

If I Lose Myself

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If I Lose Myself

by [fablewriter](#)

Summary

Anonymous asked: Can I prompt you ; billionaire older Kurt and pretty young thing Blaine in a relationship and just Kurt spoiling him and just fluff and smut or whatever, take creative freedom as you wish(:

Notes

This started off as a simple prompt request, and it quickly turned into a multi-chapter story. There will be smut in future chapters. Anyway, this first part starts off with Nick and Blaine who are roommates and they go to this new club that opened. While there, Blaine's presence is requested by the owner of the club, handsome billionaire, Kurt Hummel.

Enjoy!

Chapter 1

Nick Duval closed one of Blaine's favorite books. Actually, he snatched it out of Blaine's hands and tossed it across the apartment. Blaine looked up at his best friend and roommate with one of his infamous eyebrow raising glares. Nick knew that look well. His hazel eyes pierced with annoyance, his lips pressed together and his bushy eyebrows raised as high as they could go. It was always so entertaining, because Blaine was a teddy bear. He couldn't hurt anybody.

"You and me are going out, now," Nick stated. Blaine groaned, getting up to go get his book.

"I'm fine staying in," Blaine answered.

"Blaine, it's summer. You've worked your ass off at NYU all year. Can't you have a little fun?" Nick asked, more like whined. It was true. Blaine just finished his Junior year at NYU and it was grueling. Blaine majored in Music Theory, while taking a few business courses. It had been a hectic few years. The day Blaine and Nick turned twenty-one, Nick bought a couple of drinks just after finals were over. That was the one and only time Blaine drank alcohol.

"What about last night?" Blaine asked, picking up his book.

"We went to a theater to watch a Disney movie," Nick said.

"And you think Disney *isn't* fun? You have no soul," Blaine declared.

"Come on, a new club opened up a couple of weeks ago and I want to check it out. Come with me," Nick begged. Blaine was smart, but social skills weren't his forte. Nick and Blaine had other friends, but when it came to going out, Blaine wanted to stay in and read or write or anything that didn't involve going outside with other people.

"I don't know..."

"One hour," Nick bribed. "We go to the club and we stay for an hour. If you don't like it, we will leave and I'll buy dinner. If you do like it, we stay and you actually let yourself have a little fun. You may even meet somebody," Nick said.

Blaine sighed. Relationships were worse than his social skills. The last guy he was interested in was in high school, and that didn't go anywhere. Nick had a boyfriend or two, but he was looking for that perfect someone. That was one of the things Nick and Blaine had in common. They were both hopeless romantics who just wanted to find that special guy to be with. At least Nick wasn't afraid to go up to someone and make conversation. Blaine was terrified.

"Fine, let me go get dressed," Blaine said. Nick practically yelped.

“Great! I picked out an outfit for you. Go get ready!” Blaine didn't question. Nick did that from time to time. At least someone in the apartment could put clothes together.

Nick was a little taller than Blaine, but only by a couple of inches. He had dark, brunette hair that didn't need to be handled with gel. Blaine envied that. They were best friends. Had been since their time in Dalton Academy. Both Blaine and Nick were gay, but they never dated each other. That spark was never there between them and they were like brothers.

It was decided after graduation, they would try to get to New York to attend NYU. Their parents helped, but they were on their own for the most part. They both had part time jobs working on the campus. During the summer, Blaine worked at the coffee shop a few days a week, while Nick worked at a pet store. Sometimes Nick came home smelling like cats had mauled him. Their apartment didn't allow pets, so Blaine never worried about Nick bringing one home. Although, both of them had always wanted a dog.

Nick and Blaine, during the night time, they *always* walked together. Both knew how to defend themselves, they took a few classes at Dalton and even signed up for a few when they arrived at New York, but there was always safety in numbers. They walked a few blocks away from their apartment and arrived at the club. There was a long beginning to form, so they arrived just in time before a crowd formed.

“Is this a gay club?” Blaine asked.

“It's relatively new. So, I'm not really sure. I've heard a few people talk about it, so it's gotta be good,” Nick answered. Both pulled out their ID's when they came to the bouncer. He let them in and they were met with the blast of loud music blaring from a large stage. People were dancing, drinking, laughing, and just having fun. There was the scent of food in the air.

“I'm hungry,” Blaine said.

“Me too. There's two seats!” Nick shouted, pointing to two stools. They grabbed them quickly and were met with a tall bartender. He had a mohawk and the name tag read, Puck.

“What can I get you?”

“What is that smell? It smells delicious,” Nick asked. Puck laughed.

“That, my friend, is our house specialty. Bacon burgers with peanut butter. Want me to put in an order for two?” Puck asked, placing two napkins in front of the boys. “Who's the driver?”

“Oh we walked, but we don't really drink,” Blaine answered. Puck just nodded.

“How about a couple of ginger ales while you wait for your food?” Puck asked. Neither Nick or Blaine turned down the food.

“Sounds good,” Nick said. Puck nodded and prepared the ginger ales before putting in an order for their food.

“I'm gonna mingle,” Nick said, taking his ginger ale. “Come with?”

"I'm gonna sit for a bit first," Blaine answered. Nick figured that but he didn't fault him for it.

"I'll be back. I won't take offense if a hot guy takes my seat," Nick said with a wink before he left. Blaine just shook his head and started sipping his ginger ale.

Puck talked to Blaine a few times while serving the other customers. Nick came back not too long before Puck brought out their food. Blaine learned that the club was brand new, and it was owned by someone named Kurt Hummel. Blaine had no idea who that was, but he pretended to just to keep the conversation going.

The burger was delicious. Blaine was about halfway done when Puck came up to Blaine and smirked.

"Your presence is requested," Puck said to Blaine. Nick looked at Blaine, whom looked just as confused.

"I'm sorry, what?" Blaine asked.

"Kurt Hummel wants to meet you. You must have made one hell of an impression," Puck answered. "My girl Quinn will come by and escort you to his private room." That sort of bothered Blaine.

"I'm not going into a private room with some guy I don't know," Blaine said, pushing his food away.

"It's cool, it's cool. His body guards will be with him, so you won't be alone," Puck answered.

"Why does he need bodyguards?" Blaine asked. Puck looked at him with wide eyes.

"He's Kurt Hummel. Why would he *not* need bodyguards?" Puck asked. Nick didn't hear that part of the conversation. He nearly joked on his food.

"Oh my God! Blaine, *the* Kurt Hummel wants to meet you," Nick said. Blaine sighed.

"Okay, I played along with it long enough. Who is Kurt Hummel?" Blaine asked. Puck's mouth was wide and Nick just shook his head.

"Blainey, Kurt Hummel is the world's top richest men. His father owned Hummel Inc which is the top mechanic engineering company. Kurt took it over when his father retired. He still owns the company but he does other things too. He patrons Broadway shows, fashion runways, and obviously owns this club. Blaine, he's fucking rich and fucking famous! And wants to meet *you*!"

Before Blaine could react, someone tapped him on the shoulder. He turned to see a beautiful blonde woman with a dark pink dress standing behind him with a smile. Puck smiled at her briefly before getting back to work behind the bar.

"Are you Blaine?" she asked. Blaine didn't trust himself to speak, so he nodded. The woman smiled.

“You are adorable. No wonder Kurt was fascinated. Well, my name is Quinn. I run this club when Kurt isn't here. Now, you don't have to come with me, and Kurt will understand, but he wants to meet with you in private. Don't worry, you won't be completely alone,” Quinn said.

“Go ahead, Blaine. Just text me if you need. I won't leave without you,” Nick encouraged. Blaine looked at Nick then back to Quinn.

“Umm...I guess it couldn't hurt,” Blaine said. Quinn smiled and offered her arm which Blaine took without hesitation.

“We'll make sure Nick is taken care of, too,” Quinn said while they walked through the crowd. Quinn brought Blaine toward the back of the club to a red door. She knocked on it a few times before turning the knob. She smiled to Blaine.

“Go ahead,” she said. Blaine hesitated but walked forward into a large room. There were strings of lights hanging from the ceiling. A love seat couch was sitting in the middle of the room on top of a burgundy rug. There was a big screen television, playing some rerun of an old show. A couple of tall, broad looking men were standing on either side of Blaine. He half expected one of them to frisk him or something, like they did in the movies, but neither one touched him.

He heard a door open and close, with a rather tall handsome man with a dark purple buttoned shirt and dark gray pants. He was a bit older than Blaine, but the man was certainly gorgeous. Blaine nearly forgot how to speak. Luckily, the man just smiled and walked forward to Blaine.

“You are cuter up close. I'm glad you came to meet me,” the man said. Blaine gulped.

“I've never done this before,” Blaine said.

“I haven't either, contrary to popular belief. I'm sure you know who I am, but I think pleasantries are important. I'm Kurt Hummel,” he said, holding his hand out to Blaine. The man was taller than Blaine with pale skin and deep blue eyes. Blaine took a hold of Kurt's hand and grasped it gently.

“Blaine Anderson,” he said. Kurt smiled, releasing Blaine's hand.

“Puck told me your name was Blaine and I just had to meet you. I would go out myself, but I prefer my meetings private,” Kurt said. “Don't mind them.” He gestured to the bodyguard which Blaine forgot about.

“Have a seat. Puck said you were drinking ginger ale. Would you like another? I don't drink either. Since an incident in high school, I don't touch the stuff,” he said. Kurt sat down on the love seat, patting the cushion beside him. Blaine sat down beside Kurt. He felt a bit more calm once he sat down.

“I'm sorry...but when Puck said that you wanted to meet me, I didn't know what to expect. I had no idea who you were to be honest,” Blaine responded. Kurt just smiled.

“That's okay. It means that your demeanor around me is real. I'm glad I decided to come today. If we are being honest, and I always like things to be that way, I don't care for clubs,” Kurt admitted. That surprised Blaine.

“But you own this place,” Blaine stated. Kurt laughed. Blaine smiled at the sound. It was comforting.

“I know! But this was important to my dear friends Quinn and Puck. I helped them out and I don't regret it. Enough about me, tell me about Blaine Anderson. This doesn't seem like your scene,” Kurt said, scooting a little closer to Blaine. He put his arm on the back of the couch, resting his head against his hand. Kurt's leg crossed over his, so his body was turned toward Blaine, but not touching him.

“It isn't, to be honest. My friend and roommate kind of bribed me to come here,” Blaine answered. Kurt nodded.

“Well, I'm glad you took the bribe, otherwise my night would have been dull and boring,” Kurt said with a flirtatious smile. At least, Blaine thinks it's flirtatious. He wouldn't know if anybody was flirting with him.

“It's summer vacation for us, so he's been trying to get me to get out more often,” Blaine said. Kurt stayed silent for a moment.

“If I can ask, how old are you?” Kurt asked curiously.

“I swear, I'm twenty-one! I turned twenty-one a few months ago,” Blaine said holding his hands up. Kurt smiled warmly, gently pushing Blaine's hands down.

“I wasn't trying to give you the third degree, baby. Honest,” Kurt said. Blaine barely missed that small term of endearment.

“Oh, well then, why do you ask?” Blaine asked, calming down a bit. Though, Kurt's hands never left Blaine's.

“Are you curious as to how old I am?” Kurt asked. Blaine licked his lips.

“A little...” he admitted. Kurt appreciated Blaine still being honest with him.

“I'm thirty-eight. I'll thirty-nine next month,” Kurt answered. Blaine just nodded. Kurt most definitely did not look like he was in his thirties.

“Okay,” Blaine answered. Kurt removed his hands, and scooted a bit closer to Blaine.

“Okay as in, you're okay with the age difference, or okay as in...nice to meet you can I go now?” Kurt somewhat joked. Blaine laughed a little.

“Age is a number, that's all,” Blaine responded. Kurt smiled again. He was about to say something else when he heard a buzzing noise. Blaine pulled his phone out of his pocket. “I'm sorry.” He saw that Nick sent him a text message on the screen.

From Nick:
You are still alive right?

Blaine snorted.

To Nick:
And kicking. We'll leave soon.

"Again, I'm sorry. That was my friend, he's just checking up on me," Blaine answered. Kurt nodded.

"No problem. I'm sure I've kept you from him long enough, I don't want to be rude. Although, I don't want this meeting to be a one time thing," Kurt hinted. Blaine's cheeks flushed. "Only if that's all right with you, baby."

Blaine cleared his throat.

"I...I would like that," Blaine answered, getting up from the sofa. Kurt smiled as he got up with Blaine.

"Good. I'm sorry this was cut short, but please, text me when you make it safely to your apartment," Kurt said, giving his phone to Blaine. Blaine took his, in exchange for giving Kurt his phone. The door opened in time after Blaine gave Kurt's phone back and Kurt gave Blaine's back.

"I'm pretty sure your friend is driving Puck crazy," Quinn joked. Blaine let out a breathy chuckle.

"He grows on you," Blaine said, then turned to Kurt. "It was nice meeting you, Kurt."

"It was definitely a pleasure meeting you, Blaine," Kurt said, tugging a little bit on Blaine's shirt, just to give some sort of touch without stepping over boundaries. Blaine flushed a little and turned to walk toward Quinn. The blonde shot Kurt a knowing grin before she shut the door behind her. Kurt looked into his phone and smiled at the new contact in his phone: Blaine Anderson.

"Okay, spill! I have been holding it in since we left the club! What was Kurt Hummel like?" Nick nearly bellowed when he and Blaine arrived at the apartment. Blaine had a wide smile on his face when he left the room to meet up with Nick. Throughout the walk back home, neither one said anything, but Nick wasn't going to let that go so easily, and Blaine expected it.

"He's...a gentleman. He's nice and hot," Blaine said. He pulled out his phone. Kurt requested that Blaine send him a text when he got home. He did just that.

"Are you texting him now? You two exchanged numbers? My best friend is dating a billionaire!" Nick exclaimed happily.

“Nick...we are not dating. We just met,” Blaine said. His phone buzzed and he smiled at the response from Kurt.

From Kurt:

I'm still not happy that we had to cut our meeting short. I rather miss you. Is that weird?

Blaine bit his lower lip.

To Kurt:

I don't think so.

From Kurt:

I do have a full schedule for tomorrow, but I want to see you again. I'll call you tomorrow. I promise. Sleep well, baby.

“What's he saying that is making you smile like you were back in high school?” Nick asked. Blaine put his phone away.

“Nothing. I'm gonna take a shower. Put a movie on,” Blaine said, heading to the bathroom. Nick sighed.

“You cannot ignore me!”

“I know!”

Nick had an early shift at the pet store, Blaine had the day off. It was his day to do some errands, like grocery shopping or any supplies they needed for the apartment. They didn't need much, though. He didn't have anything that needed to go in the fridge, so he stopped by his favorite soft pretzel place. He got the same thing every time. Sour cream and onion powdered soft pretzel with a lemonade.

“Blaine?” He knew that voice. Blaine turned around to see Kurt pulling off his sunglasses and smiling at him.

“Kurt,” Blaine said in surprise.

“Fancy bumping into you like this. I see I'm not the only one who has a love for soft pretzels,” Kurt said. The cashier handed Blaine his pretzel and his cup of lemonade.

“Sour cream and onion? My favorite, too,” Kurt said. Blaine smiled.

“I get it every time,” Blaine answered.

“Are you in a rush?” Kurt asked.

“No, not at all.”

“Well, let me put an order in and we can sit and talk,” Kurt suggested.

"I'll be over there," Blaine said, pointing to a two seater spot near a window. Kurt nodded as Blaine walked to the table. A couple of minutes later, Kurt joined him at the table with the same exact pretzel and drink as Blaine.

"So, how was your day so far?" Blaine asked. Kurt smiled.

"Long and it started early. I have a lot, but I wouldn't trade what I do for anything. What about you? No work today?" Kurt asked. Blaine took a sip of his lemonade.

"Day off today. Nick is working. I took care of a few errands," Blaine answered.

"So, does that mean you'll be free tonight?" Kurt asked.

"Um...yeah, so far," Blaine answered. Kurt smiled. He couldn't get over just how cute this man was and he was looking forward to knowing more about him.

"How about dinner tonight?" Kurt asked. Blaine could feel a few *accidental* touches under the table from Kurt's feet. Kurt was definitely charming.

"Dinner sounds great," Blaine said. That made Kurt really happy. He pulled out his phone and the smile on his face went away.

"I have to get going. Please, text me your address and I'll pick you up tonight at seven," Kurt said, getting up from the table, taking his pretzel and drink with him.

"We can meet somewhere. You don't have to go through the trouble," Blaine said. Kurt turned to Blaine and just smiled. Blaine really liked that smile.

"I know I don't have to, I *want* to. And it is anything but trouble. And text me your address. I'll see you tonight, baby," Kurt said with a wink and left the store. Just after Kurt left, the cashier came up to Blaine and handed him a card.

"What's this?" Blaine asked.

"Mr. Hummel is one of our top customers. He specifically requested that any time you come here, you use this card. It lets us know that your food is on the house. You're so lucky. He's never done that for anybody," the cashier smiled and walked away. It was a card with Kurt's name on it, and on the back was Blaine's name on it. Blaine nearly forgot about his pretzel and drink. He had a card that said he had free pretzels...and tonight he had date with the hot billionaire.

He was going to need Nick's help.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Kurt and Blaine's first date :)

Blaine paced back and forth in the apartment, waiting for Nick to come home. He had two hours to get ready for his date and he needed Nick. He stopped pacing when the door opened and Nick walked into the apartment.

“Long day, but lots of pets got adopted,” Nick said.

“Lovely. I need your help,” Blaine said. Nick plopped down on the couch.

“Can it wait? I wanna take a shower,” Nick asked. Blaine shook his head.

“No. I have a date tonight and I need you to help me put together an outfit.” Nick wasn't tired anymore. He sprung up from the couch.

“Hot billionaire? Please tell me it's hot billionaire,” Nick said. Blaine rolled his eyes.

“His name is Kurt,” Blaine said. Nick waved his hand.

“Fine. Please tell me it's hot billionaire Kurt,” Nick said.

“It is Kurt. Now, will you please help me? He's picking me up at seven and I still need to shower and fix my hair,” Blaine said, his voice going up an octave. Nick rolled his eyes. Blaine was always so dramatic.

“Okay, get it together. Go shower first before I go in and take all the hot water. You need it more than me right now,” Nick said, holding onto Blaine's shoulders. He got a whiff of Nick's scent and squinted. Nick always had some kind of odor when he came home from work.

“You stink,” Blaine said.

“Don't get sassy with me. I'm giving up a shower and helping you with clothes,” Nick said. Blaine nodded.

“And I love you dearly for it. Give me fifteen minutes,” Blaine said, rushing to the bathroom.

“Do not put any gel in your hair!”

“What?” Blaine nearly squealed.

“I'm serious. Do you really want Kurt to have gel on his fingers while he's combing your hair with them?”

“Umm...” Blaine hesitated.

“No, you don't, is the answer. Shower!”

After a lot of matching, Blaine complaining about his hair, and Nick finally taking a shower because he smelled like a hamster farm, Blaine was ready for his date with Kurt. Kurt wouldn't tell Blaine where they were going, but said to dress nice. It didn't take very long. Nick dressed Blaine in a teal buttoned shirt with a white undershirt. His pants were a dark khaki color and shoes to match. Nick helped Blaine with his hair, only giving him a small dose of gel, no bigger than a dime. Blaine had curly hair and it had a mind of its own. He let out a breath and examined himself in the mirror. His hair was behaving and his outfit looked good.

“See? It looks good,” Nick said, as if slightly offended that Blaine doubted him. Blaine's phone buzzed. It was a message from Kurt.

From Kurt:
I'm outside.

Blaine's heart raced.

“Shit, he's here!” He bellowed. Nick grew curious and looked out of one of the windows that lead to their fire escape. One of the nice thing about their apartment is that they got a view. Granted, it was more street and buildings, but it was still nice. Nick gasped.

“Blaine? Did Kurt say he would arrive in a limousine?” Before Blaine could answer, he got another message.

From Kurt:
Yes, I am in the limousine :)

“Yes...” Blaine said breathlessly.

“Oh shit! I want pictures! Now, go!” Nick said, nearly booting Blaine out the door. “Your prince is waiting for you,” Nick teased. Blaine laughed nervously, leaving the apartment. He walked out of the building to find Kurt, standing against the limousine. He was wearing a three piece suit which made Blaine feel under dressed.

“Your hair,” Kurt said. Blaine frowned.

“I know...Nick wouldn't let me gel it back...” Blaine started. Kurt stepped forward and actually combed his fingers through it.

“I will have to thank Nick for that. I love it,” Kurt complimented. Blaine made a relieved sigh.

“Sorry...I'm a little nervous,” Blaine said. Kurt looked at him oddly.

“Why would you be nervous?” Kurt asked.

“I...” Blaine started.

“Why don't we get in? I made reservations and we can talk more in the limousine. I know, it's extravagant, but I love riding in these things,” Kurt said. He opened the door and allowed Blaine to go in first. Blaine climbed in and was amazed at the amount of space. He couldn't see the driver because there was some sort of tinted window blocking it. Kurt wanted the privacy.

“Malcolm has been with me for the longest time. I trust nobody else to drive me around,” Kurt commented as he closed the door. The limousine pulled onto the road and on their way to the restaurant.

“I've never been in these before,” Blaine said.

“Well, that changes now. I've been looking forward to this all day,” Kurt said. He pressed a button and a compartment with two champagne glasses appeared. “Ginger ale. Like I said, I don't touch alcohol.” Blaine smiled and gladly took the glass.

“Thank you,” Blaine said.

“And may I say that you look very handsome tonight,” Kurt complimented, clinging his glass to Blaine's before taking a sip.

“I feel a little undressed compared to you. Not that I mean that as an insult, no, you look very handsome as well,” Blaine said quickly. Kurt chuckled.

“One of the many perks of being fashion runways number one patron. I get access to the latest styles,” Kurt answered.

“Sorry...like I said, I'm kind of nervous,” Blaine said, taking a quick sip of his ginger ale.

“Do *I* make you nervous?” Kurt asked. Blaine shook his head.

“It's not you,” Blaine assured. That seemed to give Kurt some relief.

“Then, what is it? I want tonight to be nothing but perfection. So, if there is anything that is making you uncomfortable, I want to know about it, and take care of it, if I can,” Kurt said, taking Blaine's glass and setting it aside.

“This is going to sound embarrassing...but this is technically my first date...” Blaine practically mumbled. Kurt's eyes widened.

“You mean...first date ever?” Kurt asked. Blaine's cheeks flushed.

“I've gone out in group dates, but never one by myself. I grew up in Ohio so...” Kurt immediately understood.

“Yes, Ohio does lack it's selection of eligible men for us,” Kurt said. Blaine looked at Kurt.

“You grew up there too?” Kurt was a little surprised Blaine didn't know that, but he went with it.

“Lima,” Kurt said.

“Westerville,” Blaine added.

“That was maybe an hour away from me. What a small world,” Kurt said. Blaine smiled as he started to relax. The limousine came to a stop. They arrived at the restaurant.

“I know you're hungry. I'm starving,” Kurt said. Blaine got out of the limousine after Kurt and was surprised. It was one of the most elegant restaurants in New York. He walked past it a few times and always looked at the people through the windows. Kurt guided Blaine into the restaurant where the host smiled at Kurt.

“Mr. Hummel, your table is ready as requested,” she said. Kurt and Blaine followed the host through the dining area. Some people gasped at who they saw, but nobody said anything. The restaurant was just as elegant inside as it was outside. Tables were covered with white cloths and had candles sitting in the center. There was a bright chandelier in the middle of the ceiling and a second floor, which was where he and Kurt were going.

There were a few other people seated on the second floor, but that's not where the host sat them. She took them further into the back where she drew a dark curtain to reveal booth table, already set and ready with two lit candles.

“Your private table, and I assure you, nobody will bother you,” the host promised.

“Thank you,” Kurt said gratefully and gave something to her before they took a seat. As soon as they were seated, the host drew the curtain so that they were isolated. The candles gave them light but the main source came from the mini chandelier light hanging in the middle.

“I hope this was all right,” Kurt said. Blaine was still in awe.

“I feel like I'm in a scene from Pretty Woman,” Blaine blurted. Kurt laughed.

“That is one of my favorite movies. You get brownie points for making that reference,” Kurt said. The curtain opened with the same host and gave them their menus. It finally dawned on Blaine that they were in a fancy restaurant.

“Thank you,” he said to the host before she drew the curtain again. Kurt put his hand over Blaine's menu.

“It is on me tonight,” Kurt started. Blaine wanted to argue, but Kurt wasn't finished. “I asked you out and think of this as my way of wooing you, so to speak. Tonight is just you and me, so please don't worry about paying for anything. Not tonight,” Kurt requested. Blaine let out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding.

“All right, I won't worry about it tonight,” Blaine promised. Kurt smiled and removed his hand from Blaine's menu.

“Good. Now, I hope you brought your appetite,” Kurt said. Blaine viewed the menu. There was an entire section dedicated to Italian cooking. His eyes stayed focused mainly on that side.

“You like Italian?” Kurt noticed.

“My grandma is Italian. I learned to cook from her, and some of the language,” Blaine answered.

“Really?”

“Sì, mio caro signore,” Blaine said. Kurt made a mental note to himself. Blaine will have to cook Italian food and speak the language the whole time.

“I used to know French. I'm way out of practice,” Kurt said. The host came back to ask about drinks and their orders. Blaine chose an Italian dish and Kurt one from the same section. The host left and there was a comfortable silence between the two.

“Can I ask you something, Blaine?” Kurt started, a little nervously. Blaine took a sip of the water that was sitting beside his plate.

“Of course,” Blaine said.

“You said that you didn't know about me. So...did you google me at all?” Kurt asked. Blaine took a little time to answer that. He wanted to google Kurt, just so that he had an idea of whom he just met. He never did when he met Kurt at the pretzel place.

“No, I didn't,” Blaine answered.

“Why not?” Kurt asked.

