

someone who loves you with the lights on

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someone who loves you with the lights on

by [breakbonefever](#)

Summary

They'll only have one wedding night, one dreamy morning-after to remember when they're old and gray. Kurt wants to make the most of it. Post-6x08 fic.

Notes

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Kurt wakes with the sun in his face, mid-morning light pouring in through the gap in the curtains. He blinks a few times, seeing white, and starts to roll over – only to realize that he’s pinned where he lies, trapped by a leaden arm draped over his waist, a tousled head resting heavy and heat-damp on his chest.

Oh. Right.

He closes his eyes and smiles.

He was dreaming of Blaine, he remembers: a silly little wisp of a dream, frozen yogurt and people-watching at the park. He dreams about Blaine a lot, but for once, *finally*, he’s waking up to him, too.

And now he knows for sure that he’s going to keep waking up to him for the rest of his life.

He opens his eyes again, squinting around at the unfamiliar room. They’re lucky the B&B had this room available at the last minute, and probably even luckier that it’s as far as possible from Santana and Brittany’s room. He doesn’t know what would have been worse: listening to his friends celebrating their wedding night, or knowing the girls could hear all the noises *they* were making.

He feels his cheeks go warm as a rush of memories washes over him. They’ll have to remember to leave a very generous tip.

He peers down at Blaine, his flush spreading when he notices the wine-colored bruises marking his chest. Now that he’s thinking about it, he realizes that he aches all over – the good kind of ache, the kind that you have to really earn. They won’t be forgetting their wedding night any time soon, that’s for sure.

He stretches his legs under the sheets, trying to relieve the tension in his thighs. His ass feels sore in the best way, tender and sticky, which is...actually pretty disgusting. They were too giddy and fucked-out last night to worry about trifling details like clean-up.

(In their defense, they did shower together at one point. They just didn’t spend much of that time getting clean.)

He should go hop in the shower again now, or at least grab a couple washcloths for them, but Blaine is still fast asleep, ridiculously innocent-looking with his lashes fanned out long and dark against his cheeks. It would take a stronger man than Kurt to leave him like this.

Besides, it feels so indescribably good to have Blaine next to him again. It’s funny – he never would have imagined himself being happy with such an aggressive sleep cuddler. He’s always been territorial about his bed space, as Rachel and Mercedes would all-too-readily corroborate. But somewhere along the way he got used to Blaine’s nighttime clinginess, and now he’s hooked. He never sleeps better than when he has Blaine beside him, spooned up at his back or nestled just like this against his side. He’s like a human sleep aid. Bruce just can’t compare.

He presses a kiss to Blaine's hair, smiling at the lingering scent of his own shampoo in those wild curls. He can't believe how lucky he is. A week ago, he thought he might never have this again. He thought he'd lost Blaine forever, that he would spend the rest of his life making do with poor substitutes, cursing himself for letting his greatest happiness slip through his fingers.

But he got it back. He has Blaine's heart, his devotion, his sleepy warm weight and a vow of a lifetime together.

He has Blaine, and he's never letting go again.

He tightens the arm he's got looped around Blaine's shoulders, hugging him close, and takes the opportunity to admire the gleaming new addition to his left hand. It's not the ring he would have picked out for himself – shockingly, he and Sue don't share a similar taste in jewelry – but it's his *wedding ring*, placed there with such reverent certainty by the love of his life. He wouldn't trade it for anything.

God, his cheeks hurt. He's smiled more in the past couple days than he did in the month before.

He settles in to wait for Blaine to wake up. The sun isn't blinding him anymore, and they should still have a few hours until check-out, so there's no rush. For now, he's content to lie in bed with his new husband, tracing his fingers down the silky skin of Blaine's back. And, okay, fine, maybe down a little further to the swell of his ass, which he's surprised to find covered by the same tight little briefs he distinctly remembers throwing halfway across the room last night. Blaine must have retrieved them at some point, which means Kurt is just going to have to take them off again. He lifts his head slightly, careful not to jostle Blaine, to check if Blaine's ass looks half as good in them as he remembers.

Yes. Yes, it really does.

