK?" Blaine panted.

"Yes," Kurt gasped. "Blaine, you feel amazing. God – so good. Please move."

Blaine gently pulled back and rocked into Kurt. He moaned loudly, head dropping onto Kurt's shoulder. Blaine started a rhythm and soon Kurt was lifting his hips to meet his thrusts. He wrapped his legs around Blaine's hips and the angle changed. Kurt arched his back and let a loud, long moan as Blaine hit his prostate.

"Yes, there," Kurt cried and Blaine pulled back before he pushed back in, hitting that same spot every time.

Their moves grew faster as they approached their climaxes. Blaine was grunting, hitting harder and faster. "So good Kurt, fuck so good," Blaine moaned.

"So close," Kurt whimpered.

"Please come, Kurt, please. Right there," Blaine moaned. His hips stuttered and with two more powerful thrusts, he was coming, hips jerking, burying himself deeper and closer into Kurt, crying out his love's name. Kurt let out a high pitched moan and his hips jerked roughly, erections sliding against his belly and Blaine's.

"Blaine!" Kurt cried and they felt his sticky come between them.

Both panted harshly, chests heaving as they came down from their highs. Blaine pressed kisses to Kurt's shoulder before lifting his head and kissing his boyfriend on the mouth, drawing his tongue into mouth. Kurt moaned and un-hooked his legs from Blaine's waist, running a hand up and down his spine.

Gently Blaine pulled out, both wincing from the over stimulation and he collapsed next to him.

"I love you," Kurt smiled, rolling on his side and pushing Blaine's sweaty curls off his forehead.

"I love you, too, Kurt. So much," Blaine vowed.

They both smiled at each other, content to just stare. They were growing tired and Blaine gently eased himself up and quickly went to get a cloth to clean themselves up and to dispose of the condom. After cleaning himself and Kurt, they pulled their briefs back on and cuddled in bed.

"Love you," Kurt mumbled, drifting off to sleep in Blaine's arms.

"Love you too, Kurt. So much," Blaine said, kissing the top of Kurt's head and drifted off to sleep, happier than he had ever been.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

The Morning After

Kurt was surrounded by warmth, a heavy weight sprawled across this chest. He made a noise in the back of his throat, stretching. He winced as he felt a small numb pain between his legs but it was only dull. Kurt slowly blinked his eyes open slowly, taking in a sharp breath as his vision adjusted. He looked down, a giant smile spread across his face as he saw Blaine's head on his chest, arm draped over his waist and their feet tangled together.

Kurt lifted a hand and ran his fingers through Blaine's curls. His boyfriend made a content noise in the back of his throat and his arm tightened around Kurt's waist. He rubbed his nose against Kurt's chest before lifting his head and looking at his boyfriend through bleary eyes. Blaine grinned goofily and Kurt chuckled softly, pushing Blaine's hair back from his face.

"How are you feeling?" Blaine asked, voice rough from sleep.

"So happy," Kurt smiled. "I love you, Blaine."

"I love you too," Blaine returned, grinning, "So much." He kissed Kurt, pulling him close. Both shivered with the touch of skin on skin. Blaine pulled back softly and gazed at Kurt with eyes filled with love. "Did I hurt you at all?" He asked quietly and Kurt shook his head.

"No, it was perfect," Kurt smiled, stroking his boyfriend's jaw, feeling the slight scruff that had grown over night.

"Good," Blaine beamed. "Everything was perfect."

"We should get up soon," Kurt said softly, running a hand up Blaine's bare back, fingers brushing gently.

"Don't want to," Blaine mumbled against Kurt's neck. "Happy here."

Kurt chuckled and shifted again, rubbing his foot along Blaine's calf muscle. "Me too."

Blaine smiled and gently kissed the sensitive part of his neck. Kurt hummed happily, arching his neck to give Blaine better access. His boyfriend's hands travelled down his body, Kurt shuddering delightfully

under his touch. "Shower with me?" Kurt gasped out. Blaine removed his lips from his boyfriend's neck and beamed.

"Of course," Blaine grinned, sitting up. He slipped off the bed and pulled Kurt up with him. Kurt blushed, the sheet falling away from body. Blaine led him to the bathroom and turned the shower on, waiting till it went warm. He stepped in and smiled at Kurt, pulling him in too.

Blaine pulled him into his arms, kissing him languidly, keeping them under the spray. When he deemed Kurt soaked enough he grabbed the shower gel and squirted into his hands. Kurt watched with curious eyes as Blaine ran his hands over him, coating him with soap.

Blaine smiled at him adoringly and Kurt smiled back. He rinsed himself and returned the favour to Blaine. He hummed happily as Kurt explored his body, pulling him into a kiss. Kurt was gently pushed against the wall, moulding himself into Blaine's arms. He would never tire of feeling his boyfriend's skin on his.

Boldly, Kurt ran his hands down Blaine's chest, caressing his hips before cupping Blaine. He moaned loudly and bucked into Kurt's hand, already hard from having Kurt's hands all over him. Blaine ripped his mouth away from his boyfriend's and dropped his head onto Kurt's shoulder, panting harshly. Kurt wrapped a firm – but gentle – hand around Blaine and stroked him.

"Oh Kurt," Blaine moaned, hips thrusting into Kurt's fist. He sucked on his shoulder, causing Kurt to gasp and rock his hips against Blaine's thigh. He moved his own hand to cup Kurt and he got a loud moan in response.

They thrust against each other, moaning and clinging tightly. Kurt was the first to reach his peak, coming hard, sagging against Blaine. His boyfriend's hips jerked two more times before he began groaning loudly, head thumping against the wall with a thud.

Both breathed heavily and Blaine ran his free hand through Kurt's wet hair. They smiled at each other and waited until their legs to become solid again for they had turned to jelly. They rinsed themselves off and turned the water off. Kurt stepped out and wrapped a towel around himself before handing one to Blaine.

They dried themselves off and went back into Kurt's room to get dressed. When they were clothed again, they went upstairs and got themselves some breakfast, feet tangling under the table, smiling giddily at

each other. When they finished breakfast, they went and cuddled on the couch, slipping the *Sound of Music* into the DVD player.

Burt came home after lunch, opening the door loudly to make his presence known. He was sure what he was expecting when he came in, but smiled at the sight.

"Seriously Blaine," Kurt cried. "I give you one job."

"It slipped!" Blaine protested, his mouth tugging at the corners, trying to suppress a smile. Kurt had his hands on his hips, a whisk in his hand that was slowly dripping. There was a cracked egg on the bench, creating a puddle of yellow goo.

"What are you making?" Burt asked and Kurt jumped, hand going to his heart.

"Geez, Dad, you scared me," Kurt breathed, hands falling from his hips.

"We're making brownies," Blaine grinned.

"*Who* is making brownies?" Kurt asked, eyebrows raised and Blaine smiled sheepishly.

"OK, *Kurt* is making brownies. I'm making a mess," he chuckled.

Kurt rolled his eyes fondly and chucked a cloth at Blaine's face. "Clean that up please," Kurt smirked and sashayed to the fridge, opening it. He pulled out another egg, went back to the bench and expertly cracked the egg into the bowl, throwing the shell away.

"Show off," Blaine teased and Kurt beamed at him.

"When will they be ready?" Burt asked, eyeing the mixture hopefully.

"Soon," Kurt answered him. "You'll have to be patient."

Both Burt and Blaine groaned at this and Kurt scowled at them. Burt was happy to see that nothing had changed between Kurt and Blaine. In fact, they seemed stronger than ever. He watched as Blaine looked at

Kurt with such devotion and love. Kurt would catch his gaze, smile, hands slowing as he stirred the mixture. They would look away, smiling giddily.

Burt chuckled softly to himself. Yeah, Blaine would totally be his son in-law one day and he couldn't have asked for a better kid. "I want the first brownie," Burt called as he went to put his things down.

"You always get the first brownie," Kurt called out after him and Burt grinned. Kurt finished the brownies and put them in the oven while Blaine started the dishes. "Let me help," Kurt said, moving to help Blaine but his boyfriend blocked him.

"Nope. You made them so let me clean up," Blaine smiled, continuing to block Kurt from the sink.

Kurt pouted but leaned against the bench, watching Blaine work. "This is oddly domestic of us," Kurt commented and his boyfriend grinned at him over his shoulder.