“I thought about it, I did. Because I only know what Nick told me about you. I didn't want to sound dumb when you wanted to ask me to dinner, but I figured that if I'm going out with you, then I would rather hear about you, *from* you.” Blaine couldn't quite read Kurt's expression, but he knew it wasn't anger or annoyance or anything negative.

“I think that's the most romantic thing anybody has ever said to me,” Kurt admitted. Blaine tried not to laugh.

“Really?”

“You said that you've never been on a date, a real date before. Well...I haven't dated in the past possibly six years,” Kurt said.

“Why not? I mean...you have seen yourself, right?” Blaine asked. Kurt chuckled. His hand was just inches away from Blaine's.

"I was engaged...and I called it off and I...just never wanted to get back into the dating world," Kurt said.

"You were engaged?" Blaine asked.

"Yes. So, I kind of understand your nervousness, because in some ways, I'm new to the dating world too."

"Well, if it's any consolation, I think you're doing better than I was. I mean I had Nick help me with my outfit," Blaine said with a chuckle.

"I had one of the designers from the latest fashion show bring me all of his samples, including his outdated ones," Kurt admitted.

"No wonder you look better than I do," Blaine joked. That time, Kurt reached for Blaine's hand.

"I think you're very handsome. Gorgeous, even," Kurt said. "I really hope that this isn't the only time we see each other. I can't really explain it, but I want to know more about you. I am in the public eye, though. I run a successful business, and I am a patron for many things. I need to know if that will bother you. And the age difference..."

"Doesn't bother me, unless that bothers you," Blaine interrupted. Kurt gave a small smile.

"No, the age difference doesn't bother me. So, we are on the same page?" Kurt asked hopefully. Blaine smiled, caressing Kurt's knuckles with his thumb.

"Same page," Blaine said. Kurt gave Blaine's hand a gentle squeeze before the curtain opened and the food was delivered.

The food was delicious and conversation never stopped. They shared a molten chocolate lava cake for dessert before they left. The limousine was there waiting for them. When the limousine arrived at Blaine's apartment, Kurt insisted on walking him to the door. Blaine knew Nick was probably still awake, waiting for Blaine.

"This is a nice apartment building," Kurt commented.

"I like it here," Blaine said. They came to Blaine's apartment and stood for a moment.

"Is it too much of a cliché if I said I had a really good time tonight?" Kurt asked.

"Cliches are there for a reason. And I did too," Blaine answered. Kurt stood in front of Blaine, taking a hold of his hands.

"How about the cliché of a good night kiss?" Kurt whispered. Blaine smiled.

"That's the best one," Blaine whispered back. Kurt smiled a bit before leaning forward and pressing his lips against Blaine's. It was a sweet kiss. At first, there was no movement. Kurt pulled gently on Blaine's hand, wanting him to come closer. Knowing Blaine never dated, so

that meant there was a chance he never kissed anybody before. Kurt's lips moved, getting Blaine to move along with him. Kurt released Blaine's hand and brought up to Blaine's hair.

Blaine would definitely have to thank Nick for taking away his gel. Blaine cupped Kurt's cheek, sighing against the kiss before Kurt pulled away.

“Good night, Blaine,” Kurt whispered.

“Good night, Kurt,” Blaine whispered back. Kurt watched Blaine unlock the door before he walked away. Blaine closed the door behind him and leaned against it with a happy sigh.

“About damn time,” Nick said with a bowl of popcorn. Blaine didn't care.

“It was amazing,” Blaine said without Nick asking. Nick smiled and patted the couch.

“Tell me everything.” Blaine was more than happy to do so.

There was knock at the door the next morning. When Blaine answered it there was a pink box sitting on the floor with a card on top. Blaine picked it up and brought it into the apartment. Nick was getting ready for work. He walked out of his room and saw Blaine put the box on the counter and open the card.

Good Morning,

I was up so early and I thought of you. Have a good day, baby. I may see you soon ;)

- Kurt

“What's in the box?” Nick asked. Blaine was still smiling down at the card that he forgot about the box. He put it aside and opened the lid. His eyes widened.

“Oh no!” Blaine nearly yelped.

“What?”

“Cronuts!”

“Hand them over!”

Blaine nearly collapsed on the couch. It was a long day and he was just glad to be home. Nick would be home soon so Blaine just cherished the silence. It wasn't long until his phone buzzed. He pulled it out and smiled. It was the first message he got from Kurt since the card that morning.

From Kurt:
Hello, baby. Are you home from work?

Blaine smiled as he typed his response.

To Kurt:

I just got home. Thank you for the cronuts. How did you know they were my favorite?

From Kurt:

Just a feeling. I love those things. It was like a croissant and a donut made a fabulous love child.

Blaine laughed. He thought the same thing.

From Kurt:

I hope you have enough energy. Malcolm should be there to pick you up in a few minutes. I thought maybe we could watch a movie tonight at my place.

To Kurt:

Only if it's a rom com.

From Kurt:

Careful, baby. I may fall in love with you. See you in a few :)

The limousine picked up Blaine and drove him to Kurt's apartment. To Blaine's surprise, he expected Kurt to live in some huge house outside the city. Malcolm drove up to one of the more expensive apartments. He told Blaine that the doorman is expecting him and that Kurt's apartment is the penthouse at the very top, thirty-second floor. The doorman looked at Blaine then back to Malcolm for confirmation before letting him into the building.

Blaine took the elevator to the thirty-second floor. When he got there, there was just a hallway with one door. Blaine watched the door open with Kurt standing in the doorway.

“Right on time,” Kurt said. Blaine smiled and walked into Kurt's apartment. There was a large view of the city. A cozy looking love seat couch sat in the middle of the living room, facing a big screen television.

“Wow,” Blaine said.

“Shall I give you a tour before the movie?” Kurt asked.

“So long as you stick by me. I have a feeling I could get lost,” Blaine joked. Kurt leaned forward and gave Blaine a quick kiss on the lips.

“I would never let you out of my sight,” Kurt said, taking a hold of Blaine's arm.

Kurt showed Blaine his room, the kitchen, a small room for his computers and his large closet. Other than some high tech devices, and the fact that he lived in a penthouse, Kurt's apartment was just like any other place. Kurt ordered a pizza for dinner while they browsed Netflix on the large television.

“How was your day?” Blaine was the first to ask.

“Grueling. Meetings most of the morning. I tried to get as much done as I could earlier in the day. I was hoping to spend some more time with you,” Kurt answered. Blaine smiled.

“You're not tired?” Blaine asked. Kurt shook his head, scooting closer to Blaine on the couch.

“No, not at all,” Kurt whispered.

“I won't be offended if you fall asleep during the movie,” Blaine said as Kurt took a hold of his hand. Kurt laced his fingers with Blaine's.

“If I do, will you still be here in the morning? I'm not saying we will do anything...but if we just sleep, will you still be here in the morning?” Kurt asked. Sometimes it was hard to believe that even someone like Kurt was older, wiser, and obviously successful, can be just as nervous or insecure about a situation. Blaine squeezed his hand gently.

“I won't go anywhere. I can't promise my phone won't blow up from Nick's text messages,” Blaine said jokingly. Kurt chuckled.

“That's okay,” was all Kurt said before he leaned in for another kiss, this time a little longer than a peck. It would have been longer had not the pizza man knocked on the door. Kurt hated being interrupted, but he was hungry and he knew Blaine was too.

“Dinner and then our movie?” Kurt asked. Blaine nodded.

“It's a date.”

Chapter 3

Blaine was once again reading on the couch when Nick plopped next to him, shoving his phone into Blaine's face. It was becoming a challenge for Blaine to get a few moments of reading time and Nick was making sure it was. He turned to look at Nick, not the phone.

“What?”

“Your man was interviewed. Check it out,” Nick insisted. Blaine took Nick's phone and viewed the article piece. Two weeks he and Kurt were seeing each other. Blaine hadn't spoken to Kurt the past couple of days. Of course, Blaine expected that because Kurt was a high profile man.

“It even talks about his mystery lover...” Nick teased. Blaine scanned the article. It talked about an upcoming runway show, business politics and the interviewer even asked about rumors of Kurt seeing someone. Kurt didn't comment much, except for he was seeing someone and it was still new.

“Okay, so what?” Blaine asked, handing Nick his phone.

“Are you guys keeping your relationship a secret?” Nick asked. Blaine shrugged his shoulders. He wasn't sure what he and Kurt really were. They've gone out on some dates and even stayed in to watch a movie. All they've actually done was kiss a few times, but that's as far as it went. Were they just casual or was this an actual relationship? Blaine had no idea and he was too chicken to ask.

“I guess,” he answered lamely.

“You guess? You mean you don't know?” Nick asked.

“Pretty much. We haven't talked about it and neither one of us asked,” Blaine answered.

“Are you going to ask? I know it's only been a couple of weeks but you seem to really like him. Speaking of which, when do I get to meet him?” Nick asked, changing the subject. Blaine just shook his head and headed to the kitchen.

“I don't know. I haven't even met any of his friends. Except for Quinn and Puck, but that doesn't count because we were at the club,” Blaine said, recalling his memory of when he and Kurt met. He opened the fridge and sighed. Nothing to eat.

“Don't you want to ask or meet his friends?” Nick asked. That was the question. It was too soon to be thinking like that, wasn't it?

“I don't know. This is all new to me,” Blaine answered. Nick nodded.

“Have you talked to him today?” Nick asked. Blaine was about to say *no* when his phone vibrated. He pulled it out and, of course, there was a message from Kurt.

From Kurt:
Are you home right now?

To Kurt:
I am. Me and Nick were just trying to figure out what to eat for lunch.

From Kurt:
Perfect! I'll be there in a few minutes with Chinese food. If that's all right. It's been a long day and I miss you.

Blaine looked up at Nick.

“Well, you'll get to meet him after all. He's bringing Chinese food,” Blaine said. Nick's eyes widened.

“He brought offerings of friendship. He's trying to make an impression on me,” Nick said, blowing his nails dramatically.

“Nick,” Blaine warned.

“Relax. I want to meet the guy that makes you smile just from a simple text message. And he's bringing Chinese food, I'd say marry him!” Nick exclaimed. Blaine just laughed and typed up a response.

To Kurt:
You're always welcome here. I can't promise Nick won't embarrass the hell out of me.

From Kurt:
:) I'll be there soon baby.

“Please behave,” Blaine said to Nick. Nick's mouth gaped open, pressing against his chest as if that was the most offensive thing Blaine could say to him.

“Blainey? You wound me!”

“And don't call me Blainey in front of him,” Blaine pointed out.

“Why not? You've had that nickname since Dalton,” Nick said.

“Okay, you call me Blainey, I bring back Nicolai,” Blaine challenged. Nick glared at his best friend. Nick's full name was Nicolai Aaron Duval. Nick *hated* the name Nicolai. Very few of their friends back at Dalton knew Nick's name. The only reason Blaine knew was because Blaine met his mother and she kept calling him Nicolai. Blaine was sworn to secrecy and there were times Blaine considered breaking the silence when Nick came up with Blainey.

“That's blackmail!”

“Yes,” Blaine answered obviously. There was a knock on the door. Kurt arrived.

“All right, no Nicolai and no Blainey,” Nick said, holding his hand out to seal the deal. Blaine smirked and took it briefly before running to the door. Kurt was behind the door, with two full bags of Chinese food and it smelled wonderful.

“Come on in,” Blaine said, taking the bags from Kurt's hands. “Kurt? This my roommate and best friend, Nick Duval. Nick, this is Kurt,” Blaine introduced. Kurt smiled and held out his hand to Nick.

“It's nice to finally meet you,” Kurt said while Blaine put the bags on the counter. Nick smiled and took the offering hand.

“Likewise. Now, we aren't exactly fancy in our dinning ware, but hey, we do have actual plates,” Nick said jokingly.

“Or eat from the containers. I do it all the time. Drives my friends absolutely crazy,” Kurt answered. He walked over to Blaine and gave him a quick peck on the cheek. “How are you?”

“I'm good. And you?” Blaine asked, opening one of the containers. The smell of orange chicken filled his nose. Nick started opening all the containers and smelling them. Nick did that whenever there were more than one containers of food.

“It's good, now,” Kurt hinted. “Oh! Before I forget,” Kurt started, and waited for Nick to look over at him and Blaine. “There is a special viewing for the upcoming fall line for various fashion designers. I was given three tickets. I was wondering if you two would like to come with me.”

Nick's eye widened.

“Will there be very hot male models?” Nick asked. Blaine groaned and Kurt just laughed.

“There will be models there, yes. It's very exclusive,” Kurt answered.

“When?”

“Tonight,” Kurt answered.

“I'm in!” Nick yelped. “This is mine!” Nick said taking the carton of pork, “and I will be in my room picking out my clothes. Don't worry, Blaine. I'll pick yours out too, so you two can have some alone time. No sex on the couch!” Nick yelled before he ran to his room and nearly slammed the door. Kurt chuckled while Blaine looked down at his food. He and Nick were going to have a very long talk later.

“I like him,” Kurt said.

“Sometimes I do, too,” Blaine responded. Kurt gave Blaine a playful nudge. Blaine turned to Kurt and this time, he leaned forward and kissed Kurt. Kurt took the chance to deepen the kiss and wrap his arms around Blaine's neck. Kurt wasn't the only one missing someone. Blaine's arms wrapped around Kurt's waist, pulling him as close as he could. He felt Kurt's fingers thread through his curly hair. Was it possible to miss someone this much?

“Blaine!” Nick yelled from his room. The walls in the apartment were kind of thin. Nick and Blaine could have conversations from their rooms, without having to leave them. Blaine pulled away from the kiss with an annoyed groan. Kurt smiled, but he didn't release Blaine from his grasp.

“What?”

“When you and Kurt are done sucking face, I'm gonna model what I picked out for tonight!” Nick yelled. Blaine sighed.

“All right,” Blaine answered. Kurt still held onto Blaine.

“You sure you want to take him with us?” Blaine asked. Kurt just smiled and kissed Blaine again.

“It'll be fine, baby. Who knows, maybe he'll meet a hot model. I meet them all the time,” Kurt joked. Blaine pursed his lips together but the smile was evident.

“Gee, and I thought you missed me,” Blaine said with playful sarcasm. Kurt kissed him again.

“You have no idea,” Kurt whispered.

“Seriously? Come up for air!” Nick called. That time, Kurt released Blaine.

“All right, come on out,” Blaine called. Kurt started eating one of the egg rolls when Nick came out in his attire. Blaine told Kurt how much into clothes Nick was. He didn't dress in expensive attire, or anything overly stylish that looked uncomfortable, but Nick had a thing for putting clothes together. Kurt liked that Blaine had a best friend he could rely on.

There were a few times where Nick text Blaine while he and Kurt were on a date. Kurt never said anything about it, but there were times Kurt just wanted to have uninterrupted time with Blaine. He wasn't entirely guilty, though. There were times where Kurt had to excuse himself to take a phone call. He hadn't had to leave Blaine or cancel a date due to his job, but Kurt warned Blaine that it may happen unless it was something that he had to get involved with. Blaine understood.

Nick seemed like a nice guy. There was a reason Kurt asked for a third ticket to the event. He originally just wanted to bring Blaine with him so they could leave together, but he had an idea. After meeting Nick face to face and knowing how playful and cute he was, he knew his plan was going to work out perfectly.

“What do you think, Kurt? You haven't said anything, yet,” Nick said. Kurt finished his egg roll.

“You do know how to put things together. It looks great. I can't wait to see how you do with Blaine. It does start in a few hours,” Kurt answered.

“Don't worry, I got it covered. You haven't seen Blaine's room yet!” Nick said excitedly.

“Oh boy,” Blaine mumbled.

“I get to see where you sleep. Tonight should be very interesting,” Kurt remarked. Blaine didn't comment, just mumbled something incoherent. It sounded something like Nick and the word Nicolai.

Malcolm picked Kurt, Blaine and Nick up and drove them to the private fashion viewing. Kurt showed a specific badge and informed them that two people were accompanying him. Once they got inside, there were different lights flashing from all directions and music playing loudly. Nick was amazed as was Blaine. He turned to see Kurt speaking with a few people. Blaine wasn't sure how this night was going to go. He did expect there may be people talking, and there would probably be pictures.

Did they act like a couple in public? Were they even exclusive? What if the guy Kurt was talking and smiling with was dating him, too? A waitress came by and offered Nick and Blaine champagne glasses. They politely declined, but gladly took the food that was offered by another waitress. It was some kind of shrimp puff and Nick took another before she walked off.

“You mean after all the pork you ate, you're still hungry?” Blaine teased.

“It was Chinese food after all. And that was more than an hour ago,” Nick answered. Blaine rolled his eyes. There were many people at the event. There were some models even Blaine recognized, but wasn't as excited as Nick was. Before Blaine could think about where Kurt was, he felt a hand rest on his back. He turned and saw Kurt and a blonde man, maybe a few years older than Blaine standing beside him. He wasn't taller than Kurt, but he was close to it. And Blaine wasn't sure if he had dark eyes or green eyes. He was attractive, definitely.

“Where's Nick? I want to introduce him to someone,” Kurt asked. Blaine turned to see Nick grabbing another one of those shrimp puffs. He made his way back to Blaine and even offered him one.

“I don't know who made these, but they are delicious,” Nick said.

“He's right,” the blonde said.

“Blaine? Nick? This is Jeff Sterling. He's one of the newer models. Jeff? This is Blaine, and this is his best friend, Nick,” Kurt introduced. Blaine knew, now. The way Nick looked at Jeff and the way Jeff just said hi to Blaine, but kept his eyes on Nick.

“S-shrimp puff?” Nick asked, his eyes looking at Jeff. “I mean...I'm Nick. Ahh...well you already know that.” That was a first. Nick was nervous. Jeff laughed with good humor. Even Jeff's laugh sounded angelic, to Nick anyway.

“Kurt tells me you're very good at putting clothes together,” Jeff said, stepping closer to Nick.

“I...umm...yeah. I couldn't get Kurt to take my outfit idea, though,” Nick said. This was true. And that was a heavy debate between Nick and Kurt, and Blaine was glad for once not to be

a part of that conversation.

“Well, would you like to walk around with me? I can show you some of the displays we have,” Jeff offered. The man was gorgeous, of course. Nick turned to Blaine. He wasn't going to abandon his friend, even if he did have his hot billionaire boyfriend with him.

“Go on, now,” Blaine said playfully. Nick rolled his eyes but laughed.

“I'd like that. I have to say something before I go,” Nick said, then turned to Kurt. “Kurt? Blaine wants to know if you two are boyfriends or not. He's too chicken to ask, so there's your conversation starter. See you later!” Nick said, nearly dragging Jeff away from the group. Jeff was laughing with Nick as they walked away.

“Nicolai, you are so dead,” Blaine muttered again. Kurt turned to Blaine. He wasn't confused or upset, he was just as curious.

“I know some place where we can talk privately,” Kurt offered. “I can't really leave yet since we just got here.” Blaine nodded, a little embarrassed to even look at Kurt.

Kurt took Blaine's hand and walked through the crowd. There were some people there looking at them, but said nothing and went about their own business. Most of everybody knew who Blaine was and of course read that article. Kurt didn't hesitate holding Blaine's hand. Kurt led Blaine to a closed door. He watched Kurt pull out a key and open it.

They walked inside what appeared to a private room. It was almost like the room Blaine met Kurt in at the club. The only thing that was missing were the two bodyguards. There were times Kurt didn't have the guards with him, but in unfamiliar places they were close by. Blaine knew the bodyguards were close by because there was a car following them when the limousine came to pick them up. Kurt locked the door behind him and turned to Blaine.

“Look...if this is about what Nick said...” Blaine started.

“Is he right?” Kurt interrupted. Blaine let out a breath.

“Well...yeah. I mean, I've never done this before so I have no idea what *we* are. I read that article and I totally get why you would want to keep this secret...” Blaine started to babble. Kurt took a step forward and took a hold of Blaine's hands.

“I know we haven't talked about us, yet. We are still getting to know each other and of course, I wouldn't dare give your name to someone interviewing me. I never talk about my personal life.” Kurt paused for a moment.

“There will be some people that won't understand this. I am much older than you and you are still in college. I can tell you, though, I'm not seeing anybody else. Are you?” Kurt asked gently. Blaine immediately shook his head.

“No, I'm not.”

“And I don't want to see anybody else,” Kurt added.

"I don't, either." Kurt nodded, giving Blaine's hands a gentle squeeze.

"So, I know this is going to sound a little juvenile, but I would very much like to call you my boyfriend," Kurt whispered. Blaine smiled.

"Only if I can call you mine," Blaine responded. Kurt smiled, wrapping his arms around Blaine's neck.

"Do you think Jeff and Nick will be occupied for a while?" Kurt asked. Blaine laughed a little.

"Do you really think by finding Nick a boyfriend that you got rid of him?" Blaine joked.

"Not get rid of him, just keep him busy. And I know Jeff pretty well. I knew they would get along," Kurt said, giving Blaine a kiss. "Why is it that when I always kiss you, you take my breath away?" Kurt said against Blaine's lips.

"I don't see how that is when you're always taking my breath away," Blaine whispered back. "You do know that now that you found Nick a possible boyfriend, there will be double dates?"

That hadn't occurred to Kurt.

"Shit," Kurt cursed. Blaine laughed loudly.

"You're sexy when you swear."

When Blaine woke up the next morning, Nick was still sleeping. He smirked. Apparently, Nick had a really good time with Jeff that he was still sleeping. Thankfully, Nick had the day off from work. Blaine went to the door and opened it expectantly. On the floor, was another pink box of cronuts. This time, there was another box on top of it. Blaine picked them up and brought them inside. He picked up the small box and put the cronuts aside.

He opened it to find a leather band with his name embroidered in dark yarn. It was custom made and he looked on the back and he smiled. In small writing, there were the words *Love K*. Blaine put the band around his wrist before he dug into the cronuts. Before he could grab one, he heard his phone singing *Roar* by Katy Perry. He rushed into his room and picked it up. Kurt was calling him.

"Hello?" he said breathlessly.

"Morning, baby. I didn't wake you, did I?" Kurt asked.

"No. I woke up a few minutes ago. I got the cronuts...and the other gift," Blaine said softly, sitting on his bed.

"Do you like it?"

"I love it. You didn't have to do that, though. And you certainly don't have to send me cronuts every morning," Blaine said into the phone, still admiring the band around his wrist.

"You say that like it's an obligation. Is it hard to believe that someone *wants* to give you things?" Kurt asked.

"Umm...kind of," Blaine admitted. What could he say? It was his first real relationship and it was with an older and wealthier man.

"Well, believe it. When I give you things, it's because I want to give them to you and I know you like them. Is it too forward that I feel like you and I are really good together and could last a long time?" Kurt asked. His voice was hesitant, as if he sort of pondered whether he mention that to Blaine or not at all. Blaine couldn't help the smile. Not only because of what Kurt said, but because he could tell Kurt was just as new to the whole relationship as Blaine was. Even if Kurt was more experienced, it was still new to him.

"I don't think so," Blaine said honestly. That seemed to relieve Kurt.

"Good. I hate to cut this short, but I have a lot of work to do today. And Malcolm is giving me the stink eye because I've been making him stand outside his limousine this whole time," Kurt said jokingly. Blaine believed that.

"Don't try to avoid your bodyguards," Blaine joked back.

"I think they know all my moves by now. They weren't happy that they didn't know where I was last night. You'd think they'd know better," Kurt said. Blaine laughed. "Oh! I did run into Jeff. I guess he and Nick had a very good time."

"He's still sleeping," Blaine said. Kurt laughed at that. Blaine could hear the sound of a car closing in the background.

"Damn," Kurt cursed. "I have to take this call. I'll text you later, baby."

"Okay, talk to you later," Blaine said. He knew Kurt heard him before he disconnected the call. Less than a minute later, he got a text message.

From Kurt:
I'll be thinking of you all day.

Blaine smiled and took a picture of his wrist with the band on it with a reply.

To Kurt:
I'll be thinking of you more.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Blaine gives Kurt a special surprise for his birthday :) - Smut warning (blowjob)

From Kurt:

I'm so not in the mood for this! Why do people insist on pissing me off today?

To Kurt:

Having a bad day, honey?

From Kurt:

You have no idea! I have so many meetings and then people want to interview me and take pictures. Gah! I'm seeing a hot bath in my future. And do people have to remind me how old I am today?

Blaine laughed at the last text message as the doorman let him into Kurt's building. Today was Kurt's birthday and he was still out of the apartment. It was the perfect opportunity for Blaine to prepare his present. Of course, money was tight for Blaine and Nick. So, Blaine managed to think about what he needed to prepare a simple, but delicious Italian dinner and he was bringing the ingredients to Kurt's apartment.

Kurt gave Blaine a copy of his key a week ago. Actually, it was another gift Kurt sent to Blaine with his usual box of cronuts. That day, Blaine got his usual free pretzel and lemonade and bought the food for Kurt's birthday dinner. Kurt had no idea and while Blaine was very excited about the surprise, he hoped he wasn't intruding.

To Kurt:

People are dicks. You're fucking gorgeous.

Blaine put the bags on the counter of Kurt's very nice kitchen when Kurt responded to the text message.

From Kurt:

You are far more gorgeous. People are bothering me again. Can I call you later?

To Kurt:

You never have to ask. Try not to kill anybody. I don't want to read about you in jail.

Blaine took a moment to admire and examine the kitchen. A large silver fridge with a freezer drawer at the bottom. There was plenty of counter space and the stove was gas, not electric. He took a peak in the fridge. There wasn't much. Kurt admitted, rather guiltily, that he didn't

cook much anymore. There was a bar counter set up with two chairs. Kurt didn't have a kitchen table, but the counter was more romantic in Blaine's opinion.

Blaine was going to make cheese stuffed shells with red sauce, a ceasar salad, and for dessert chocolate cheesecake. Blaine didn't buy any candles. He wished he had just to set the mood. He put on his music from his phone and started preparing the food. It didn't take long to prepare everything. The cheesecake was in the fridge. His music was interrupted when he got a phone call. He smiled when it was Kurt.