He sighs happily, letting his head drop back against the pillow. Blaine has the best ass. Kurt has seen a lot of impressive butts since moving to New York, clad in everything from skin-tight jeans to gold lamé shorts to yoga pants (and occasionally buck-naked on his kitchen chairs), and he's concluded that Blaine's is just objectively the best. And now it's his again. *Legally*. He gives it a friendly, congratulatory squeeze to show his appreciation.

He must squeeze a little harder than he intended, because Blaine shifts in his sleep, fingers twitching reflexively against Kurt's ribs. Kurt hesitates. Blaine is clearly not quite conscious yet; some gentle petting would probably soothe him right back under. Kurt should really let him rest a while longer. They were up all night, trading kisses and whispers and lazy touches until the room started to lighten with the first gray hints of dawn.

But Blaine is always stupidly adorable when he first wakes up, goofy and affectionate, and Kurt has missed him so much. And besides, they'll only have one wedding night, one dreamy morning-after to remember when they're old and gray. He wants to make the most of it.

In the end, selfishness wins out. He trails his fingertips up Blaine's lower back, right over the ticklish spot above his dimples. Blaine squirms and makes a tiny, disgruntled noise.

“Blaine,” Kurt sing-songs, cajoling. He brings his hand up to trace around the shell of Blaine’s ear, then strokes lightly just behind the corner of his jaw. Now that he’s committed to this, he might as well play dirty.

Blaine hums, starting to surface. He shifts again, nose pressing a little harder into Kurt’s chest, and the hum turns into a squeaky little yawn-sigh.

Kurt is so in love that he actually feels ill, like he’ll die if he doesn’t let it out somehow. He cuddles Blaine a little harder to relieve the pressure, nuzzles his frizzy curls and runs a hand down his spine. “You awake?” he asks innocently.

From this angle, he can just barely see the way Blaine’s eyes go all scrunchy as he smiles. “Mmm.” He lifts his head from Kurt’s chest, and that groggy sleep-dazed grin is every bit as devastating as Kurt was afraid it might be. “Good morning, husband.”

One day, probably, that word will stop sending a delighted little shiver down Kurt’s spine. Today is not that day. “Morning,” he says, smiling back.

Blaine pushes himself up onto his elbows, slides clumsily over Kurt’s body until he’s lying fully on top of him. He feels incredible, trim and compact but solid, substantial. He pushes Kurt’s hair back from his forehead, gazing down at him with big, worshipful eyes. Kurt will never, ever get tired of the way Blaine looks at him – like he’s perfect and beautiful and everything Blaine has ever wanted.

“I love you,” Blaine says, a little redundantly.

“I figured,” Kurt replies. He runs a finger down the slope of Blaine’s nose, because it’s there and he can. He likes Blaine’s nose. He likes Blaine’s everything. “The ‘I do’ kind of gave you away.”

Blaine’s lips curve up again. “Kurt,” he says, in that way of his that reaches right into Kurt’s chest and *pulls*. “We got married.”

Kurt lifts his head to press a soft kiss to the corner of Blaine’s smiling mouth. “We did.” He noses against Blaine’s cheek, scratchy with stubble. “Second thoughts?”

“Never,” Blaine whispers. He kisses Kurt soundly on the mouth, a firm press of lips, before slowly making his way up Kurt’s jaw and over to his neck.

Kurt hums in appreciation, his eyes sliding shut as Blaine lavishes attention on the stretch of skin behind his ear. Pleasure spreads through him in a warm haze, sparking hot with every rasp of Blaine’s stubble, every wet sound of Blaine’s mouth on his skin. Who cares about muscle aches? Another round is probably just what the doctor ordered. Hair of the dog, or however that goes.

He smooths his hands over Blaine’s shoulders, then down his back, remapping each curve and plane of muscle. Conveniently, this leads him right back down to Blaine’s ass, which is every bit as amazing as it was five minutes ago. He squeezes again, savoring the delicious

give of flesh under his fingers, and Blaine moans and rocks down against him, thigh flexing where it's pressed against Kurt's stiffening cock.

Kurt makes a swift tactical decision. "Hold that thought," he says, and then he locks his legs around Blaine's and surges up, tumbling Blaine over onto his back.