"I like it," he said bluntly.

"I like it too," Kurt smiled, "A lot."

Blaine smiled softly at him and quickly finished the dishes. He dried his hands and went to Kurt, pulling him into a hug.

"Love you, Kurt," Blaine whispered in his ear.

"Love you, too, Blaine," Kurt whispered back.

The timer went off and Kurt untangled himself from Blaine and quickly removed the tray from the oven, putting it on a cooling rack.

"They smell so good," Blaine moaned, smelling them happily.

"You are such a puppy," Kurt giggled and shooed him away.

Burt came into the kitchen and reached for the brownies but Kurt smacked his hand away with a *thwack*. Burt snapped his hand back, cradling it to his chest. "Damn reflexes," Burt grumbled and Kurt smirked.

"I will ban both of you from the kitchen," he warned them and the two men raised their hands in surrender.

"Football's on, Blaine," Burt said, clapping him on the back. "Let's leave Kurt to it."

Blaine nodded, winked at Kurt and followed Burt out the living room. Burt sat in his chair while he took the couch. Burt switched the TV on and the game flickered to life on the screen. They sat in silence for a while, trying to catch up on what they had missed.

"Were you safe?" Burt asked suddenly and Blaine's head snapped up. He blushed red, but nodded his head.

"Yes, Burt. We were," Blaine assured him. "I wouldn't do anything without making sure Kurt was completely comfortable."

Burt nodded, not taking his eyes off the screen. "Good," he nodded and no more was said on the subject.

Blaine smiled to himself, looking back to the TV. Kurt joined them not much later, a plate of brownies in his hand. He held it out to Burt, who snatched one off the plate and bit into it.

"Thanks, Kurt," Burt said, mouth full and Kurt rolled his eyes. He offered one to Blaine and took one himself, settling next to his boyfriend on the couch.

"Thank you, Kurt," Blaine smiled.

"You're welcome," Kurt grinned back and grabbed a magazine off the coffee table, putting the plate of brownies down. Kurt read the magazine instead of watching the game, nibbling daintily on his brownie while Burt and Blaine devoured them.

After the game, Blaine had to get home. Kurt walked him out the car and pulled him into a hug.

"I love you, Blaine," he smiled.

"I love you, too, Kurt," Blaine beamed, "Happy anniversary, love."

"Happy anniversary," Kurt echoed.

"I'll message you when I get home," Blaine promised and Kurt chuckled.

"Good," he murmured, pecking him on the lips. He pulled back and Blaine slipped into the car. Kurt watched him drive away before skipping back into the house. Burt was waiting for him and Kurt bit his lip, knowing what was coming.

"You happy, kid?" Burt asked bluntly.

"Very, Dad," Kurt smiled. "It was...perfect. Blaine's perfect."

"I'm glad," Burt smile softly. Kurt blushed and they both shifted awkwardly. "Did you need to talk or –"

"No, Dad," Kurt interrupted quickly, backing up. "I'm good." Burt nodded and they shifted again. "I'm going to do laundry," Kurt announced and practically ran out of the room.

Burt went to his chair and collapsed on to his chair. His little boy really had grown up.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Happy Birthday

Kurt bowed before the screaming crowd, a grin stretched across his face. Twinkling lights flittered around the audience, the flashes of their cameras going off. Kurt took another bow, letting out a disbelieving laugh.

"Kurt!"

"Woo, go Kurt!" A fan screamed and Kurt waved. He frowned as he felt something sharp poking his back and he stumbled to the edge of the stage.

"KURT!"

Another sharp poke and Kurt lost his footing, falling into the crowd below. His vision went black as he was swallowed by fans.

Kurt's eyes snapped open and he found beaming face hovering over his. "Happy birthday babe!" Blaine grinned and Kurt chuckled. He grabbed Blaine and yanked him down onto the bed, hugging him tightly. Blaine chuckled and manoeuvred himself so he was lying next to Kurt.

"Thanks, Blaine," Kurt beamed, snuggling into his boyfriend's side. "What time is it?"

"A little after eight," Blaine answered. "I thought you might want to get up early so you could get ready for the party."

After the Warblers had discovered that it was Blaine's birthday a few weeks ago, they had been distraught they hadn't known and couldn't throw him a party. They quickly badgered Kurt to find out when his was. Finally, Kurt had relented and the Warblers decided that they would throw a party for him.

Burt had agreed, smiling at the thought. As kids, Blaine and Kurt never had parties like normal kids. Nobody had ever come.

It was Blaine's 7th birthday and he was wearing a party hat on top of his curly hair, fixing one two Kurt's head, the paler boy pouting as it threw off his whole outfit. But it was Blaine's birthday and he wouldn't

complain. He would do anything to see his friend smile. Blaine had immediately placed it on Kurt's head as he came in the door and they hadn't even gotten into the house yet.

"There," Blaine said proudly, stepping back to admire his work. "Smile, Kurt."

Kurt grinned at Blaine, who beamed back at him.

"Kurt, darling," Elizabeth called and Kurt turned to find his mother coming towards him. "Don't you have something for Blaine?" Elizabeth indicated to the wrapped present by her bag. Kurt gasped and quickly ran to get it, grabbing the present and running back to Blaine, thrusting it into his hands.

"Happy birthday, Blaine," Kurt beamed.

"Thanks Kurtie," he grinned and both boys quickly sat down where they were standing – in the middle of the hallway by the door.

Blaine carefully unwrapped the gift, tearing the paper clumsily and he gasped as he pulled out a box. It was a Harry Potter kit that included a wand, glasses and lightning bolt tattoos. Blaine had been addicted to the Harry Potter movie that had come out recently. He set the box down carefully and pulled Kurt into a big hug.

"Thank you, Kurtie," Blaine grinned.

"You're welcome, Blaine," Kurt smiled.

"Boys, why don't you move to the living room?" Elizabeth suggested. The boys picked themselves up, Blaine grabbing his box and taking Kurt's hand, dragging him to the living room to show him what other presents he had received.

Elizabeth went to the kitchen to find Annie glaring at the phone, Edward's hands on her shoulder. "What's wrong?" She asked, looking between them and finally settling on Burt.

"Another one cancelled," Annie growled. "Nobody is coming to Blaine's party."

Elizabeth gasped. They had invited all of Blaine and Kurt's year level to the party but slowly, one by one, each parent rang and said they couldn't come. "It will be alright," Elizabeth soothed. "Blaine will still have an amazing day. He has Kurt and he has us."

Annie sighed but quickly straightened as Blaine and Kurt came galloping in.

"MUM! Can we start the party games?" Her son pleaded. "Kurt wants to play pin the tail on the donkey."

"Blaine's a donkey," Kurt sniggered and Blaine nudged him.

"You're a donkey," he retaliated and they both giggled.

"Sure thing sweetie," Annie smiled. "Your dad's will help you." Burt and Edward took them outside, setting up the game while Annie sighed. "I just wanted him to have a good birthday," she said, dropping her head into her hands.

"He is," Elizabeth smiled, kissing her cheek.

"Thanks Blaine," Kurt grinned, kissing him quickly and swinging himself out of bed. Blaine watched as he grabbed his outfit he had picked the night before and disappeared into the bathroom to change.

Blaine noted that he didn't close the door all the way and he could still see glimpses of skin as Kurt changed.

Eventually he came out; looking as gorgeous as always and Blaine grabbed his hand. They hurried upstairs and Kurt chuckled as he saw a giant banner hanging on the wall that read 'Happy Birthday Kurt'.

"Happy Birthday, son," Burt greeted, pulling Kurt into a giant hug. Annie and Edward hugged him too, wishing him a happy birthday.

"I made pancakes for breakfast," Annie smiled and Kurt beamed.

"Thank you," Kurt told her. They sat down and enjoyed their breakfast, Blaine bouncing impatiently.

"Stop fidgeting," Kurt scolded, looking amused.

"I want to give you your present," Blaine whined and Kurt laughed.

"After I've had my breakfast," Kurt instructed.

"You are the only person I know who wants food before presents," Blaine chuckled.

"How am I meant to enjoy them on an empty stomach?" Kurt questioned and they laughed.

