

A Friend Indeed

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A Friend Indeed

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Asylum AU: Burt dies from his heart attack and Kurt creates an imaginary boyfriend named Blaine to help himself cope.

Notes

If you have any issues with mental illness and the blurry lines of consent created when both people suffer from it, don't read this.

Many thanks to the gorgeous jemima_oxford for the insightful and encouraging beta. Please be my therapist. <3

Based on [this](#) prompt from the Glee Kink Meme.

The psychologist is a woman, specially assigned to Sebastian Smythe due to her gender and age.

She was advised to dress conservatively: muted colors, no make-up, pants. Definitely no skirts. While Sebastian Smythe will attempt to emotionally disarm anyone, male or female, despite their age and physical appearance, he is especially fond of the challenge a young, attractive male brings. The psychologist is a convenient antithesis to all these traits.

There is an attendant outside of the session room, out of earshot, but carefully watching Sebastian through the glass insert in the door. Sebastian himself is lounging lanky in his chair. Supercilious, like he's not wearing the same shapeless, wash-worn scrubs all Dalton patients wear.

The psychologist takes her time reading the file in front of her. Her normal methodology is to create an atmosphere of friendly trust with patients. To make them feel comfortable and in control. It helps them to open up, and it helps her to listen more focused. To hear both what's being said and what's not being said.

However, it's obvious that this approach will need to be modified for Sebastian. Without first establishing dominance, Sebastian will use their session to spin horrifying lies designed to unhinge her and amuse himself. She should avoid friendliness, humor and sympathetic responses. Absolutely no personal revelations. Be direct and firm. She knows this because it's been recorded in detail by the past three counselors assigned to Sebastian. They had all failed to abide by these principles, resulting in unproductive sessions and assignment termination.

So she sits straight yet relaxed, letting Sebastian stew, likely working on his opening gambit, having been dealt such a frumpy, old, female victim. Calmly clicks through his history of psychosis, which is rich and varied for such a young man.

Several reports stand out from the grim collection. Age seven: removed from school because he stabbed a teacher in the hand with a broken pencil crayon, in response to the teacher catching him and another boy fondling each other in a corner of the classroom.

Age nine: removed from another school when several witnesses reported that they saw Sebastian hold a classmate's head under water during a supervised wavepool field trip. Sebastian, when questioned, had stated that the female peer was, "a slut anyways, who cares?"

Age 11: Caught by his soccer coach accepting money from older boys in return for felatio. Interestingly, Sebastian had never reported the rest of his abusers, taking pride in protecting their identities.

Then, as he entered his teen years, a predictable binge of petty theft, trick-turning, underaged drinking and drug use. It wasn't until he was arrested at 15 that a court-assigned psychologist diagnosed him with manic depressive disorder and he finally began treatment.

The psychologist contains a sigh. Sebastian's circumstances are not uncommon. Loving, providing, yet neglectful parents unable to cope with the demands of a child with a serious mental illness. Letting his behavior escalate as they become conditioned to his baseline responses; hoping that the problem of their son will solve itself with time and 'better opportunities'. Finally removing him from the front window of their lives when he grows taller than his father and can't be forced to take his lithium. Can't be trusted not to hurt his mother while trying to escape the house. Scared, overwhelmed, in denial. The psychologist places a lot of value in family-based therapy; there is no better foundation to build a support system on. But in Sebastian's case, it might not be an option. His parents have already proven themselves to be unengaged. Without the guarantee of their commitment to Sebastian's treatment, the psychologist isn't keen on sending Sebastian down the road of substandard therapy.

"Are we going to do this or not, you dusty old cunt?" Sebastian sneers.

No, Sebastian will require a more unorthodox approach. And since first impressions are everything, the psychologist considers carefully. She clicks through to more recent reported incidents, dated since Sebastian was committed to Dalton Behavioral Healthcare.