“Day any better?” Blaine asked. He opened the oven door a bit. It wasn't long until the shells was ready.

“Now that I'm leaving, yes,” Kurt groaned. Blaine was a little put off that the food wasn't ready yet, but that just meant Kurt got to relax for a bit before he ate.

“I'm sorry you had a bad day, and on your birthday,” Blaine said. Kurt let out a long groan.

“And you're at work, right? So that means I can't see you?” Oh yeah, Blaine told Kurt that he was taking late shift at work and couldn't do anything with Kurt on his birthday. Blaine couldn't help the smirk.

“Well...I may have fibbed a bit,” Blaine said. He heard the door from the limousine close and the doorman's voice greeting Kurt.

“What do you mean?” Kurt asked.

“Are you in the elevator?” Blaine asked instead of answering.

“I just got in,” Kurt answered.

“Oh, okay,” Blaine answered simply. There was a brief pause before Kurt spoke again.

“Umm...why do you ask?” Blaine couldn't help the smile.

“Let me know when you reach the penthouse,” Blaine said without answering. The doors open right before Kurt answered.

“Okay...I'm here now. And what did you mean by you fibbed?” Kurt asked. Blaine could hear the footsteps coming toward the front door.

“You'll see...” Blaine said slyly. He heard the lick click and the doorknob turn. “By the way, happy birthday.” It was as if Blaine planned it when Kurt opened the door and smiled at the older man in the doorway. Kurt's mouth gaped open. There was the smell of food in the apartment and two plates perfectly set at the bar.

“I'll call you back,” Kurt said, pressing the button on his bluetooth. Blaine laughed as he put his phone in his pocket.

“To answer your question,” Blaine started. “I wanted to plan something for you, for your birthday. And now, I get to show off my cooking skills.” Kurt smiled as he let out a breath.

“You didn't have to do this,” Kurt said, although the smell was intoxicating.

“You're always doing or buying stuff for me,” Blaine said, motioning to the leather band around his wrist. “I know you were secretly impressed when I spoke Italian on our first date. Now, prepare to be seduced by my cooking. It's not quite ready, yet, and I know you expressed wanting to take a bath...”

“I will gladly make it a shower,” Kurt said immediately.

“I can make you a bath...” Blaine offered.

“You're making me dinner. Sacrificing a bath to spend all my time with you is what I'm willing to do,” Kurt interrupted. “Especially when what you're making smells so good. And so does the *cook*.” Kurt walked forward and pressed a hard kiss against Blaine's lips. Blaine wrapped his arms around his waist, savoring the passionate kiss and the feeling of his boyfriend in his arms.

“Give me ten minutes and I'm all yours,” Kurt said quickly rushing to the bathroom. Blaine smiled as he went to check on the food. He had a feeling his boyfriend was going to have a much better birthday.

Blaine pulled out the shells right as Kurt came out of the bathroom. His hair was still slightly wet and he was wearing a different shirt with tight jeans. Blaine loved it when Kurt wore jeans. Kurt came into the kitchen, wrapping his arms around Blaine.

“That smells so good. I may never want you to leave,” Kurt mumbled and kissing Blaine on the neck.

“There's cheesecake in the fridge for dessert,” Blaine said. Kurt tightened his squeeze around Blaine's waist.

“It's official. You're not allowed to leave, ever,” Kurt declared. Blaine laughed and rubbed Kurt's hands.

“Well, go sit and I'll bring the food,” Blaine said. Kurt gave him one last kiss before he took a seat at the bar.

“What smells so good?” Kurt asked. Blaine put the shells on a large plate.

“Cheese stuffed shells with red sauce. Salad for our side and of course, cheesecake in the fridge for dessert,” Blaine answered.

“This was so sweet of you,” Kurt said. Blaine smiled as he prepared their plates. “Best birthday present I've ever gotten. And delicious!” Kurt said while taking a bite of the shells.

“Glad you like it. From the sound of it, you weren't having a good birthday,” Blaine said, taking a few bites of his food. Kurt shook his head.

"It was just one thing after the other. I hate business talk. How are Nick and Jeff doing?" Kurt asked, clearly not wanting to talk about his day and Blaine took the hint.

"He's constantly on his phone and smiling. You are a good matchmaker," Blaine said with a smile. It was true. Ever since that night Kurt introduced Nick to Jeff, Nick was on cloud nine. They talked on the phone and text each other a lot. Nick talked about the things he's learning about the hot model he's dating. Jeff seemed nice. Blaine hadn't had a chance to really talk with Jeff yet, but nobody had ever been able to make Nick act like a school boy with a crush.

"I am, aren't I?" Kurt said slyly. "Blaine, this is really good. Honestly, I was bummed when you said you had to work, but this was such a nice surprise."

"You really thought I wouldn't do anything for you for your birthday? You wound me," Blaine said, putting his hand over his chest. Kurt chuckled and leaned forward for a kiss.

"So...can I assume that Nick isn't expecting you home tonight?" Kurt whispered.

"I..."

"I swear," Kurt grabbed Blaine's hands. "I'm not talking about...well sex, I just want you to stay here with me tonight. If you're comfortable with that," Kurt quickly reassured.

They mainly kissed. There was the occasional groping, but neither hands ever went below the waist. As much as Kurt would like to try things with Blaine, he wasn't going to push it. He wanted this relationship to last and he wanted Blaine to be comfortable. Blaine cleared his throat before he spoke.

"I know what you meant. And I planned on staying anyway..." Blaine said rather bashfully. Kurt smiled.

"Good."

Dinner was delicious. Kurt kept saying it over and over. It was so good, he almost didn't have room for cheesecake. Kurt still ate a piece, knowing that he may pay for it later, but he didn't care. Kurt had a television in his room. The couch was fine, but his bed was bigger and more comfortable. He was laying on his bed, waiting for Blaine with the television blaring on no channel in particular.

Truth be told, Blaine was a little nervous. He and Kurt never talked about going further than kissing. He wanted to give something else to Kurt and it excited and made him nervous at the same time. Blaine had no real experience. He's only *seen* it done in really bad porn movies. He would have to thank Nick for his *personal* collection. Of course, Nick had no idea Blaine still had a few DVD's in his room. He probably doesn't notice because he has Jeff now. Blaine watched it just to see how it was done.

Blaine finished getting ready for bed and joined Kurt on the bed. Kurt's room was about as big as any master bedroom would be. There was a walk-in closet and a full television stand in his room. The television itself wasn't as big as the one in the living room. There was a large

window that gave the most beautiful view of the sky. Right now, the moon was in full site and the sky was covered with tiny stars. Kurt had a nightstand on both sides of the bed. The lamp was on the right side, where Kurt mostly slept.

“What are you watching?” Blaine asked.

“Nothing in particular. I shouldn't have eaten that cheesecake,” Kurt said. “I'm pretty sure I've gained twenty pounds.” Blaine chuckled.

“I'm sure it all went to muscle,” Blaine said. Kurt nudged him.

“Seriously, dinner was great, thank you,” Kurt said, leaning over and giving Blaine a kiss. Kurt was serious. He didn't want to push Blaine into anything he wasn't ready for. Blaine cupped the side of Kurt's face and pulled away a little.

“It's still your birthday,” Blaine said.

“It is,” Kurt answered.

“There's one more thing I *want* to give you,” Blaine said.

“You mean a fabulous Italian dinner and a cheesecake wasn't all?” Kurt joked. Blaine smiled and bit his lower lip. “So, what is it?”

Blaine sat up in bed while Kurt laid back down on his back. He took the chance to look at Kurt. He was wearing dark blue pajama pants with a tight muscle shirt. Kurt wasn't overly muscular, but he was definitely built. He hadn't seen Kurt shirtless, but Blaine was sure there was not a single hair on his chest. He bet it was smooth and hard. Just the thought of it actually gave Blaine tingling feelings through his body.

“I want...if you want, or let me. I want too...make you feel good,” Blaine said. He immediately regretted using those words. Flat out saying *I want to blow you* seemed the least romantic thing to say, until now.

“What are you suggesting?” Kurt asked, not moving. Blaine sat up on his knees.

“I sound really dumb...don't worry about it...” Blaine was chickening out.

“Blaine?” Kurt urged. Blaine sighed. He might as well be blunt.

“I want to blow you,” he blurted. Kurt's eyes widened.

“What now?” Kurt made sure he heard it right.

“I've never done it to anybody or had it done to me before, obviously. I want to do that. I want to feel you in my mouth and feel your body when you come. I was trying to find a better way of saying it without sounding like some horny pervert...” Kurt pushed himself up and brought Blaine's mouth on his.

“That is the hottest thing I've ever heard. And if it isn't obvious...” Kurt said, pulling Blaine's hand and putting it over his slightly hardened cock. The feeling of his hand holding Kurt's erection went straight to Blaine's growing hard on. Tonight wasn't about Blaine, or favors, tonight was about Kurt and Blaine now *really* wanted to know and feel Kurt come.

“Lay down,” Blaine whispered. Kurt happily obliged. Blaine didn't seem nervous anymore. He watched Kurt lay back down on his back with his erection poking at his pajama pants. Blaine leaned forward and kissed Kurt passionately. He wasn't sure what came over him, but he wrapped his arms tightly around Kurt's waist, deepening the kiss. Kurt moaned into the kiss, coming his fingers through Blaine's hair.

Kurt loved Blaine's hair. It was soft and curly and any chance he had to touch it, he took it. They've been dating for a month and it was one of the best months in Kurt's life. It became to where his friends were demanding to meet Blaine. They knew Blaine was much younger and while that was a topic of concern, seeing Kurt talk about Blaine and be happy, they wanted to meet him. Kurt hadn't brought up Blaine meeting his friends, mainly because he wanted to keep Blaine to himself for a little while longer.

Blaine glided his tongue over Kurt's bottom lip before he started kissing across his jaw line and down his neck. Kurt felt Blaine's erection against his leg. Why was that such a turn on? Blaine kissed Kurt's neck one more time before he pushed himself downward, gliding his hands over Kurt's chest. He didn't pull his shirt up, but he could feel any kind of muscle Kurt had. Part of him wanted to be bold and pull Kurt's shirt off so he could admire his hot boyfriend, but he had a mission and he wanted to taste Kurt.

Blaine found the elastic band to Kurt's pajama pants and pulled them down. Kurt gave him some help, lifting himself so that Blaine could pull them down without hassle. Once he got the pants off, he threw them in a random direction. Kurt was wearing boxer briefs. Blaine had to think for a moment. Does he remove Kurt's boxers or does he keep them on? He could see Kurt's cock, now fully erected, nearly poking its way out of the opening.

Then Blaine thought it over quickly. He didn't want to wait anymore and he was sure Kurt didn't either. He positioned himself between Kurt's legs. He pushed the thin fabric away and saw Kurt's hard on. Blaine bent over, holding onto Kurt's cock and put it in his mouth. As soon as he did, Kurt gasped. His hands found Blaine's hair again.

Blaine's tongue glided slowly up to the tip before taking it into his mouth again. Apparently, Kurt really liked it because he moan escaped his throat and his grasp on his hair tightened. Blaine's hands held onto Kurt's waist, slowly bobbing his head up and down. He could feel Kurt try to thrust his hip upward, but Blaine held it.

“Blaine...” Kurt moaned. Kurt moaned and said his name. That sounded so erotic that Blaine tried to go down further to where the tip nearly reached his throat. Kurt gripped Blaine's hair, almost pulling it. That didn't bother Blaine. He moaned around Kurt's cock. He did remember seeing that done to some other guy on one of the movies he saw and the other guy seemed to like it a lot. And Kurt did too.

“Oh my god...” Kurt said breathlessly. Blaine sucked lightly, tasting Kurt's pre-come on his tongue. From the way Kurt's body was fidgeting and the grasp of his hair, Kurt was going to

come soon.

“Blaine...I'm gonna...” Kurt moaned, as if trying to warn Blaine. “You may want to pull...” Kurt tried to say again, but apparently it was difficult because Blaine's tongue felt wonderful. Blaine had no plan to pull off. He wanted Kurt to come in his mouth. It didn't take too much longer until Kurt nearly pushed Blaine down on his cock when he had his orgasm. The push caused Blaine to gag a bit, but he didn't care.

Blaine pulled off giving one last playful lick. Kurt breathed heavily, letting Blaine's hair go. Kurt turned to Blaine and nearly pushed him against the bed and kissed him fiercely. Kurt moaned when he tasted himself on Blaine's tongue. It was never unpleasant, but with Blaine it was so different. A pleasurable, wonderful different.

Kurt pulled away, inching his hand further down Blaine's waist.

“May I return the favor?” Kurt whispered into Blaine's ear. It wasn't *can I*, it was Kurt asking if he could.

“No, that was for you on your birthday. I'll be okay,” Blaine answered. Kurt pondered for a moment. Somehow, he knew Blaine wouldn't deny Kurt to give him a release. He looked over at his clock and smiled with satisfaction when he turned back to Blaine.

“It's still my birthday,” Kurt stated.

“So it is,” Blaine said.

“And as the birthday boy, I get what I want, right?” Kurt asked, straddling Blaine's waist. Blaine couldn't help the smirk.

“That is the general rule,” Blaine answered.

“Well, my boyfriend just gave me a mind blowing, no pun intended, orgasm. Now, I want to do the same for my wonderful boyfriend. And as birthday boy, it is my right to insist upon it,” Kurt said with finality in his voice. Blaine heard that voice before when he had to talk on the phone with someone he worked with. The voice always did something to Blaine. And the way Kurt was looking down at Blaine's cock, he knew the effect it would have.

“Who am I to deny my birthday boy's wishes?” Blaine asked. Kurt kissed him again.

“I knew you'd see it my way,” Kurt said with a low voice and gently started to pull onto Blaine's pajama pants.

From Nick:

So, did you BLOW his mind? LOL.

To Nick:

His...and mine. ;)

From Nick:

Details when you get home. Not negotiable. And I took back my DVDs!

To Nick:

LOL. Fair enough. Talk to you later.

Blaine put his phone back on the nightstand and snuggled back onto his pillow. He felt Kurt wrap an around his waist and pull him close. He felt Kurt give him a small peck on his cheek before snuggling up against the back of his neck.

“Do I have to worry about your other boyfriend?” Kurt whispered jokingly. Blaine let out a tired chuckle.

“I'm all yours,” Blaine said. Kurt's grasp tightened.

“Mine, all mine,” Kurt muttered against the back of Blaine's neck. “Thank you for a wonderful birthday.”

Blaine refrained from saying *no thank you* for the surprise blow job.

“You're welcome,” he said instead.

“Can we just stay like this for the rest of the day? I don't want to work and deal with other people,” Kurt moaned. Blaine tried not to laugh. Kurt was thirty-nine years old and he was complaining like a school boy who didn't want to get up and go to school.

“Anything you want,” was all Blaine responded with. Kurt hugged him again and slowly fell back asleep. Blaine was glad he didn't have to go to work. If given the choice, he would stay in Kurt's arms forever.

Chapter 5

It came time to register for classes and then pick up books, or purchase required books for the courses. Nick and Blaine went to the campus, much like most of the students that day, to pick up their books. Financial aid went into effect and while it paid for a good bit of their tuition and books, they still had to watch their spending. Blaine used his pretzel card Kurt gave him to buy him and Nick some pretzels for breakfast before facing the large crowd of students.

“This is our last year,” Nick said, finishing up his pretzel.

“I know. It's hard to believe,” Blaine answered.

“Jeff said he's taking a couple of online courses. He likes modeling, but he wants to be a designer one day,” Nick said. Blaine smiled.

“That's great. You and Jeff seemed to be doing really well,” Blaine said. Nick couldn't help the grin. There were too many words to describe just how wonderful his and Jeff's relationship was. Jeff came to the apartment a few times. Turns out, Jeff was as big a nerd as Nick and Blaine. He loved reading books, watching certain television shows (his favorite one was *Modern Family*) and he had a love for sweets.

Kurt and Blaine had their double dates, after much persuasion from Nick and Jeff. At first, Kurt was a little hesitant because he was the oldest one, but as soon as he came to Nick and Blaine's apartment, that hesitance went away. Kurt was even the one to suggest they go out one night together. Kurt didn't mention the restaurant he took Blaine on their first date. That was *their* restaurant and Kurt refused to share it with anybody.

They arrived on campus and the first place they had to visit was the business office to get their schedules. It would give them the list of classes to take and what books are assigned, and even a balance that needed to be paid. It took some time but Blaine was the first one to reach the window. He pulled out his student ID and gave it to the older lady.

A few minutes went by and she handed him his paper. He dreaded seeing the total balance that was due. He took the paper and got out of line so that Nick could get his. While Nick was preoccupied, Blaine stepped aside and examined the paper. It was a bit of a class load, but it was his last year so he would cope. His eyes scanned to the bottom of the paper and his eyes widened.

The balance was paid. He didn't owe anything this semester. Normally, there was a balance to be paid after any source of financial aid was processed. In Blaine's case, there was no left over fees.

He looked at the top of the page to make sure the lady gave him the right paper. Sure enough, his name was on there, his social security number and any other information about him. Everything was correct. Nick walked up to Blaine and gave him a nudge.

“My balance isn't as bad right now. What about yours?” Nick asked. Blaine wasn't sure how to answer that question. He folded the paper and put it in his pocket.

“Not bad either,” he answered instead. Nick looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

“What's wrong with you? You look like you did when you read your first Harry and Draco fanfiction,” Nick said. That was a really good story, too.

“I just need to take a trip to the financial aid office. Go ahead and get your books, I'll meet up with you later,” Blaine said. Nick was a bit baffled, but he didn't question.

“Okay. Text me when you're done and we'll meet up,” Nick said. Blaine nodded, heading to the financial office.

There was no mistake. Blaine's balance was paid this semester. Even the lady at the financial office couldn't explain how, but it was paid before the balances were released to the students. When Blaine asked how it was paid, she said it was an arrangement that was made by an anonymous patron. Blaine just nodded and thanked the lady before he walked out of the office. Just when Blaine was about to text Nick, his phone buzzed with Kurt's number flashing on the screen.

“Hello?” he asked.

“Hi, baby. Hope you haven't been mauled too bad by the stampede of students,” Kurt said jokingly. Blaine was still in a daze.

“Oh...umm. No, not yet. I'm just about to get my books,” Blaine answered.

“I thought you would have gotten yours by now,” Kurt said.

“I...I had to go to the financial office for a few questions. I'm about to meet Nick now,” Blaine said. An anonymous patron. The only patron he knew was his boyfriend...but Kurt wouldn't just do that, would he?

“Everything okay?” Kurt asked suddenly. Blaine licked his lips before answering.

“Yeah, everything is good. I was just getting confirmation,” Blaine answered, not really a lie but not all together the truth.

“Are you all right? You don't sound very good,” Kurt asked.

“I'm fine. Just a little overwhelmed,” Blaine responded.

“You sure?”

“Yeah. I'm gonna meet with Nick. I'll call you later,” Blaine said rather quickly.

“Okay. Call me and we'll meet up,” Kurt said. Blaine muttered a quick response and hung up. He was sure Kurt was going to talk to him about his behavior later. Right now, he just wanted

to meet up with Nick and try not to think about the fact that Kurt may have paid Blaine's balance, without telling him.

Blaine was rather quiet the rest of the day. No matter what Nick said, he couldn't get Blaine to talk about it. He sent Kurt a text message about meeting him at his apartment. Kurt asked if he was okay but Blaine refused to answer. Blaine wasn't sure if he was surprised or unhappy. If Kurt did pay his balance, why didn't he just tell Blaine? Of course, Blaine would have immediately told him *no*.

Blaine arrived at Kurt's building. He politely greeted the doorman before heading to the elevator. He didn't know what he was going to say to Kurt. He just knew that once Kurt opens the door, the first thing he'll ask is what is wrong. The thing with Kurt is that he was highly observant. There was no *beating around the bush* or giving subtle hints. He paid attention and Blaine admired that so much.

Total honesty. That's what they had from the start and it'll always be that way. Blaine stepped off the elevator and stood in front of Kurt's door. It took a couple of knocks before Kurt opened the door.

"Hey, baby. Are you okay?" Kurt asked. Blaine let out a sigh.

"I'm not sure," he answered. Kurt let Blaine in and closed the door behind him before he spoke again.

"Talk to me," Kurt urged. Blaine looked at Kurt. He was wearing a Hogwarts t-shirt with sweat pants. How could someone look so sexy in just sweat pants and a geeky Harry Potter shirt?

"I need to ask you something. It's gonna sound weird, but just answer me honestly," Blaine said calmly.

"Okay."

"I went to school today to pick up my books. I went to the business office to get a balance of all my school fees. It was paid off for the semester. Do *you* know anything about that?" Blaine asked. Kurt gulped and bit his lower lip. Blaine had his answer without Kurt even saying anything.

"Yes," Kurt finally answered.

"How? And...just how?" Blaine started.

"Baby, please don't be mad. Let me explain," Kurt answered. He took another breath before he started again. "I know you and Nick have been sort of stressing about this coming semester...I just wanted to help."

"So...you just went to the university and wrote them a check? Just like that? Did you do that with my rent, too?" Blaine asked, irritation and anger seeping through his voice.

"I did write them a check, yes. They don't know who made out the check. I kept it completely anonymous. And I know how expensive your rent is..."

"Kurt!" Blaine yelled. That made Kurt jump.

"Blaine, please..."

"Were you going to tell me that you went behind my back like that?" Blaine asked. Kurt's eyes widened.

"I was trying to help you. Now, you can go through the school year without worrying about..."

"You don't get it! I didn't ask you to do that," Blaine nearly bellowed.

"You didn't have too! I *wanted* to do it for you," Kurt said back. Blaine stayed quiet for a moment which worried Kurt.

"I...I can't be here with you right now," Blaine mumbled, heading to the door.

"Blaine! Look, I know I should have said something to you..."

"Just...don't. Just don't, Kurt!" Blaine said and slammed the door behind him. Kurt let out a breath, too stunned to run after Blaine.

"So...Kurt paid the rest of your school fees for the semester?" Nick asked. Blaine came storming into the apartment, muttering about Kurt and money. Naturally, Nick made a tub of popcorn and told Blaine to stop muttering and start from the beginning. Once Blaine finished, Nick took a moment while eating a few bits of popcorn.

"Yes," Blaine answered.

"I'm failing to see the problem. I mean, my fees aren't bad and I can get them paid, but hell, if Jeff paid my fees for me I would be thanking him over and over," Nick said, thinking about him and Jeff now. Blaine groaned.

"That's not the point!"

"Then *what* is the point?" Nick asked.

"He went behind my back! He thinks that he can just pay for everything and it'll be okay!" Blaine nearly yelled. He knew Kurt was trying to call him and he had a few unanswered text messages. He didn't answer of them. Nick sighed and put away the popcorn.

"Okay, fine, I'll give you that he should have talked with you about that. I might be a little bit peeved if Jeff did that without telling me," Nick started.

"Thank you," Blaine said.

“But...I think you are overreacting to it a little. Why does it bother you *this* much?” Nick asked calmly.

“Well...”

“Is it simply that he did that behind your back, or is there more to it?” Nick asked without letting Blaine finish. Blaine let out a breath and plopped down on the couch.

“He buys me things...all the time,” Blaine whispered, twisting the band around his wrist. The only time he took it off was to shower. Whenever he thought about Kurt or when he was expecting to see him, Nick noticed that Blaine twists it.

“Yeah. I thought you two discussed that. I mean...Jeff buys me stuff sometimes too,” Nick said.

“We did. I just...I read something a while back. I didn't tell Kurt or you about it. It wasn't directed at me specifically...but it got me wondering,” Blaine said.

“What did you read?”

“There was a small blurb about Kurt. There are rumors going around that Kurt is someone's...sugar daddy,” Blaine mumbled. Nick understood now.

“So...you think that's what he is to you?” Nick asked.

“No! Not at all! I really, really like Kurt. I love being around him and we have so much fun together. I don't even think that,” Blaine answered right away.

“Then why does it bother you?”

“I just...I just don't want him thinking that...” Blaine wasn't sure what he was saying. Luckily for Nick, he had known Blaine for a long time. Nick scooted over to Blaine on the couch.

“Let me ask you this, Blaine? Did you tell Kurt to pay your school fee? Did you tell him to buy you that band? Did you tell him to buy you any of the stuff he's bought you?” Nick asked. Blaine shook his head.

“No. Not once did I ask him to buy me anything,” Blaine responded.

“Exactly! And even if you did ask, he would do it for *you* in a heartbeat. Blaine, you said it yourself that Kurt has not been in the dating world for a long time. He saw you in a crowded club filled with people and wanted to meet just *you*. That man adores you. And I don't think he would go this far to pay for your school if it was just for the sake of doing it. I mean...that's something big. Almost commitment big,” Nick said. Blaine bit his lower lip, suddenly feeling guilty for storming out of Kurt's apartment.

“I acted like a drama queen, didn't I?” Blaine asked. Nick smiled and patted him on the back.

“Hell, I would have elected you,” Nick joked. Blaine chuckled, giving him a nudge.

“Do you think he'll talk to me?” Blaine asked. Nick gestured to his cell phone.

“One way to find out.” Blaine nodded and went to grab his phone. He looked at the screen. Four missed calls and six text messages. One more came up right as he was about to read them.

From Kurt:
Blaine? Talk to me please!

From Kurt:
I'm really sorry. I should have told you.

From Kurt:
Please answer your phone.

From Kurt:
At least text me to let me know you made it home okay.

From Kurt:
Don't make me send Malcolm for you!

From Kurt:
Okay, that was kind of dramatic. But can you blame me? Will you please tell me something!

Blaine sighed and sent a reply.

To Kurt:
I'm sorry. If you send Malcolm, I'll let him drive me to you. If you still want to talk.

