

You Could Do Better

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You Could Do Better

by [partitioning \(watchpoint\)](#)

Summary

Sebastian starts hitting on Kurt whenever Blaine leaves them alone together. Kurt/Sebastian with some initial Kurt/Blaine.

Notes

For [this prompt](#) at the GKM. Title based on lyrics from Drake's "Marvins Room." (*"I'm just sayin', you could do better. Tell me have you heard that lately?"*)

To be honest, Kurt has no idea when it started but the day he first noticed something was a day like any other. The situation had become familiar, almost cliché. (If your own life could be reduced to cliché.)

Fade in on Kurt and Blaine happily sitting together at the Lima Bean, talking easily and carefully sipping their hot drinks. Enter Sebastian Smythe, the antagonist. Cue Sebastian shamelessly flirting with Blaine followed by verbal sparring between Kurt and Sebastian.

Kurt doesn't even remember the whole conversation or even what he said to provoke that response, just a sentence: "When you say things like that, you make me want to spank you." Their banter moves quickly as always and Kurt doesn't think about that sentence until later that night when he's setting aside his outfit for the next day. He's thinking about how great his ass looks in his chosen skinny jeans when he's struck by a mental image of Sebastian talking about spanking him. He hadn't thought anything of it at the time - why would he? - but now as he replays the moment in his mind, he sees something new. Something he's never recognized before from Sebastian's eyes. Lust, Kurt labels it. Sebastian had looked at him with lust in his eyes. He hadn't meant that he wanted to hit Kurt like Kurt had originally assumed. He meant that he wanted to do... things to Kurt.

The thought was too ridiculous and Kurt attempted to reject it as swiftly as it came. There was no way that Sebastian wanted him. He must have been imagining things. Sebastian wanted Blaine. It was obvious. Why else would Sebastian spend so much time trying to steal Blaine from him? Kurt stamps down another impossible thought that maybe Sebastian flirts with Blaine to see how Kurt will react, ignoring himself when his brain reminds him that most of the time they spend with Sebastian consists of Kurt and Sebastian insulting each other, both of them essentially ignoring Blaine's presence.

Of course Sebastian wants Blaine, not Kurt. Who wouldn't want Blaine with his kind eyes, his sweet smile, his show-stopping talent? Who would ever want Kurt while Blaine was around?

But every time he tries to convince himself that Sebastian doesn't want him, he remembers the lustful eyes on him, can feel how he had felt earlier that day when Sebastian had looked at him. A feeling he hadn't realized he had felt. A feeling he hadn't realized he had been missing from his relationship with Blaine. Blaine never looked at him like that. Sure, when Blaine looked at him he could feel the love Blaine felt for him but he never looked at him with lust, like he could barely hold himself back from touching him. When he and Blaine were intimate, it was always slow and sweet and Kurt loved it, but it wasn't the all-consuming passion that he read about in romance novels. He had always assumed that it was because it was real life and that what Blaine and Kurt had was true love but thinking about the look in Sebastian's eyes and the stir it caused in Kurt made him wonder if there was something missing from his first relationship.

But these were bad thoughts. Thoughts he couldn't entertain because this was Sebastian. Sebastian who had spent so much time trying to lure Blaine away from him. Sebastian who was ruthless and would do anything to get what he wanted. Sebastian who was trying to destroy their relationship. So Kurt could only assume that this was more of that. More of

Sebastian sowing seeds of doubt in Kurt's mind, a mind that is now full of Sebastian's wanting eyes and the way Sebastian had subtly licked his lips and the sound of Sebastian's voice speaking the words repeating in his mind.

Kurt skips his nightly skin routine; he doesn't want to look at himself in the mirror. Doesn't want to see the blush that he feels heating up his cheeks. Doesn't want to think about the thoughts that are causing that blush. He turns off the light and slides under his soft sheets, closing his eyes to try to swiftly drift to sleep before his mind can wander to even more inappropriate places.

Which doesn't work at all. So if he still thinks about Sebastian undressing him with his eyes or about Sebastian kissing him to shut him up or about Sebastian teasing him when kisses don't shut him up, then he won't admit it to himself. And if Kurt finally resigns himself to touching himself in ways that he would never share with anyone while thinking about Sebastian and Sebastian's hands on him in kinkier ways than Kurt had ever imagined before, then he won't admit it to himself.

Momentary insanity, he decides. His big imagination. Next time he sees Sebastian, he'll look at him and see no traces of what he had imagined to see today. He'll see that Sebastian wants Blaine like he always has and that he feels nothing for Kurt but annoyance and maybe even loathing.

Everything will be fine, he thinks as he drifts to sleep, embarrassingly sated after his moment of insanity.

But everything was not fine. Not at all. Somehow Kurt knows Sebastian is coming before he sees him. His stomach twists in dread and he looks up in time to see Sebastian sidle up to their table and smirk down at them before seating himself at the circular table between Kurt and Blaine.