Ah. It doesn't take her long to suss out a pattern. Sebastian is gregarious by nature, and has amassed quite a little social following in his nine months at the facility. It's unhealthy at worst, disruptive at best, resulting in several territorial disputes. But one name comes up more often than others as the recipient of Sebastian's attention. The psychologist clicks through to another file, scans the summary. Ah, ha. Not a rival; *quarry*.

The psychologist minimizes the file, flicks the screen right off. Opens her folio to a fresh sheet of legal paper. Uncaps her pen, a gift from her husband of 31 years, lays the cap to the side of the desk. She looks Sebastian straight in his arrogant, handsome eyes.

"Tell me about your obsession with Kurt Hummel."

Sebastian trades his hoodie (Dalton issued; no string in the hood, velcro on the pockets, ugly but warm) for a Douglas Adams paperback and the travel-sized bottle of hand lotion that Trent Barnes's family had put in Trent's care package.

Trent is stupid, doesn't know that he will get caught with the hoodie, Sebastian's ID number sharpied on the tag. That the nurses will give it back to Sebastian with a finger wag and a lecture he won't pay attention to. Trent has already traded for the hoodie once before, giving Sebastian his digital watch, smirking and strutting like Trent had struck a steal of a deal. Maybe he had; Sebastian knows Trent presses the hoodie to his face while he jerks off in his room. Whatever, they'll put it through the laundry before Sebastian gets it back.

And as chilled as he is now, sneaking down the low-lit hall from Serenity Wing to the less active Tranquillity Wing in just a t-shirt and pajama pants, it was still goddamn worth it. For lack of pockets, the bottle of lotion is riding in his briefs, warming next to his balls and under the hardon that has been stiff since dinner.

Fuck, he needs to get off so bad. Lotion is a luxury. Lube is the goddamn holy grail. He'd asked his Dad for lube during the last drive-by visit but his father dearest had ignored the request, offering up fucking comic books and a 1000-piece puzzle of a photo of jet fighters.

A goddamn puzzle.

To punish him, Sebastian had leaned across the table and told him, low and wet:

"But Daddy, I need it. I need it so I can get my fingers in my ass. So I can jam them in my hole while I'm imagining you fucking me hard and good and mmmm..."

- and his dramatic groan was wasted because his Dad was up out of his chair and walking to the doors of the visiting lounge, not even a goodbye! Rude.

And now that he has lotion at least (he'd opened the cap just to smell it, bland but clean and light) he isn't going to waste it on just a rub'n'tug, oh no. Sebastian is a man with ambitions! And there is an ass here in Dalton with his name on it.

Kurt's door is unfortunately located within sight of the nurses' station, but Sebastian had perfected the art of hiding and waiting even before he was institutionalized. His ego makes it difficult to disguise his true intelligence, but that also makes him smart enough to keep everyone's expectations low when it comes to his patience.

He could stand in the shadow of the adjoining hall for *hours*, still like a spider, ears open for the squeaky mash-mash-mash of Nurse Jim and his orthopedic shoes going for more coffee.

When Sebastian finally has his chance to slip up the hall, socks silent on the worn linoleum, he taps on Kurt's door. Gently, just a little echo of noise. Kurt will have heard it immediately.

It had been a good day for Kurt, or at least good when it comes to Sebastian's motives.

A good day looks like this: Kurt had spent their outdoor session sitting alone at a picnic table, back straight and hair clean, the sleeves of his t-shirt meticulously rolled twice on each skinny arm. He'd smiled a tight 'hello' at Sebastian but had shaken his head, anxious, when Sebastian invited him to play handball with him and Thad. It wasn't a surprise; Kurt doesn't like sports, and he's always suspicious when people approach him.

Nick, the boy who will sometimes jerk Sebastian off if no one notices that he sits beside Sebastian at dinner, says Kurt is stuck-up. Too good to talk to anyone else, including Sebastian. Which is dumb; everyone wants to be friends with Sebastian. Besides, Kurt talks to him. Sort of.