It didn't take long to get a response.

From Kurt:
Now I don't feel bad for sending him. I'm so sorry baby! Please don't be mad at me. And yes, more than anything, I still want to talk.

To Kurt:
Okay. I'll be there soon. I'm not mad. I promise.

Malcolm picked up Blaine and brought him back to Kurt's apartment. His heart raced every second he stood in the elevator. When the door opened, he swore his heart was going to leap out of his chest. Right then, Kurt opened the door. He was still in his t-shirt and sweat pants. His eyes were a little red. The fact that Kurt may have cried a little hurt Blaine.

“Hi,” Blaine said first.

“Hey,” Kurt said back. Blaine walked forward and wrapped his arms around Kurt's waist. It was like Kurt's body relaxed instantly in Blaine's embrace. His arms wrapped around Blaine's neck, resting his head against Blaine's.

“I shouldn't have left,” Blaine whispered.

“I should have talked to you when doing something that...” Kurt started.

“Let's...talk inside,” Blaine said. He pressed his cheek against Kurt's. They stood like that for a while, holding each other. It didn't take long before their heads tilted and their lips touched for a brief kiss.

“Will you stay tonight?” Kurt asked. He didn't ask Blaine if he could, but would he.

“Yes,” Blaine answered. They walked into the apartment and Kurt shut the door behind him. Blaine saw a pizza box on the coffee table. He wondered if there was ice cream in the freezer.

“I was about to open my tub of cookie dough ice cream,” Kurt said out of the blue. Blaine just smiled.

“So, can we eat some ice cream and talk?” Kurt asked. Blaine nodded.

“I'd like that. And I promise, no more overreacting or leaving. I shouldn't have done that,” Blaine answered. Kurt gave Blaine a quick kiss before retrieving the ice cream. There was a lot to talk about and Blaine had a feeling, he and Kurt would be up all night.

Chapter 6

It started raining when Blaine sat down on Kurt's couch and grabbed a slice of pizza. Blaine sent Nick a text that he wasn't sure he would be home later tonight. All he got in response was a winking smiley face. Kurt brought the tub of ice cream with him as he sat next to him on the couch. There was a comfortable silence. Neither was mad or upset. Blaine ate a few bites of the pizza.

"How do you want to start?" Kurt asked, sticking his spoon in the ice cream. It wasn't fully thawed yet, so the spoon just kind of grazed the top.

"I'm sorry about how I acted. I was a bit stunned...and I couldn't get something out of my mind," Blaine said, putting his half eaten pizza back into the box. Kurt set the ice cream aside.

"What is it?" Kurt asked.

"I read an article...about you a while back," Blaine started. Kurt let out a breath. He couldn't keep out of the public eye, that was just not an option in his position. He never talked about his private life, but he was aware there were rumors going around about him seeing someone. Blaine and his relationship was his business and nobody else's.

"What about?"

"About you being someone's sugar daddy," Blaine said, not looking at Kurt. All Kurt did was nod. He read that article and he gave an earful to the reporter who posted that. Unfortunately, it was on the internet. Once it was out there, it was there forever.

"That article pissed me off. I think I got the reporter fired. That helped a little," Kurt joked. Blaine smiled a little. "Is that what you think I am?"

"I never once thought that, I swear. I just couldn't help but think that...if that's all this was," Blaine admitted. "And when you said you paid my school fees..."

"Blaine, I know that I took a step with that, but I swear I did that to help you. I have never done that for anybody. Not even my fiancé," Kurt said. That caught Blaine by surprise.

"What?"

"I never did any of that for him. Hell, I wasn't even the one who proposed. I said yes because I did love him, but I think I loved the idea about being married and being happy with someone more," Kurt admitted guiltily. Blaine kept his attention on Kurt. He didn't say a word, just let Kurt continue.

"The more we tried to plan the wedding, the less good I felt about it. He wanted to make this huge deal about it. Including having photographers and the paparazzi. It would be expensive and I think he was more excited about the idea of marrying someone like me, than actually

wanting to be with *me*. It took a lot for me to break it off with him, and since then, I couldn't...I couldn't bring myself to want to be with someone else,” Kurt explained.

“And now?” Blaine asked. That's when Kurt smiled.

“Like I told you on our first date, I can't explain it. I just feel for you. The more I know you, the more enamored I am. You make me feel things that I didn't feel for my ex. I love being with you. I'm so comfortable that I'm wearing sweat pants and a t-shirt in front of you,” Kurt said with a slight chuckle.

“You still look hot,” Blaine added.

“I never went out of my way to do the things I do for you. I don't regret them for a second. I will, however, make sure that I talk with you first before doing such things like paying for your school. I won't lie...I did think about your rent...” he admitted with a sheepish smile. Blaine smiled a little and shook his head.

“No,” he said.

“I know...I know, I won't. Will you at least promise me something?” Kurt asked. Blaine was afraid of that, but he listened.

“What is it?” Blaine asked. Kurt scooted closer to Blaine, taking a hold of his hand.

“If you are in need of my help, whether it be financial or anything else, and you have no other alternative, please, come to me?” Kurt asked. It wasn't unreasonable. Kurt knew Blaine was his own, independent person, and he loved that about Blaine.

“Okay. I promise. Please, don't do that again,” he said. Kurt smiled and kissed Blaine.

“I won't. That doesn't mean I'll stop everything else,” Kurt mumbled, kissing Blaine across his chin and slowly down his neck. Blaine closed his eyes, savoring the feeling of Kurt's lips grazing over the very spot that shot sparks through his body.

“That's...fine...” Blaine breathed. He couldn't quite concentrate. Kurt kissed back up his neck and kissed him over the lips again. Kurt pulled away and rested his forehead against Blaine's.

“Are we okay?” he whispered.

“Yes. We're definitely okay,” Blaine answered.

“I really care about you, Blaine. Please don't forget that,” Kurt whispered. Blaine smiled and nodded.

“I won't. I care about you, too.”

Several weeks into the school year and Blaine and Nick were feeling the pressure. Once they had everything figured out, it was easy to get back into a routine. They were both having

such a difficult time one day that Kurt and Jeff came to their apartment one day and surprised them with a surprise visit with Chinese food. They had the best boyfriends in the world.

One day, Blaine found a flyer on one of the student bulletins. The school was having auditions for their rendition of RENT. Blaine smiled and nearly hurried to bring the flyer home to show to Nick. That musical was their most favorite. And while it would be a stretch, they wanted to audition for any role they could get.

Kurt was typing away on his laptop one day while Blaine was reading an assignment for his class. Jeff was at the apartment with Nick, and Blaine needed the peace and quiet. Kurt was more than happy to let Blaine come by to do his schoolwork in silence. Kurt had a lot of work to finish before he took advantage of his alone time with his boyfriend. There were still rumors and articles circling about Kurt having a secret lover. Even when asked, Kurt would just say that he did have someone in his life and he was very happy.

Blaine's phone buzzed. He pulled it out and read the message from Nick. He smiled.

From Nick:

I've decided to audition with the song Pick U Up by Adam Lambert! I'm gonna to fucking rock that song!

Blaine had to agree. Kurt turned away from his computer.

“Nick?”

“Yeah,” Blaine answered, typing a quick reply.

“He doesn't brag about what he and Jeff do, does he? Jeff does it constantly. I swear I think he makes half of it up,” Kurt said.

“No, I mean, yeah he does do that, but that's not what he was sending me. NYU is holding auditions for the musical RENT,” Blaine explained. Kurt's attention was fully on Blaine.

“Really?”

“Yeah. Nick was telling the song he's going to audition with. I haven't picked mine yet,” Blaine answered, putting his phone away.

“You sing?” Kurt asked.

“Yeah. I mean...I haven't in a long while, but yeah. Nick and I used to be in a glee club together,” Blaine responded. Kurt closed his laptop.

“I didn't know that! When you get the lead role, you be sure to reserve me front row seats,” Kurt pointed at his boyfriend who apparently could sing. Blaine laughed.

“Kurt,” Blaine said.

“Oh, and for Jeff. He'd kill me if I went without him. Seeing both you and Nick on stage, singing one of my all time favorite musicals, it's gonna be so difficult to get pictures without

a flash,” Kurt started to ramble.

“We haven't even auditioned yet,” Blaine said. “And you haven't heard me sing yet.” Kurt smiled and pushed his computer aside.

“Then sing to me,” Kurt said. Blaine smirked as he put his phone aside.

“Or...” he said slyly and started to crawl slowly toward Kurt. Blaine crawled close enough to give Kurt a teasing lick on his ear. That wasn't fair. Blaine discovered that his ear was the most sensitive spot on Kurt's body. That tickling feeling raced up Kurt's spine as he hitched his breath. Kurt turned his body toward Blaine, feeling him grab his leg gently to pull him down on the couch. Kurt loved this side of Blaine. The side where Blaine was comfortable around Kurt to be this devious and teasing with him. They hadn't gone all the way just yet, but from the way they've been exploring each other, it wouldn't be too long. Kurt never brought it up to Blaine. There was no pressure.

“Or what?” Kurt asked breathlessly. Blaine was completely on top of Kurt with his legs straddled over him. It was so incredibly hot when Blaine was on top of him.

“I thought it was obvious,” Blaine whispered.

“I need more convincing,” Kurt whispered back.

“I can do that,” Blaine said before he bent down and kissed him. Blaine did some singing, but not the singing Kurt had in mind, but he still loved it anyway.

Blaine's and Nick's audition times were a few hours apart from each other. That meant Blaine got to watch Nick's audition. He stayed in the back so that the three selected judges didn't notice him. Nick rocked his song and it took everything in Blaine not to nearly jump and applaud. When it came time for Blaine to sing, he was waiting back stage. He peaked around the corner and saw Kurt sneak in and sat in the back, ironically, he sat in the same seat Blaine sat. Blaine's phone buzzed. He knew it was Kurt when he pulled it out.

To Blaine:
Break a leg! :)

Blaine smiled and put his phone away. He heard his name and he walked in the middle of the stage.

“State your name and your audition,” one man said. Blaine cleared his throat before he spoke.

“I'm Blaine Anderson, I'll be auditioning with the song I'll Cover You. And I will be singing it acapella,” Blaine announced.

“All right, whenever you're ready,” the same guy said. Blaine learned not to read judges body language or facial expressions during auditions. Their whole point is to remain neutral. Blaine took in a deep breath and cleared his throat one last time. He pretended there was

nobody in the large auditorium. It was just him in the middle of a stage, singing for just him. Kurt popped into his mind of a split moment before he let out a breath and started to sing.

Live in my house
I'll be your shelter
Just pay me back with one thousand kisses

Be my lover...
And I'll cover you...

Blaine's voice echoed throughout the auditorium. Kurt hadn't realized he was sitting at the edge of his seat. RENT was one of his favorite musicals and the fact that his boyfriend, whom was handsome and smart, was also incredibly talented. Kurt wanted to introduce Blaine to a few of his close friends. His friends Santana and Rachel wanted to meet him and kept asking him every time they saw each other when he was going to bring Blaine with him.

Was it bad that Kurt just wanted to keep Blaine all to himself for however long he could?

Open your door...
I'll be your tenant
Don't got much baggage to lay at your feet

But sweet kisses I've got to spare.
I'll be there
And I'll cover you...

Oh and was it possible to be completely hypnotized by one's voice? Kurt drowned in the sound of Blaine's voice. Blaine was this extraordinary man. Why did it take Kurt this long to find someone like Blaine? Better yet, why did it take this long to find Blaine?

Granted, if Kurt found Blaine sooner he probably wouldn't be of legal age, but Kurt didn't want to think about the age thing. Age was *never* the issue with Kurt and Blaine. Santana and Rachel knew Blaine was a college student. Of course, there were a few jokes here and there (mainly from Santana) but neither one voiced concerns – just the want to meet Blaine.

Kurt hadn't realized Blaine stopped singing. There were a few words from the small panel of judges but Blaine just thanked them and make his way toward Kurt. The two left the auditorium before the next person came onto the stage for their audition.

“Do you have anywhere you need to be?” Kurt asked.

“No. I'm all yours,” Blaine said with a smile.

Kurt liked to hear that.

Blaine tossed in Kurt's bed. After they went back to Kurt's apartment, they ordered in dinner, watched a few movies (Kurt had to take a few calls but they were brief) and spent a nice night in bed together. Blaine wanted to bring up the subject of sext that night. He couldn't

bring himself to say the words, probably because Kurt's mouth was on his dick and then they were naked and rubbing each other. It was wonderful. There was always another night. He turned on his side and reached his arm out for Kurt.

Kurt wasn't in bed. He opened his eyes and looked. Kurt's side was empty and Kurt wasn't in the room at all. He pushed himself upward when he heard voices from outside the bedroom.

"Blaine is still sleeping!" He heard Kurt say.

Not anymore. Blaine got up from the bed, scoured to find his underwear and pants. Without realizing it, he grabbed on of Kurt's undershirts. He ran his fingers through his hair before he dared open the door to see two women in the kitchen and Kurt. Two brunette girls, one was obviously Latina and the other was talking with Kurt and Blaine's name came up. All three faces were looking at him. Blaine suddenly wished he had stayed in bed.

"Hey, baby. Did we wake you?" Kurt asked, walking toward Blaine.

"No...no it's okay," Blaine answered.

"Well, now is as good a time as any," Kurt said. He took a hold of Blaine's hand and walked him toward the two women. "Blaine? That's Rachel and Santana. Ladies, this is Blaine. Be nice," Kurt introduced. Santana rolled her eyes.

"I am *always* nice," she said.

"No, you're not. Hi, Blaine! It's so nice to finally put a face to the name!" Rachel said and engulfed Blaine in a tight hug. Blaine accepted without question. He liked to hug.

"Definitely cute. I'm hella impressed. Considering who have to compare too," Santana said. Rachel released Blaine from the hug.

"Just so you know, ninety-eight percent of what she says you cannot take seriously. You'll learn to tune her out," Kurt said to Blaine.

"Estúpido," Santana said.

"Not nice," Blaine said right away. Santana looked at Blaine with a half smirk.

"She does that sometimes. Now, how long do we have you for?" Rachel asked.

"I do have to study sometime today, but I'm no rush right now," Blaine answered. Kurt smiled.

"Good. Why don't we have some breakfast? Rachel is vegan so there is this restaurant..." Kurt started.

"Is Malcolm available?" Blaine asked.

"Anytime, why?" Kurt asked. Blaine went to the fridge to examine what Kurt had in the fridge. There were some things, but nothing vegan friendly.

“Let me change and we can go to the store to pick up a few things for vegan friendly crepes,” Blaine said.

“You don't have to go through all of that,” Rachel assured. Blaine shook his head.

“I never turn down a chance to show off my cooking skills. Be right back,” Blaine said before he gave Kurt a quick kiss and retreated to the bedroom. Kurt smiled at his girls.

“Cute and he cooks. I approve. We really have to eat the vegan shit?” Santana asked.

“You'll live,” Kurt said.

It didn't take long to get the necessary ingredients. Blaine also picked up some fruit and other things to put inside the crepes. Santana was more impressed Blaine could cook and that he could get her to eat vegan crepes, and actually demand he make more. Kurt explained that they came over unexpectedly and *not hoping* that Blaine would be there.

It was flattering that Kurt's friends wanted to meet Blaine that much.

Kurt went with Blaine to take him back to his apartment.

“So, Santana and Rachel...” Blaine started which resulted in a long heavy sigh from Kurt.

“I'm really sorry to spring them on you like that. I had a totally different way of introducing them to you. Like, maybe starting off with a video call and maybe ease you into meeting Rachel first...” Blaine chuckled and took a hold of Kurt's hand.

“It's fine. I enjoyed myself. Rachel is great and Santana is feisty,” Blaine said. Kurt squeezed Blaine's hand.

“And since you understand Santana when she goes off on her Spanish rants, I will need you to be with me every time I have to be around her,” Kurt declared.

“Duly noted,” Blaine said. Kurt smiled.

“Those crepes were great and it was so sweet of you to go out of your way to make them vegan friendly,” Kurt said sincerely.

“It was no problem. I'm glad I got to meet them.”

“When will you find out about the casting?” Kurt asked as the limousine pulled up in front of Blaine's apartment building.

“Maybe in a day or two. Odds are, Nick will find out before me. He always finds stuff out before me,” Blaine answered.

“Well, when you find out let me know. And of course Rachel and Santana will want to go see you too,” Kurt said, leaning forward for a kiss. Malcolm parked the limousine and waited patiently. Blaine pulled away from the kiss.

“Of course I'll let you know,” Blaine whispered. Kurt kissed him again, cupping the side of Blaine's face.

“I don't want to let you go yet,” Kurt whined a little. Blaine just smiled.

“I know what you mean. Five more minutes?” Blaine asked. Kurt didn't give a response, just more kisses.

Blaine was in the NYU library, studying for a test he had at the end of the week when Nick took a chair beside him excitedly.

“Nick?” Blaine asked. There was a wide smile on his face. That could only mean one of two things, either Jeff surprised him on campus (which Blaine would prefer to keep the details to himself) or the cast list was up.

“I'm gonna be Roger,” Nick said softly.

“That's great!” Blaine exclaimed as quietly as he could.

“And you...you're playing Mark,” Nick said.

“Are you fucking with me?” Blaine asked. Nick pulled out his phone and showed Blaine a picture of the cast list. Sure enough, there was Blaine's name with the name Mark beside it.

“Oh wow! I've...I've gotta call Kurt!” Blaine said happily.

“We have to meet with everybody tomorrow afternoon,” Nick said as Blaine pulled out his phone and dialed Kurt's number.

“This is Kurt,” he answered after the first ring.

“The cast list is up! I'm playing Mark!” Blaine nearly yelled into his phone. He received a lot of glares from the other people in the library. He quickly went outside as he heard Kurt gasp.

“That's great! Umm...I would really love to be excited but I have to go this meeting...”

“No, no! That's fine! I just wanted to let you know,” Blaine assured.

“Okay, tonight, we will all celebrate. Tell Nick and Jeff I will bring Chinese food at your apartment tonight,” Kurt said.

“Will do,” Blaine said.

“I have to go, but baby, I'm so happy for you. I can't wait to hear more!”

“You will. Now, go do business stuff. I'll see you tonight,” Blaine said with a smile.

“You're wonderful and I love you. Gotta go!” There was a click before Blaine could make a response.

Kurt just told Blaine he loved him.

Chapter 7

To Kurt:

Can you believe five weeks have already gone by? The play is in three nights.

From Kurt:

I made very sure that I have that night off and not to be disturbed. Are your parents going to see the play?

To Kurt:

Unfortunately not. My parents are divorced and my dad is constantly away on business. Mom can't really afford to take time off, but I'm gonna visit her during the fall break.

From Kurt:

Are you and your dad close?

That was a difficult question to answer. Blaine's parents supported him from the beginning, and even helped him get to New York. His mom and dad had problems and when they couldn't work it out, they divorced while Blaine was still in high school. Blaine's dad helped with the majority of any financial needs Blaine needed and his mom tried her best. She wasn't struggling and lived comfortably, but she couldn't help with everything.

Blaine and his dad got along, they did. But he wouldn't consider them close. No real disheartening reason, they just weren't close like he and his mother were.

To Kurt:

Not really. I'm close with my mom. She'd love you.

From Kurt:

Really?

To Kurt:

Absolutely.

"Blaine? Quit sexting your man and get over here so we can rehearse," Nick called.

"I'm not sexting," Blaine retorted.

"Why the hell not?" Nick asked. "Have you two even..."

"No," Blaine said right away.

"Again, why the hell not? I thought you said he loved you," Nick said. Blaine sighed. Kurt did say he loved Blaine, but it was only once. Kurt never brought it up and neither did Blaine. He wasn't even sure he wanted to bring it up to Kurt.

"He did...we just haven't talked," Blaine said, putting his phone away.

“Do you love him?” Nick asked curiously. He settled himself onto the couch beside Blaine. That was the question. Did Blaine love Kurt?

“I don't know. Shouldn't I know by now?” Blaine asked. Nick shrugged.

“I don't know. I've never been in love before,” Nick said.

“What about Jeff?”

“I have genuine feelings for Jeff. There's no question about that. Whether it's love or not, I guess I'll know when I know. And you'll know when you know,” Nick said. Blaine let out a breath.

“I guess so. What do you want to go over today? We have to do a full rehearsal tomorrow,” Blaine said, getting up from the couch. Nick got off the couch and the two dropped the subject.

Blaine went straight to the apartment after rehearsal. Jeff met Nick after rehearsal and they went off to have a late date. Unfortunately, Kurt was working. The only reason Blaine said that was because he sent him a few texts throughout the day and only got one response. When Kurt did that, it meant that the only time he had to look at his phone was if someone called him. It bummed him, but he understood.

Right as Blaine was about to settle down on the couch and enjoy the quiet, his phone rang. It was a ringtone per say. He pulled it out and saw that he was getting a video call from his mother. He and his mom talked on the phone and sent each other text messages from time to time, but this was the first time she was initiating a video chat.

He pressed accept and saw his mother smiling on his phone. He had her curly hair and eyes. Blaine's mom, in his opinion of course, was the most beautiful, strong woman in the whole world. Anybody who said otherwise was wrong.

“Mom? Is that you?” Blaine feigned surprise.

“You can see me, right? I can see you but I'm not sure you can see me,” she said.

“Yes I can see you. And I can tell someone had chocolate before dinner,” Blaine said, brushing his finger over his chin to signal she had chocolate on her face. She shrugged.

“I'm not living with my mom anymore. I can have chocolate whenever I want,” she stated. Blaine laughed.

“How are you, Mom?” Blaine asked.

“I'm really good, actually. I have great news! I will be able to see your play after all!” She said with a wide smile and clapping her hands together. Blaine gasped.

“Really?” He asked, standing up from the couch and holding his phone.

“Yes! Now, I will only be able to fly in for one day and I have to leave after your play. I don't care! It's worth it!”

“So, you'll be able to come in the day before the play?” Blaine asked to be sure.

“That's right,” Pam said. Blaine had to think about it.

“That's tomorrow,” Blaine stated.

“Right again. Are we going three for three?” his mom teased. “Oh! And while I'm there, do I get to meet this mystery man of yours?”

Blaine mentioned Kurt a few times to his mother. He did mention that he was older than him, but he never gave her an age and he also didn't mention that he was also one of the richest men in the country. Before he could give a response, the door to his apartment opened. He looked up and sure enough, there was Kurt with a bag of Chinese food.

“Hi, baby! I thought I would surprise you. I'm sorry I've been so busy today,” Kurt said putting the Chinese food on the counter.

“Oh! Is that him? Turn your phone around!” Blaine's mom said happily. Kurt looked at Blaine questionably as he took a few steps forward to Blaine.

“Mom...” Blaine said. Kurt froze. Blaine's mom was on the phone and from the looks of it, she was on video chat.

“Blaine Devon Anderson, turn your phone around now,” she said in her stern mom voice. Blaine gave an apologetic look toward Kurt. But Kurt just smiled and mouthed that it was all right. Blaine let out a breath.

“Mom, this is my boyfriend Kurt. Kurt, this is my mother, Pam,” Blaine introduced. He turned the phone around and Kurt saw a smiling woman on the screen. He saw the same dark curls and beautiful eyes.

“It's so nice to meet you, Mrs. Anderson,” Kurt said. Pam smiled.

“What a pleasure to finally put a name with the face. You are gorgeous. My son sure knows how to pick them,” she stated. Blaine closed his eyes and mouthed *oh my god*. Kurt chuckled a little.

“Well, I think he is the gorgeous one,” Kurt said.

“If you don't mind me asking, how old are you, Kurt?” Pam asked. Blaine's eyes widened. Kurt kept his posture and cleared his throat.

“I'm thirty-nine,” he said, sounding as confident as he could.

“Oh. Okay,” Pam said simply. Kurt hadn't expected that reaction but he wasn't going to complain. “I can't wait to meet you tomorrow. I'll be able to go to Blaine's play after all. You

will make sure that he cleans that filthy apartment before I get there? I know for a fact that right at this moment, that bed of his isn't made.”

“Mom! It's *my* bed,” Blaine said.

“Do you see how sassy he is toward his mother?” Pam stated. Kurt actually laughed.

“I promise, Mrs. Anderson, I will definitely make sure this place is presentable. I can't say anything for Nick,” Kurt answered.

“Oh, Nick is a little intimidated by me. I'm sure he'll need to find a place to hide his *videos* and then deny he ever owns them. I know for a fact my son has watched a few of them, multiple times,” Pam said.

“Dear God...” Blaine mumbled.

“Blaine? Turn your phone around,” Pam said. Blaine did as requested. “I love you, sweetheart. No, I don't need you to meet me at the airport. I will get there in the afternoon and I can just tour the place while you're in class,” Pam said. Kurt walked over to Blaine so that Pam could see him standing next to Blaine.

“Mrs. Anderson, why don't I have someone pick you up from the airport and drive you wherever you would like? And when Blaine is finished with rehearsal, you can be driven there to pick him up,” Kurt offered. Pam looked at Kurt with an impressed gaze.

“What are you, rich?” she joked. Kurt turned to Blaine.

“Um...well, that's a long story in itself, Mom,” Blaine answered.

“I don't want to put anybody out,” Pam said.

“Oh, it's no bother at all! In fact, why don't we all go out for a nice dinner after Blaine's rehearsal? I promise, nothing fancy, maybe take you to the best place to have New York pizza,” Kurt said. It was like the word *pizza* was the magic word.

“I do love a man offering pizza. All right, thank you so much, Kurt. I can't wait to meet you in person,” Pam answered.

“My driver, Malcolm, will be waiting for you at the airport with your name on a sign. Be on the look out,” Kurt said as he took out his phone and sent a quick message.

“All right. I better go, I have to finish packing. I'll see you all tomorrow!”

“Bye, Mom. Love you,” Blaine said and ended the video call. Kurt chuckled a little as he put his phone in his pocket.