Blaine blinks up at him, surprised and a little starry-eyed. He licks his lips. "That's...new."

Kurt smirks. "We'll have to get you caught up on what you missed in stage combat."

Blaine stares at him. His mouth is hanging open a little, and his hair is in chaos, hopelessly mussed against the pale blue of the pillowcase. He looks both adorable and extremely inviting, practically begging Kurt to make a further mess of him. Kurt reconciles his conflicting urges by kissing the tip of Blaine's nose and then moving down to his lips, fitting their mouths together just right – at which point it occurs to him, too late, that neither of them have brushed their teeth yet.

"Ugh," he mutters.

Blaine smiles into the kiss. "Hygiene break?"

It's a sweet offer, given that he's already going agreeably hard against Kurt's hip. Kurt rewards him by ignoring the suggestion entirely. He kisses him a little harder, urging his lips apart and licking tentatively into his mouth. It's not terrible; they only fell asleep a few hours ago.

He continues to grope Blaine shamelessly as they kiss, rubbing and squeezing as best he can with his hands trapped under both their bodies. He's torn. This is a terrible position for giving Blaine's ass the kind of attention it deserves, but readjusting would mean giving up Blaine's mouth, his tongue, his strong hand cradling Kurt's jaw.

He really wants at that ass, though. It's sufficient motivation for him to pull away from Blaine's lips, propping himself up on his arms to put a little distance between them. Blaine tries to chase him, eyes still closed, seeking Kurt's mouth like he'd gone after his cock last night – no, focus, *focus*. Kurt nips at Blaine's ear and murmurs, "Roll over for me."

It's almost comical how quickly Blaine obeys. Almost, except that Kurt is flushing hot all over at the reminder of how very well Blaine takes direction, how enthusiastically he responds to the slightest note of command in Kurt's voice. So eager to please, his Blaine.

Blaine settles on his stomach, resting his head on his folded arms, and Kurt kneels back to give himself space to work. He hooks his fingers under the waistband of Blaine's briefs and drags them down, down, leaving a trail of soft little bites as he goes: the lower curve of Blaine's ass, his strong thighs, the backs of his knees, all the way down to the fine bones of his narrow ankles.

(It has not escaped Kurt's attention that the pant hems of his menswear sketches have been steadily creeping up over the last few years. It's entirely Blaine's fault for giving him some kind of bizarre Victorian complex.)

He tugs the briefs over Blaine's feet and tosses them aside before moving back up to where Blaine's ass is waiting for him, bare and pale gold and magnificently round. It's faintly marked with the outline of those tight, tiny briefs, shallow red indentations cutting across the curve of each cheek. Kurt traces the marks with his fingernails, then with his tongue, laving across the smooth, warm skin.

Blaine moans openly. His hips twist, rocking down against the mattress, and Kurt is starting to regret not insisting on a shower before they got going. He's light-years more comfortable with the exuberant messiness of sex than he used to be, but he does have a few minimum hygiene standards, including the circumstances under which he'll put his tongue in his husband's ass.

He'll just have to make do with his fingers. Somehow he doesn't think Blaine will be complaining.

He sucks a mark at the crease where Blaine's ass meets his thigh, worrying the tender skin until it glows red-violet from his mouth. "Can you reach the lube? I think it's on the –"

Blaine has found the bottle before he can even finish his sentence. He flings it blindly behind him, nearly clocking Kurt in the face.

Kurt laughs at him. "Impatient, are we?" He pops the cap open and starts slicking the fingers of his right hand, careful not to get any on his ring.

Blaine wriggles a little, deliberately clenching his cheeks so the muscles tense and stand out. "It's been a while," he says, low and throaty, and Kurt is definitely not laughing anymore.

He caps the lube and tosses it aside, then trails one wet finger down the divide of Blaine's ass. It's a tight fit, especially with Blaine laid out flat on his belly. His cock gets a little harder at the feel of that hot flesh closing in on him from both sides.

He rubs gently at the little clench of Blaine's hole, enjoying the eager way it flutters at his touch. He dips in very slightly, just teasing the rim with his fingertip, and Blaine whimpers.

Kurt smiles. "Did you want something?"