"Hey Blaine. Looking good as always," Sebastian grins widely at Blaine who blushes and bats his eyelashes innocently, returning a greeting. (He always blushes for Sebastian, Kurt realizes.)

"Kurt," Sebastian says, his wide grin taking on a more wicked twist and Kurt sees the unmistakable heat in his eyes for a brief moment before Sebastian turns his focus on Blaine.

He lets his anger build. Why did Sebastian look at him like that? Why does he always have to be around, flirting with Blaine and doing whatever he can to piss Kurt off? Why did he ever even come into their lives? Why couldn't he stay away and give Kurt and Blaine their time to be young and in love? And why did Sebastian have to be so damn good looking while he was ruining Kurt's life?

It was too much. Sebastian was flirting with Blaine but now Kurt realized that he was stealing brief glances at Kurt like he was judging how close Kurt was to exploding in anger.

Kurt glares at him and the next time Sebastian steals a glance at him, Kurt can sense the slight shift in his posture. Sebastian braces himself while a brief, subtle expression of victory presents itself through slightly widened eyes and an upward twitch of Sebastian's lips.

And that infuriates Kurt even more and he can't hold himself back anymore. He lashes out with his words and Sebastian lashes back. Sebastian comments on Kurt's clothing choice - the usual effeminophobic comments that Kurt hates - and Kurt comments on Sebastian's promiscuity. (Somewhere in the back of his mind he knows that this is slut shaming and that it's not okay but he can't help it when it comes to Sebastian.)

Today's exchange is different. Kurt is so angry and he has to shield himself from feeling bad about it when he notices a twinge of hurt in Sebastian's eyes after a particularly barbed comment. Sebastian, to his credit, doesn't falter despite the Kurt's aggression.

"That's it!" Blaine shouts, getting to his feet. "I can't stand being around you two when you're like this. I'm leaving."

"Blaine, wait; I'll come with you," Kurt says.

"No, Kurt. I need to be alone right now and you need two need to work this out. I'll call you later."

Blaine kisses him quickly and then abandons him. Kurt's anger is fading and now is being replaced by anxiety. He's been left alone with Sebastian of all people and, yeah, they're in a public place so nothing too weird is going to happen, but Sebastian is unpredictable now. Kurt quickly glances over at Sebastian whose brow is slightly furrowed as he studies Kurt. Their eyes meet and Kurt swiftly looks away to study his coffee cup. He needs to leave. Or he needs to throw up and then he needs to leave.

The awkward silence stretches between them before Sebastian speaks up, "What's wrong, Kurt? You seem upset." Sebastian sounds concerned and that confuses Kurt even more. Why can't Sebastian just be his regular asshole self right now? He'd rather be shielding himself with anger than crumbling under this anxiety. Why can't Sebastian say something insulting and then everything can go back to normal?

He knows he has to respond to Sebastian's concern but there is no way he's going to admit why things are different.

"I'm not upset. I'm fine," Kurt says tersely, meeting Sebastian's gaze.

"No, you're not fine. You're upset about something," Sebastian insists. "You're not usually this mean and now you're, like, super nervous. What's going on?"

"Nothing's going on."

"Last time we talked everything was normal. Did something happen? Did Blaine do something stupid?" Sebastian asks but Kurt barely acknowledges anything that was said once Sebastian brought up the last time. The last time when he noticed how Sebastian looked at him. The last time when Sebastian had told him that he wanted to spank him and that he had

meant it. The last time that had ended in Kurt jerking off to thoughts of Sebastian. The last time that he had decided needed forgetting if he was going to proceed to be around Sebastian.

He was blushing now and there was no way that Sebastian hadn't noticed.

"What did I say to make you blush like that?" Kurt can hear the amused smile in Sebastian's voice but there is no way he is looking at him now. "Was it Blaine? Did he do something weird?"

"It's nothing, Sebastian. Just leave it."

"Okay, it's not Blaine," Sebastian decides. "Ooh, it's something that happened last time then?"

Kurt damns himself as he feels his face heat up even more and it's times like these that he hates his pale, pale skin.

Sebastian chuckles, "Ooh, that's a fun reaction. I bet that blush goes all the way down your chest."

Kurt has no idea how to respond to that.

"You finally figured it out. I knew I was pushing it a little bit with the 'spanking' comment but you've just been so adorably oblivious."

"I don't understand this at all," Kurt says, finally meeting Sebastian's eyes again.

"I want you, Kurt."

"No, you don't. You want Blaine."

"I want you."

Kurt sighs in frustration, "Why would you want me and not want Blaine?"

"I think that's fairly obvious."

"That's not an answer."

"You need to have more confidence in yourself."

"I don't understand you at all."

"Take some time to think about it. You're smart; I believe you can figure it out."

Kurt can't stand the circular conversation anymore and moves to pack up his belongings when he feels Sebastian's hand on his knee. Kurt instinctively attempts to bat it away but Sebastian holds onto him strongly.