So Sebastian had watched him mostly, watched Kurt gracefully turn the pages of a book, perfect, like a painting of himself. Laughing and softly chatting away like a little chickadee, half turned in his seat towards an invisible companion.

Blaine.

A bad day looks like this: Sebastian doesn't even bother sneaking out of his own room.

Kurt's shrieking freak-outs will have gotten himself sedated halfway to heaven. Kurt'll be strapped to his bed or else maybe kept in the clinic, hands bagged to keep from clawing his own face. Sobbing incoherently, screaming for his Dad. Mom gone, Dad gone, *Blaine* gone, the chemical cold reality of Dalton no substitute. Kurt is probably the smartest kid Sebastian has ever met, but he's just as bat-shit crazy as the rest of the guys here. Maybe more, since no one else has a frigging invisible friend.

The door clicks open and the light from the hall cuts over Kurt's upturned face.

"Hey! You made it...", Kurt's delighted whisper trails off as he looks closer at Sebastian, a frown line forming between his eyebrows. "Wait. What...?"

Sebastian moves quickly, cupping Kurt's face and using his body to herd Kurt back into the dark room. He lets the door click closed behind them again.

"Shhh, hey birdie. It's me, it's me," Sebastian shushes him and wastes no time, catching up Kurt's wide mouth in a kiss and backing him to sit on the bed. Kurt likes to be kissed.

Kurt breaks away as he sits, a sheen of spit on his lower lip. "Who..?" he persists in his breathy voice. Fuck, that voice.

Sebastian lets go of Kurt's face and captures his hovering, trembling hands. Kurt's fair brows twitch in and out of a little frown, his eyes darting all over Sebastian's face, trying to resolve it. Make it into the face only Kurt knows. Sebastian doesn't know what *Blaine* looks like. Doesn't want to know. Would spit on every boy who shares his features. Punch them in the face and get in trouble.

"It's me. Say it, say my name," he asks, as gently as he can. He needs to be careful, he needs to be patient. Needs to be the spider. Kurt will slide across the solution on his own, Sebastian just needs to wait for him to catch on the seam.

Kurt shakes his head, tears of confusion gathering, peering up into Sebastian's face in the dim light coming from around the door. Sebastian tries for a friendly, soft smile.

"Come on my birdie, just tell me my name."

"I..."

"Please. Please say my name."

That does it. Kurt isn't much of a people-pleaser, but he is a *Blaine*-pleaser.

"Blaine. Oh, Blaine."

"Yes, that's it, birdie. You look beautiful." Kurt likes to be kissed, likes to be complimented.

Sebastian gets a single breathy "*thank you*" before Kurt is surging up, kissing wet and whining softly. So easy! A few kisses, a well-timed compliment, and just like that, Sebastian has his hands full of Kurt's ass and Kurt practically climbing onto his boner.

Sebastian gently dumps Kurt back onto the bed and tugs at the drawstring on Kurt's pants, getting it loose and pulling them down to his knees, off his hanging feet. Kurt's naked underneath them, his cock lying thick under the hem of his t-shirt. Not for the first time, Sebastian thanks the devil Kurt is such a pretty little slut. Trent will give it up to Sebastian just as easily, but he's a dumb, whiny slut and he doesn't have Kurt's milky skin, and sure as hell doesn't smell as good as Kurt does.

Sebastian climbs onto the bed too, sticking his nose in the crease of Kurt's leg to his body and taking a good hard sniff. It's fucking intoxicating; Kurt is clean and warm like a kitchen. Sebastian tongues a lick there, Kurt's skin salty and bright.

Kurt's soft thigh rubs against his cheek and Kurt sighs above him, hands going to Sebastian's hair. His hands are gentle, carding through the hair at the crown of Sebastian's head, cupping around the back of his skull. They don't grab or pull his mouth to Kurt's dick. They move lightly, but Sebastian can still feel it, deep in his brain, the way each hair shifts under Kurt's fingers.