"Come on," Blaine whines. His hips are shifting restlessly again, alternately grinding down into the mattress and pressing back against the promise of Kurt's finger.

Kurt gives him a pinch with his clean hand. "Ask nicely."

Blaine huffs out a laugh. "Put your finger in my ass, *please*."

"Mmm, good boy," Kurt purrs, and is deeply satisfied by the shudder that jolts down Blaine's whole body. He taps Blaine's hip. "Up."

Blaine shifts around and gets his knees under him, head and shoulders still resting on the mattress. The position does incredible things for him, showing off the long muscles of his back while accentuating his tiny waist and the impossible curves of his ass.

And, of course, it brings that ass up to just the right height. Kurt fits his dry hand over the flare of Blaine's hip, comfortably proprietary, and starts working one slick finger inside him.

(Sometimes he'll start with two, but Blaine's right: it's been a while. They haven't done this since – god, it must have been the night of their second-to-last fight in New York. Their make-up sex was rougher than usual, and he ended up pinning Blaine flat on his belly, fucking him so hard his cock was sore afterward. As exhilarating as that was, it's not a dynamic he wants to recreate this morning. He wants to keep this easy, to avoid even the slightest hint of pain or discomfort. There's been more than enough hurt to go around in the past few months.)

Blaine opens right up for him, pushing back to meet the press of Kurt's finger. "God," he says, his voice thick with some heady combination of need and relief. "*Kurt*."

"You're so tight," Kurt says, lightheaded with how badly he wants to be inside that gripping heat. His cock throbs with every squeeze around his finger.

"Want you," Blaine groans. "Want you so bad, Kurt, please."

"You have me, honey." He pushes all the way in, up to the knuckle, crooking his finger to tease on the slide out.

Blaine makes a helpless, strangled sound, but he doesn't beg for more, even though he must be dying for it. Kurt's chest feels too tight, aching with love and want and something that feels a little like pride. He married this man. Blaine is *his*, and Kurt gets to keep him forever.

"Good, Blaine," he says. He squeezes Blaine's hip, pressing the metal of his ring into Blaine's skin. "So good for me."

He adds a second finger, as much for his own sake as for Blaine's; he feels like he's a breath away from coming, and he'd really rather be inside Blaine when he does. Blaine moans and sighs at the stretch, his body yielding beautifully to the twist of Kurt's fingers.

Kurt works him open carefully. He pauses every so often to stroke over Blaine's prostate, enthralled by the way he gasps and ruts against the bed at every gentle touch to that spot. He must be dripping by now, leaking beads of wetness onto the sheets. Kurt's mouth waters at the thought.

He scissors his fingers, nudges the very tip of a third against Blaine's stretched rim. Blaine could probably take him now, as long as they start slowly, but Kurt will let him decide.

"Another?"

Blaine opens his eyes and gives Kurt a fuzzy sideways smile. "Not unless you want to put this whole thing off for another half hour or so."

"Half an hour?" Kurt echoes. "Sounds like a challenge to me." But he's already sliding his fingers out, too eager himself to waste any time. He slaps Blaine lightly on the ass. "On your back."

He quickly prepares himself while Blaine is turning over, slicking his cock with a few hasty pulls of his hand. Once that's done, he goes crawling up the length of Blaine's body, and Blaine reaches for him, cups his face and guides him in. He kisses Kurt like he's starving for it, holding him in place with a hand around his neck, sliding the other down to pinch at his nipple.

Kurt tucks his hand under Blaine's thigh and tugs a little, urging it up. Blaine gets the hint and raises both legs to wrap around Kurt's waist. Kurt's cock twitches at the familiar weight of those thick thighs against his sides. It's been so long since the last time he had Blaine laid out under him like this, eager to take whatever he wants to give.

He thrusts against Blaine's ass, driving his cock through the warm, tight space between Blaine's cheeks. Even that feels incredible. He has no idea how he's going to survive being inside him.

Blaine scratches lightly down Kurt's back, nails biting in just enough to sting. "Come on, baby," he says, coaxing. "Please."

Kurt groans. "Okay, okay, you've talked me into it." He reaches down and lines himself up with the wet clench of Blaine's hole, then takes a deep breath, steeling himself for the push inside.