"Think about it, Kurt," he says, leaning in close. "And think about this, too." Sebastian's hand moves up and down Kurt's leg, the thumb stroking his inner thigh, as Sebastian says quietly, "The first time I fuck you, I'm gonna open you up with my mouth and tongue until you're

desperate and begging for me. Then I'm going to have you ride my cock and you're going to show me exactly how much you want me back."

And with that Sebastian is gone and out the door, leaving behind a shell-shocked Kurt with a whole new set of visuals to try not to think about and with the current tightening in his pants, Kurt knows that not thinking about Sebastian was going to be hard.

Kurt more or less successfully avoids thinking about what Sebastian said to him and he applauds his control. He's not going to let Sebastian get to him and he still can't believe that Sebastian isn't doing more than trying to come between Kurt and Blaine. There's just no way that Sebastian actually wants Kurt. So he banishes the thoughts from his head and only has a few moments of weakness before shutting those thoughts down. But now he thinks that maybe if he had let himself process Sebastian's words and the sensations it stirred in him, his current situation might not have been as bad.

It's date night with Blaine. They've been to a nice dinner and then came back to Blaine's house. Blaine's parents are out for the night and they're taking advantage of that privacy.

Kurt doesn't realize his mistake until it's too late, until he's in Blaine's lap with Blaine's cock deep inside of him and he can't stop the thoughts coming as Blaine and Kurt move together. *"I'm going to have you ride my cock and you're going to show me exactly how much you want me back."* And instead of Blaine's pressed chest against his, he imagines someone taller. He imagines that Sebastian's fingers would be digging into Kurt's hips hard enough to bruise; Blaine is always very gentle with Kurt. He closes his eyes and rides the cock impaling him, thinking about Sebastian. About the thrill he feels when they argue. The lustful look in Sebastian's eyes. The sound of his voice telling him what he wants to do to him. The feeling of Sebastian's hand on his thigh. It's so damn good and he's so close that he thinks he might come without even touching himself and then Sebastian will tease him for it.

It's that thought that brings him back to reality and he slows his movements and opens his eyes. He's not with Sebastian. He with Blaine. His boyfriend. His sweet, perfect boyfriend who is so patient and gentle and trusting. Looking into Blaine's eyes full of love and a touch of concern, Kurt hates himself for thinking of someone else. His traitorous brain wants to think about Sebastian but Kurt concentrates on thoughts of Blaine, meditating on his boyfriend's name in his mind. It helps and he's slowly building toward his orgasm again but he's not close enough.

"Kurt, are you - are you close?" Blaine manages but Kurt shakes his head. Blaine moves his hand between them to stroke Kurt in time to their thrusts.

"Getting closer. I just... ugh," Kurt gasps, frustrated.

"You're holding back. Relax. Let go," Blaine suggests and Kurt let's go. Let's go of the mental block of the forbidden thoughts. He buries his head into Blaine's shoulder and thinks about Sebastian, squeezing his eyes shut and biting down hard on his lip and he comes harder than

he's ever come before. He's vaguely conscious of Blaine crying out and finishing but all Kurt can think about is Sebastian, like Sebastian's name is in flashing lights in his brain. His breathing calms and he manages to pull himself out of Blaine's lap and to collapse onto the bed. He feels the mattress move as Blaine cleans the mess off of both of them and then lies next to Kurt. Blaine's hand moves through Kurt's hair and around his face, a cue for Kurt to look at him but Kurt can't do it. He can't look at Blaine right now, knowing how awfully screwed up this situation is. If he looks at Blaine, he's going to cry and Blaine is going to know and Blaine can't know. Not ever.

Kurt is so fucked.

The next day Kurt and Blaine are at the Lima Bean and as per usual Sebastian has managed to show up at the same time. Kurt can't look at either of them. He can't look at Blaine smiling and blushing at Sebastian and he can't look at Sebastian without thinking inappropriately, so he remains silent and retreats into himself. He feels awful, like a horrible person. He loves Blaine and he loves spending time with Blaine, but he's never been more turned on when he came thinking of Sebastian and that seems wrong. Wrong to be thinking about someone else while with your boyfriend but also wrong that Blaine doesn't make him feel that way.

Blaine's phone is ringing and Kurt looks up to see Blaine look at the display and roll his eyes.

"It's Cooper. I have to take this," he says before answering and going outside to talk to his older brother. His body language is tense and he soon is pacing and gesturing animatedly with his arms and Kurt knows that this phone call is going to take awhile.

"You're quiet today," Sebastian says and Kurt shrugs, eyes still fixated anywhere but Sebastian.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Talk to me, Kurt. Tell me what's wrong." Sebastian says and puts his hand on Kurt's knee again. It's not suggestive this time. Intimate, yes, but Sebastian seems like he's trying to comfort Kurt with the touch. Maybe Kurt should move Sebastian's hand away but it is comforting and Kurt needs it.

"I don't want to talk about it."

"Okay, then let me cheer you up instead."

Kurt shrugs again and Sebastian seems to take that as a "yes."

"You know what cheers me up?"

"What?"

"A blowjob," Sebastian says cheerfully.