Finally, after making a long and dramatic show of eating slow for Blaine, they finished breakfast and Blaine dragged his boyfriend to the couch and sat him down. Annie, Burt and Edward sat down and he handed Kurt his gift. Kurt un-wrapped it carefully, being mindful not to rip the paper and slowly slid it away from the gift. He gasped and held the gift in his hands.

It was a signed copy of the Wicked poster, one of his favourite musicals. "Blaine! I love it! Thank you," Kurt gushed and hugged his boyfriend, kissing him chastely. Blaine grinned, enjoying the look of awe on Kurt's face.

Annie and Edward went next, giving Kurt a rather large gift card for the mall. Kurt hugged them tightly, thanking them over and over.

Burt went last and handed Kurt two gifts. The first one was the boots he had been drooling over for months.

"Dad! These are so expensive," Kurt gasped.

"Happy birthday," Burt grinned and Kurt hugged him tightly. He opened the second gift, which brought tears to Kurt's eyes. It was a small box that held a car key.

"Your mum and I wanted you to have a car for your sixteenth birthday," Burt smiled. "I got a really good deal with a company because I do a lot of mechanics for them."

Kurt leapt into his dad's arms, hugging him fiercely, nearly cutting off his oxygen supply. "Thanks, Dad," he said, voice muffled by Burt's shirt.

"Go take a look, it's outside," Burt chuckled, patting his son's back.

Kurt raced outside, Blaine hot on his heels and the adults heard two very loud and excited screams.

The Hummels and Andersons pulled up to the bowling alley and Kurt bit his lip. After Blaine's disastrous 7th birthday party, they had given up on throwing parties. They headed inside and Kurt was surprised when he was descended upon by the Warblers, who were all waiting, entertaining themselves with the games in the arcade.

They wished him a happy birthday, each handing over a present. Kurt's cheeks hurt as he smiled brightly, thanking them for coming and for the gifts. They had rented out several lanes and quickly collected shoes. Kurt scrunched his nose as he was handed his pair and Blaine chuckled.

"Just for today, love," he murmured, squeezing his arm and Kurt nodded. They quickly chose teams and Kurt found himself on a team with Jeff, Nick, Blaine, Trent, Wes, David, Cameron and Thad.

Kurt was leaning over, tying up his shoes and Nick saw Blaine's eyes trailing over him intimately. Kurt seemed to feel Blaine's gaze and smiled up at him through his eyelashes.

"Kurt, come choose a ball with me," Nick said, yanking the pale boy up and dragging him to where the balls were kept.

"Sure," Kurt stammered as they came to a halt.

"You and Blaine," Nick hissed and Kurt looked at him, startled.

"Me and Blaine what?" He asked.

"I can't believe I didn't put this together weeks ago," Nick groaned, face palming.

"Put what together?" Kurt asked, thoroughly confused.

"You and Blaine slept together," Nick beamed and Kurt flushed bright red. "I mean you look at each other differently. You're even more in love than before, which would be sickening if it wasn't so cute."

"I –" Kurt stammered, unsure how to respond.

"When did it happen?" Nick asked, eyes wide with excitement.

"Our anniversary," Kurt murmured and his friend pulled him into a hug.

"Congratulations, Kurt," Nick smiled. "How was it?" Kurt blushed and punched him gently in the arm. "Hey! What was that for?" Nick pouted dramatically.

"Choose a ball, Nick," Kurt smirked and his friend grinned. They each grabbed a bowling ball and headed back to their lane. Blaine gave Kurt a questioning look but Kurt smiled to reassure him. They started, Wes starting the game off. Kurt watched happily as their friends had fun. Kurt wasn't the greatest at bowling, only able to knock down a few pins. Kurt went to Blaine, settling on his lap as Jeff went to take his turn.

"Having fun?" Blaine asked and Kurt nodded, beaming.

They watched Jeff grab his ball and take a run at the alley. He stepped too far though and slipped on the lane, landing with a crash. Everyone laughed loudly, Nick holding his sides and Jeff blushed.

"I meant to do that!" He called out, standing up. "Totally did it on purpose."

Kurt giggled into Blaine's neck and his boyfriend held him tightly as he laughed.

In the end, Nick came first, getting two strikes in a row and several spares throughout his turns. After bowling, they played in the arcade, David and Thad battled it out on Dance, Dance Revolution, David coming out the champion and earning a high score. Blaine and Kurt raced on the motor bikes and Kurt won by a mile, though Blaine told himself that he was too distracted by Kurt's graceful movements.

Kurt smiled around at all the boys, watching them play on the arcade games, laughing and having a good time. He would always remember this birthday. It would definitely have a place in his top three.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Valentine's Day

Kurt looked at the tacky holiday cards and sighed. He would be better off making one himself. None of these suited Blaine. Actually, that was a lie. They all suited Blaine but not one of them was perfect. Blaine loved Valentine's Day; it was his favourite holiday and Kurt wanted to make it special for him.

Kurt left the store and hurried out to his car. He slipped in and headed home, at a complete loss of what to do for Blaine. He thought back to when they were little and smiled as memories engulfed him.

Kurt watched as Burt treated Elizabeth like she was a princess, like the ones in the Disney movies that he had watched so many times. He brought her breakfast in bed that had rose petals strewn across the tray that held her food. Kurt was curled up beside his mother and Elizabeth smiled at Burt adoringly.

"Burt, this is beautiful, thank you," she gushed.

"Happy Valentines," Burt smiled.

"What's Val-en-tines day?" Kurt asked, sounding out the word to help him to pronounce it.

"It's a day to celebrate love," Elizabeth explained, helping herself to her breakfast. "Your dad and I got you a little Valentine's Day gift."

Burt opened the drawer and pulled out a small present, handing it to a bouncing Kurt. He opened his gift carefully and giggled. There was a couple of heart shaped chocolates and a small bear holding a love heart. "Thank you," Kurt beamed, hugging his bear tightly.

"You're welcome sweetie," Elizabeth smiled, kissing the top of his head. She enjoyed the rest of her breakfast, Burt sitting on the end of the bed and Kurt was playing with his bear, though his face was contorted into a frown.

"What's wrong bud?" Burt asked and Kurt's frown deepened.

"I haven't got Blaine a present," he pouted.

"Blaine?" Burt echoed.

"You said today was about love. I love Blaine. He should get a gift too," Kurt explained. "But I don't have one."

Elizabeth smiled brightly at Burt, who chuckled. "Don't worry bud, we'll get him something," his father assured him. Kurt nodded but still looked a little upset.

Elizabeth finished her breakfast and quickly dressed for the day. Today was going to be a busy day; orders were piled high for flowers. Burt dressed Kurt and they dropped Elizabeth at work. She quickly purchased a small bear for Kurt to give to Blaine.

"There you go sweetie," Elizabeth smiled, kissing his cheek. "Give that to Blaine."

"Thanks Mummy," Kurt beamed and Burt wished his wife a good day and took Kurt to the Anderson home. He parked, helping Kurt out of the car and they knocked on the door. Edward opened it and greeted them warmly, letting them inside.

"Kurt, Blaine's in his room," Edward told him and Kurt took off up the stairs.

Blaine was playing with his Harry Potter Lego and looked up when Kurt came running in. "Kurtie!" He cried and Kurt fell to his knees beside him.

"Happy Val-en-tines day," Kurt beamed, thrusting the bear at Blaine.

His best friend took it with a confused smile. "Thanks Kurtie," Blaine said. "But I didn't get you anything."

"You don't need to get me anything," Kurt assured him. Blaine frowned but then brightened. He leant over and placed a big kiss on Kurt's cheeks, causing a blush to appear in its wake.

Kurt pulled up to his home and jumped out the car, locking it behind him. He walked up the garden path and smiled as he saw Blaine sitting on the front steps.

"Hey babe," Blaine grinned, standing up.

Kurt pulled him into a hug, kissing his cheek. "Were you waiting long?" He asked and Blaine shook his head.

"Only just got here," Blaine assured him. "Where were you?"

"Shopping, naturally," Kurt smiled and Blaine chuckled. Kurt slid his key in the door and opened it up. Blaine followed his boyfriend inside, hanging up his coat along the way. Kurt went to the couch and patted the cushion beside him. Blaine sat down next to Kurt and his boyfriend curled up in his lap. Kurt pulled him into a kiss and Blaine kissed him back, cupping his face. Kurt hummed and pulled away, smiling softly. "What do you want to do?" He asked.