They both cry out when the head slips in. It's so tight and *so hot*, fuck, Kurt can't believe he forgot how hot Blaine is inside. For one terrifying second, he can feel pleasure rushing up his spine, threatening to overwhelm him. He clamps down on it, struggling against the urge to let go and just rut helplessly into Blaine's ass until he comes. He already knows this won't last long, but at the very least he wants to feel Blaine come before he tips over.

He works himself inside, shallow little thrusts that grow longer, deeper, as Blaine adjusts and relaxes around him. That initial wild urgency starts to bleed away, and he breathes easier, finally allowing himself to really enjoy the wet, smooth heat clinging to his cock.

One last long slide, and he's all the way in, his hips flush against the cushion of Blaine's ass. He presses his lips to any bit of Blaine he can find – his ear, his hair, his stubbly jaw. "Okay?"

Blaine turns his head and catches Kurt's mouth, sloppy and off-center. "Perfect." His hands slide up Kurt's back, strong fingers curling over his shoulders. "I love you."

"Love you, too," Kurt says. "Love you so much." He draws out, slowly, and just as slowly pushes back in.

He hasn't had this in so long. He feels almost like a shaky high schooler again, sharing this brand-new experience with the boy he loves, unable to breathe past the heat and pressure. He was so afraid of hurting him, that first time, terrified by the vulnerability of Blaine's trembling thighs and the weight of his trust.

He knows better now. He knows Blaine's body, knows what he likes, knows what he can take. But he's never stopped being awed by the way they come together, the pleasure they can

give each other. Looking down into Blaine's half-lidded eyes, feeling the way Blaine takes him inside – it's like coming home, and like discovering something extraordinary for the first time, like they're poised together on the cusp of something fragile and new.

He deliberately keeps it slow for a while, until Blaine predictably grows impatient, squirming beneath him. "Kurt, please. More."

"More of what?" Kurt asks, mostly teasing, though he certainly won't complain if Blaine chooses to elaborate. It's been months since he's had the privilege of hearing Blaine beg for his cock.

Blaine cranes up to kiss Kurt's throat, his jaw, the point of his chin. "More of *you*."

Kurt's heart pangs in his chest. Leave it to Blaine to find the most romantic way of asking to be fucked harder.

He catches Blaine's wandering lips with his own, kisses him down into the pillow as his hips pick up speed. Blaine sighs his approval into Kurt's mouth, bringing both hands up to sink into Kurt's hair, urging him down into the kiss. His legs grip and flex around Kurt's waist, helping him roll up to meet each thrust.

Kurt scrapes his teeth over the plush swell of Blaine's lip. "Like – oh – like this?" His rhythm falters for a moment when Blaine tugs lightly at his hair.

"Mmm." Blaine squeezes down around Kurt's cock, hard enough to make him see stars. "*More*."

Kurt gives him more. Here, today, Kurt will give him anything he wants.

The bedsprings are creaking wildly under them now; there's a sharp tapping sound on the outskirts of Kurt's awareness that is probably the headboard slamming into the wall. He doesn't care. He doesn't care who might be overhearing this, or how embarrassed he'll feel later. The only thing that matters is Blaine, his gorgeous Blaine, his *husband*, taking him and holding him close and crying his name. Needing him, the way Kurt was so afraid he never would again.

"More," Blaine moans. Kurt thinks he's probably just saying it out of habit now. If he really wants it harder than this, they'll have to change positions, and with the way Blaine is clinging to him, Kurt's pretty sure that's not what he's after. He hopes not, anyway. He loves fucking Blaine any way he can have him, but he couldn't bear to put any space between them right now.

In any case, it won't be long now. Kurt is already fighting to hold himself together, and Blaine is so worked up, so responsive. He'll come at the first touch to his cock, Kurt's sure of it.

That is, unless...

“Can you come like this?” It’s not often he can make Blaine come untouched, and almost never in this position, but it’s so unbelievably hot when he does. His balls draw up a little tighter just at the thought.