Kurt's head snaps up to look at Sebastian. "What?" he asks, shocked.

Sebastian smiles broadly, "Yeah, I don't think you could ever be sad when you're getting a blowjob." Kurt laughs and shakes his head. "See, I made you laugh already and we're just talking about blowjobs."

"You're incorrigible."

"You know you love it," Sebastian says. "Why don't we go into the bathroom and I can cheer you up in there?"

"Absolutely not. I would never cheat on Blaine," Kurt says and he means it. No matter what is going on, he won't ever cheat on Blaine.

"Damn, I should have seen that coming," he laughs. "Don't get so serious again. I was kidding... sort of."

"Right."

"Let's get Blaine back in here and he can go cheer you up in the bathroom."

"He would never do that."

"Then he can take you somewhere private and cheer you up."

"No, I mean," Kurt swallows. "He doesn't do that. He says it's gross."

"What?" Sebastian says incredulously. "Are you telling me that he doesn't blow you?"

"That's what I'm telling you."

"But you guys fuck, right?"

"Yes."

"But he doesn't blow you?"

"No."

"Not ever? Not even a little bit?"

"Not ever."

"Do you blow him?"

Kurt sighs, wondering how Sebastian convinced him to reveal the private details of his sex life with Blaine. "I do."

Sebastian narrows his eyes and almost looks angry for a moment. "I bet Blaine always tops, too."

Kurt doesn't answer but he knows that Sebastian knows that he is right. Kurt's not feeling cheered up anymore. He looks away from Sebastian and frowns.

"Hey," Sebastian says, moving his hand, jostling Kurt's knee. "I'm sorry. That cheering up didn't really go as well as I had hoped."

Kurt looks at Sebastian and he's confused. Confused that Sebastian acts like he wants him and now even more confused that it seems like he might also *care* about Kurt. And that's just too confusing to handle.

"So does this mean you've never had a blowjob before?" Sebastian asks seductively.

"No, I've never had a... blowjob before," Kurt struggles with the word and he's blushing again now.

"Mmm, Kurt, you don't know what you're missing, babe. It's amazing." Sebastian's hand slides up his leg again and Kurt's breath hitches.

"It's so warm and wet and, just, ugh so perfect. A tongue moving up and down your cock. And when he moans around you, the vibration of the sound is just so good," Sebastian tells Kurt and his hand never stops touching him but doesn't move up any higher than Kurt would be comfortable with. "And I'm really good, Kurt. I can deep throat and that feels amazing. Down someone's throat and then he swallows around you. But my favorite part, Kurt, is looking down and seeing the guy look up at you. That eye contact. That connection. And, fuck, your eyes would look so fucking gorgeous looking up at me," and Kurt can understand; he thinks Sebastian would look fucking gorgeous looking up at him, their eyes locked together like they are now.

"Kurt, are you sure you don't want to go somewhere private so I can wrap my mouth around your cock finally?" Sebastian asks, almost desperately.

The answer is no but he can't bring himself to say it. He wants it but he can't have it and as if to reinforce that idea, Blaine chooses this moment to return to the table. Sebastian moves his hand off of Kurt's leg and both of them readjust themselves in their seats so they aren't leaning towards each other anymore. Blaine doesn't notice and immediately launches into a discussion about Cooper and Cooper's girlfriend problems and problems with their father. Kurt tries valiantly to listen but Sebastian is distracting. Sebastian swipes his finger over the top of his drink, gathering the whipped cream onto his finger and moves it into his mouth, cleaning the cream off of his finger, and Kurt watches avidly. Sebastian looks at him and Kurt knows what he's thinking because he's thinking the exact same thing.

Kurt is settling into bed late that night when his phone chimes, notifying him of a new text message from Sebastian.

I'm thinking about you. Are you thinking about me?, it reads.

No you're not. You're at a club trying to find someone desperate enough to hook up with you., he responds.

Lol, that hurts me, Kurt. I went to the Warbler party but there wasn't anyone interesting so I left and now I'm in my bed. Thinking about you.

So no one was desperate enough tonight? Poor Sebastian.

Lol, I love it when you're a bitch to me. What are you wearing?

No, Sebastian. I am not sexting with you.

Why not? :(

It's cheating. It's not going to happen.

Fine. But I'm going to jerk off right now and I'm going to be thinking about you and I'm going to assume that you're going to jerk off thinking about me.

Goodnight, Sebastian. Have fun with that.

Lol, you have fun with that too.

And Kurt knows it's probably a bad idea but he can't help himself. He wants to see Sebastian's reaction to the truth. He responds, **I already took care of myself in the shower. You gave me a lot to think about today. ;)** and he puts away his phone after seeing Sebastian's response: **HOLY SHIT KURT UNF**

It's midday the next day when he receives another text from Sebastian: **Why are you even with him? He doesn't appreciate you.**

Why do you care?, Kurt responds.

Because you deserve to be appreciated. Sebastian responds and sends another text before Kurt can think of something to say. **I would appreciate you if you were mine.**

Sebastian, all you've ever talked about since I've known you is your random, meaningless hookups.