"Harry Potter?" Blaine asked hopefully and Kurt chuckled.

"I need your help," Kurt said to Nick as they sat in art.

Nick turned to him, eyebrows raised. "With what?" He asked.

"Valentine's Day," Kurt replied promptly. "I need to give something to Blaine."

"Well, you already gave him your virginity so that's out," Nick teased and Kurt flushed bright red. "What were you thinking?"

"I have no idea," Kurt pouted.

"Alright," Nick nodded. "We can work from nothing."

"What are you and Jeff doing?" Kurt asked.

"Well Dad's taking Mum out the boat so I invited Jeff," Nick smiled. Nick's parents were wealthy but he didn't let his status affect his relationship with people.

"That's sweet," Kurt smiled.

"I hope Jeff likes it," Nick bit his lip.

"He will," Kurt assured him. "After all, he'll be with you."

"That's the same with Blaine," Nick grinned. "I don't think he will mind what you are doing as long as he is with you."

Kurt smiled, looking down. "Thanks Nick," he said, suddenly. "I think I have an idea."

"So what are you and Kurt doing for Valentine's Day?" Wes asked Blaine as they headed to history.

"I don't know," Blaine shrugged. "I'm pretty sure Kurt's planning something though."

"How's that?" David asked.

"I know when Kurt is planning something," Blaine chuckled. "He's not the most subtle of people."

The boys chuckled and Cameron wagged his eyebrows. "Maybe you'll get lucky," he suggested and the group laughed while Blaine just blushed.

"Wait," Wes said, halting the group, "You're blushing. Have you and Kurt...?"

Blaine rubbed the back of his neck, staying silent, but his expression said it all.

"When?" David cried and Blaine shushed him.

"On our anniversary," he answered quietly and the boys grinned.

"So you will be getting lucky," Cameron grinned and the boys rolled their eyes, Jeff smacking him on the back of the head.

"Congrats man," Jeff smiled.

"Thanks," Blaine blushed and they continued walking. They reached the classroom and went in, taking their seats.

Come to my house – K

Blaine re-read the message before stepping out of his mother's car and walking up the garden path to the Hummel home. On the door was a post-it note and Blaine chuckled, taking it off the door.

Come in and go to the backyard

Blaine followed the instructions and his eyes widened as he took in the scene. Kurt had set up the backyard, a small marquee set up on the grass with a picnic rug and cushions.

"Kurt," Blaine breathed. "This is amazing."

Kurt looked up from the picnic basket he was looking through and smiled shyly. "I know you love this holiday," he said, moving to Blaine and taking his hands. He stepped backwards, tugging Blaine with him. "I hope this is OK."

"Kurt, you didn't have to do all this," Blaine gazed around in awe. "I love you."

"I love you too," Kurt beamed. He tugged Blaine down and they settled against the cushions.

Blaine drew Kurt into a kiss, humming appreciatively. They kissed leisurely, Blaine moving himself so he was settled between Kurt's legs. He pulled back and beamed at his boyfriend, who returned the smile. Blaine turned in Kurt's legs and settled his back against the other boy's chest. Kurt wound his arms around Blaine's stomach and chuckled.

"Feed me," Blaine instructed teasingly and Kurt laughed. He reached for the basket and tugged it closer. He held out some bread for Blaine who just opened his mouth and made a noise in the back of his throat.

"Lazy," Kurt chided, chuckling and Blaine hummed happily.

They relaxed in the back yard for the rest of the day. They read *Vogue* together, Kurt marking out future outfits for himself and Blaine while his boyfriend just traced patterns on Kurt's back, causing the occasional shiver.

When they finished the magazine, Blaine lay on his back, bringing Kurt with him and holding him against his chest. "I got you a little something," he murmured after a few moments and Kurt frowned.

"I thought we agreed no presents," he protested and Blaine smiled.

"I didn't spend any money," he promised and Kurt raised a sceptical eyebrow.

Blaine quickly got up, dashing into the house. He hurriedly came back out with his hands behind his back, moving to sit back down next to Kurt, who was frowning.

"Happy Valentine's Day," Blaine beamed and revealed the small bear that Kurt had given him as a kid.

Kurt held it gently in his hands and chuckled, examining the bear. "You kept this?" He asked.

"It was my first Valentine," Blaine grinned. "Of course I did."

"I love you," Kurt smiled at his boyfriend adoringly.

"I love you too Kurt. So much," Blaine vowed and Kurt leaned in and kissed him, allowing every emotion that was curled around his heart to seep into the one, simple gesture. That was the only problem – if you could even call it a problem – with being in love with Blaine. There was just so much to love that at times, it was overwhelming.

Kurt closed his eyes, locking his arms around Blaine's neck and pulling him closer. What he didn't know was that Blaine was thinking exactly the same thing. Every day, Kurt zigged just when Blaine thought he was about to zag. He kept him on his toes, always guessing but every time he did the unexpected, Blaine fell in love with him a little more. He'd never truly understood the sentiment of loving someone more as time passed, but now he knew perfectly well how it felt. It wasn't that he didn't love Kurt with everything he had; it was that Kurt was always changing, always evolving, always learning something new and teaching Blaine to fall in love with it. Whether it was simply a gesture, a look, a shade of his eye colour, there was always something to be enamoured by when it came to Kurt.

He knew he was young, but Blaine saw his future in Kurt and he couldn't wait to live out those dreams with the boy he loved.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Family Vacation

Blaine looked over to his boyfriend's sleeping form and smiled. Kurt's face was pressed against the cool glass window in the back seat of the car. Burt was driving with Edward in the front seat and Annie in the back with Kurt and Blaine. Annie was on the other side of Blaine, meaning he was stuck in the middle but he didn't mind.

Kurt mumbled unintelligibly in his sleep and rolled over, his head falling onto Blaine's shoulder. Blaine dropped his head onto the top of his boyfriend's, inhaling his scent. Both the Hummels and the Andersons had family in the same area and often travelled together when they went on family vacations.

Blaine hummed as he felt his boyfriend's hot breath on his neck as he breathed evenly in his sleep.

Blaine was reading Harry Potter – he always did when they went on long car trips – and he turned the page. Kurt snuggled deeper into his side, one of his arms slinging across Blaine's stomach. Annie smiled at her two boys. They both looked so adorable together. She was so tempted to take a picture of them but knew Kurt wouldn't appreciate it.

"Are we nearly there?" Blaine asked quietly, placing his bookmark across the page and looking at Annie.

She looked out the window and took in their surroundings. "Edward, how much longer?" She asked.

"Twenty minutes," Edward estimated and both Annie and Blaine nodded.

"Should I wake Kurt?" Blaine asked.

"Give him a few more minutes," Annie smiled. They continued in silence and when they were nearly at the hotel Blaine gently shook his boyfriend awake.

"Wake up, Kurt," Blaine sang, shaking him.

Kurt blinked slowly and made a disgruntled noise in the back of the throat, sitting up and leaning against the back of his seat. He looked around, trying to take in his surroundings. "We're here?" He asked, voice thick with sleep.

"Yeah, babe," Blaine smiled. Kurt nodded and rubbed his face, trying to wake himself up.

They parked and Edward and Burt went in to check them in while the other three waited in the car. Edward and Burt hurried back out and made their way to the underground parking, using the key cards they had been given to get in.

Their rooms were across the hall from each other in the hotel, something Blaine and Kurt were grateful for. Blaine gave Kurt a quick kiss before they went to their separate rooms. Kurt unpacked their bags while Burt rang Mildred to let her know they had made it. Kurt was putting the last of their things away when there was a knock on their door.

Kurt hurried to answer it and found Blaine on the other side. Kurt smiled and let him in before going back to the closet to hang the rest of their things up. Blaine helped him, Kurt looking at him adoringly. Even with the simplest of gestures, Blaine made his heart soar.

"You have your dinner tonight?" Kurt asked, "With your family?"

"Yeah," Blaine nodded and Kurt pouted.

Blaine placed his hands on his boyfriend's hips, his thumbs rubbing circles on his pale skin. "Don't pout," he murmured. "I can't resist you when you pout." Kurt's eyes sparkled with mischief and Blaine chuckled. "What are you going to do tonight?"

"Dad and I are going to have dinner at the hotel restaurant," Kurt smiled. Blaine beamed back at Kurt.