“What?” Blaine asked with an amused tone.

“I can definitely see where you get your personality from,” Kurt said warmly, giving Blaine a kiss. “I missed you.” The kiss started off sweet and short, until Blaine wrapped his arms

around Kurt's waist, wanting more.

“Missed you more,” he mumbled. Kurt felt a tug from Blaine, toward the couch. Happy to oblige, Kurt walked forward with his mouth still over Blaine's. Slowly, Blaine felt for the couch before he laid on his back with Kurt on top of him. Kurt used his knee to spread Blaine's legs, giving Blaine a chance to curl them over Kurt's. Blaine moaned into the kiss, feeling Kurt start to slowly roll his hips against Blaine.

“Won't Nick be home soon?” Kurt mumbled as he started kissing over Blaine's jaw.

“Yes,” Blaine answered. Kurt stopped kissing him, causing Blaine to whine. “No, don't stop.”

“Shouldn't we stop, though?” Kurt asked.

“Nope,” Blaine said simply. Kurt chuckled a little.

“So you *want* to get caught? I didn't think you'd like an audience,” Kurt teased.

“No, no audience. I don't want to stop and if Nick just happens to catch us, this will give him a taste of his own medicine when I have caught him and Jeff over and over doing the same thing,” Blaine said as if it was as simple as a basic math problem. Kurt just laughed.

“I see, so you're using me to get back at your roommate?” Kurt asked playfully.

“More or less, that and I'm really comfortable with you right now. I don't want to move,” Blaine said, pulling Kurt back.

“You are too charming, you know?” Kurt said.

“Only with you,” Blaine whispered.

“Good,” Kurt whispered back and continued to kiss Blaine. It wasn't ten minutes later when the door opened and sure enough, Nick and Jeff were there. Kurt almost pulled away but Blaine kept a hold of him and they continued kissing.

“Pay back?” was all Nick asked. Blaine managed to hold his hand up and curl his fingers into a fist with his thumb sticking up. Jeff tried not to laugh.

“Let's go to my room, baby,” Nick said. Jeff didn't say anything, just followed Nick to the bedroom while Blaine and Kurt continued their make out session on the couch. Neither one remembered that the their Chinese food was still on the counter.

The next day, during a brief break, Blaine was able to check his phone to make sure his mom made it to New York safely. He didn't expect a few messages from her and Kurt.

From Mom:

New York is so big! I love it! And might I say Kurt is very handsome in person! ;)

From Kurt:

You're mother is the sweetest woman I have ever met!

From Mom:

We are heading to the college to pick you up. It's dinner time and I'm starving!

From Kurt:

I'm enjoying the stories about you. And the pictures.

Pictures? His mom brought pictures with her. Of course she would. There was another hour before rehearsal was over. He put his phone away and went back onto the stage. He can only imagine all the stories Kurt has heard about him.

“Blainey!” Pam called from the auditorium door. Thank God that everybody from the rehearsal, except Nick, already left. Nick laughed a little but straightened his posture when Pam came walking toward the stage.

“Hi, Mom. How was your flight?” Blaine asked, meeting his mom halfway. She engulfed him in a tight hug. Kurt was following behind slowly.

“Dreadful. But the limousine ride was amazing. Kurt is such a nice gentleman. Nick? Is there a reason you haven't said hello to me yet?” Pam asked. Nick cleared his throat and walked off the stage to meet Pam.

“Hi, Mrs. Anderson,” Nick said. Pam just smiled and hugged him.

“Will you be joining us for dinner? I hear you have a man in your life too. What's his name? Jeff?” Pam asked. Pam was the best at remembering names.

“Oh...I'm not sure,” Nick said.

“Jeff said he had a photoshoot to complete, but he'll meet us at the restaurant,” Kurt answered. Pam smiled.

“Then it's settled! Now, why don't we all get going? I am quite hungry and I was promised New York pizza.”

Pam had to admit, she was eating the best pizza in the whole world. Once Jeff joined them, they ate pizza and pleasant conversations. Pam told a few stories about Blaine, much to her son's dismay. Kurt enjoyed knowing more and more about Blaine. Kurt never brought up the *I Love You* to Blaine, neither did Blaine. Kurt meant it, though. He didn't scare Blaine away, that was at least a good thing.

“I hope your apartment is clean and ready for me,” Pam said to Blaine.

“Don't worry, Nick got it cleaned from top to bottom,” Blaine teased. Nick took a huge bite of his pizza. Jeff thought it was cute that Nick seemed intimidated by Blaine's mother.

“I even helped. Kurt did the final inspection, quite a few times,” Jeff said, with a little bit of annoyance. Blaine knew Kurt was a bit of a perfectionist. So, when Jeff told Kurt he could inspect the apartment, it took quite a few *final* inspections for it to be perfectly clean.

“I'm surprised we were allowed to use the bathroom after that,” Blaine joked.

“You boys really need to learn how to actually clean,” Kurt stated.

“I do agree with Kurt. Now, I need to use the ladies room before we go,” Pam said, getting up from her seat. Once she entered the ladies room area, Jeff turned to Blaine.

“I have to say, your mother is wonderful,” Jeff said happily.

“I agree,” Kurt said.

“She's the greatest,” Blaine added. He was about to ask Kurt about her time with him in the limousine but she came right back out.

“This place may have delicious pizza, but the ladies room is atrocious. Let's get back to your apartment, Blainey,” Pam said, gathering her purse. Blaine nodded.

“Let me go...” Blaine said.

“I got it this time, Blaine. Go take your mom to the limousine,” Kurt said, getting up from the table. Blaine wanted to argue but he knew his mom would probably scold him for doing so.

“I'll only be a minute.”

“I have to say, Blaine, I like Kurt very much. I did look him up on Google, though,” Pam said as they walked out of the building.

“Oh?” Blaine asked. Nick and Jeff got into the limousine.

“I had no idea his name would come up in a few searches. I'm just grateful none of them was porn related,” Pam said following Jeff and Nick. Blaine was so grateful Kurt didn't hear that.

“Mom,” Blaine groaned. He felt a hand on his back. He looked up to see Kurt smiling at him.

“What's going on?” he asked.

“Nothing! Come on, baby,” Blaine answered immediately, grabbing Kurt's hand and going into the limousine. He really hoped his mother wouldn't bring that up again.

Apparently, that was too much to ask for. During the ride to the apartment, Pam brought up that she looked up Kurt on her phone – and then she added the porn comment. It was the first time anybody had ever seen Kurt's face as red as a tomato. Jeff and Nick had a field day with laughter, then Pam noted about how many *videos* Nick had since the last time she saw them

and he stopped laughing. Once they got to the apartment, Blaine guided Pam into the building and took her to their apartment.

She looked at the large space and was amazed. Everything was in place and sure it did look like a couple of guys lived there, but she smiled.

"It looks great, Blainey," Pam said.

"Thanks, Mom. You'll sleep on my bed and I'll take the couch," Blaine commented.

"What? I don't mind sleeping on the couch," Pam said and waved her hand dismissively.

"Mom, you'll take the bed," Blaine reiterated.

"All right, fine. I would like to take a shower, though," Blaine showed Pam where the room was and guided her to the bathroom. As soon as she closed the door behind her, he walked over and plopped down on the couch.

"Jeff and I will be in my room," Nick said.

"If my mom hears noises in your room, you fight that battle alone," Blaine somewhat teased. Nick flipped him the finger before dragging Jeff into his room and shutting the door. Kurt laughed and sat beside Blaine.

"What a day," Kurt commented.

"You must be tired," Blaine said.

"I am. I actually have an early day tomorrow. Don't worry, I'll be at your play," Kurt assured. Blaine smiled as he leaned his head on Kurt's shoulder.

"Thank you for accompanying my mom today. I can't imagine all the things she's told you about me," Blaine said. Kurt chuckled.

"She speaks so highly of you," Kurt whispered. Blaine laced his fingers with Kurt's. They enjoyed the comfortable silence, with the exception of the shower water running. Kurt squeezed Blaine's hand and sighed.

"I should get going. I know your mom is exhausted and you need your rest for tomorrow," Kurt said, turning his head to kiss Blaine on the forehead.

"Thanks again," Blaine said, leaning forward for a real kiss on the lips. Kurt moaned into the kiss.

"Keep this up and I'll never leave," Kurt joked.

"Maybe that's the point," Blaine whispered.

"You know, I've never spent the night at your place," Kurt said. That was true. Blaine always preferred it at Kurt's place, it was bigger and there was no Nick.

“You're right,” was all Blaine could respond with. Kurt smiled as he got up from the couch.

“I'll call you tomorrow. I may be swamped most of the morning, but I will be at your play,” Kurt said again.

“I know,” Blaine assured. He gave Kurt one last kiss before Kurt left the apartment. It was ten minutes later when Pam came out of the bathroom.

“Oh! Did Kurt leave?” Pam asked. She was wearing a towel on her head and pair of pink fluffy pajamas with a simple grey t-shirt.

“Yeah, he has to work early in the morning,” Blaine answered. Pam smiled.

“You know, I kind of had my doubts when I found about Kurt,” Pam admitted. Blaine blinked.

“You did?”

“Well, of course. He's your first real relationship, you may be grown and moved out but you are still my baby. I've wiped that tushy of yours the first two years of your life,” Pam said and pointed to her son. Dear God, he hoped that wasn't a story she told Kurt.

“Mom,” Blaine groaned.

“My point is that I'm glad that I don't have doubts anymore. Kurt it simply wonderful. I adore him,” Pam said, heading toward the kitchen. She opened the fridge and just as she expected, there was a cold can of diet coke on the first shelf. “I'm glad to see you know how to grocery shop properly.”

“So, you're not bothered by the...” Blaine treaded lightly on the subject. Pam looked at her son with a baffled look as she took the can of soda.

“Bothered by what?”

“The age difference?” Blaine asked.

“No,” she said simply, opening the can.

“Really?”

“Age is only a number, sweetie. We would have a serious talk if you were much younger, but you're an adult, and you've always had the best judgement in people. Kurt is good for you. It's so nice to see someone so in love with you and you someone else,” Pam said with a sly smile. Blaine watched his mom take a sip of her coke.

“What?”

“Oh come on! It's obvious. Why, when we were spending time together, he talked so much about how wonderful you were, how much he loves spending time with you, and the way he looks at you, how can I not notice?”

“You can really tell? I mean with me?” Blaine asked. Pam smiled and gave Blaine a kiss on the forehead.

“I'm sure it'll come to you very soon. How about a movie before we sleep?” Pam asked. Blaine smiled and nodded.

The next day, Blaine got his usual free pretzel and drink. He had to be in class early and his mom was still sleeping when he left. He thought about what his mom said. She didn't know that Kurt already told Blaine he loved him, but Blaine never said it back nor did either one bring it up. The more he thought about it, the more he wished they talked about it sooner. Blaine had never been in love before, so how would he have to find out? His own mother knew it, but Blaine didn't.

As Blaine made it to the campus, his phone buzzed. He smiled as he pulled it out, knowing who it was.

From Kurt:

Hey, baby! I'm probably going to be tied up all day, but that won't stop me from texting you at least once. I can't wait to see you tonight! And as a new rule, you are required to sing me to sleep. It is law. You can't break it. I won't let you :) Have a good day, I'll miss you. I always do.

Blaine read the message a few times. Perhaps he did know after all.

Blaine hadn't realized just how large the auditorium was. All of the seats were practically full. He and Nick were rehearsing their lines backstage. Everybody was. Pam arrived at the auditorium with Kurt and Jeff. Nick took a quick peak and saw they were sitting in the third row. How they managed that, he had no idea but he was glad to see Jeff with them. Blaine put on the scarf and the dark rimmed glasses.

“You nervous?” Nick asked. Blaine took a breath.

“A little. It's been a while,” Blaine answered.

“I know. Oh, by the way, you'll have the apartment to yourself tonight,” Nick said with a big smile.

“Oh really? And why is that?” Blaine teased.

“Don't worry, you'll get full detail the next morning,” Nick answered.

“Great,” Blaine mumbled. But having the apartment to himself for the night was okay with him. He was sad that his mom had to leave so soon, but she was here now. It was only a few minutes before the show started. Blaine's heart was racing.

“It's almost time. Better get to your place,” Nick said.

“Yeah,” Blaine replied breathlessly.

"It'll be just like Dalton again. We will kick ass as always," Nick said and patted Blaine on the shoulders before he took off. Blaine took another breath and then felt another pair of hands on his shoulders. He was surprised when he realized it was Kurt.

"I know I'm not really supposed to be back here, but I wanted to see you before the music started," Kurt said, giving Blaine a hug from behind.

"I'm really glad you did," Blaine said.

"Those glasses are cute on you," Kurt commented. Blaine laughed a little.

"Thanks," Blaine answered. Someone shouted that everybody had to get into their places. Kurt released Blaine and watched him get up from the chair.

"Break a leg, baby," Kurt said giving Blaine a quick kiss.

"Kurt?" Blaine said.

"Yes?"

"Before I go out there, I want to tell you something," Blaine said. The voice shouted again. Blaine was already late getting into place.

"I'm sure it can wait. You have to go," Kurt said. Blaine nodded. He took a few steps away from Kurt before he turned around to face Kurt.

"It can wait, but I don't want it to wait. I love you, Kurt," Blaine said and offered a small smile before he nearly ran to his spot. Kurt stood in his place with his mouth slightly gaped open. But it slowly turned into a smile as he went back to his seat. Pam didn't have to ask what made him so happy, she already knew.

The praises kept coming after the performance. Unfortunately, Pam had to leave right away for the airport. Kurt offered to go with them in the limousine. Once they arrived, Kurt said he would wait in the limousine and answer a few emails while Blaine walked with Pam to security check. Pam was happy and excited for her son. She always loved watching him perform on the stage.

"You were so wonderful! Now, I can't watch the movie without thinking 'oh my son did it so much better,'" Pam said. Blaine laughed.

"Mom."

"What? I brag about my boy to everyone who will listen. Even to the ones that won't. I'm glad I got to come. I miss you," Pam said sincerely.

"I miss you too. I'll be home for winter break, though," Blaine said. Pam gave him a playful slap on his shoulder, but her playful slaps were sometimes painful.

“You better! And I am perfectly fine with you bringing Kurt,” Pam hinted. They arrived at the security gate. Blaine hugged his mom tight. He loved her dearly.

“I love you, Mom,” he whispered. Pam hugged him tighter.

“I love you too, Blaine. I'm so proud of you. I'll send you a message when I get home. I can't wait to tell everybody about New York,” Pam said. Blaine could tell she was trying not to cry. He gave a kiss on the cheek.

“I'll come home for Christmas and you have to come here for New Years,” Blaine said.

“I'm gonna hold you to that! Okay, I have to go! Love you!” Pam gave him one more kiss before she hurried through security. Blaine watched until she was completely out of sight, with a quick message to his phone saying she loved him. Blaine smiled as he walked out of the airport and back to the limousine. Kurt was finishing up something on his phone.

“Hey, everything okay?” Kurt asked. Blaine nodded as he shut the door behind him. Malcolm pulled into traffic and drove on.

“You told me you loved me, and I never said anything,” Blaine said out of the blue. Kurt put his phone away.

“Yes, and tonight you told me you loved me,” Kurt said back.

“I meant it,” Blaine said softly.

“I did too,” Kurt practically whispered.

“I really hate to interrupt the moment, but where are we going?” Malcolm asked. Blaine thought for a moment.

“My apartment. Nick won't be home tonight. We'll be alone,” Blaine said with a low voice.

“Yes. To Blaine's apartment, and you can take the rest of the night off, Malcolm,” Kurt added. Malcolm nodded as he rolled up the privacy window. It didn't take long for Blaine to sit beside Kurt and their arms wrapped around each other, and their lips locked in a long passionate kiss.

Tonight was definitely going to be memorable.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Smut Warning for this chapter.

I didn't care for this chapter. It took forever to write, so I hope you all like it. It's my least favorite.

Once Malcolm pulled up to Blaine's apartment, it took several moments before Blaine and Kurt pulled away from the kiss. The kiss was deep, passionate and their hands started exploring which caused them both to hurry up to the building before anybody noticed that *something* was up. Blaine nearly fumbled trying to get the door unlocked. Mainly because Kurt was kissing his ear and his hands were traveling south of the border, palming Blaine's erection. Finally, Blaine pushed the door open, both of them stumbling into the apartment.

It all happened so quickly.

Kurt pulled Blaine's shirt over his head and tossed it over the couch.

Both men kicked off their shoes in unknown directions.

Blaine nearly pulled the buttons off of Kurt's shirt as he ripped it open. Kurt didn't care, though.

Kurt pulled Blaine against him, moaning into the hard kiss. His hands cupped Blaine's ass cheeks, giving them a rough squeeze. Blaine wrapped his arms around Kurt, trying to guide him toward his bedroom. It wasn't easy, because Blaine was walking backwards. They made it to Blaine's room and the last thing Blaine remembered from the living room was shoes, shirts and somewhere along the way, Blaine's belt wound up on the floor.

In one swift push, Blaine was on his back on the bed and Kurt on top of him. Blaine's arms pulled Kurt closer to his body, feeling the body heat against his chest. Kurt's hips rubbed against Blaine's. His legs entangled around Kurt's as he felt Kurt's lips brush up and down his neck. Blaine moaned, matching his hips to Kurt's rhythm. Kurt was making his way down Blaine's chest, until he stopped. Kurt straddled Blaine and groaned.

“What's wrong?” Blaine asked breathlessly.

“We have to stop,” Kurt said.

“What? No, stopping is bad. *This* is good. We need to keep doing this,” Blaine practically pleaded.

“Believe me, I want too. God knows I want to just rip the rest of your clothes off...” Kurt was almost drooling.

“Do it,” Blaine said immediately.

“I don't...I didn't anticipate this happening tonight...so I'm not...prepared,” Kurt said. Blaine made a noise, realizing what Kurt meant. He patted Kurt's legs, signaling for him to move. Once Kurt did, he watched Blaine crawl across his bed and open the drawer to the nightstand. He pulled out a small bottle of lube and a condom.

“Don't worry, I am,” Blaine said somewhat slyly. Too bad it was somewhat dark in Blaine's room. Otherwise, Blaine would see the lust in Kurt's eyes as he crawled toward Blaine. He pulled on Blaine's legs and gave them one quick yank. Blaine landed back on his back with his head on the pillow. Blaine was completely turned on now and Kurt's hand was right on top of it.

“Before we go any further...I just wanted to make sure...” Kurt said softly, at the same time, unbuttoning Blaine's pants and palming his erection. Blaine moaned, bucking his hips into Kurt's hand.

“I want you. I'm more sure of it than I ever was. I love you,” Blaine answered, pushing himself upward and pulling Kurt in for a kiss. Kurt laid himself over Blaine's body, soothing the kiss from hard and passionate to soft and gentle. He pulled his hand away from Blaine's erection and while Blaine gave a slight whimper, he engulfed Kurt into a tight embrace.

Kurt pulled away, leaning his forehead against Blaine's, “I love you, too.” Kurt pushed himself upward, straddling Blaine's waist. He looked down at Blaine as he rubbed his hands over Blaine's bare chest. Soon, his hands found the button on Blaine's pants. He unzipped them and gently tugged them down Blaine's legs. Blaine lifted his hips as Kurt pulled them all the way off. Feeling a little pain, Kurt undid the button and zipper on his pants, but kept them on.

Kurt bent over and started brushing his lips on Blaine's chest. Slowly, he traveled down to his belly button, giving light teases with the tip of his tongue. He palmed Blaine's erection before pulling it through the hole in Blaine's boxers. A few lazy strokes later, Kurt's lips were circled around the tip. Blaine let out a light moan as he leaned his head back against his pillow. He whimpered when Kurt pulled off and nearly ripped off Blaine's boxers.

He couldn't help himself anymore. Kurt quickly pulled off his pants and tossed them in a random direction. He wanted to seduce Blaine, give him a night to remember for his first time. But Kurt couldn't control it. He wanted Blaine. He wanted to feel Blaine beneath him, and around him. Blaine pushed himself upward as Kurt crawled over him. It occurred to Kurt that there was plenty of time to seduce Blaine, he had a feeling that they had a long time for that. Right now, they wanted each other.

Kurt reached for the lube and coated his middle finger. He looked at Blaine, expecting him to say something. Blaine didn't. He laid back down and waited for Kurt. Blaine knew what Kurt was doing. He never had sex, but he knew what Kurt was about to do. He did learn a few things from Nick...and the DVD's.

"I'm going to stretch you, okay?" Kurt said as he positioned himself in between Blaine's legs.

"I know. It's okay," Blaine assured.

"If it's too much, doesn't matter, tell me and we will stop," Kurt added. Blaine nodded, allowing Kurt to move Blaine's upward. Kurt found the hole and inserted his finger. The feeling was definitely new. Blaine never experimented with toys, or even did the fingering himself. It wasn't unpleasant and there was no pain. He felt Kurt give a bit more push before pulling the finger back.

"Are you okay?" Kurt whispered.

"Yes. Please don't stop," Blaine answered. Kurt smiled as he kept going. Once he felt Blaine was adjusting to the feeling, he inserted another finger. There was a slight stretch, but Blaine didn't say stop. Kurt bent down and took Blaine's erection into his mouth. Blaine moaned, forgetting for a split moment that he and Kurt were the only ones in the apartment. Without warning, Kurt inserted a third finger as he started to give a few teasing licks over the tip of Blaine's erection.

"Kurt...I want you," Blaine moaned. It was a pleasurable torture. Kurt was fingering him and licking his cock. Blaine wanted to feel Kurt inside him. He wanted to feel connected with Kurt.

Kurt pulled his fingers out and quickly grabbed the condom. Blaine remained still while Kurt sat in between Kurt's legs. Kurt practically ripped the wrapper with his teeth and carefully placed the condom around his own throbbing erection. He took the lube and spread it over the condom and stuck his fingers inside Blaine one last time. With a gentle push, Kurt brought Blaine's legs upward, giving him easy access to Blaine's hole.

It was difficult to not just go right in. Kurt had gently, very gently, pushed into Blaine, letting out his own moan. Kurt watched Blaine, waiting for any sign telling him to stop. Blaine only moaned. Kurt bent over, keeping himself upward with his hands as he thrust in and out slowly. Blaine relaxed his legs, trying to match Kurt's thrust with his hips.

"Are you okay?" Kurt asked breathlessly.

"Yes. Please don't stop," Blaine whispered back. Kurt chuckled a little and kissed Blaine hard on the lips. Kurt clutched onto Blaine's hands and pressed them against the bed. In response, Blaine gripped Kurt's hands as he felt Kurt quicken his thrusts.

Blaine's mind was blank. All he could process was that Kurt was kissing him, and making love to him. It was an incredible feeling. A feeling that, unfortunately, wasn't going to last very long. Blaine's hand pulled away from Kurt's and wrapped it around his cock. He barely got one stroke in when Kurt nearly slapped it away.

"Did I say you could do that?" Kurt asked giving one hard thrust. It took Blaine's breath away. It was incredibly...hot.

"No," Blaine answered.

"I didn't think so. It's already..." Kurt moaned, slowing down his thrusting, "difficult to not...come."

"Don't slow down...this won't be the last," Blaine mumbled. Kurt let out a breath and kissed Blaine passionately.

"No...it won't," Kurt moaned. He couldn't keep up the pace anymore. Listening to Blaine moan and him being so tight, it didn't take much longer until Kurt had his orgasm. Kurt wasted no time before he had his mouth on Blaine's cock. Blaine's hands gripped into Kurt's hair, throwing his head back as if he had his own orgasm. Blaine released Kurt's hair, his arms falling limp onto the bed.

Kurt crawled over Blaine and collapsed next to him on his back. Deep breaths were the only sounds in the apartment. Blaine turned his head to Kurt. He had no words. He had to say something, but he just couldn't say anything. Kurt turned to Blaine and smiled.

"You're okay?" Kurt asked, turning over to rest over Blaine's body, forgetting about the condom.

"I am. Are you okay?" Blaine asked.

"Are you implying because of my age I exhausted myself?" Kurt teased, giving Blaine a light pinch on his chest. Blaine chuckled.

"Maybe a little," Blaine teased back. Kurt pushed himself upward.

"Keep talking I'll do more than just slap your hand when you are trying to masturbate without permission," Kurt said, trying to use a threatening tone but Blaine couldn't help the smile.

"Oh...are you saying you'll punish me?" Blaine asked.

"There will be punishment," Kurt answered. Blaine gave Kurt a quick kiss.

"I'm gonna order pizza," he said. Kurt smiled.

"Make it two pizzas. I don't plan on sleeping anytime soon," Kurt stated, pulling the condom off.

"Good. Neither do I," Blaine said, grabbing his phone and pulling up the pizza phone number. He was so glad Nick wasn't home.

It was near three in the morning and Blaine and Kurt were still wide awake. Blaine got a few text messages from Nick, talking about having an incredible night with Jeff. It wouldn't be long until he would start sending texts with too much information. That was all right. It meant that Blaine could do the exact same thing. The two boxes of pizza were open and there was now only one pizza left.

"Your apartment is so cute and cozy," Kurt commented. He and Blaine took a shower together. Which made no sense since after they got out, they were at it again. This time, they

were on the couch. Blaine would save that for when Nick really pissed him off.

"I like yours better. It's big. And the kitchen is better than mine," Blaine responded. Kurt chuckled a little.

"You know, to be honest, I've always wanted to get a house outside of the city," Kurt admitted. Blaine looked at Kurt with wide eyes.

"Why didn't you?"

"I almost did with my fiancé. When we broke up, I didn't want to live in a big house by myself," Kurt said, almost regrettably.

"That's understandable. I like the city but living in a house maybe in the suburbs in the country, was always more appealing to me," Blaine said, picking up a half eaten pizza. He wasn't sure if it was his or Kurt's. He didn't care.