Then I guess I'll have to convince you. :) Sebastian texts. But even if you and I don't get together, Blaine doesn't appreciate you.

Sebastian sends another text: **I'm just saying you could do better.**

Kurt doesn't respond.

Blaine calls a few hours later and they chat about glee, their friends, the usual stuff. Blaine had spent the night at Dalton catching up with his old friends at a Warbler party. Kurt had been invited but he hadn't been in the mood to deal with alcohol and Blaine and Sebastian at the same time. Probably a wise choice.

There's a brief pause in their conversation when Blaine asks something Kurt is not prepared to answer.

"So... what were you and Sebastian talking about so seriously?"

"What do you mean?" Kurt asks. He hears his pulse pounding in his ears.

"When I was on the phone with Cooper, I came back and you two were having some intense conversation. I assumed that you were having one of your usual, annoying arguments but then Sebastian was acting really weird with me last night. Like, he was pissed at me for some reason. And, I don't know, I just was wondering what you guys were talking about."

"He was wondering what I was upset about..."

"You were upset about something?"

"Yeah, sort of. You didn't notice how I was not saying anything to anyone?"

"Huh, I guess you were a little quiet. I just thought you were being a good listener."

"Okay."

"So what were you talking about then?"

"He was trying to cheer me up."

"How?"

"He suggested that a, uh, a blowjob would cheer me up."

"What?! He said that to you?!"

"Uh, yeah. He, uh, offered."

"And what did you say, Kurt?" Blaine voice was angry.

"I said no, obviously. Of course I said no."

"Then what happened?" Blaine demands.

"He suggested that you could cheer me up and I told him that you don't do that and maybe I told him more details about our sex life than I should have but," Kurt says before Blaine cuts him off.

"No wonder he was acting weird. He's been trying to get with me forever and now he knows that I don't give head and now he's not interested anymore. He's probably mad that he's wasted so much time."

"You sound disappointed."

"No, of course not. It just makes things make sense now. I would probably be pissed too if I thought my boyfriend wasn't going to blow me."

"But you won't blow me, Blaine," Kurt says, pointing out his boyfriend's hypocrisy.

"It's gross, Kurt. I just... no."

"But it's not gross when I do it to you?"

"Well, yeah, it's still gross but you like pleasing me and it feels really good."

"And you don't want to make me feel that good?"

"C'mon, Kurt, you know I make you feel good. Remember Friday? That was good."

Kurt laughs humorlessly, remembering his intense orgasm that had been all about Sebastian and nothing about Blaine. "Yeah, that was good."

"See? I love you so much, Kurt," Blaine sounds so pleased with himself.

That pisses Kurt off further and he blurts out the truth of what has been going on with Sebastian, "You know, he's been hitting on me. A lot."

"Who's been hitting on you?"

"Sebastian. A lot."

And Blaine laughs, "He's probably just trying something new to break us up so he can get with me."

"Yeah, that's what I thought at first but he's pretty convincing."

"Oh, Kurt," Blaine cuddles him. "Don't let him get to you. He'd do anything to get what he wants and you're so vulnerable."

"I am not vulnerable, Blaine, and is it really that unbelievable that someone might want me more than they want you?"

"It's Sebastian, Kurt. He flirts with me all the time."

"Yeah, he flirts with you to make me angry because he likes to argue with me. And why do you flirt with him when you know it upsets me? Why do you flirt back?"

"I don't flirt back. I'm just a really nice person."

"That's bullshit, Blaine, and you know it."

"Whatever. Point is he's obviously trying to get you to cheat on me so I break up with you because he knows I won't cheat on you."

"And you think I would cheat on you?"

"Well, no, but you're so much more innocent and vulnerable. You're an easier target."

"So now I'm easy?"

"No, Kurt. Just easier. Gullible."

"Are you even hearing yourself, Blaine?"

"I'm just saying that he's been flirting with me as long as I've known him and I haven't been tempted."

"The way he flirts when I'm around. Does it get any more graphic than that?"

"No."

"So he never told you about what he wants to do the first time he fucks you? Did he tell you that he wants to open you up with his tongue before he fucks you?"

"He told you that?"

"Yeah, he told me that. He also said that he thinks you don't appreciate me."

"Kurt, of course I appreciate you. I appreciate you and I love you and we're good together. And you love me too. You can't deny that you love how I made you feel the last time we were together."

"Blaine, I wasn't going to tell you this but Friday night? When I came so hard? I was thinking about Sebastian fucking me, not you."

Blaine is quiet for a long moment afterwards. When he finally speaks his voice is deadly calm, "Kurt, I don't want you to see him, talk to him. You should block his number. If he tries to contact you, I want you to let me know immediately. You need to stay away from Sebastian."

And Blaine hangs up before Kurt can respond.