Sebastian rests there, just feeling Kurt's pulse through his face. Kurt keeps petting him, sweet and slow.

"Mmmm, are you okay?" he whispers from above Sebastian.

Sebastian could easily spend the rest of the night with his cheek pillowed on Kurt's naked hip, his nose tickled by the scrap of neat pubic hair at the base of Kurt's penis. He could dream some very nice dreams there.

When he's with Kurt Sebastian dreams a lot less about busting down the front doors of Dalton and stepping over the wrought-iron fence surrounding it, his legs growing immeasurably long to achieve the feat. Instead he dreams of warm places; vulcano rims and car hoods. Places where he can curl up like he is now, sleep soundly despite the noise and rage around him.

Dalton is sharp and loud and angry and fractured and dizzying. Kurt is unfiltered sunlight and down blankets and sweet hands that touch without hurting.

Kurt's fingers move to pet his ear, lightly tracing the rim of it, just a tickle like kitten whiskers.

"Wanna fuck you," Sebastian mumbles into Kurt's skin, as though that will help convince himself to lift his head and do what he came to.

Kurt chuckles above him bashfully. "I was hoping you'd say that," he teases, thumbing Sebastian's cheekbone. His hands move to the collar of Sebastian's t-shirt, tugging.

"But we don't have to if you're comfy down there?" he teases again, and Sebastian rouses himself, reaches back to pull his t-shirt up and over his head, awkwardly dropping it to the floor. Kurt's hands are all over his shoulders, fingertips to palms and back to light fingertips, reading his muscles and bones like braille. Stroking his clean warmth into Sebastian's chilled skin, smoothing out the goosebumps.

Sebastian's mouth goes to Kurt's stomach and he smells good there too. Like soap and skin and tasty things fresh out of an oven. With his nose pressed under Kurt's navel, it's like a thick velvet stage curtain drops around them and the bed, safe and dark, blocking out the rest of Dalton. No more buzz of fluorescent lights in the hall, no ticking and banging of the air system, no abrupt and unpredictable screams and yells from the other rooms. Just Kurt and his careful touches, filling their hideaway with his soft breathing. It calms and invigorates Sebastian all at once.

"Kiss me?" Kurt whispers, and Sebastian immediately stops sucking on his skin and crawls up, letting Kurt gentle the messy, tonguey kiss Sebastian tries to give him. Kurt's hands cup his face, hold him still with hardly any pressure at all. Tilt Sebastian's head just so, so that their mouths fit together softly and painlessly, like a ship docking in outer space.

They stay like that for a long time, kissing carefully, breath amplified against their cheeks. He lets Kurt set the pace. Kurt is good at mining out new and precise sensations, strumming gentle, soft smacking sounds on Sebastian's mouth.

Kurt's tongue is pink and pointed, but it folds into Sebastian's mouth like deep bow, pulling Sebastian's tongue gently back with it. Back and forth, sleepy and nice, like Kurt is trying to tell him something without words. Using kissing to communicate a message instead of kissing because that's first base in the baseball diamond of sex. Sebastian listens.

Kurt eventually pulls away, lays his head back slowly, like if he goes too fast, they'll tear their lips like a stamp off of a package.

"I missed you," Kurt whispers, cocking his head with a secret smile. Sebastian licks his lips. They feel swollen and too smooth, still pulsing with the echo of Kurt's mouth. Sebastian saw Kurt three hours ago. Sat on a chair kitty-corner from Kurt's in the messy Group Sharing Circle. Watched Kurt listen to the other boys cry about their mothers and medication side-effects and a god who doesn't exist. Kurt never shares in the Circle, and neither does Sebastian. Sometimes Sebastian will try to catch Kurt's eye, so they can exchange a look of incredulity, *can you believe these fucktards?* But Kurt keeps his head down, his features intent, like he's already listening to someone whispering commiserations.