"Can I ask you something? It may sound a little forward, but I want to ask," Kurt said, turning his full body toward Blaine. They were naked and wrapped in Blaine's bed sheets.

"What is it?" Blaine asked.

"Let's say...in the future we get married and we have that house in the suburbs. Where do you stand on having children?" Kurt asked nervously.

"What do you mean?" Blaine asked. The idea of marriage wasn't so frightening, though that could wait at least a year or two after Blaine graduated and got a teaching job.

"I've never...I've never had that paternal instinct. I like kids. I have a niece and a nephew. I'm also named Rachel's future god parent. But...I don't want to be a father. I never have," Kurt said as if it was the most difficult thing to say.

Blaine actually let out a sigh of relief.

"I haven't either. I want to teach, but having children has never been in my future. Marriage, absolutely," Blaine said with a smile. Kurt returned the smile.

"So, once again, we are on the same page?" Kurt asked.

"Same page," Blaine answered. "I would love to be able to move my mom here, though. I know she likes that house but it's big and I think she would make a good life here," Blaine added. Kurt nodded.

"I'd love to help with that, in the future," Kurt said. Blaine took a hold of Kurt's hand.

"Oh and she said that you are more than welcome to come home with me for the holidays," Blaine said giving Kurt's hand a light squeeze.

"That would be great. And you can meet my family in the process," Kurt added. Blaine cleared his throat.

“Your father?”

“He would be the main one. Is that okay?” Kurt asked.

“Yeah...that would be fine,” Blaine answered. Kurt leaned forward and gave him a gentle kiss.

“I told him all about you, he's looking forward to meeting you. Don't panic yet,” Kurt whispered.

“Yet?”

“Did I say yet?” Kurt teased. Blaine gave him a playful push.

“Not nice,” Blaine stated. Kurt pushed the pizza box aside and unwrapped Blaine from the bed sheet.

“I'll make it up to you.”

Blaine didn't argue.

Blaine rolled out of bed to use the bathroom. He had no idea what time it was, nor did he care. The sun was shining and Kurt was still in bed sleeping. The box of pizza somehow ended up on the floor, on the other side of the room. He shrugged and made his way to the bathroom. When he came out of the bathroom, he heard his phone buzz. Funny, he remembered his phone buzzed every few minutes. He figured it was Nick, bragging about Jeff.

When he went back to his room, it was Nick actually calling him. Blaine was tired, but he picked up the phone and pressed accept.

“Hello?” Blaine mumbled.

“Don't tell me you're still sleeping,” Nick teased. Blaine rolled his eyes.

“Maybe. What's up?”

“If you were still sleeping, then you haven't read my texts have you?” Nick asked. His voice wasn't teasing anymore. Blaine felt Kurt stir in the bed, but he was still asleep.

“No,” Blaine said.

“You should. I hate to say it, but your man was spotted going into our apartment...and there's a picture of both of you,” Nick said. Blaine's eyes widened. He hung up on Nick without saying goodbye and pulled up the text message.

Nick's first one was a link to a news article. It was just over an hour ago. Blaine clicked on the link and sure enough, it was about Kurt and Blaine.

Kurt Hummel, World's Most Eligible Billionaire, Hiding Secret Young Lover.

Blaine nearly dropped his phone. He couldn't keep the gasp in, though. He turned around to see Kurt turn toward him and open his eyes.

“Morning, baby,” Kurt said. His smile faded when he saw the worried look on Blaine's face. “What's wrong? Did Nick traumatize you?” Blaine wasn't laughing.

“He sent me a link...” Blaine said as he handed the phone to Kurt.

Kurt took the phone and pushed himself upward. He groaned as he read the headline and saw the picture. He found his pants on the other side of the bed and sure enough, he had an obscene amount of missed calls from his agent, and one of his bodyguards.

“Let me handle this,” Kurt said, giving Blaine's phone back. Kurt got out of bed and grabbed his jeans, while at the same time phoning his publicist. Blaine got dressed and went to the kitchen and browsed the fridge. He called Nick real quick and gave him a quick update. While Kurt was practically shouting into his phone, Blaine pulled out a carton of eggs, some bacon, any random veggies he could find and some milk.

Blaine had finished making an omelette when Kurt finally got off the phone. Kurt looked at Blaine almost fearfully.

“Baby...I'm so sorry. I had no idea we were being followed. Apparently, someone got a tip that I would be at your play and followed us,” Kurt explained. Blaine put the omelette on the plate and handed it to Kurt.

“So...now what?” Blaine asked, preparing another omelette.

“Well, a few more articles popped up. My publicist is going to do some damage control. In the meantime...one of my bodyguards is going to be escorting you for a little while. That was his idea, not mine. I know it sounds really bad, but I would really feel better if I knew that you were...”

“Kurt?” Blaine asked.

“Yes?”

“Eat your omelette. I know this wasn't your fault. I love you and I'll have a bodyguard if you think it's best,” Blaine said, though he hated the idea of someone having to guard him. Kurt smiled and put the plate down on the counter.

“Are you sure? I know I warned you about my being in the public eye, but I really thought I could keep you away from that,” Kurt admitted. Blaine offered a smile.

“I don't think that was going to happen. I'm sure it'll be a little difficult now that they've seen us together, but we'll be okay,” Blaine said trying to sound confident.

Truth be told, he was terrified. He wasn't sure how to react or even what the outcome was going to be for him and Kurt. He wondered how many people at NYU actually read about

Kurt. He looked at Kurt whom seemed to be pondering something that actually scared him. Blaine finished the omelette and turned off the stove.

“What is it?” Blaine asked. Kurt let out a breath and looked at Blaine.

“If you want out, just say so,” Kurt said with finality. Blaine squinted his eyes.

“What?”

“I'm just saying that if you want out, I'll completely understand. There's no reason for you to go through this,” Kurt added.

“Kurt? I don't want out. When I said I loved you, I meant that. You said on our first date that you were in the public eye. I knew all this from the beginning, and yet I'm still here. Well, you're here, because this is my apartment,” Blaine said jokingly. Kurt chuckled.

“Are you sure?”

“I am. I'm a little nervous. I won't lie. I don't want anybody harassing my mother...” Kurt rounded the counter and took a hold of Blaine's hands.

“Nobody will bother your mother. I will see to it that nobody knows where she is. This will die down, I'm not sure when, but I promise I won't let anything happen with your mother. Do you believe me?” Kurt asked, hope written all over his face.

“I do,” Blaine said honestly. Kurt gave Blaine a sweet kiss.

“I love you,” Kurt whispered, wrapping his arms around Blaine's neck. Blaine returned the embrace.

“Then eat your omelette before it gets cold,” Blaine said. Kurt chuckled.

“All right.” Blaine grabbed his omelette and joined Kurt at the table. They took a few bites before the door opened. Nick and Jeff came into the apartment, closing the door behind them.

“Everything okay?” Nick asked.

“Everything is fine,” Kurt answered.

“I think I saw Malcolm outside the apartment. I saw a few people waiting to take pictures. They tried to get a few of me and Nick,” Jeff said.

“Again...I'm so sorry,” Kurt said to Blaine then back to Nick. All Nick did was shrug.

“People want to pictures of my awesomeness, who am I to deny them? I got Blaine's back, too,” Nick said. Blaine smiled. “Is that your famous omelette?”

“There are plenty of eggs if you two are hungry,” Blaine offered.

“Dear God, yes!” Jeff agreed immediately.

“You know what? I'm happy, so I won't take offense to that,” Nick said sweetly to Jeff. Blaine gave Kurt a gentle kiss before he went back to the kitchen. Kurt couldn't help the smile. He knew he was going to have a lot to deal with, but for right now, he was enjoying good company and good omelettes.

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Smut warning.

Chapter Notes

After this chapter, there are only two chapters left of this story. Just to let you know :)

Kurt's Young Mystery Lover!

Hummel and the Cradle.

Billionaire, Kurt Hummel, Likes Them Young!

Blaine walked past the paper tabloids on his way to NYU. He knew that just a few feet away from him was one of Kurt's bodyguards. So far, nobody harassed Blaine and from the sounds of it, he didn't hear anybody taking pictures of him. Blaine wore a hat and one of Nick's hoodies. It was too big, but it was a good size to disguise himself with.

First class of the morning Blaine walked into the room. He took his usual seat in the front row. He was hesitant that the bodyguard was going to be in the classroom. Oddly enough, he only saw the guy once and then the professor walked in. Class began as normal.

After class, Blaine checked his phone. No text or phone call from Kurt. Nick asked if he was okay which he sent a quick reply. The rest of the day, Blaine's classes went as normal and nobody went up to him about the picture. At first, he thought someone from the press got into his school because he heard a camera click. Come to find it was just a group of college students taking selfies. They didn't notice Blaine.

Blaine called out to work and went straight to his apartment. Even though he went through today without any hassles, that didn't mean he could get through work that way. He would have to remove the hat and the hoodie. Once Blaine made it to the door, he turned toward the bodyguard briefly before he rushed into the building.

He plopped down on his couch and sighed. Nick would be home soon. He looked at his phone and still no message from Kurt. Maybe he was busy. After all, a picture did leak with him and Kurt on the front. That was a few days ago, though. It was only a few minutes later when Nick walked into the apartment.

“How are you?” Nick asked. He asked that a few times during the day via text message. Now, he asked again in person. Blaine just offered a small smile.

“I’m okay. No hassles. Thanks for the hoodie,” Blaine said.

“No problem. Has Kurt said anything?” Nick asked, joining Blaine on the couch.

“No. Nothing,” Blaine answered. Nick didn’t seem all that surprised or worried.

“Chinese food and movies?” Nick offered. That sounded like a good idea.

The whole week and Blaine didn’t hear from Kurt. There was one time Blaine called Kurt because he hadn’t responded to the last few text messages. When Blaine did call, Kurt picked up and two seconds later, he said he had to take a call and disconnected with Blaine. There was that and someone on the street while Blaine was trying to run some errands recognized Blaine and tried to get a few pictures.

His bodyguard was close by and managed to redirect the person so Blaine could get away. The headliners died down, but there was still a few that came up online. At this point, Blaine was getting frustrated.

He felt like Kurt was ignoring him. Blaine returned to the apartment and there was Nick and Jeff on the couch watching a movie. Jeff turned to Blaine.

“Hey, how are you?” Jeff asked. Blaine was starting to really hate that question. He tried to keep his frustration to himself as he went into the kitchen.

“Fine,” Blaine mumbled, putting stuff away. Nick got up from the couch.

“Still nothing from Kurt?” Nick asked. Blaine shook his head.

“I’m sure he’s not avoiding you. Hell, I think he’s practically made himself invisible because he hasn’t shown up at the runways,” Jeff said. That didn’t make Blaine feel any better.

“At least nobody is harassing you. Nobody has any new pictures of you. Nobody even knows your name. The bodyguard is a bit creepy, but he did his job,” Nick said as if that was the silver lining. Blaine wished he could see it that way. He had the fridge door open and he was staring at the items inside, not wanting anything in particular. Jeff got up from the couch and joined Nick at his side.

“Do you want to watch a movie with us?” Jeff asked. Blaine closed the door.

“No, thanks. I have homework to do. I’ll leave you two alone,” Blaine answered lightly. He offered them a small smile before he retreated to his room. He closed the door behind him and pulled out his phone. No text from Kurt.

Blaine dialed Kurt’s number one last time. Instead of Kurt answering, it rang until voicemail picked it up. Blaine sighed and hung up, not bothering to leave a message. Blaine pulled out

his computer and opened up Skype. He saw that his mom was logged in and initiated a call. A video opened up with his mom's hair pulled back and wearing a pink robe. He smiled.

"Hey, Blainey! Everything okay?" she asked. Blaine let out a breath.

"No...not really," Blaine answered.

"What's the matter?" Blaine went into detail about someone following him and Kurt and a picture leaked. Nobody knew Blaine's name or even had a chance to get new photos. Pam listened to every word. Pam didn't really keep up with entertainment news, so all of this was truly *news* to her.

"And now I can't get a hold of him," Blaine ended. Pam offered one of her motherly smiles. The one where she had a half smile and she gave him a warm glance.

"I'm so sorry, Blaine," Pam said sincerely.

"I don't think he cares anymore," Blaine admitted. This time, Pam looked at her son questionably.

"Why do you say that?"

"He won't answer my text messages, I was only able to talk to him once on the phone and now he won't even answer," Blaine explained, almost as if he were irritated that he had to explain in the first place.

"All right, son, just calm yourself," Pam said. Blaine let out a breath.

"I'm sorry. I love him and it feels like it's over..." Blaine said with a choked up voice. Pam sighed.

"Blaine, you're thinking about this too much."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you haven't had to go through the turmoil of publicity, he has. And from the sounds of it, he's jumping through hoops to make sure you didn't have to deal with it," Pam said in her motherly advice tone.

"What?"

"Think about it, Blaine. A picture of you and Kurt was showed to the entire world. And by the way, I looked it up and you two seemed to be very busy together," Pam added. Blaine cleared his throat, feeling his ears burn a little.

"And yet, you've only had one time where someone tried to take a picture of you. Nobody is stalking you, nobody is outside your apartment and nobody has gone to campus to find you," Pam kept going. "I think that's all on Kurt."

"Nobody has come to you, have they?" Blaine asked. Pam rolled her eyes.

"If those bozos want to take pictures of me and my fabulousness, by all means. Just so long as they know they have the best Pamela Anderson," Pam said. Blaine actually laughed.

"Blaine, in all honesty, I think Kurt did everything he could to keep you away from the public eye. That sounds an awful lot like a man who loves you. If he didn't, I don't think he would be putting himself through all of this, just to protect you."

Blaine let out a breath. That made sense. Now Blaine felt horrible about thinking that Kurt didn't care about him. He just missed him.

"So, what do I do?" Blaine asked.

"Be the best boyfriend for him. Send him a sweet text message, leave him a nice voicemail. I think something that simple would help him put himself at ease. I'm sure this wasn't easy for him, either." Blaine nodded.

"Thanks, Mom," Blaine said. There was a knock at the door. Blaine mumbled a *come in*. Nick opened the door.

"Oh, sorry," Nick apologized.

"It's okay," Blaine said.

"Hello, Nick," Pam greeted.

"Hi, Mrs. Anderson," Nick said.

"Well, I'll leave you boys to it. My stories are about to start and I will not miss the opening. Blaine, the invite for Kurt to come over for the holidays still stands. Nick? The invitation goes to you and Jeff as well," Pam said. "I love you, boys. Behave!" Pam said one last time before she disconnected the video chat. Blaine laughed a little.

"You okay?" Nick asked. Blaine wasn't irritated by that question anymore.

"I will be," Blaine answered.

"We ordered some pizza. Come join us, please," Nick said. Blaine nodded as he pulled out his phone.

"Let me make one phone call and I'll be out there," Blaine answered. Nick nodded as he went back to the living room. Blaine dialed Kurt's number again. It went to voicemail. Once he heard the beep, let out a breath.

"Hi, baby. I hope you're doing okay. I know this was probably not easy on you, and I didn't help with it. I love you. Have a good and safe night. Talk to you tomorrow."

Blaine disconnected the call and retreated to the living room with *Once Upon a Time* playing on the television.

Blaine still hadn't heard from Kurt. That didn't stop him from sending a text message or leaving a voicemail for Kurt. They were sweet and sometimes not so short.

To Kurt:
Good morning. I love you.

To Kurt:
Hope you're having a good day. Thinking about you.

To Kurt:
I'm not sure what you're feeling, but don't forget I love you.

Hey, Kurt! I know you're busy. I can't imagine what you're going through. Just wanted to say I love you. Talk to you soon.

It wasn't until Blaine came home from work one day when he saw a black car outside his apartment. Malcolm poked his head out once and gestured for him to get in. Blaine wasted no time in getting into the car. He was disappointed when Kurt wasn't in the backseat, but Malcolm drove off in the direction of Kurt's apartment.

Malcolm pulled up in front of the building and turned to Blaine.

“He's waiting for you. Nobody will bother you two,” he promised. Blaine nodded and hurriedly got out of the car. There was no telling if there was anybody outside waiting for a photo opportunity. The doorman had the door open and ready for Blaine. He quickly ran into the elevator before it could shut. Blaine's heart pounded as he traveled up to the penthouse. He didn't know why, but he let out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding when the doors opened.

Blaine walked up to Kurt's door and knocked. Like Kurt was waiting at the door for him, the door opened right away. Kurt looked tired. He didn't bother getting dressed up. Blaine offered a warm smile when he saw Kurt in a pair of sweat pants and a black muscle shirt. His hair was combed, but Kurt looked as if he hadn't slept in days.

“You're a sight for sore eyes,” Blaine said humorously. Kurt let out a tiny chuckle.

“Come in, baby,” Kurt said softly. Blaine happily obliged. Kurt closed the door and locked the deadbolt and the chain lock.

“I'm so sorry that I haven't spoken to you much. But you have no idea how sweet your messages were,” Kurt said, wrapping his arms around Blaine and resting his head on Blaine's shoulder. Blaine felt Kurt instantly relax against him. He held him tight, taking in Kurt's aroma.

“It's okay,” Blaine whispered.

“It took a lot of time and effort to keep you away from any further publicity. I actually have to be on a plane tomorrow for California,” Kurt said, almost happily.

“Why?” Blaine asked, pulling away from the hug.

"I'm gonna be on Ellen's show," Kurt said. Blaine's eyes widened.

"Really?"

"Yes. I was on her show before, but that was a long time ago. If you didn't have your classes I would have asked if you wanted to go. I know she won't pry about that picture," Kurt explained.

"What are you going to say?" Blaine asked. He was a little bummed that he wouldn't be able to go with Kurt, more so that Kurt was leaving tomorrow so that meant he barely got a day with him.

"I won't tell her your name or anything like that," Kurt promised.

"I know, but how long...can we keep this a secret? Eventually...someone will find out," Blaine said. Kurt sighed. He had thought of that numerous times. It was also another reason he didn't talk much with Blaine. He still had one more year left in college. Kurt wanted to say, *yes that is my boyfriend. This is the man I plan on spending my life with.* Kurt took Blaine's hand and led him into the bedroom. The bed was unmade so they just climbed in and snuggled under the covers.

"What do you think of that?" Kurt asked, both laying on their sides facing each other.

"What do you mean?" Blaine asked.

"You're right, someone would find out eventually. I don't want them to find out that way. So, what do you think about that? I know I've warned you many times I'm in the public eye and that will never change. Should the time ever come that everybody will know about us, what do you think about that?" It was a loaded question and Blaine knew the answer. He sat himself up and Kurt followed. There was a long moment of silence. Kurt waited patiently for an answer. There was a small part of him that believed that soon, he would be alone again.

Blaine turned to Kurt and looked in the eyes. A faint glow from the lamp on the nightstand made Kurt's eyes shine.

"After graduation," Blaine said. Kurt tilted his head slightly.

"What?"

"I have one more semester to go before I graduate. I want to teach. I've always wanted that, and that will not change," Blaine explained. Kurt started to understand.

"So, after graduation..."

"Maybe then we can talk about coming out to the public...in a manner of speaking," Blaine said light heartedly. Kurt smiled. Relief written on his face as he took a hold of Blaine's hands.

"I would like that. You'd be a great teacher. Lots of schools need someone like you. Now...not to be pessimistic, but if it should happen before then..."

"We'll deal with it when it happens. We've done really well not dwelling on the what ifs. Let's not...let's not start now," Blaine said, squeezing Kurt's hands. Kurt let out a breathy sigh.

"You are the most level headed twenty-year-old I have ever met," Kurt said. Blaine laughed a little.

"Twenty-one," Blaine corrected, "and if you haven't noticed, my mom is the same way. People say I get it from her. I overthink a lot, though," Blaine admitted.

"So do I. I'm so lucky to have you," Kurt said, kissing Blaine's hand.

"You are, aren't you?" Blaine joked. Kurt laughed as he wrapped his arms around Blaine's neck and pushed him back, kissing him on the lips. When Kurt pulled away, Blaine wrapped his arms around him.

"Mom says the offer still stands for you coming over on the holidays," Blaine whispered, rubbing his hands up and down Kurt's back. Kurt smiled.

"Tell her I'd love too. Are you still willing to meet mine?" Kurt asked.

"I am," Blaine answered. Kurt leaned in for another kiss and he sighed tiredly. Blaine smiled.

"Go to sleep, baby," he whispered. Kurt cuddled his head in the crook of Blaine's neck.

"I want to be with you," Kurt mumbled, his hands roaming up Blaine's chest.

"You're tired, you need to sleep. You don't want to fall asleep on Ellen's show. Who knows what she would do while you're sleeping," Blaine joked. Kurt laughed a little.

"I'd hate to fall asleep while I'm having my way with you," Kurt muttered tiredly. Blaine could feel Kurt's body slowly relaxing into sleep.

"There will be plenty of that when you get back. For now, go to sleep. I'm not going anywhere," Blaine whispered and gave Kurt a kiss on the forehead. Kurt sighed sleepily as he snuggled up against Blaine. It didn't take long for Blaine to fall asleep, content with Kurt sleeping in his arms.

It had been a very long day. Blaine wore Nick's hoody again and the bodyguard was close by. Although there was nobody in sight with a camera or phones clicking, he still felt somewhat paranoid. School went as normal and he was able to concentrate on his job. By the time he made it home, Nick was laying on the couch watching Netflix. He sat up.

"Hey," Blaine greeted. Nick looked over at Blaine.

“Hey. I saw parts of the Ellen episode with Kurt. Someone played it at work. He looked good,” Nick stated.

“What did he say?” Blaine asked.

“I don't know. They always mute the television. Couldn't tell what he was saying,” Nick answered. Blaine plopped down on the sofa. He hadn't heard from Kurt, yet. He expected that, but that didn't mean he liked it. He sent him a few sweet messages.

“How are you and Jeff?” Blaine asked, wanting to change the subject. Nick couldn't help the smile.

“We are good, great actually. He's doing well in his online classes. He won't show me his drawings, though. Says it's bad luck to see them before they are finished,” Nick said happily. Blaine smiled. Nick's phone vibrated and from the look on his face, it was a message from Jeff.

“Plans?” Blaine asked.

“Yeah...but I can take a rain check,” Nick said, and he meant it. Blaine shook his head.

“I'm gonna order pizza and just stay in. I have to study, anyway,” Blaine answered. Nick looked at Blaine for a moment.

“Are you sure?” Nick asked.

“I am. Thanks, though,” Blaine said sincerely.

“You call me or text me if you need me. I love Jeff, but you're practically my brother. I'll be there if you need me,” Nick promised. Blaine smiled at him.

“You love Jeff,” he stated. Nick smiled.

“I do. I haven't told him yet,” Nick said.

“Well, when you do, you can keep the details of your celebratory sex to yourself, for once,” Blaine mumbled the last part. Nick looked at him in mock offense.

“But we are brothers. We share everything,” Nick stated.

“Does Jeff know your real name is Nicolai?” Blaine challenged. Nick glared.

“Why do you hate me?” Blaine laughed.

Blaine had no idea what time it was when he heard someone pounding on his apartment door. He fell asleep on the couch with one of his books on his chest. The television was still blaring with the volume turned down. And there was half a pizza on the coffee table. Blaine groaned as he put the book aside on the couch and went for the door. He looked through the little peep hole and opened it immediately.

Kurt.

“Hi,” Kurt said breathlessly. Blaine blinked a few times. There was a chance that he could be dreaming. To be sure, Blaine actually reached forward and poked Kurt on the nose. Kurt tried not to laugh.

“Okay, you're real,” Blaine said before he hugged Kurt.

“Did I wake you?” Kurt asked. “I was going to call or text but I left as soon as I could after the show. I wanted to see you. I haven't even gone home...”

“Come in,” Blaine said, pulling Kurt into the apartment. Once he closed the door, without a word, he and Kurt went straight to Blaine's room. Kurt nearly plopped onto Blaine's bed and let out a comfortable sigh. Blaine laughed a little, crawling beside Kurt.

“I missed you,” Kurt said softly, rolling on his side and resting his head on Blaine's chest.

“Missed you, too,” Blaine responded, kissing Kurt's forehead. “How was the show? I didn't get a chance to watch it.”

“I love Ellen. She's great. I always have a blast on her show. She didn't bring up the photo and I didn't either. I know this will pass soon,” Kurt mumbled. He turned his head upward, placing small kisses over Blaine's shirt and making his way toward the nape of his neck. “Are you tired?” Blaine leaned his head back so Kurt could have more access.

“No, not anymore,” Blaine moaned as he felt Kurt's lips over the tender spot on his neck. Kurt moaned as he kissed up Blaine's jaw and briefly kissed him on the lips.

“Good. Me neither,” Kurt whispered, positioning himself on top of Blaine. Blaine's arms grasped around Kurt's waist, his hands making their way down Kurt's back and cupping his ass cheeks. Kurt moaned as he started to roll his hips. He was about to start undoing Blaine's jeans when he felt his hand grasp it.

“Kurt?” Blaine asked.

“Hmm?” Kurt moaned into Blaine's ear, giving it a teasing lick.

“What would you say...if,” Blaine hesitated for a moment. Kurt looked down at Blaine.

“If, what?”

“If maybe...I could...do you so to speak,” Blaine said lightly. He thought about asking Kurt that over and over. It sounded so much better when the question was just to himself. Now that he heard it out loud, he could feel his cheeks burn a little. Kurt grinned.

“I would say fuck me, then,” Kurt said in a low seductive voice. The sound of that voice sent chills down Blaine's spine. Kurt straddled Blaine's waist, nearly ripping off his own shirt. Blaine pushed himself upward, his hands roamed up and down Kurt's bare back. They kissed fiercely before Blaine swung Kurt onto his back.

Blaine settled himself in between Kurt's legs. He fumbled with the buttons on Kurt's pants. Once he got the zipper down, he slowly pulled them down Kurt's legs. Kurt lifted his hips and pulled his legs slightly upward, giving Blaine a little help. It had been a very long time since Kurt had been the bottom. For Blaine, he was more than willing.