Kurt had set aside his phone after the phone call had ended, intent on ignoring it until he calmed down. He settled into bed with a book and let himself become immersed in a fictional world. His plan to ignore his phone went swimmingly, aided by the fact that almost two-and-a-half hours passed before his phone showed any signs of life. He ignored the first noise but when a second message chimed Kurt huffed and closed a bookmark in his book.

The first message was from Sebastian. **Your boyfriend came to see me**, it read and Kurt waited for the attached picture to load. When it did, Kurt gasped. He could see the beginnings of a bruise around Sebastian's left eye and a split and bleeding lip.

Are you okay?! Kurt texts and the response is quick.

Yeah, I'm fine. Still pretty; don't worry. I think Fight Club wants to talk to you though. You should listen. :)

The second text was from Blaine: **Can I come over? We need to talk.**

I don't know if that's a good idea, Blaine, he replied.

I know you're mad at me. I'm mad at me too. But we need to talk.

Fine. Come over. Drive safely.

I will. Driving from Dalton so it'll be a bit.

When Blaine gets to Kurt's house they go upstairs to his room. Blaine is unharmed. No visible bruises or bleeding though he looks like he may have been crying. Kurt sits down at the seat next to his small vanity while Blaine moves around the room awkwardly as if he's not his usual, comfortable, confident self.

"So you wanted to talk," Kurt prompts.

"Yeah," Blaine answers.

"You punched Sebastian. What happened?"

Blaine sighs and finally sits on Kurt's bed. "Yeah, I went to see him after I hung up the phone. Went to his room. I just started punching him as soon as I saw him."

"That is so not okay, Blaine. You know how I feel about violence," Kurt admonishes.

"I stopped. I hit in a few times and then I realized what I was doing and stopped. It shouldn't have happened. I was just so angry."

"Then what happened?"

"I apologized to him. Helped him up. Went to get him some ice."

Blaine is fidgeting with his hand and Kurt sees that Blaine's knuckles are raw.

"Does your hand hurt?" he asks and Blaine nods. "Good."

Blaine almost smiles.

"We talked for awhile after that. About you mostly. And about me. And about him."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Anything you want to share?"

Blaine sighs before continuing with a list of points that sounds prepared, like he'd been planning on what he would say to Kurt while on the road between Westerville and Lima. "I need to apologize to you for expecting things from you that I was not willing to reciprocate. Not just about the sex stuff. I always expected you to support me with everything but I didn't give you the same support. I was the taker in our relationship and you were the giver. "

Kurt doesn't miss the past tense Blaine is using and Kurt isn't shocked. He thinks they both know where this conversation is heading.

"I need to apologize to you for doubting that Sebastian likes you and not me. I'm used to getting attention and it confused me that he was paying more attention to you. I felt like our relationship was threatened but I also felt a little bit rejected even though I wasn't really interested in Sebastian. But I can understand now that it probably didn't make you feel good about yourself that I was so dismissive of that at first.

"I need to apologize for basically ordering you not to talk to Sebastian. I know I shouldn't have acted like that. I just... I have some anger issues and some control issues and when those two combine... I don't like the person I am when that happens. I like to pretend that I have everything figured out but I don't. You don't deserve to be my emotional punching bag."

"Did you figure this all out on your own?" Kurt asks, knowing the answer but wanting Blaine to admit to it.

"Sebastian helped me work through it."

"Therapist Sebastian?" Kurt laughs and pictures Sebastian giving overly blunt advice to emotionally distraught people just to watch them react. It might actually suit Sebastian.

"I think he really likes you, Kurt. I think he understands you in a ways that I never could."

"I'm not so sure," Kurt says and Blaine smiles sadly.

"I think he's looking forward to proving it to you. I hate it but he's kind of adorable when he talks about you."

Kurt doesn't know how to handle this. One step at a time and the first step is figuring out exactly what is going on with his first relationship.

"So just to clarify, this is us breaking up, right?"

"Yeah," Blaine says sadly.

"We need to still be friends."

"Yes, please," Blaine says, noticeably relieved. "I'm glad you feel the same way."

They're quiet for awhile before Blaine asks gesturing at Kurt's bed, "You don't think we could, you know, one last time?"

"Absolutely not, Blaine," Kurt says. "My whole family is here and I'm not having break-up sex with you with my dad here."

"I thought that was a long shot. Can't blame a guy for trying though. I just hate that the last time we were together you were thinking about him."

"I didn't mean to. Really I didn't. It was the position we were in. It's something he talked to me about. I tried not to think about him. It felt so wrong to be with you and to think about someone else."

They fall silent again, the finality of the separation looming over them. It needs to end but Kurt hates the guilt he feels over their last time. After some serious thought and consideration, he makes a decision. They tell Kurt's family that he'll be back in time for dinner and then Kurt follows Blaine to his home. They take advantage of the large house and Blaine's workaholic father who won't leave his study until well after Kurt leaves. They have their break-up sex and they cry and hug and it feels like goodbye. Like the end. And they're both sad but okay.

Kurt knows he'll always love Blaine in some way but if he's learned anything from his crush-turned-brother relationship with Finn, he is well aware that love for one person can be changeable.