"Turn over," Sebastian tells him, nudging Kurt's naked hip. He's going to put bite marks on Kurt's shoulder blades while he fingers Kurt's ass with his lotion prize. Suck at the skin where Kurt should have reddish-brown feathers sprouting, like the color of his hair. Mark up his pretty white back, make him moan.

But Kurt shakes his head under Sebastian's face, raises his knees to clamp softly around Sebastian's hard hipbones.

"No, like this. Please? I like it like this...I want to see," he whispers, lovely and hesitant. Wants to see Sebastian while they fuck, kiss him some more.

"Yeah, okay, whatever you want, birdie," Sebastian immediately concedes, already bracing himself to dig around inside his briefs, pulls out the lotion, pushes the fabric right down, freeing his hard dick. "Get your legs up then."

Kurt flexibly swings his calves up onto Sebastian's bare shoulders, the light hairs on his shins scritch Sebastian's neck. Under him, Kurt's asshole is visible, his cock pressing against the fold of his stomach. So nice, so beautiful, his pale thighs stretched and smooth. Wanting it, knowing that Sebastian will give it to him good, like he deserves.

Sebastian will. Sebastian. No one else. He'd seen to that, made sure no one else was touching Kurt, putting red scratches on his arms, purple-yellow bruises on his back. Fucking animals around here.

He slops the lotion right over Kurt's hole, pushes it in with two fingers. Kurt grunts, bites his lip. It's never quite slippery enough like this, and the lotion always wears out, rubs in too soon. Puts the edge on a fuck, makes it raw. Sebastian likes it, the way the pain cuts through the meds, flashes through the static in his head like a red laser.

He dumps the rest on his dick and smears it around, the squelching noises loud in their little cocoon of velvet and breaths.

"You good?" he says, but he can tell Kurt is anyways, legs flexing over Sebastian's shoulders in anticipation.

"Yeah," Kurt whispers, hands rubbing softly at Sebastian's thighs. So Sebastian fists the head of his cock into Kurt as slow as he can, but it's hard to be careful when Kurt is gasping so delicate and awed with each nudge. Sebastian wonders what sound Kurt would make if he just shoved it all in at once. Probably a scream loud enough to make Nurse Jim come running. Or maybe just a sad sound of disappointment, the kind that Sebastian used to hear from all sorts of people, before they became narrow, controlled voices full of fear.

Kurt is tight, tight, tight, his asshole jumping around Sebastian's cock like a heartbeat, pulling him in while choking him at the same time. It feels so good, so surreal, that Sebastian can barely contain his belly-deep groan.

He lets go of his dick so he can fill Kurt up to the brim, so he can look down and see Kurt's pink cock and his soft ball sack, and the flesh below pressed tight to Sebastian's crotch, just a twisted seam of shadow dividing them. From the outside it looks like their groins pressed tight together. But they are so much closer, Sebastian is *inside* of him.

Hot and stretched and huge, like he's still growing in Kurt, expanding as Kurt heats him, so warm he's going to merge right into Kurt's hole, lock into his body forever.

He grabs Kurt's hips, sliding his thumbs in the space between Kurt's thighs and where they're pressed back into his pelvis. Anchors Kurt as he rocks their bodies together, not breaking their sweat-seamed connection.

He shakes into Kurt with little thrusts, compelled to keep them locked tight together. It's awkward and straining but worth it for the feeling of Kurt surrounding him so completely, feeling his insides clutch and pulse and hearing his sweet grunts every time Sebastian rocks within him.

"Does that feel good? Tell me how it feels," he demands.

“G-good, it feels so good,” Kurt stutters, a line between his eyebrows like Sebastian is asking a stupid question.

“Yeah, *fuck*,” Sebastian grunts, rocking Kurt’s hips too, making him cry out, his legs flexing and straining over Sebastian’s shoulders. “You like that, you like it deep?”