"That sounds nice," Blaine told him.

"I'm going to indulge myself and have some desert too," Kurt grinned. Blaine chuckled. Kurt was particular with what foods he ate, wanting his skin to stay perfect and blemish free. Whenever Kurt indulged himself, it was always with rich chocolate goodness.

"Sounds yummy," Blaine grinned. They finished hanging up the clothes and went to lie on the bed, Blaine turning the TV on and started flicking through the channels.

Burt hung up the phone and sat on the edge of the bed. "Kurt, we'll be having lunch with Mildred and your grandparents tomorrow," he told Kurt, who nodded happily. "You and your parents are invited too, Blaine."

"I'll let them know," Blaine nodded and Burt returned the gesture.

There was another knock on the door and Burt got up to answer it. Edward came in, already dressed and nodded at his son. "You need to get dressed, Blaine. We're heading out soon," Edward told him.

Blaine sighed softly and untangled himself Kurt, who pouted softly. "I'll come say bye before we leave," he promised, giving his boyfriend a chaste kiss.

Edward and Blaine left and Kurt settled back on the bed and started flicking through the channels again. As promised, Blaine came by and said goodbye to Kurt, kissing him sweetly.

"Have a good time," Kurt smiled and Blaine beamed.

"I will," Blaine murmured, hugging him tightly.

They left and both Kurt and Burt got ready for their own dinner. They dressed nicely and made their way down to the restaurant, getting a table for two. They enjoyed a nice meal together, talking about school and the garage. Kurt would always be thankful for the relationship he had with his father. Not many gay children could say that they had a good and honest relationship with their parents, but Burt had accepted him with all his love and made sure to let Kurt know this.

They got dessert, Kurt getting a piece of rich dark chocolate cake and ate it slowly, savouring the taste. Burt chuckled and ate his own piece – albeit at a faster pace. They sat at the table for a while after they had finished, letting their food digest before heading back to their room. Kurt knew Blaine wouldn't be back for a while and he didn't want to interrupt his family time. Kurt couldn't help but think of his future with Blaine and hoped that one day they would have a family together. Kurt couldn't picture himself with anyone else – Blaine was it for him.

"I'm going to take a shower," Kurt told his father and slipped into the bathroom.

He stripped down and stepped into the shower, standing under the warm spray. He hummed to himself, singing softly. He finished up and switched the water off. He wrapped a towel around his body and quickly dried himself. He slipped into his pyjamas and left the bathroom, curling up on his bed.

Burt went in the shower next and Kurt kept the news channel that he had left on running. The shower had just started when there was a knock on the door. Kurt jumped up and peered through the peep hole, grinning as he saw Blaine. He opened the door and Blaine slipped inside, taking Kurt's hand.

"I missed you," Blaine admitted, pulling his boyfriend into a kiss.

Kurt hummed and kissed Blaine back, pushing him back further into the room. Blaine slipped his hand under Kurt's pyjama top and Kurt gasped loudly, skin still soft and sensitive after his shower.

"So soft," Blaine whispered, putting his lips back to Kurt's. They hit the bed and fell onto it.

"Blaine," Kurt panted, pulling away. "Did something happen?"

"No," his boyfriend shook his head. "I just – I was bummed that you weren't there tonight. I just missed you."

"I missed you, too," Kurt smiled, cupping Blaine's face.

"Was dinner nice?" He asked, hand still under Kurt's top, palming his toned stomach.

"Delicious," Kurt told him. "How is your family?"

"They're really good," Blaine grinned. "They asked all about you and Burt."

Kurt grinned. "I hope you told them good things."

"As if I could tell them anything different," Blaine chuckled, rubbing his nose against Kurt's.

The shower stopped and Kurt groaned. "Dad will be out soon," he murmured.

"I should get back to my room," Blaine sighed.

"Love you," Kurt smiled.

"Love you too," Blaine beamed and pulled Kurt into a kiss. His boyfriend ran his tongue over Blaine's bottom lip and he breathed deeply. Kurt pulled away and Blaine whined.

"Good night, Blaine," Kurt smirked, gently pushing his boyfriend off the bed.

"Tease," Blaine chuckled, "Night, love."

Kurt woke early and quickly dressed. He was eager to his grandparents and his Aunt Mildred; he hadn't seen them in so long. Kurt waited impatiently for Burt to get ready so that they could go have breakfast. Finally they went down to the restaurant. Edward, Annie and Blaine met them down there, getting a table. It was a buffet breakfast and Kurt and Blaine went up together to get some food.

"I dreamed about you last night," Blaine murmured and Kurt blushed.

"Yeah? I dreamed about you too," Kurt smiled and Blaine grinned happily. They grabbed some food and made their way back to the table, automatically tangling their legs together.

After breakfast they headed out to the car and made their way of the Kurt's grandparents' house. Blaine could feel Kurt's excitement from his seat and chuckled softly. When they got there, Kurt jumped out quickly. He had already knocked on the door when the others joined him.

Mildred opened the door with a bright grin and pulled Kurt into a tight hug. "Oh, I missed you!" she squealed.

"I missed you too," Kurt beamed.

"Hey Mildred," Burt greeted, kissing her cheek as he passed her into the house.

"Hi Burt," Mildred smirked. She greeted Annie and Edward, ushering them into the house. "Hi, Blaine," she beamed.

"Nice to see you again, Mildred," Blaine greeted politely and she smiled at him adoringly.

"Come on in, boys," she instructed.

They stepped passed her and Blaine looked around. He had met Mildred before but he had never been to Kurt's relatives' house before. Kurt linked their hands together and pulled himself through the house. Mildred had a large open kitchen where everyone else was crowded. They greeted everyone and drinks were passed around.

"I'll give you a tour," Kurt beamed and led Blaine around the house. "This is where I played while you were at your family's place when we were little."

Blaine took in the photos on the wall and Kurt wrapped his arms his waist. "I haven't seen this photo," Blaine mused, cocking his head to the side.

Kurt was six in the picture, standing between Mildred and Elizabeth with his arms wrapped his mother's neck, cheeks pressed to hers. The three of them were smiling brightly at the camera.

"Hmm, I think I have a copy in one of my photo albums," Kurt murmured in his ear.

"Hey guys, what are you up to?" Mildred asked, passing them to grab something from her purse.

"Just showing Blaine the house," Kurt smiled.

"Don't forget to show him the spare bedroom and the skirting board under the bed," Mildred smirked.

Kurt blushed and Blaine grinned, taking off to the spare bedroom. Kurt dashed after him and found Blaine already on his stomach, crawling under the bed. Kurt blushed and slid down next to his boyfriend, wincing as he wrinkled he clothes.

"N'aww," Blaine cooed and Kurt buried his head in the small of Blaine's back, having given up crawling all the way under. But he didn't need to see to know what he was looking at. Kurt had carved a crooked love heart with their initials shakily carved into the skirting board. "When did you do this?" Blaine asked. Kurt mumbled something indecipherable into his boyfriend's back. "Sorry, I missed that."

"I said," Kurt sighed, "I did it when I was ten."

"That's adorable," Blaine beamed. Kurt wiggled out from under the bed and flopped down on it. Blaine crawled out and cuddled up next to his boyfriend, nuzzling at his neck. Kurt squirmed under his touch and huffed. "Don't be embarrassed. I think it's adorable and sweet." Kurt smiled shyly at Blaine. "But why here?"

"We were visiting," Kurt shrugged, "and I missed you."

Blaine smiled and hugged him tightly. "I love you," Blaine said adoringly.

"Love you too," Kurt smiled.

"Aw, you two are adorable," Mildred grinned from the doorway and both boys blushed. "Lunch is ready."

Both boys quickly scrambled off the bed and back to the kitchen, Mildred chuckling as she followed them. She loved family vacations.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Cupcakes

"Really?" Kurt asked dryly, looking around the table at the Warblers. They were all looking at the big blackboard at the Lima Bean that had written on it in colourful chalk, 'Cupcake Competition'.

"If you win, your cupcakes will be sold here for a month," Jeff read aloud. "We have to do this!"

"Agreed," David grinned.

"We'll split into four groups," Wes decided.

Kurt glanced at Blaine and was unsurprised to see him looking so interested. His boyfriend was like an excited puppy. Kurt sipped his coffee and listened as Wes split them up into groups. Kurt was pleased that Wes had put him with Blaine, Nick and Jeff.