Sebastian and Kurt are just friends - just friends who spend almost all of their free time together, in person and over the phone and online - and when Kurt is asked to reveal more details, that's what he says. "We're just friends." And if they are anything more than just friends, they don't talk about it.

They don't talk about how almost all of their not-dates end in kisses goodnight. Or about how sometimes they'll spend hours cuddling and flirting and kissing. They aren't in a relationship. To be in a relationship, you would have to acknowledge that you were in a relationship. Kurt isn't ready to jump into a new relationship anyways and Sebastian doesn't do relationships, so it works out for both of them. They're just two attractive, interesting gay boys who enjoy each

other's company and know little things about each other like how much Kurt hates "Escape (The Piña Colada Song)" and Sebastian dressed up as a turtle for Halloween every year until he was thirteen.

They go out to eat. They go to movies. Sometimes they'll go to concerts in Columbus or go to a gay bar and dance together. Other times they'll stay in and watch movies and if a movie is boring, Sebastian will pause it and focus on more important things. Like giving Kurt his first blowjob. What's a little deep-throating between friends?

"I was thinking," Sebastian said as he was driving them back to his house after a midnight movie in Columbus. "We kind of spend a lot of time together."

"Yeah, so?" Kurt asked, wondering where this was going. Sebastian seemed almost nervous which was so rare it made Kurt nervous in turn.

"So I think we need to stop being stupid and make it official that we're together."

"Like, *together* together?"

"Yeah, the whole boyfriends thing," Sebastian said, glancing over to smile at Kurt.

"Okay," he said, smiling back, and reached over to link his left hand with Sebastian's right hand.

When they had settled onto the couch in Sebastian's room with a movie playing on a television too large for anyone's bedroom, it hadn't taken very long for them to completely forget about the movie and for Kurt to be sitting on Sebastian's lap and they make out. Now that they were boyfriends, now that they had admitted that this thing they had was a relationship, they couldn't keep their hands off of each other.

Boyfriends.

Sebastian was his *boyfriend*. He was Sebastian's *boyfriend*. Kurt couldn't stop thinking about it and every time he did, he felt a rush of affection and excitement. Happiness.

The way his *boyfriend's* lips felt on his. The way his *boyfriend* smelled. The way his *boyfriend's* hand had snuck up underneath his shirt and was now pressing into the skin of his back, pulling Kurt even closer to him.

They break apart to breathe and Sebastian moves his hand out of Kurt's shirt and up to cup Kurt's face, stroking his thumb along the cheekbone. Kurt smiles at Sebastian and moves his head to press a quick kiss to the palm of his boyfriend's hand.

Sebastian grins, "I'm so happy right now."

"Me too."

Sebastian slowly traces his hand down Kurt's neck, passed his chest and finally rests it on Kurt's hip.

"Kurt," Sebastian says. "Do you want to?"

And yes, Kurt very much wants to, but that doesn't mean he's not going to have a little fun at Sebastian's expense first.

"Is that why you wanted to 'make it official?!' Just so I would sleep with you?!" Kurt says in mock outrage and Sebastian misses the "mock" of Kurt's outrage.

"No, no, not at all, Kurt," Sebastian sputters. "I just thought... Never mind, we can wait. Obviously we can wait. No pressure."

Kurt lets a smile overtake his seriousness and he kisses Sebastian before he can say anymore. "Relax, baby, I was just kidding," he says but Sebastian still looks unsure so Kurt takes pity on him. "Yes, I want you to fuck me tonight, Sebastian."

Relief washes the doubt off of Sebastian's face, "Seriously?"

"Yes."

"Finally," he says and surges forward while pulling Kurt closer to him to kiss him with a greater urgency than any of their previous kisses. Kurt melts into Sebastian and they devour each other's mouths until pulling apart breathlessly again.

"God, Sebastian," Kurt says, resting his forehead against Sebastian's as he gulps in air. "Are you going to do what you told me you were going to do?"

"I don't know, why don't you remind me what I said," he says and Kurt can tell that he remembers exactly what he said; he just wants to hear Kurt repeat the words.

Kurt pulls back enough to look into Sebastian's eyes. "You said that you were going to open me up with your mouth and your tongue," he says and traces Sebastian's mouth with his hand, groaning when Sebastian sucks his thumb into his mouth. "And then when I'm desperate and begging for you to fuck me, you want me to climb back onto your lap and ride you. Show you exactly how badly I want you, need you." He rolls his hips, pressing his groin into Sebastian's and they both moan at the feeling.

"Is that what you want, babe?"

"Yes. Very much. I haven't been able to stop thinking about it since you put it in my head," Kurt admits. "Did Blaine tell you that part?"

"What part?"

"The next time Blaine and I had sex after that day... it wasn't a conscious decision but we ended up in that position and I couldn't stop thinking about you. Imagining it was you inside me instead. I tried to stop - I felt so guilty - but I came thinking about you."