“Y-yes,” Kurt agrees, a shy turn of his head on the pillow.

Sebastian leans down, bends Kurt further in two, nearly breaks his own back, so he can kiss the hollow of Kurt’s cheek. Draw his head back to meet Sebastian’s lips.

Kurt likes to be kissed. Likes to be complimented.

“You’re perfect around me,” Sebastian spills into his mouth. He churns into Kurt’s tight warmth. If anyone peeked inside of their curtain, all they would see is one body on the bed, that’s how tight they’re pressed. “Feel so good inside.”

“Uh, *yes*, so good...”

“Wanna fuck you forever.”

Kurt gasps, and his cock twitches wet where it’s mashed against Sebastian’s stomach.

“Uh, *uh*,” Kurt gusts against his lips, rolling back against him. His eyes are closed. “Uh, yes, *Blaine*.”

Kurt’s eyes snap open when Sebastian pulls his dick out and slams it back into him.

“Oh!” he gasps, shocked, one leg slipping from Sebastian’s shoulder. Sebastian slams into him again, mindless. This is just a fuck. Just a fuck and he’s going to get off and get out. The faster the better at this point. Kurt is a fucking nut-job and Sebastian doesn’t need to catch any more crazy.

He gets lost in the crash and pound, pinchingly tight now. The lotion isn’t enough, it pulls at the skin of his dick. He’s about to stop and spit in the hole he’s nailing when he notices hands on his braced arms. Light touch, petting and stroking. It’s distracting when he’s trying to lose himself in harsher sensations.

“Shhh, shhhh, it’s okay,” Kurt tells him, clutching Sebastian’s biceps. He tugs on Sebastian’s neck, brings him back down. “Hey, I’ve got you.”

“Don’t, *don’t*—” Sebastian snarls.

“Shhh, shhh. It’s going to be alright.”

Kurt’s thumbs on his face and he’s spreading the wetness from Sebastian’s tears across his cheekbones like warpaint. He hides his face in Kurt’s neck and smears the tears there too. One of Kurt’s hands stays on his neck, the other on his back, and his thrusts slowly ease back down to the easy rocking rhythm, their bodies moving together like an aftershock.

When Sebastian comes, it hurts both his dick and his head. It isn't the flex of Kurt's asshole around him that finally finishes him off, but the feel of Kurt's lips in his hair, his humming shushes.

He slips out of Kurt helped by the slide of his own come. Drops beside him, trapping his arm. The curtain is in tattered shreds and cold, sharp-tasting air sweeps around them in the dimness.

Sebastian shivers with it, his dick getting itchy, so he pulls his pants and underwear back up as Kurt awkwardly tugs his blankets over them.

He's not going to stay for a goddamn cuddle, but it wouldn't be bad to warm up his feet against Kurt's shins before he sneaks back to his room.

Kurt, of course, noses right into Sebastian's bare shoulder, squirming until he's comfortable. He sighs, contented, like Sebastian didn't just pork him, fucking cry all over him, and then leave him pantsless and half-hard.

"Mmmm, I love you," Kurt murmurs into his skin. It must have been a very good day.

"You love Blaine," Sebastian corrects him in a monotone.

Kurt chuckles, rubs Sebastian's chest under his thumb. "Yes, Kurt love Blaine."

Playful pillow-talk. Lovely.

"You gonna live in a dream world for the rest of your life?"

Kurt's thumb stills. "What?" he croaks.

Sebastian stops whispering and his words resonate through Kurt's near-empty room.

"Where do you think we are right now?"

Kurt levers himself up onto one elbow. His eyes dart all over Sebastian's face, genuinely confused. Sebastian takes the opportunity to admire Kurt's growing scowl. Every line of his face compliments the next. Even his ridiculous doll nose has become Sebastian's ideal. Sebastian wants to both punch the line of his jaw and suck on it too.