“I – I think so,” Blaine says. His eyes are shut tight, brow furrowed with a familiar tension. “Talk to me, please – I need – “

Kurt doesn’t need to be asked twice. The words spill out of him, a babble of sweetness and filth: “That’s it, just like that. You can come for me, I know you can, just let go. So good for me, so beautiful. Love you so much. Can’t wait to feel you come on my cock. Love you, love you – “

Blaine comes with a loud, broken cry, clenching hard around Kurt’s cock as his own spurts between them, painting Kurt’s belly with streaks of heat. Kurt works him through it, angling himself against that sweet spot again and again, only slowing his thrusts when Blaine’s moans take a sharp turn toward *too much*.

He dreads the thought of pulling out, though he knows it won’t be long before he has Blaine’s hand to finish him off. He’s bracing for the rush of cold air when Blaine shakes his head, tightening his legs around Kurt’s waist. “No, stay – god, stay in me, please.” He fists his hand in Kurt’s hair. “Keep going.”

Blaine has never liked being fucked after orgasm. He gets so sensitive, especially after he’s come like this. Kurt blinks the sweat from his eyes, struggling to focus on Blaine’s face. “Are you sure?”

Blaine nods, drags him down for a kiss. “Please.”

Kurt goes slowly, careful measured thrusts that are almost as painful for him as for Blaine, who claws frantically at his shoulders, writhing on his cock. He’s obviously trying to keep quiet, but he can’t seem to hold in the agonized little whines that escape him with each roll of Kurt’s hips. “Fuck, Kurt – *ah* – “

“Does it hurt,” Kurt manages, “honey, does it, do you want me to,” losing his train of thought as Blaine seizes around him.

“No,” Blaine bites out, and then immediately amends, “yeah, but – oh, god, don’t stop. Don’t stop.”

Kurt couldn’t if he wanted to, not with Blaine shivering and wet and overstimulated under him, all around him. He’s so close he’s shaking all over, wavering on the edge. He drives deep, deep into Blaine’s ass and stays there, grinding into that slick heat until his climax washes over him, lights bursting in the dark behind his eyelids.

Some indefinite time later, he surfaces enough to realize that he’s crushing Blaine under him, slumped on top of him with his full weight. He tries to move, to pull out, but Blaine refuses to let him go, winding his arms and legs even more tightly around Kurt’s back. “Stay,” he breathes, almost too quiet for Kurt to make out.

Stay. Okay. Kurt can do that.

He relaxes down, trusting that Blaine will tell him if he gets too uncomfortable. He buries his face against Blaine's sweaty neck and breathes deep, taking comfort in the scent of him. He'll be demanding a shower soon enough, but right now, Blaine smells wonderful, sharp and salty and perfect.

He might doze off for a minute. When he opens his eyes again, Blaine's grip has loosened, legs slipping down from Kurt's hips to thud against the bed. Kurt takes his cue, pressing one last kiss to Blaine's throat before reluctantly pushing up to his knees. He eases himself out as gingerly as he can, mindful of how sore Blaine must be. Blaine lets out a choked noise despite his best efforts, and Kurt ducks back down to kiss him quiet, murmuring apologies against his lips.

His legs feel wobbly just kneeling up over Blaine's body. With the last of his energy, he crumples off to the side, collapsing down to the mattress in a heap.

Blaine is a limp weight next to him, sprawled bonelessly on his back with his eyes closed. His eyelashes are clumped together, damp with sweat and what might have been the start of tears. He could almost be asleep, except for the hand that reaches out, searching blindly until Kurt catches it up in his own.

Kurt shifts a little closer and pillows his head on Blaine's shoulder. He fits his free hand to the dip of Blaine's waist, strokes lightly over the soft skin under his ribs. "You okay, honey?"

"I'm afraid so," Blaine says, completely deadpan. He squawks when Kurt pinches his side in reproach, eyes flying open, laughing at his own dumb joke. "Ow! Well, I *was* okay, until you attacked me with your clothespin fingers."

Kurt can't believe he married this moment-killing idiot. "I'm so sorry," he replies insincerely. "Want me to kiss it better?"

Blaine shakes his head. "Kiss me instead," he says, eyes dark and hazy-warm – and who is Kurt to deny him?

End Notes

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