"Kurt!" Blaine grinned, grabbing his hand. "This is perfect. You make the best cupcakes."

"Thank you," Kurt beamed at the praise. He looked at his watch and his eyes widened. "Damn, I promised Dad I would help him out in the shop today," Kurt bit his lip. "I have to go."

"Alright, I'll come by later tonight, alright?" Blaine told him. Kurt nodded, squeezing his hand and quickly said goodbye to their friends before heading to his car. Kurt jumped into his Navigator and drove to the garage. He parked and climbed out, heading inside.

He paused as he walked in and saw Burt talking to a woman. She was pretty but Kurt thought she needed a new haircut and she definitely needed to update her wardrobe. She was laughing at something Burt was saying and he ducked his head shyly, smiling. Kurt's eyes widened and he took a step backwards in surprise. His dad was flirting. It wasn't great flirting admittedly, but it was still flirting. And this woman – Kurt had never seen her before – was eating it up.

Kurt didn't know whether to go or stay. He stood in limbo for a few moments before his dad looked up and caught his eye.

"Alright, Carol," Burt said loudly, "your car should be ready in a few days."

"Thank you so much," Carol smiled.

"I'll call you a taxi," Burt smiled back and headed to the office to ring.

Carol gazed after him, biting her lip. Kurt internally shook his head and stepped into the garage, heading to the bathroom to change into his overalls. Kurt quickly hurried to the car Burt wanted him to work on. His father came back out and went straight to Carol.

"Taxi is on the way," Burt grinned, "should be about ten minutes."

"Thank you so much Burt," Carol smiled shyly.

"Come sit down," Burt said, putting his hand on the small of Carol's back and leading her to a chair. "I think we have some magazines."

Carol beamed, nodding her head and Burt quickly went to search of the magazines. Kurt was surprised to see that Burt stayed and talked to her until her taxi arrived and even walked her out and gave her money to pay for the cab – despite her protests – and he came back into work with an extra spring in his step.

Kurt continued to work on the car, though he was shocked. Kurt had never seen his father flirt with any woman or show any interest after his mother died. Of course he wanted his father to be happy but he had never seemed to be interested in moving on and dating.

"Hey Kurt," Burt said, coming up to Kurt a few hours later. "You can head home now."

"OK," Kurt nodded, dropping his tools back into his toolbox. "I think I'm going to visit mum."

Burt looked up sharply. "Sure. Everything OK?" He asked, a worried look on his face.

"Everything's fine," Kurt assured him.

"Alright," Burt nodded but still looked concerned.

Kurt cleaned himself up and changed his clothes and hurried back to his Navigator, heading straight to the cemetery. He parked and jumped out, buying the flowers as usual and made his way to his mother's grave.

"Hi Mum," Kurt greeted, settling on the grass and starting to make a daisy chain. "I've missed you. I'm good, Dad's good, Blaine's amazing, Dalton is amazing. The boys want to compete in a cupcake competition that's going on at the Lima Bean." Kurt continued to talk to his mother, filling her in on everything. "I love you and I miss you so much, Mum."

Kurt's phone rang and he dropped his daisy chain, fishing the phone out of his pocket. Blaine's name and picture was flashing on his screen and he answered it.

"Hi babe," Kurt answered softly.

"Hey, I'm at your house. Where are you?" Blaine asked, concern colouring his tone.

"With Mum," Kurt said softly, fiddling with the daisy chain with one hand.

"Everything OK?" Blaine asked.

"Yeah," Kurt sighed. "I'll be home soon."

"Do you need anything?" His boyfriend asked.

"Can you get the ingredients out for cupcakes?" Kurt replied. "You have a key, yeah?"

"Sure, no problem," Blaine said softly. "See you soon."

Kurt said goodbye and hung up, slipping his phone back into his pocket. He picked up the daisy chain and placed it over the headstone as he stood up. "Love you, Mum," Kurt whispered and made his way back to his car. He drove home slowly and when he got there only Blaine's car was parked, Burt was still at work. Kurt jumped out and headed inside. Blaine came out of the kitchen and pulled Kurt into a hug. Kurt nuzzled into his boyfriend's neck, inhaling his scent.

"Are you OK?" Blaine asked.

"I just want to bake," Kurt murmured and Blaine nodded, leading him into the kitchen. Kurt immediately dived right into baking, using his mother's recipe. Blaine just leaned against the bench, not wanting to get in his boyfriend's way. Kurt was a stress baker – but what he was stressed about, Blaine didn't know.

When Kurt put the cupcakes in the oven and set the timer, Blaine grabbed him by the shoulders and led him to the couch, sitting him down.

"What happened, Kurt?" He asked. Kurt tugged Blaine down and crawled into his lap, resting his head on Blaine's shoulder.

"I went to the garage and Dad was there, helping this woman," Kurt started, "and he was flirting with her. I've never seen him flirt with anyone before. Why hasn't he ever flirted before?" Blaine frowned and rubbed Kurt's back. "It's been nearly ten years since mum passed," Kurt continued. "Why has he never dated since then?"

"Maybe he wasn't ready," Blaine suggested quietly.

"Has he not been happy for all this time?" Kurt whispered.

"Is that what you've been worried about?" Blaine asked.

"Yes," Kurt sniffed and Blaine realized he was tearing up. "Why didn't I do something?"

"Oh babe, it's not your fault," Blaine soothed. "You both lost someone you loved and you both dealt with it in different ways. Maybe your dad wasn't ready to move on."

"But he's been unhappy," his boyfriend whispered.

"You don't know that," Blaine murmured, "Unless you ask him."

"I should ask him," Kurt nodded. "I have to know."

The timer went off and Kurt slid off Blaine's lap and hurried to get them out of the oven and onto the cooling rack. Kurt went back to his boyfriend and settled back in his lap. Blaine gently stroked his thumb over Kurt's cheekbones and he leaned into the touch.

"I just want my dad to be happy, Blaine," Kurt sighed. "He means everything to me."

"I know he does," Blaine soothed. "You should just talk to him."

"I love you," Kurt smiled softly.

"Love you too," Blaine replied, grinning.

Kurt leaned up and pulled Blaine into a kiss, which he returned happily. He pulled away and hummed happily. "Will you help me ice the cupcakes?" Kurt asked.

"You're going to let me help?" Blaine gasped and Kurt slapped his arm. "I'd love to help. Can we use this recipe for the competition?"

"Yeah, I don't think my mum would have minded," Kurt smiled and his boyfriend grinned.

Nick and Jeff bounded happily into the Hummel home, greeting Burt happily.

"I suck at baking," Jeff declared as he came into the kitchen to find Kurt and Blaine getting ingredients out.

"It's OK, so does Blaine," Kurt grinned and Blaine pouted.

"I'm not that bad," he protested.

"You nearly set fire to the oven the other day," Kurt reminded him and he flushed.

"It was an accident," his boyfriend pouted and Kurt placed a chaste kiss on his pouting lips.

"It's OK, Blaine," Jeff patted him on the back. "I served a raw chicken one time."

They all shuddered and Nick patted his back sympathetically. "You and Blaine can be on dishes," Nick told them and they nodded, thinking that it was probably a wise decision.

Kurt and Nick got into it quickly, whipping up the mixture in an instant. Nick scooped the mixture into the patty pans and when they were full Kurt passed the bowl to Jeff and Blaine who started to eat the left over mixture. Kurt rolled his eyes and put the cupcakes into the over and set the timer. Nick and Kurt watched as Blaine and Nick started the dishes.

"Kurt," Burt said, coming into the kitchen. "Do I get any of these?"

"What happened to last the batch I made?" Kurt asked.

"Well, Blaine took some to Annie and Edward and we ate the rest," Burt explained.

"Oh," Kurt frowned. "I guess you could have one. We have to submit three."

Burt grinned and the boys chuckled, Kurt rolling his eyes. The timer went off and Kurt took them out and placed them on the wire rack to cool. The boys talked in the lounge room while they waited for them to cool and finally they could start icing and decorating them.