"We're at school. Where else would we be? Why are you saying these things? What's wrong with you?" he whispers, trying to cup a hand around Sebastian's cheek. Sebastian pushes it away.

"Stop that. Tell me my name."

"What? Why- Blaine. Your name is Blaine. Tell me what's going on, this isn't funny."

"It's kinda funny."

"Blaine."

“Wrong.” In a quick move Sebastian shuffles down under the sheets, feels for Kurt’s naked hips in the dark. “Can Blaine do this?” he asks, before dunking his mouth over Kurt’s cock. It tastes just as good as the rest of Kurt.

Kurt gasps and slumps back down to the bed.

“Wha-” Sebastian hears from above him. “I don’t-”

Kurt pushes down the bedding, a swirl of chill. His hands tremble as they push gently at Sebastian’s face and Sebastian comes up with a pop. Whatever confusion Kurt is experiencing, he’s now harder than a handshake.

“Say my name, Kurt. Say it.” Sebastian half-kneels up beside him, the sheets catching over his back like a shroud. Uses three fingers and his thumb to jack Kurt’s wet cock, making his whole torso jutter.

Kurt’s face goes from overwhelmed to devastated so abruptly it’s like he’s been slapped. His mouth stretches wide on a silent sob and his eyes get wet too. Tears for everyone.

“Look at me, Kurt. Look at me and say my name.”

Kurt shakes his head madly, his hair rubbing against the thin pillow.

“Nooooo,” he sobs breathlessly, but he’s still bucking up into Sebastian’s blurred fingers, hips pumping like he’s being fucked again. Clutches at Sebastian’s elbows like a steering wheel, wails pitifully when Sebastian digs a finger between his cheeks and back into his ass.

“Say it!” Sebastian hisses, jerking Kurt’s cock with the words.

“Se-Se-Sebastian!” Kurt stutters and sobs and comes.

Sebastian helps him finish, jacking his cock while Kurt bends and bows, puts gouges into Sebastian’s arms with his fingernails.

He uses a corner of the sheet to clean off his hands, almost tosses it back on the bed, but then swipes it over Kurt’s concave belly too. Crawls up to where Kurt has his eyes clamped closed and seems to be hyperventilating.

Sebastian squints down at him. It’s gotten better. Kurt doesn’t immediately scream his throat bloody when he rises out of his hallucinations anymore.

“What have they got you on these days, Zyprexa? Tongue a few of those for me, will you?” Sebastian laughs sadly. He leans down to kiss Kurt again, but Kurt wrenches his head away.

“Be that way, birdie,” he sighs. He probably shouldn’t antagonize Kurt any more if he wants to get back to his own bed without getting busted. Unlike the majority of his fellow inmates, Sebastian retains the concept of cause and effect.

He chances just one kiss more, to Kurt’s teary, scrunchy cheek. Kurt makes a wordless noise, like a cornered stray.

Sebastian is halfway back to Serenity Wing before he hears the first howling scream.

“Ha!” Sebastian barks, slapping his hands on his legs in delight.

The psychologist keeps her face carefully blank.

“Obsessed? With Hummel? Lady, did you wander in here thinking this was a cat show? I demand to see a real medical professional.”

“Tell me then, how would you define your behavior towards him?”

Sebastian leans back again, scratches his crotch. An obvious attempt at redirecting her attention. The psychologist’s eyes don’t leave his face.

“I dunno, I wouldn’t define it as anything at all. He’s not really worth giving the time of day to, you know?”

“It’s been observed that you monitor his location and often spend communal hours watching him.”

“Watching him?” Sebastian repeats incredulously.

“Staring, actually,” the psychologist responds. “What reason would you do that for?”

Sebastian’s face hardens. For just a flash he looks decades older than his 17 years. Bitter. Angry. Regretful?

“Look bitch, you try ignoring a nutjob with an imaginary friend. Kurt’s good for a laugh. That’s all.”

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