"Wow, Kurt. That's really hot. And also kind of sad. Is that why you were upset and quiet that one day?"

"Yeah, that was the next day."

"I'm sorry you were upset," Sebastian says, "but also not sorry that you want me."

"Plus, think about how it'll be even better to actually be with you than to just think about being with you."

"I don't know, babe. I think about fucking you a lot. I don't know if you can live up to my expectations," Sebastian teases and Kurt kisses him to prove it.

They end up on Sebastian's bed with their clothes strewn across the floor. They lie on their sides, facing each other, sporadically kissing each other as their hands tentatively explore each other's upper body, tracing the outlines of bones and muscle underneath smooth skin. They move slowly, their kisses growing hungrier and their touches growing bolder, pulling each other closer.

Kurt rolls over and pulls Sebastian on top of him, spreading his legs enough to fit Sebastian's body between them. Sebastian kisses Kurt hungrily before pulling back to look at him. There's a question in Sebastian's eyes and Kurt knows what he is asking. Kurt nods and Sebastian leans close again, placed open and closed mouth kisses along the line of Kurt's chin before moving lower. He takes his time exploring Kurt's body with his mouth and hands until he reaches Kurt's hips. Thankfully, Sebastian doesn't ignore Kurt's cock, licking it from the base up before plunging his mouth onto it before pulling away completely. Kurt can't help the whine of disapproval and Sebastian chuckles, pulling Kurt's body so his ass is at the edge of the bed. Propping his body up on his elbows, he sees Sebastian kneeling in front of him. Leaning back again, he feels hands parting his cheeks, warm breath on his skin and then a moist tongue presses against him. When Sebastian's tongue enters his body, he loses all coherent thought.

Kurt is a beautiful creature, responding so well to Sebastian's ministrations. Sebastian loves how completely Kurt's control was shattering. He loved how Kurt's body was shuddering and arching and the sounds Kurt was making. Gasping, moaning, sobbing incoherent words that sounded a bit like Sebastian's name. He continued his task, memorizing the sound of Kurt's pleasure and the taste of him on his tongue so he could replay this moment in his mind when he couldn't reenact it physically. Because they were so doing this again sometime.

When Kurt's sounds reach a more desperate pitch, Sebastian knows that Kurt is close. He reaches up and strokes Kurt in time to the movement of his tongue and Kurt screams, arching

off the bed as he comes. Sebastian gets to his feet and moves onto the bed, this time pulling Kurt's relaxed body so they can rest their heads on soft pillows. Before cradling Kurt in his arms, Sebastian reaches for the bedside bottle of lube. He holds Kurt close and feels Kurt's pulse against his own body.

He spreads some lube on his fingers and reaches around Kurt's body, pushing two fingers into Kurt who gasps at the sensation. Kurt is already loose but Sebastian isn't taking any chances and begins to lazily stretch him more. It's almost as if Sebastian can't stand some part of him being inside Kurt.

Kurt opens his eyes and looks at him. "Sebastian, that was..." he trails off unable to find a word to describe what he's feeling.

Sebastian kisses him on the forehead. "I know," he says. "You are so fucking gorgeous. Everything about you. And the sounds you make," he moans, pumping his fingers into Kurt more quickly. Kurt begins to rock back onto them.

It isn't long before Kurt tells him to stop and Sebastian reluctantly removes his fingers.

"Are you ready, baby?" Kurt asks. "Are you ready for me to show you how much I want you?"

Sebastian nods eagerly and Kurt smiles at him fondly.

"Okay, baby, sit up against the headboard," Kurt instructs and Sebastian obeys. Kurt straddles him when he is settled.

"I've thought about this so much. Thought about how you would feel inside of me," Kurt says while he covers Sebastian's cock with a condom and lube. "I can't wait to show you how much I want you."

Kurt positions Sebastian's cock at Kurt's entrance and asks again, "Are you ready, baby?" and when Sebastian nods, Kurt sinks himself down onto Sebastian. Twin moans escape their mouths and they still for a moment, Sebastian focusing on calming himself so he doesn't do something stupid like coming too soon or shoving himself in and out before Kurt is ready while Kurt focuses on relaxing his muscles, making room for Sebastian inside of him.

"God, Kurt, you feel so good around me."

"You feel amazing. Perfect."

Soon they are both ready and Kurt moves his body up Sebastian's cock and then down again. They establish a rhythm, Sebastian thrusting up to meet the downward movement of Kurt's hips. Sebastian's heart soars as he looks into Kurt's honest eyes because, despite all the sex he's had with many attractive guys, he's never felt closer to anyone like he feels with Kurt. Kurt comes first and Sebastian follows shortly after and as he comes, Sebastian vows to himself that he will do everything he can to keep Kurt. They collapse against each other and eventually gain enough energy to clean themselves off and pull the covers over them so they can sleep.

Hours later, Sebastian wakes up to a sun-filled room and a body closely against his. He watches Kurt sleep, looks at the way the warm light and sleep softens Kurt's already beautiful face, and thinks to himself, 'finally.'

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