Kurt made the icing quickly and divided it between them all. Kurt giggled as he watched Blaine ice his cupcakes, his tongue sticking out with concentration. He glanced at Kurt's cupcake, which was perfect as always. To be fair, Elizabeth had been the best at this and had taught Kurt all her secrets. Usually Blaine was too preoccupied with not getting on his clothes to pay that much attention to her tips.

"Damn Kurt, that's epic," Jeff breathed and everyone looked at Kurt, who blushed.

"I like baking," he shrugged.

"And cooking," Blaine added. "You have to taste the risotto he makes."

Kurt nudged Blaine with a blush and his boyfriend just grinned at him. When they were finished, Kurt grabbed them a plastic container and put them inside, ready to deliver them to the Lima Bean.

"We should get these over," Nick said and the boys agreed.

"We'll be back soon, Dad," Kurt called out.

"Drive safe," Burt replied and they headed out.

"We are so going to win this," Jeff grinned and Blaine beamed back at him.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Date Night

Kurt was supposed to be working on the car he had been assigned but it was proving difficult with his boyfriend pressed against him, attacking his neck with bites and licks.

"Blaine," Kurt gasped and half laughed. "I'm supposed to be working."

"We're celebrating, Kurt," Blaine mumbled against his skin. "Our cupcake won."

"*Mmph*, yes, but here?" Kurt asked, eyes fluttering shut and clutching Blaine's arm tightly.

"We could go home," Blaine hummed, pulling back and rubbing his hands over his boyfriend's hips.

"I need the money," Kurt said weakly and Blaine grinned, seeing his resolve weaken. "I hate you."

"Love you too, Kurtie," Blaine grinned and his boyfriend rolled his eyes at the childhood nickname and giggled as Blaine pressed himself closer.

"Carol," Burt called loudly from across the garage and Kurt whipped his head around and Blaine followed his gaze.

"Hi Burt," Carol beamed.

"Uh, your car's all ready," Burt smiled brightly. "Just follow me to the office for the paper work."

"Thank you so much," Carol said and she eagerly followed Burt into the office.

"That's Carol, huh?" Blaine asked and Kurt nodded. "She seems nice."

Kurt turned his head back around and dropped it onto Blaine's shoulder. "I still haven't talked to him yet," he sighed.

"You will," Blaine said, rubbing his hands up and down the length of his boyfriend's arms. "Remember Kurt, courage. He's your dad. You know you can talk to him about anything."

"I know," Kurt murmured. "I'm going to talk to him tonight."

"Good," Blaine smiled; rubbing his nose against Kurt's, who giggled in response.

"Thank you so much for this, Burt," Carol said, her voice echoing over the garage and both boys peered around the car to watch.

"You're welcome, Carol," Burt smiled, "Uh, maybe we could – you know – uh, get something to eat sometime – if you want to."

Carol blushed and smiled happily. "I would love to."

Burt beamed and nodded. "Great – uh, I'll give you a call. I have your number. You free tomorrow?"

"Yes, I am," Carol nodded and Burt grinned.

"Alright, I call you," Burt nodded and he led Carol to her car.

Kurt had started tapping Blaine's chest to draw his attention to what they were seeing and Blaine grabbed his hands tightly. Kurt looked up at him in shock, eyes wide. "He made a date," Kurt whispered. "He made a date."

"Are you OK?" Blaine asked.

"I'm fine, Blaine," Kurt assured him, "Surprised but fine. I'm going to go talk to him."

Kurt pushed his boyfriend back and hurried to his dad while Blaine leaned against the car, waiting for him to return. Kurt grabbed his dad's arm and dragged him into the office, shutting the door behind them.

"Kurt," Burt cried. "What's going on?"

"You made a date," Kurt said and Burt shuffled.

"Well, yeah," he rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly.

"Why didn't you tell me you liked Carol?" Kurt asked, slightly hurt.

"I didn't want to jinx anything," Burt shrugged. "I was going to talk to you tonight."

"Why haven't you dated since mum?" Kurt found himself asking. "I mean, have you been unhappy all this time?"

"Kurt, I was devastated when I lost your mum," Burt said softly, "and I still love her so much. I have had a few dates since your mum but nothing serious."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Kurt murmured, unable to keep the hurt out of his voice.

"Kurt, you were only a kid who was still grieving his mum," Burt answered gently, "and there was nothing to tell. I haven't been unhappy, I have you Kurt and I love you but yeah, sometimes I have felt lonely. But I just haven't met someone since."

"Do you really like Carol?" Kurt asked.

"So far, yeah. She seems great," Burt smiled and Kurt nodded.

"I want you to be happy, Dad," he said quietly.

"I will be, kiddo. Don't worry about me," Burt smiled.

"I can't help it," Kurt chuckled softly.

"Why don't you and Blaine take off?" Burt suggested. "It's quiet here."

"OK. Thanks," Kurt smiled. "Love you, Dad."

"Love you, too, Kurt," Burt smiled.

Kurt went back out into the garage and made a bee-line straight to Blaine.

"Hey, how'd it go?" His boyfriend asked, standing up straighter.

"Good," Kurt smiled. "Dad doesn't need me here anymore. Want to go home?"

Blaine nodded eagerly and collected their things while Kurt quickly changed out of his overalls. When his boyfriend came back, Blaine put his hand on the small of his back and led him out to the car. They had taken Kurt's navigator and he drove them back to the Hummel home.

"I'm glad you talked to your dad," Blaine smiled at Kurt as he drove.

"Me too," his boyfriend grinned.

Kurt parked in the driveway and they jumped out, heading inside. They went down to Kurt's room and Kurt grinned at his boyfriend, stepping close. Blaine smirked and wrapped an arm around Kurt's waist, tugging him closer.

"I think we should continue celebrating," Blaine hummed and pressed his lips back to Kurt's. He moaned and licked Blaine's lower lip before sliding his tongue against his boyfriend's. Blaine moved them to the bed, pushing Kurt onto the mattress, crawling over him. Gently, he lowered himself down onto Kurt, one hand going to his hair while the other went under his shirt, palming his toned stomach. His boyfriend whimpered and pressed himself closer to Blaine, one hand on his hip while the other ran up and down his back.

"Your dad won't be home for a while," Blaine panted and Kurt moaned, pressing his hips into Blaine's.

"Oh," Kurt breathed. "We should use our time wisely."

Blaine gave a throaty chuckle before attacking his lips to Kurt's neck. His boyfriend made quick work of taking Blaine's shirt off and tossing it over the bed. He moaned and his back arched as Blaine sucked on a particularly sensitive spot on his neck. Blaine pulled away long enough to get Kurt's shirt off before he started kissing his way down Kurt's body. He panted harshly at the pleasure Blaine was causing him. He bucked up as Blaine cupped him through his pants and his eyes rolled back in his head.

"Kurt," Blaine said hoarsely. "I want you in me."

"Yes," Kurt moaned and flipped them over. He kissed his way down Blaine's body, stopping to gently lick and suck at Blaine's nipples, causing a loud moan from him and his hands to tangle into Kurt's hair. Kurt quickly shucked off Blaine's jeans and boxers off quickly before taking off his own.

Blaine pulled Kurt back into another kiss that was all tongue and teeth. Kurt reached clumsily for the lube and condoms, Blaine kissing his chest and stomach. He grabbed a pillow and shoved it under his hips while Kurt slicked his fingers up and gently pressed one against Blaine's hole. His boyfriend moaned as the finger slipped in and he panted harshly. Kurt gently stretched him out, adding fingers and sucking a hickey onto Blaine's hip bone, pulling back to admire his handy work.

"Please Kurt, I'm ready," Blaine panted, eyes open and pupils blown.

Kurt moaned and slipped his fingers out. He tore open the condom and slipped it on. He moaned loudly and bucked his hips as Blaine spread lube over him. He cupped the back of Blaine's head and pulled him into a kiss, positioning himself and gently pushed in. Blaine clutched at his boyfriend tightly, eyes rolling back in pleasure. Kurt panted as he waited for his boyfriend to adjust.

"Shit, Blaine," Kurt moaned. "You're so tight. Feel so good."

"Move, Kurt," Blaine groaned and Kurt pulled back and rocked back in. They rocked together, Blaine wrapped his legs around Kurt and pushing him closer and deeper so that he brushed against that sweet spot that made Blaine see stars. "Fuck, Kurt, harder," he growled and Kurt dropped his head to Blaine's shoulder, pounding in harder. Kurt panted into his boyfriend's ear, moaning and whimpering. Blaine's hands travelled down Kurt's back and settled on his ass, squeezing it and pulling Kurt closer.