Blaine tossed pants in an unknown direction before he leaned over and dug into his nightstand. He pulled out a condom and his bottle of lube. His heart started to race. He was excited and nervous. Blaine pulled off his shirt and started undoing his own pants. There was no doubt he was more than ready, and so was Kurt.

The idea that Blaine could very well be disappointing rushed through him. He didn't really know what he was doing, but he couldn't help himself. He bent down and kissed Kurt. The longer they kissed, the more Blaine felt calm. His hand made its way toward Kurt's waist band and started to slowly, although urgently, pulling it down. Kurt chuckled as he helped Blaine get it off. Kurt's erection was in full view. Blaine bent down and put his lips over the tip.

"Oh dear, God," Kurt moaned. He was so ready for Blaine to start fingering him that feeling his warm lips over his throbbing cock was such a rush. Kurt's fingers curled into Blaine's hair. At the same time, Blaine was trying to coat his fingers with the lube. He almost didn't get the bottle open, but he did. Once his finger was covered, he went searching for Kurt's hole. He pulled off of Kurt's cock for a brief moment and watched as his finger went inside.

Kurt's voice hitched at the feeling. Blaine slightly hesitated but he kept going. From the way Kurt was responding, it didn't take long for Blaine to insert a second finger. His free hand stroked Kurt's throbbing cock, giving him a few teasing licks.

"You're enjoying this too much," Kurt said breathlessly. Blaine just smirked as he kept pushing his fingers in and pulling them out slowly.

"And you're not?" Blaine challenged, inserting a third finger. His free hand found the condom and he ripped the wrapper with his teeth.

Kurt moaned as Blaine pulled his fingers out so he could adjust the condom. Blaine pushed Kurt's legs upward, positioning himself right at Kurt's hole. As much as Blaine wanted to thrust into Kurt, he had to slow himself down and go in slowly. It had been a long time since Kurt was on the bottom and it was the first time Blaine was on top. The feeling of Kurt around his cock caused Blaine to let out a moan of his own.

Kurt let out a breathy moan as Blaine went in further and pulled out slowly. There was no way to describe what Blaine was feeling, only that he wasn't going to last very long. Kurt was tight and all Blaine wanted to do was thrust harder so he could hear Kurt moan louder. He bent down and pressed a hard kiss on Kurt's lips. How could Blaine not do this sooner? How could he not have experienced this with Kurt sooner? Either way, Kurt was writhing under Blaine and he loved every second of it.

As Blaine continued to kiss Kurt, he felt Kurt's fingers curl forcefully into his hair, pulling the strands with each thrust. The pulling only made Blaine go faster. That familiar coil at the

pit of his stomach was about to erupt. Blaine wanted the moment to last longer. He wanted Kurt to come first. Blaine pushed himself upward, holding onto Kurt's legs and thrust harder.

“Oh, baby,” Kurt bellowed, almost begging for more. That did it. A few more thrusts and Blaine groaned as he released into the condom. He let a couple of breaths before he pulled out and put his lips over Kurt's cock. Kurt nearly pushed Blaine further down his cock, causing a slight gagging noise. Blaine didn't care. He wanted to taste Kurt down his throat. It wasn't long until Kurt moaned from his own orgasm.

Blaine pulled off, giving a trail of wet kisses up Kurt's stomach and settled over his chest. There was a comfortable silence in the room. Neither one was sure what time it was, but that was the last thing on their minds.

“I hope you know that won't be the last time you do that,” Kurt was the first one to speak. Blaine chuckled.

“If you give me twenty minutes, I'll go again,” Blaine mumbled.

“Honey, I'm not in my twenties anymore,” Kurt said. Blaine pulled himself upward to lay his head over Kurt's shoulder.

“I'm really glad you're back. I know you've only been gone for a day, but I missed you,” Blaine said softly. Kurt turned his head and gave Blaine a light kiss.

“I missed you, too. Again, I'm so sorry about...” Blaine kissed Kurt.

“Don't say sorry. There's nothing to be sorry about. Just think about my fall semester coming to an end, and us going to mom's house where she will make us fat,” Blaine somewhat joked. Kurt laughed a little.

“Sounds wonderful,” Kurt sighed and mumbled an *I love you* before he fell asleep. Eventually, Blaine fell asleep, listening to the sound of Kurt's heartbeat.

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

I would like to apologize profusely for not updating this story for the longest of time. To put it simply, I was blocked on it and didn't know how to continue. I do believe I have a better grasp on how to continue and eventually end this story. Enjoy this long awaited update :)

While November wasn't the last month of the semester, Blaine and Nick went back to their apartment on the last day before Thanksgiving break, with assignments to complete and turn in the day they go back. Both kept mumbling about who would assign homework during the break. It didn't matter because, in a few hours, they would be on their way back to Ohio where Pam would be expecting them, and stuffing them with food. Nick's family decided to take a trip for the break. That didn't bother him much, his family never really celebrated Thanksgiving. It wasn't so much as a cultural or religious choice, but neither of his parents knew how to cook, not well anyway.

Before they left, Nick was able to video chat with them so they could at least meet Jeff. They liked him and said that they would be having Christmas, and Jeff was invited to their house. Come to find, Jeff didn't have any family left. His mother died a few years ago, and his father left a year later. Jeff was on his own. It was nice to be able to go somewhere during the holidays other than being stuck with photo shoots for holiday magazines or even at home eating Chinese food.

Jeff brought his stuff to Nick and Blaine's apartment. They were still waiting for Kurt.

From Kurt:

Sorry about the delay. Malcolm and I are outside now!

“Kurt's here. Let's get going!” Blaine said, grabbing his back. Nick and Jeff grabbed theirs and nearly raced out of the apartment. The plane trip wasn't going to be long, but it was close to the holiday and there was a chance that they couldn't get through security on time. Malcolm didn't drive like he was in a hurry. He drove like he always did, and it was almost unsettling.

“Kurt...we are going to be late,” Blaine said.

“No, we won't,” Kurt said simply, putting his hand on Blaine's thigh.

“Are you sure?” Blaine asked. Nick rolled his eyes.

“You better say more than that or else he's going to pester the hell out of you,” Nick warned. Kurt just smiled and gave Blaine a gentle squeeze on his knee.

“Honey, trust me, we will not be late. We will not ever be late,” Kurt answered. Even Nick and Jeff were confused and a little worried.

“Are you sure?” Nick asked this time. It started to occur to Jeff and just started laughing. “Sweetie?” Nick asked.

“I've only heard of Kurt having his own private jet, but I've never seen or rode it. I'm actually looking forward to it now,” Jeff said.

“You have a jet?” Blaine asked. Kurt looked at his boyfriend.

“I'm amazed at how surprised you get,” Kurt joked.

“So...does my mom know...”

“Yes, Pam knows about it,” Kurt stated.

“How?”

“I called her,” Kurt said simply. “And yes I do have her number and she has mine. You can thank Nick for that.” Nick glared at Kurt as Blaine turned to Nick.

“We are here,” Malcolm said. Blaine looked out the window and hadn't realized that they were out in the open with just a single plane, waiting for them. It was definitely easier than going through security and waiting with a crowd of people. Nick and Jeff were more excited than Blaine.

“Thank you, Malcolm. You enjoy your holiday off,” Kurt said warmly as all four men got out of the car.

“You as well,” Malcolm returned the smile and helped take out the luggage before he left. Jeff and Nick nearly raced to the plane. Kurt took a hold of Blaine's arm as they walked, slowly, toward the plane.

“You're getting quiet,” Kurt said softly.

“Flying isn't really my favorite thing. I'm not afraid of it, but that doesn't mean I like it,” Blaine admitted.

“Don't worry, I'll be by your side the whole time,” Kurt said playfully. Blaine chuckled a little. “And I'll be by your side too when you meet my family.”

“My mom has no problem with...you know the age difference. What about your family?” Blaine asked as they boarded the plane.

“Dad's fine with it. He's been fine with it since I told him about you,” Kurt answered. The door closed as Blaine took a seat beside Kurt. Nick and Jeff were cuddled next to each other with headphones in their ears, watching something on Jeff's phone.

“When did you tell your dad about me?” Blaine asked. Kurt turned off his phone and shoved it back in his pocket.

“The day after I asked Quinn to bring you to me at the club,” Kurt said with a cute smile. The plane started and Blaine hadn't noticed that it was moving.

“Really?”

“Of course. He may be a little protective when you first meet him, but just be your sweet, charming self and he'll love you,” Kurt said, laying his head on Blaine's shoulder. The plane lifted into the air. “We'll be in Ohio soon. And we'll have a driver take us to your mom's house.” Blaine laughed a little.

“You have people everywhere, don't you?” Blaine asked.

“You have no idea.”

The flight was pleasant and as Kurt said, there was someone waiting for them with a car. Blaine sent his mom a quick message that they were on the way to the house. She replied that she had food waiting for them. That made Nick and Jeff very excited. Kurt was talking with his father on the phone.

“No, Dad,” Kurt said with good humor. “Yes, Dad. I know, Dad. Only a little. Okay, I'll see you later. Love you.” He pressed end on his cell phone.

“I told mom we landed,” Blaine said.

“My dad always tells me to call him whenever I go somewhere. I'm almost forty and he still wants me to check in with him. And he says he can't wait to meet you,” Kurt said excitedly. It was only a little chilly when they stepped off the plane. A car was waiting for them when the plane closed. Kurt guided Blaine, Nick and Jeff to the car.

“I'm hungry,” Nick stated.

“Me too,” Jeff added.

“Mom said she has lunch ready for us when we get there,” Blaine said. The car drove for about fifteen minutes before they arrived at Blaine's house. Blaine had sent his mom a message that they would be there in a few minutes. At that moment, she was outside waiting for them. Blaine was the first one out of the car.

“Hey, Mom!” Blaine greeted his mother with a tight hug. Kurt, Jeff, and Nick got out of the car.

“All of my boys are here! Now we can eat, I made enough to feed two households,” Pam said happily. She went to greet the other boys, giving Kurt the longest hug. They brought their luggage into the nice house. It was two stories high and three bedrooms. She prepared the two rooms with clean sheets and made sure each of them would have their own bath towels. Blaine knew Nick and Jeff was going to be sleeping together in a room. He hadn't spoken to Kurt of whether he would be sleeping at Blaine's house or his own.

Blaine just assumed Kurt would want to sleep at his own family's house. When they brought their stuff into the room, Blaine put his bag on the bed. Kurt was sending a quick text message.

“Work?” Blaine asked. The way Kurt always texted to work or non-work related was different. When it was work, his fingers would type quickly and as soon as send was pressed, he put his phone away, not bothering to check to make sure it was sent. When it was personal, family or Blaine, he kept his phone out, awaiting a response if one was needed or wanted. Kurt looked at him with a guilty look as he put his phone away.

“I'm sorry. It's the holidays, but I don't always get the time off,” Kurt apologized. Blaine just offered a warm smile as he opened up his suitcase.

“It's all right,” he said. Kurt walked over to Blaine, putting his arms around him.

“I hate to do this...but my family is expecting me,” Kurt said. Blaine understood.

“Go. Mom knows that you probably had to leave as soon as you got here. Just text me when you get there,” Blaine said, giving Kurt a quick kiss.

“I will. I promise I'll be back later,” Kurt promised.

“Kurt? It's your family. Spend time with them,” Blaine insisted. Kurt smiled and gave Blaine another kiss.

“Thank you, baby. I'll text you later, love you.” Kurt walked gracefully out of the room. Blaine could hear Kurt saying goodbye to Pam, Nick and then Jeff before he left the house. Sure, Blaine was a little bummed that Kurt was leaving, but it was family. His family was important. At least Blaine didn't have to worry about meeting Kurt's father, yet.

It was so great to be home. Pam made a nice lunch and conversation flowed so smoothly. Jeff talked about the classes he was taking and how he wanted to do something more than just be a model. Nick was looking forward to graduating from college and getting out of the pet

store. Blaine needed to take a special test to get ready for teaching, but he liked the bookstore. He got one message from Kurt saying that he made it home. As happy as Blaine was to hear from Kurt that he made it home, he missed him.

Blaine, Nick, and Jeff even drove to a nearby store to get some ice cream for later. Nick thought of calling up some of the former Warbler members and getting together after Thanksgiving. Blaine liked the idea.

The day went by so quickly that before they knew it, ten o'clock rolled around. Pam retired to bed first before Nick and Jeff went to their room. Blaine went to his room not too long after, but he couldn't sleep. He thought about calling Kurt or texting him, but he didn't want to interrupt his family time. Before long, his drifted closed and he was about to fall asleep. He didn't hear his bedroom door open and close. At first, he thought he was dreaming that Kurt was bending over him and kissing him. When he felt a hand against his cheek, he opened his eyes and sure enough, Kurt was hovered over him, kissing him.

"Evening, baby," Kurt said softly. Blaine pushed himself upward.

"Kurt? What are you doing here?" Blaine asked, scooting in his bed so Kurt could lay next to him.

"I wanted to spend the first night with you. Dad didn't mind so long as I was home in time for dinner tomorrow. Obviously," Kurt answered as he crawled into the bed with Blaine. "Your mom left the door unlocked for me."

"So, she knew you were coming back?"

"Possibly," Kurt teased, giving him another kiss.

"Does that mean we get to cuddle?" Blaine asked tiredly. Kurt smiled as he nuzzled his nose against the nape of Blaine's neck. It didn't take long for the both of them to fall asleep in each other's arms.

"Are you sure I can't stay and help? I'll even cook the whole dinner," Blaine tried to bargain with his mother in the kitchen. It was just in the afternoon and Kurt left early in the morning to be with his family and then he was going to come back and pick Blaine up for lunch. That meant that Blaine was going to eat a light lunch with his boyfriend's father. Nick and Jeff were having too much fun teasing Blaine about it all morning. Pam just smiled as she turned her son around and pushed him gently out of the kitchen.

"Blainey, everything is going perfectly. This isn't my first rodeo and I'm almost insulted that you think I need help, but I'll let it slide because you are so cute when you have the jitters," Pam said with good humor.

“What if he gives me nothing but death glares? What if he talks about how we have such a huge age difference...” Blaine’s phone buzzed. That meant Kurt was right outside waiting for him. Nick looked at Blaine with a sympathetic look.

“Blaine? Just be yourself. That’s who Kurt is bringing to meet his dad. Don’t be somebody you think his dad ought to expect,” Nick said. Jeff smiled.

“That’s good advice,” Jeff said.

“I agree. Go on now. Me, Nick and Jeff will be just fine. The food is cooking and we have a marathon of a show called Supernatural to start. I’ve been wanting to watch that show for the longest time,” Pam said. Blaine paused for a moment.

“You sure you want to start that show?” Blaine asked.

“Of course! Now, get out of my house and go have fun,” Pam said as she practically pushed Blaine out of the house and shut the door behind him. Blaine shook his head. He knew his mother didn’t like watching anything that made her sad. He shrugged as he made his way toward a black car. The back door opened and Kurt was waiting for him. Blaine crawled into the backseat and shut the door behind him. As soon as he did, the driver drove away.

“I need to give you a bit of a heads up,” Kurt started.

“Umm...okay,” Blaine said.

“My dad is there along with my stepmother and my stepbrother with his wife and two kids. My niece and nephew,” Kurt stated. It was Thanksgiving, of course, the whole family would be there. Blaine already felt nervous about meeting Kurt’s father. Now he was going to be judged by a panel of family members.

“Oh,” was all Blaine could say.

“Baby? If you don’t want to do this...”

“It’s not that. I’m just really nervous,” Blaine responded gently. The car was slowing down. They weren’t at the house already, were they? Kurt took a hold of Kurt’s hand.

“It’s okay. They are looking forward to meeting you. Be happy you won’t have to sit a table with them,” Kurt said as a joke. Blaine smiled as he looked to see a tall guy with a boy and a girl running from the front door.

“Don’t run!” the man called.

“That’s Aaron and Amy. They are a handful, just to warn you,” Kurt said. Blaine shrugged as he got out of the car.

“Are you Uncle Kurt’s boyfriend?” the little girl Amy asked. Blaine smiled.

“I am. I’m Blaine. What’s your name?” Blaine said to Amy as he held out his hand. Amy turned to apparently her father as if asking if it was okay. Kurt had walked around the car and joined Blaine by his side. When Amy got the approval head nod from her father, she turned back to Blaine and took his hand.

“I’m Amy,” she said. Her hair was pulled back in a simple ponytail. It was long and auburn and she had dark blue eyes.

“Hi, Amy. It’s nice to meet you,” Blaine said. He turned to Aaron. “What’s your name?”

“I’m Aaron. We’re hungry. We were waiting for you,” Aaron said a bit grumpily.

“Aaron!” his father exclaimed.

“You said it first!” Kurt rolled his eyes.

“Well, we are here now. Go into the house before your father begins eating without you,” Kurt said. Both kids ran quickly back into the house.

“Too late,” the guy said as he pulled out half a sandwich from his pocket. Kurt groaned.

“That’s gross, Finn. Blaine? This is my brother, Finn. Finn? This is Blaine,” Kurt introduced. Finn took a bite of his sandwich and quickly chewed and swallowed it before he spoke.

“Hi, Blaine! Glad we could finally meet! Burt and mom are inside. Maggie is still in the kitchen with the Thanksgiving dinner. Nobody is allowed in the kitchen,” Finn said fondly. Kurt smiled as he guided Blaine toward the front door. The television was blaring from a football game. Blaine saw an older man sitting beside a woman on the couch. Once the door was shut, the man turned and put the television on mute.

“Hey, kid! This him?” the older man asked as he got up from the couch.

“Yes. Dad, this is Blaine Anderson. Blaine, this is my father, Burt Hummel and my stepmother, Carole,” Kurt introduced. Blaine held out his hand to Burt. It shook a little and Blaine could swear that the older man was a little amused by it.

“Nice to meet you, sir,” Burt smirked as he took the offering hand and grasped it as gently as he could.

“None of that sir stuff, kid. Call me Burt. Nice to finally put a face to the name. We have lunch outside in the backyard. A light one since we are eating a big dinner later,” Burt said. Carole smiled as she walked up to Blaine and gave him a gentle hug.

“It’s so nice to finally meet you. I swear every word out of Kurt’s mouth nowadays either starts or ends with your name,” Carole said fondly. A woman with the same color hair as the children came out of the kitchen with a white apron, blue jeans, and a long-sleeved pink shirt. Her hair was also pulled back in a ponytail.

“Okay, lunch is set up in the backyard. Where’s Blaine?” she asked excitedly. Kurt laughed at his sister-in-law.

“This is Margaret, everybody calls her Maggie,” Kurt said to Blaine. Maggie wrapped her arms around Blaine.

“Finally! I almost thought Kurt made you up,” Maggie said. Kurt looked offended.

“Excuse me?”

“Go outside and eat before my husband and children eat it all. It’s happened before,” Maggie stated. “You have temporary passage through my kitchen.” Burt walked beside Blaine and put his arm around his shoulders.

“So, Blaine? Tell me about yourself. And don’t leave a single thing out,” Burt said as they made it to the backyard.

“Dad?” Kurt groaned.

“Let’s eat! I’m hungry!” Aaron yelled.

“I’m hungry, too!”

Blaine answered every question he was thrown. Aaron and Amy clung to him right away, wanting him to play football with them. It wasn’t until Blaine looked at his phone that he realized that his mother would have dinner ready very soon. At that time, Maggie came outside to say that dinner was ready.

“I have to get back. Lunch was great and I’m so thankful to meet all of you,” Blaine said happily.

“It so good to meet you as well, Blaine. It was such a pleasure. In fact, we were wondering if maybe for dessert, you and your mother, could come by?” Carole asked as she gave Blaine a tight hug. Carole had suggested the idea to Kurt while Blaine was playing football with the children. Any time Kurt could spend more time with Blaine he was up for, but it would have to be up to Blaine’s mom.

“That would be great. Although, it isn’t just me and my mother. I have my roommate and his boyfriend at my house as well,” Blaine responded.

“Bring them! The more the merrier. We have a buffet of desserts. They gotta go somewhere,” Burt said. Blaine smiled.

“All right, I’ll ask her when I get home. Thank you for much for having me here,” Blaine thanked. He was awarded a double hug from Aaron and Amy, who said they didn’t want Blaine to leave at all. Finn hugged Blaine and whispered in his ear that he definitely liked him better than the guy Kurt was going to marry. Maggie hugged him and said the same thing. Blaine laughed a little as he and Kurt made their way through the house and out the front door.

The car was, of course, waiting for them when they left the house. They got into the backseat and the car drove.

“Your family is great, Kurt.” Kurt smiled as he took a hold of Blaine’s hand.

“They are. I’m glad you got to meet them. They really didn’t like my last boyfriend,” Kurt said.

“So I’ve heard. I’m the favorite so far,” Blaine joked. Kurt groaned a little, knowing who would say that to Blaine.

“Let me know about dessert. They weren’t kidding when they said they have a buffet. Even Finn and the kids can only eat so much,” Kurt said somewhat jokingly. Blaine smiled as he squeezed Kurt’s hand. The car pulled up to Blaine’s house. He was sure that dinner was ready and they were waiting for him inside the house. Blaine leaned forward and kissed Kurt. He felt Kurt’s hand rest behind his head and push into the kiss. The kiss lasted longer than intended, but neither one was complaining.

“You gonna miss me?” Blaine said playfully.

“I always miss you. Enjoy your dinner. See you later. Love you,” Kurt said tenderly.

“Love you too,” Blaine said before he gave Kurt one more kiss. He hopped out of the car and walked backward carefully to watch the car drive away. He hadn’t realized how long he had been outside the door when it opened to show a very impatient looking Nick.

“Dude, your mother has dinner on the table and it is smelling good. Get in here before I lock you out of here with no turkey leg,” Nick threatened. Blaine laughed as he nearly jogged into the house. The turkey leg was always Blaine’s.

Chapter 11

Blaine finished packing the remainder of his belongings. His mother had kept giving him Tupperware of food and when he couldn't fit anymore, Nick took the remainder. Even Carole gave Pam too much dessert the evening of Thanksgiving when they went to Kurt's home to have dessert with his family. Blaine thought his mother had more fun telling everybody embarrassing stories. He felt a little better when Burt started telling stories about Kurt, so they were both embarrassed together. Classes didn't start again until the next Monday, but neither Blaine or Nick could get the whole weekend off from their jobs. And Kurt had to get back as well.

"Do you have everything?" Pam asked from the doorway. Blaine looked around the room one last time.

"I think so. Kurt said he should be here soon. Nick and Jeff ready to go?" Blaine asked.

"They are downstairs. Those two are so adorable. Tell Nick I will be very offended if I don't get an invite to his wedding," Pam said in a motherly stern voice. Blaine laughed a little.

"I think he would tell you before me if he got engaged," Blaine responded. Pam nodded, liking the sound of that.

"Burt and Carole are so wonderful. Carole and I are meeting for lunch this weekend. They sure love you," Pam said proudly.

"You think so?" Blaine asked curiously. Even though he already had approval from the brother and sister-in-law. They liked him better than Kurt's former fiancé. Pam smiled warmly as she sat down on Blaine's bed.

"I'm not sure what happened in Kurt's last relationship but they certainly had nothing but good things to say about you. I mean, all I could do was agree with them, but I might be a little bias," Pam answered. Blaine pushed his bag aside and sat next to Pam.

"You and Carole are going to lunch? That's really nice. Can I ask you something?" Blaine asked.

"Of course."

"What do you think about New York?" Pam thought for a moment before she answered.

"It's a nice place to visit," she said. Blaine blinked a few times.

"Just visit?"

"Yes, just visit. New York is so big and so much. I wouldn't retire there," she responded

truthfully.

“Well,...you know you don’t have to live in New York City. I mean you can live in the suburbs or...” Pam took a hold of Blaine’s hands and he stopped talking. She took his hand and looked at him as if she expected him to ask that question.

“Blaine? I love you. And I’m not going to lie, the day you moved out I cried in your room for a few hours. Do you know what I did the next day?” Pam asked.

“No.”

“I got up, ate my breakfast, went on my run and went to work. You’re my only child, of course, I was going to miss you like crazy. But, I raised you well. You were ready to be on your own and be responsible for you. I am so proud of you. And I know you would like the idea of me moving to New York, but honey, I don’t see that happening. I love this house. This is my home. I have my job, my friends. I wouldn’t trade it for anything. This place is for me. New York was always for you,” Pam explained. Blaine gave her hand a gentle squeeze.

“Blaine! Kurt’s here!” Nick called from downstairs. Pam smiled again as she gave him a quick kiss on the forehead.

“Time to go home,” Pam said. Blaine smiled as he grabbed his bag as the two walked out of his old room.

Nick and Jeff were immersed in a movie on Jeff’s iPad while Blaine was looking out the window of Kurt’s private jet. Kurt was typing away on his laptop. Blaine wasn’t sure what had happened, but Kurt said that he had to do a few things work related and was practically silent the ride to the jet and since they took off. It wasn’t anything new. Blaine knew Kurt would probably be swamped since he took a couple of days off for Thanksgiving.

Blaine’s eyelids felt heavy as he leaned against the window. Kurt didn’t look up from his computer once.

When Monday rolled around, Blaine only got one message from Kurt. All it was, was him saying he was sorry but he couldn’t do a movie night because of work. Blaine didn’t think much of it. During the weekend, he was busy with work and he and Nick mostly hung out. The message didn’t say anything about seeing each other another day. Blaine tried not to take it personally, but it was difficult.

At least classes started again so he was more distracted than ever right now. By the time Wednesday rolled around, Blaine hadn’t heard from Kurt. He sent him a message or two during the day, just saying he loved him and have a good day. Blaine got home and just tossed his book bag on the floor. He saw Nick sitting on the couch.

“Hey,” Blaine greeted. Nick turned to him and got up with his phone in his hand.