"Blaine, *shit*, Blaine, so close," Kurt moaned loudly, losing rhythm as he raced towards his climax.

"*Fuck*, Kurt, please. Please touch me," Blaine pleaded. Kurt reached down and wrapped his soft hand around his boyfriend's leaking cock and pumped him fast. Blaine moaned loudly, hips jerking and he was coming hard between them, screaming Kurt's name. His boyfriend followed right after him, hips jerking as he emptied himself into the condom and collapsed onto Blaine.

They panted hard and Kurt slipped out gently, both wincing. "Baby?" Kurt murmured, stroking Blaine curls. "Are you OK?"

"I love you, Kurt, that was amazing," Blaine smiled.

"Love you, too," Kurt grinned and kissed Blaine slowly. They lay in each other's arms as they came down from their highs. "We should clean up," Kurt said after a few minutes. "Before my dad gets home."

Blaine nodded and winced slightly as he sat up.

"Did I hurt you?" Kurt asked, biting his lip.

"I'm fine, baby," Blaine assured him, kissing him sweetly. "Come on, let's go shower."

He took his boyfriend's hand led him to the shower, a coy smile on his lips that made Kurt giggle.

CHAPTER THIRTY

Meeting Carol

If this was the sight that would greet Kurt more often than not, he was going to have to avoid the garage more often. Nobody wanted to see their parents lip locked in a public place. Kurt cleared his throat and he watched amusedly as his dad and Carol sprang apart, looking embarrassed.

"Hi, Dad," Kurt smirked.

"Hey kid," Burt greeted gruffly, rubbing the back of his head. "This is Carol."

"Nice to meet you," Kurt nodded, sticking out his hand.

Carol took it and shook his hand. "Nice to meet you, too, Kurt," she blushed. "Burt has told me so much about you."

"Dad's told me all about you too," Kurt smiled.

The phone rang and Burt cleared his throat. "I should get that." He quickly headed to the phone on the wall and picked it up. Carol smiled at Kurt, who smiled back softly. "Dad told me you have a son," Kurt said, making small talk and Carol nodded.

"Yes, he's your age. Finn. He attends McKinley," Carol told him and Kurt nodded.

"Can I talk to you seriously for a moment?" Kurt asked and Carol nodded. "My dad is one of the most important people in my life. He means everything to me and I want him to be happy." Carol smiled sadly but adoringly at Kurt and allowed him to continue. "I just don't want to see my dad hurt. I love him."

"I really like you father, Kurt," Carol smiled, "he's so sweet and kind. He makes me feel special."

Kurt smiled, that sounded like his dad. "Please don't hurt him," he said quietly and Carol smiled sadly at him. "I don't want to see him hurt anymore."

"I don't want to hurt him, Kurt," Carol promised. "I like him a lot."

Kurt smiled softly and nodded. Both jumped slightly when Burt came back and wrapped an arm around Carol's shoulder. "What are you talking about?" He asked.

"You," Carol and Kurt said simultaneously and they smirked.

"All good I hope," Burt grunted and Carol winked at Kurt. "I thought you'd be with Blaine, Kurt."

"Oh, I'm going to his now," Kurt agreed. "I just came by to tell you that we're going to Wes' place tonight."

"Alright, have fun and stay safe," Burt nodded and Kurt beamed.

"Have fun," Kurt winked and turned on his heel, practically skipping away.

"You have a really good boy, Burt," Carol smiled after Kurt and Burt beamed.

"Yeah, I do."

"So you finally met Carol," Blaine said as Kurt drove them to Wes' house.

"Yes," Kurt nodded.

"And you went all protective on your dad and told her not to hurt him?" Blaine asked.

"Are you going somewhere with this?" His boyfriend asked.

"No, just wanted to make sure I have all the facts," Blaine grinned cheekily. "You're adorable, you know."

Kurt rolled his eyes but flushed happily. "She has a son. Our age."

"Really? What's his name?" Blaine asked.

"Finn. He goes to McKinley," Kurt said, shuddering a little. He had heard stories from Wes and David's girlfriends about a cheerleading coach from there. She sounded awful and Kurt was so glad that he no longer had to go to public school.

"Wow," Blaine hummed, "Didn't see that coming."

Kurt released one hand from the wheel and smacked Blaine's thigh. "Don't be rude."

"I'm not," Blaine protested. "I seriously didn't think she would have a son. Looks like a match made in heaven." Kurt pulled up to Wes's house and parked on the street. He shut the engine off and slipped off his seatbelt, turning in his seat to face his boyfriend. "Are you OK?"

"Dad seemed really happy," Kurt smiled, "and Carol's nice."

"Do you know if you'll be meeting Finn soon?" Blaine asked.

Kurt shrugged. "Dad said he didn't want me meeting Carol until they were serious and I guess I met her today. I guess we'll meet him soon."

"We?" Blaine asked with a smile.

"Of course we," Kurt grinned, taking Blaine's hands. "You're my boyfriend. I love you and they'll have to know you. You're always around."

Blaine laughed and pulled Kurt into a sweet kiss. They pulled back gently and beamed at each other. "Love you," Blaine beamed.

"Love you, too," Kurt smiled back, "and I want you to be there when we are introduced to Finn. I need you there."

"I'll be there," Blaine promised. "You don't need to worry about that."

"I don't know what I would do without you," Kurt whispered and Blaine stroked his cheek lovingly. "I love you so much."

Blaine leant forward and captured Kurt's lips with his and his boyfriend inhaled his scent, melting into the kiss. Blaine pulled back softly and smiled at him.

"I love you, Kurt. So much," Blaine smiled. "We better go in before they start assuming we're going at in the car."

Kurt blushed but nodded. They slipped out and grabbed their bags before heading into the house.

When they got the next day, Burt was waiting for them.

"Hey guys, I want to talk to you," Burt said, ushering the boys inside. Kurt frowned and looked at Blaine, who shrugged in response. The two of them curled up on the couch and Burt sat in his chair opposite them, leaning forward.

"You OK, Dad?" Kurt asked.

"Carol and I want you and Finn to meet," Burt announced and Kurt's eyes grew wide and he smiled. "I wanted to know how you felt about this."

"I'd like to meet him," Kurt assured him.

"Blaine?" Burt asked and Blaine's eyes widened with surprise.

"Uh – yeah. I'd like to meet him," Blaine smiled and Kurt squeezed his hand tightly.

"Carol's talking to Finn tonight but we'd like to do it soon, although we want you all to be comfortable with this," Burt explained, "You too, Blaine. You're family," Blaine smiled brightly at Burt, who grinned back at him. "After all, you'll be my son in-law one day."

Both boys blushed bright red at this but shifted closer to one another, linking their fingers together and smiling shyly at each other. Burt chuckled at the two of them and leaned back in his chair. "So how was the party?" He asked.

"David ended up on the roof again," Kurt answered.

"We're still not sure how he got up there," Blaine mused. "It's really high and there was no ladder in sight."

Burt chuckled and shook his head.

"He sleep walks," Kurt shrugged.

"You sleep shop," Blaine countered and Kurt scowled at him.

"I did that once," he huffed.

"Yeah and nearly over shot the limit on my credit card," Burt grumbled and Kurt blushed, hiding his face in the sleeve of Blaine's jacket.

Blaine chuckled and wrapped an arm around his boyfriend, rubbing his back.

"Oh before I forget. I'm going to take Finn to a baseball game and Carol wants to go shopping with you, Kurt," Burt said and Kurt beamed, lifting his head.

"I can go shopping," Kurt told him and Blaine chuckled at his enthusiasm.

Burt beamed. "Great. I'll let her know."

"Thanks Dad," Kurt smiled, "For talking with me about this."

"You're welcome kid," Burt smiled and the boys beamed back.

"Well Blaine has to help me re-arrange my room," Kurt announced and Blaine winced.

"How did you get him to agree to that?" Burt asked, incredulously.

"We were playing cards at Wes'," Blaine answered mournfully. "I made a bet with Kurt and he won."

Burt laughed as Kurt dragged Blaine down to his room.

A few weeks later, the date was set where the two families would meet and their lives would start. The rest – you could say – was history.