“Have you been seeing some of these articles?” Nick asked timidly. Blaine didn’t like the sound of that.

“You know I don’t. Why do you?” Blaine asked instead of answered.

“Well...I saw Kurt’s name and I got curious. I thought maybe it was about some new fashion week, but...it’s a picture of him talking with another guy,” Nick said as he passed his phone to Blaine.

“Talking? Just talking?” Blaine asked.

“The picture, yes, but the article tells something entirely different. They’re saying that the guy is Kurt’s ex-fiance.” That caught Blaine’s attention.

“Really?”

“It doesn’t say anything other than Kurt was seen with ex-fiance and there is a photo. Has Kurt said anything?” Blaine asked.

“No. Except for when he canceled our movie date. It’s nothing, Nick. I mean, New York is big but you’ll still have that chance of running into someone. I’m not worried about it, and please, don’t find any more articles,” Blaine said with a pleading tone. Nick nodded as he took back his phone.

“Fair enough. I promise. No more articles Kurt related or anything entertainment related. Unless it’s Jeff modeling,” Nick said humorously. Blaine laughed a little.

“Do we still have a lot of leftovers?” Blaine asked.

“And then some.”

It wasn’t until Friday evening when Blaine got a text message from Kurt. Blaine had finished working a closing shift at the bookstore when he got the message. Right as he pulled out his phone, a familiar black car pulled up in front of him.

From Kurt:

Malcolm is picking you up to bring you to me. No negotiations ;)

Blaine laughed as he said his hello to Malcolm and got into the car. Traffic was horrendous so it took a while to get to Kurt’s penthouse. Blaine sent a quick message to Kurt saying that he had arrived before he raced into the building and into the elevator before it closed. It was a long week of school and work. Blaine tried his best to not look at the picture of Kurt talking with his supposed ex-fiance. He knew that wasn’t something Kurt liked talking about, and he couldn’t go by what reporters or other journalists wrote about him.

Kurt was going to be the subject of some story just to sell. Blaine let out a sigh as the elevator took him to the top floor. When the doors opened, Blaine was greeted with Kurt in a tight black muscle shirt, a pair of dark washed jeans (very tight) and holding a big plate of cheesecake.

“Are you trying to entice me with cheesecake?” Blaine asked jokingly as he walked off the elevator.

“Maybe. Or maybe I’m sort of giving a peace offering for me being so busy,” Kurt said with a guilty voice. The elevator doors closed behind Blaine.

“You don’t have to do that,” Blaine said sincerely.

“I know, but I wanted to. It has been a tough week and some people didn’t make it any better. Have you read...”

“No, I haven’t. Nick has...” Blaine said honestly as they walked toward Kurt’s penthouse.

“He won’t be a problem. It was just a surprise to see him and when that picture was released...” Blaine took the plate of cheesecake and leaned forward to kiss Kurt on the lips.

“You’ve never given me a reason to not trust you, Kurt. I was curious, yes, but I didn’t read anything about that. I’m sure running into your ex-fiance was less than pleasant. So, why don’t we just have a night together and not think about that?” Blaine offered as he opened the door to Kurt’s apartment.

“How did I get so lucky? And give me back my cheesecake,” Kurt said as he took the plate. Blaine chuckled as they walked into the apartment. Kurt took the cheesecake and put it back in the fridge. Blaine closed the door behind him and noticed the lit candles on the coffee table. Not just candles. There were a bottle and a box.

It wasn’t a bottle of wine or a box of chocolates.

It was a bottle of lube and a box of condoms. Blaine was a bit surprised.

“Is this...” Blaine began but as soon as he turned around Kurt threw his arms around Blaine’s neck and planted a hard and passionate kiss against his lips. Blaine was sure he was going to fall back from the sudden force. He encircled his arms around Kurt’s waist and moaned into the kiss. He hadn’t realized just much he missed the feeling of Kurt’s body against his. He tasted and smelled so good.

“No cheesecake?” Blaine joked as Kurt started trailing kisses up and down Blaine’s neck and pushing him toward the couch. There was no bother in going to the bedroom. It was too far away.

“Do you have any idea how much I have wanted you? Since Thanksgiving. I wanted so much to do like a secret bang at your house or mine,” Kurt said as he and Blaine fell onto the

couch. Blaine was on his back while Kurt straddled his lap.

“A secret bang?” Blaine chuckled.

“Don’t tell me you haven’t thought about that? I know for a fact that Nick and Jeff did so at your house,” Kurt stated as he tore off his own shirt before struggling with Blaine’s. “Okay, buttoned shirts are now forbidden.” Kurt tore Blaine’s shirt. Literally tore his shirt open. Blaine had never seen that side of Kurt and it was so hot.

“No more buttoned shirts,” Blaine agreed.

“I missed you,” Kurt admitted.

“I missed you too,” Blaine said breathlessly. Kurt positioned his body in between Blaine’s legs as he was much more gentle with his kisses. Blaine’s legs wrapped around Kurt’s waist, enjoying the bare chest against bare chest.

Kurt rolled his hips painfully slow against Blaine. He moaned into the kiss as Blaine tried to keep up with Kurt’s rhythm and at the same time, try to quicken it. Kurt had to grasp onto Blaine’s hips and steady them. He bought a box of condoms and a new lube bottle for a reason. Even if Kurt wanted nothing more than to turn Blaine over on his back and have his way with him, he wanted to savor the intimate closeness first.

Seeing his ex-fiance wasn’t as terrible as Kurt had imagined it would be. He knew one of these days they would bump into each other, but Kurt was never expecting it. Now that he was with Blaine, that thought never occurred to him until he saw him. They had an uncomfortable small talk conversation. Kurt hated small talk. When his ex asked him if it was true he was seeing a younger man, Kurt said it was none of his fucking business. He was sure he was loud enough to catch someone’s attention. He didn’t care.

Then the picture of them talking made it to the internet and Kurt was just so tired. The only thing that kept Kurt from going crazy was the sweet messages from Blaine. The fact that Blaine didn’t read those articles or anything like that was a relief. Blaine wanted to truth from Kurt’s mouth. Not some reporter that was trying to earn a living and will take any picture and tell any story that goes better with it. He remembered sitting in the car while Malcolm drove him all over New York for one thing or another. There was silence when Malcolm asked him if he thought maybe he and Blaine would be the one Kurt would marry.

The idea seemed so beautiful and right. Maybe. Perhaps. Definitely. That was all Kurt could think of and Malcolm laughed warmly saying that he would be glad to go to that wedding.

“Kurt...” Blaine moaned as Kurt started nibbling at the nape of Blaine’s neck. That did it. Kurt pulled away and started frantically unbuttoning Blaine’s pants and pulling them off desperately. Once Blaine was naked, Kurt got up and grasped his hips again this time turning him over like he wanted.

“On your stomach,” Kurt said in a low demanding voice. Blaine practically hurried to help Blaine turn him over. Blaine listened as Kurt undid his own pants and reach on the table for

the bottle. He heard the bottle cap snap open and Kurt crawled over Blaine's legs. Kurt squirted the lube on his middle finger and inserted it into Blaine. Kurt enjoyed watching Blaine's body react to a simple insertion of his finger. Kurt smiled at the sight. He heard Blaine moan as Kurt inserted a second finger. His body practically pushed onto his fingers. He was getting impatient. He couldn't blame him. Kurt's hard on was throbbing and it was like it pointed toward Blaine, ready to go.

"Kurt...don't tease me," Blaine groaned. Kurt chuckled and inserted a third finger.

"You like it when I tease you," Kurt responded.

"This is the best candlelight evening I've had so far," Blaine joked. Kurt pulled out his fingers and reached for the box of condoms.

"There will be more," Kurt said as he opened the box and pulled out a condom. He gently unwrapped it and rolled it over his erection.

"Good," Blaine said. Instead of grabbing Blaine's hips and pulling them upward, Kurt crawled over Blaine's back. Kurt searched for the hole before he slowly inserted himself into Blaine. Blaine let out a long moan as Kurt laid completely over Blaine's back and slowly thrust in and out. Kurt's arms wrapped around Blaine's shoulders. Blaine turned his head and met with Kurt's lips in a passionate kiss. Blaine paused with his hands upward as Kurt broke the kiss and grasped Blaine's hips.

The couch wasn't large. Kurt had one leg bent on the cushion while the other stood on the floor. With one pull, Kurt managed to thrust Blaine from the couch so he was fully on his knees. It had been a while since Kurt and Blaine were intimate with each other. Kurt was frustrated when he felt that he was going to come very soon, as in a few more thrusts and he would be done. He wanted to last the whole night with Blaine.

"Damnit...I'm not going to last," Kurt said as he grasped harder on Blaine's hips. No doubt, he would probably have some small bruises. Blaine groaned at each thrust.

"Come, baby," Blaine breathed. That did it. Kurt gave a few hard thrusts before he moaned loudly at his release. Kurt quickly pulled out and turned Blaine over on his back. Before Blaine knew it, Kurt's lips were around his hardened cock. Blaine wasn't far behind at having his own orgasm. The way Kurt's tongue coiled around him was one of the best feelings. It made the pit of Blaine's stomach coil and before he knew it, he released into Kurt's mouth. Blaine let out a few breathy moans as Kurt crawled over him and rested his body against Blaine's. He didn't even care that he was still wearing the condom.

"I'm not as young as I used to be," Kurt groaned against Blaine's chest. Blaine chuckled.

"It's okay my dear old man," Blaine said in a mock sympathy voice and combed Kurt's hair with his fingers. Kurt turned his face toward Blaine's chest and bit him, not hard, but enough to cause Blaine jerk underneath him.

"Hey, now!"

“Next time it’ll be a spanking, and I won’t be gentle,” Kurt said a low seductive voice. Blaine kind of liked the sound of that.

“I don’t know...I may enjoy that.”

“You better be ready for me in ten minutes,” Kurt said as he gave Blaine a quick kiss and got up from the couch to dispose of the condom. Blaine laughed. He wasn’t sure he would be ready in ten minutes, but he had a feeling that there were ways Kurt could make him ready.

It was six in the morning and Blaine was sound asleep. Kurt was partially awake. He looked at Blaine sleeping soundly on his back and his arm draped over the pillow. They had moved from the living room to the bathroom, and back to Kurt’s room. It was probably about two in the morning when they both fell asleep. Kurt smiled lovingly at the sight before him. Blaine was so trusting and so loving. Kurt couldn’t remember when he ever felt so warm and loved by a man. He was about to cuddle up against Blaine his phone buzzed. Kurt kept a groan to himself as he reached over to read the display. To his relief, it wasn’t work related and the message brought a huge smile to his face.

Mr. Hummel? The ring has arrived. Shall I hold it for now? - Malcolm

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

This chapter is kind of small, but it's a small backstory on Kurt. One more chapter to go and this story will be done :)

Kurt was in his dressing room, sitting on a provided sofa and staring down at a navy colored velvet box. He kept twirling it with his fingers and opening and closing the lid. He had the box for over a month. The idea was to present the ring to Blaine for Christmas, but something made him think that maybe Christmas was too soon, and a bit too cliché. Then it occurred to him that perhaps now wasn't the best time because Blaine would be starting the spring semester and he would be stressed to get through his classes and graduation. He remembered showing the ring to Rachel and Santana when they popped up for one of their impromptu visits.

To be honest, Kurt hadn't planned on telling them but Kurt kept the ring with him at all times. It was like if he let it out of his sight it would disappear. He spent time on picking the right ring for Blaine and he'll be damned if something happened to it before Kurt had a chance to give it to him. He had a mini pocket on his shirt and when he bent over to pick something up, Rachel was the first to spot the box.

"Kurt Hummel! Is that a ring box?" She pointed. Santana perked up and Kurt blocked the pocket as if hoping that Rachel really didn't see the box.

"Are you planning on proposing to Blaine?" Rachel asked excitedly. Kurt sighed and removed his hand from the pocket.

"Yes, I am. And don't either of you dare say a word!" Kurt pointed to Rachel and then pointed to Santana.

"Would I really do that to you?" Santana asked in a mock-innocent voice.

"Yes!" Kurt said without hesitation.

"You're right, but this is important. How long have you had the ring?" Santana asked.

"A few weeks. I'm trying to find the right time," Kurt answered.

"Oh! Are you going to propose to him on Christmas? That would be so perfect!" Rachel said. Santana rolled her eyes.

“So dull,” she mumbled.

Later on, Kurt agreed. He decided that after graduation would be perfect. It would be so far away, though. He was going to be in his dressing for a bit before he had to appear on a talk show regarding a new fashion line and of course other questions about his business and love life. Rumors spread around Kurt about him having a lover, some of them were referring to him having a young lover. Kurt wouldn't deny nor confirm any of the rumors. Some pictures have made it to the internet but nobody could ever get Blaine's face.

It had been so long since Kurt felt so strongly for someone. After breaking off his engagement, he wanted to just be focused on work and anything else that kept his mind occupied. For those years he worked many events, business deals, charities, runways, even became a patron for a couple of shows, on and off Broadway. It wasn't until Kurt visited his family one day when his father finally approached him after a family dinner.

“You keep going the way you're going, you'll actually look like me before your age makes you like me,” Burt joked. Kurt didn't laugh.

“What's that supposed to mean?” Kurt asked.

“It means that I understand breaking the engagement wasn't easy and you have this wall built around you now, but this isn't healthy for you. I can tell you're lonely. It won't hurt you to maybe let yourself relax a bit,” Burt said. He was retired and enjoying the easy and simple life with Carole.

“I don't want to risk that happening again. I don't want someone who likes the idea of marrying me more than actually marrying me,” Kurt said bitterly. Burt could understand that.

“That's one of the reasons I waited a long time before I remarried. I'm glad I did, but it wasn't easy. Don't wait too long. Someone will just show up in your life and you'll have no idea how, but you'll never want them to leave.”

Kurt hated it when his father was right. After he spoke with his friends Quinn and Noah Puckerman about opening up a club, he said that he would definitely help with that. Quinn and Noah ran the club, but Kurt owned it for the time being until Quinn and Noah could make enough to claim ownership. Kurt was perfectly fine with that. He didn't care for clubs, but he had to make a few appearances once in a while. That was the main reason he had the back room, just so he could hide.

There were a few security cameras in the back where he stayed. The night Kurt met Blaine was the night Kurt almost passed on stopping by. He was so glad that he decided to show up. He looked at the security camera and saw Noah conversing with the curly haired cutie. He never left his chair and Noah seemed to like conversing with him.

That was when Kurt phoned him and asked Noah about him. That's when he found out Blaine's name and for some reason, he had to meet him in person. Blaine was just as adorable and charming in person and it seemed like Kurt was hooked under his spell.

Blaine was sweet, charming, handsome, and passionate. He knew Blaine was younger than Kurt, but to be perfectly honest, the age difference never occurred to Kurt until their first date. It didn't bother Blaine, so Kurt decided it wasn't going to bother him either. The fact that Blaine never googled Kurt about what he does and the fact that he was considered one of the richest men in the country, thrilled him. Blaine wanted to know about Kurt, and not from the Internet or from other people's mouths; he wanted to hear about Kurt from Kurt and nobody else.

Kurt's birthday was one of the best birthdays he ever had. He loved a man who was an artist in the kitchen. Blaine was innocent, of course. Kurt was his first sexual experience and it was quite an experience. Intimacy was so important to Kurt. It didn't have to include sex. In some ways, Kurt and Blaine connected on an intimacy level before they even started having sex.

Kurt made some mistakes along the way, he admitted that. Paying off Blaine's semester fees without Blaine knowing was a little overboard, and he understood why it upset Blaine. If the school had let him pay for Blaine's spring semester before Blaine registered for classes he could have paid them right then and there. Financial Aid offices hadn't changed since Kurt went to college; that wasn't a good thing.

At least Blaine didn't have any outstanding loans, otherwise, Kurt would have been in bigger trouble because he would have paid those too. Kurt never did anything like that with his fiancé and he just wanted Blaine to finish school without any stress and become the teacher he knew Blaine wanted to be.

He wanted so much for Blaine.

He wanted Blaine in his life forever.

Kurt wasn't sure when he decided that he wanted to spend the rest of his life with Blaine, but he knew that he went to the best jewelry store and had one made for him. It was a perfect silver band. On the outside surface, there was the Deathly Hallows symbol on it and it read 'I Will Always Love You.' The symbol was in place of the letter 'A'. He hadn't even shown his father or Blaine's mother.

He most definitely tried his best to not let Nick find out about it. Even if it was something important, he wouldn't be able to keep that big of a secret from Blaine since they lived together. He did fear that Blaine may regret being with Kurt when they finally did officially 'come out' to the public that they were together.

That was one of the things that made Kurt slightly hesitant. He remembered when he was sitting in his car with Malcolm driving him through the city. Malcolm looked through the mirror to see Kurt playing with the box again.

"Sir? May I be frank?" Malcolm asked. Kurt looked up from the box.

"Sure," Kurt answered.

"Get out of your head, sir. When I came to the decision to propose to my wife, I was so

nervous that it took me three tries to properly propose to her. The first try was when we went to a restaurant and I planned on giving her the ring with her favorite dessert. Then a man chose the same night to propose and the woman slapped him across the face.” Kurt’s mouth gaped open.

“Seriously?”

“Oh yes! My wife commented that proposing in a restaurant is the least personal thing anybody can do. Thank God I was able to get the ring from the waitress before she brought the dessert,” Malcolm continued.

“Oh wow, what was the second time?” Kurt asked completely intrigued with the story.

“The second time I thought about proposing in front of her family and friends. They had no idea I was planning to do it. Well, we were all sitting at the dinner table and I was about to make an announcement when one of my wife’s sisters announced her divorce in one breath,” Malcolm explained.

“And you proposing would have just rubbed salt in a wound?” Kurt asked. Malcolm nodded.

“I completely chickened out of that idea. Then I realized something after that,” Malcolm said.

“What was that?”

“Public proposals are great for the movies. The woman is always so flattered and happy that the man makes such a grand gesture. But the thing of it is, in reality, most women, and men, are not like that. There’s pressure from the audience to hear a yes, to see and witness a happy ending. So, for the third time, I did it entirely differently. I cleared my head and thought to myself, how could I make this proposal special to my wife and me? And that’s when I finally did it without any interruptions and hesitation.”

Kurt waited anxiously. He had never heard how Malcolm proposed to his wife.

“Well? Don’t leave me in suspense,” Kurt urged. Malcolm chuckled.

“My wife loves to read. She likes to buy books and will read them over and over until the spines are completely worn. Her most favorite book is *The Neverending Story*. So it took some planning, but I found a way to get a custom box made to look like her book. She knew right away that something was off because the book felt kind of hollow. I told her to open it and when she did, I had the ring sitting in the middle of the book and we were in her library when I was on one knee. It was perfect for her and now I am happily married.” Kurt was stunned and amazed by the story.

“That was so beautiful,” Kurt said in awe.

“So, get out of your head. If a grand gesture in front of everybody is something Blaine would love, go for it, if not, then make it memorable for the two of you,” Malcolm added finally as he pulled in front of Kurt’s apartment.

“Thank you, Malcolm,” Kurt said with a smile.

“And also, sir, I’ve been around for a long time. I was with you through your engagement and your break-up. I believe that you found happiness with Blaine. No relationship is easy, but it’s always worth it with the right person.” Kurt smiled as he reached and gave Malcolm a friendly pat on the shoulder.

“I believe you’re right. Have a good night, Malcolm. And I just hope you know how much I appreciate you,” Kurt said before he got out of the car. Malcolm gave him an appreciative smile and watched Kurt walk into his apartment before he pulled out into traffic.

There was a loud knock on a door that pulled Kurt out of his trance and almost made him drop the box.

“Yes?” he called.

“Five minutes, Mr. Hummel!” A female voice said.

“Okay,” Kurt answered quickly. He got up from the couch and placed the box back into his pocket. The decision was right, to Kurt, to wait until after Blaine graduated college. There would be no stress or pressure.

By then Kurt would know exactly how he would propose to Blaine.

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

This is the LAST chapter for this story.

I'm SO SORRY that it took me so long to update and finish it. I want to say thank you to everybody who left comments, those who bookmarked it and those who took the time to like it. It meant a lot to me and again, I'm so sorry for the long wait. Now, I can concentrate on finishing up New Additions. I know some of you have wondered about that one. I'm working on it, I promise :)

Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

To Kurt:

I will pull every single piece of my hair out!

From Kurt:

Don't do that!! I won't have anything to grab onto when I fuck the stress out of you later ;) That and your hair is cute and curly.

To Kurt:

I have this week left and I'll be done for good! I'm sorry it's been hectic. That's funny. I'm the one that's busy this time lol.

From Kurt:

And I have been sending you nothing but sweet texts...just like you do for me when I'm so busy.

To Kurt:

And I love that, thank you. I should get back to studying. I'll call you later, baby. Love you!!!

From Kurt:

Love you too!!

Blaine made himself set his phone aside and sighed. He still had finals to study for. The last couple of months of the spring semester has been busy for Blaine. It was difficult for Kurt to not go to the business office again and try to pay the rest of Blaine's fees. And Blaine seemed to sense it because Blaine texted him and reminded him a few times that he will be perfectly fine with his school fees. Kurt begrudgingly agreed and also informed Blaine that if he needed help to please let him know.

Blaine knew it was difficult for Kurt not to do it, but he kept his word. He stroked the leather band that Kurt gave him not long after they started dating. Graduation was approaching. Blaine went through so many classes and he was going to graduate with honors.

“Blaine!” Nick called. Blaine groaned and debated on pretending he wasn’t in the apartment. “And don’t you dare pretend you don’t hear me! It’s finals! This is very important!” Nick yelled louder. Any louder and they were going to get another complaint from a neighbor. That was embarrassing enough.

“I’m coming,” Blaine said. Blaine dealt with stress his own way - by drinking too many energy drinks and scribbling notes everywhere. Nick, on the other hand, liked to yell and just panic.

“Blaine? When did we go over this stuff? I’ve been in that class all semester and I don’t remember ever going over any of this!” Nick started rambling. Blaine sighed as he went to the fridge and took out two more energy drinks.

“Yes, we did. Get your notes and textbook and we’ll go over it together.”

“What would I do without you?” Nick said gratefully. “If I didn’t have Jeff and you didn’t have Kurt, I’d so kiss you. On the cheek, brief peck, wouldn’t leave any saliva behind,” Nick said.

“Love you too, Nick.”

A single phone call was never so difficult. Kurt let out a long breath before he pressed Pam Anderson’s contact name and watched the display saying dialing. It wasn’t going to be a phone call but a video call. Something like proposing to someone was something more than just a phone call. It didn’t take long before he saw the display with Pam and her hair pulled back in a messy pony tail.

“Kurt! What a pleasant surprise! I’m sorry I’m a mess. Spring cleaning,” she apologized. Kurt smiled at the sight.

“It’s perfectly fine. I’m not interrupting, am I?” Kurt asked. His heart raced. If he wasn’t nervous before, he certainly was now.

“Not at all! What can I do for you? Is Blaine all right? How about Nick? And you?” Her voice was slightly worried for all three of her boys. That warmed Kurt’s heart. He loved Carole more than anything, but it was always so great when someone considered him family. His heart beat calmed at the thought.

“Everybody is fine. I just...I just have something very important to talk to you about,” Kurt started. There was a moment of silence and the nervousness came right back. Pam waited patiently.

“Is this about Blaine’s graduation?” Pam asked.

“Kind of...there’s something I really want to do. I put a lot of thought into it...” Kurt explained. Pam’s eyes brightened.

“Is this you asking permission to marry my son?” Pam asked excitedly. The fact that she seemed happy about the idea made Kurt feel so much better.

“Yes, it is. But I assure you it’ll be a long engagement. I want Blaine to get his life settled. I know he wants to be a teacher and I will gladly help him with...” Kurt was babbling now. Pam held up her hands to the camera.

“Kurt? Kurt? Honey? Calm yourself. It’s all right. And that’s good, you answered a question I had. The last thing I want is anything to be rushed,” Pam said in her motherly voice. Kurt sighed.

“Me too. All I can say is that I’ve never felt this way about someone before, not even when I was engaged. I’m not even sure if Blaine ever told you,” Kurt said. Pam nodded her head signaling that Blaine did tell her about that. “I love him so much. I know it hasn’t been a long time for us, but my dad told me that one day someone would walk into my life and I would never want them to leave. I really do hate it when he’s right.” Pam laughed.

“I actually told Blaine that very same thing. Attending high school hasn’t been the easiest for him. I was so thrilled when he said he met someone. It will be my pleasure to welcome you into our family,” Pam said sweetly. Kurt smiled.

“That makes me happy to hear. It really does. I do plan to propose the day after graduation. This way, graduation day can be spent celebrating. So...it’s really important that I have no interruptions and that it is just between me and him,” Kurt explained. Pam nodded.

“That will not be a problem. I will just my charms of persuasion to get Nick out of the apartment and stay out. Just tell me what you want to do,” Pam stated. Kurt smiled as he went into full detail about his plan.

Graduation was the most exciting day of Blaine’s life. Finally, he was finished with school and could move forward with his life. He couldn’t wait to start the process of being a teacher. It would be a struggle, but it would be well worth it. Blaine’s mom arrived the evening before. That evening was spent Blaine cooking dinner for him, Pam, Nick, Jeff, and Kurt.

Kurt brought the wine and cheesecake. Anytime he got to taste home cooking, especially if Blaine was the one cooking, he would definitely be attending. Kurt explained in every detail about how he was going to propose to Blaine and how important it was that there would be no interruptions. Pam loved it. It was perfect and Kurt really took the time to think about it and plan it to the very letter.

“I can tell you are just as much of a nerd as he is,” Pam commented. Kurt had laughed at that because it was true.

Blaine had the food in the oven and excused himself to go to the restroom. Once, Blaine, had the door shut Pam turned to Nick.

“Nicolai, listen to me very carefully. The day after graduation you and I, and Jeff will be out of this apartment for the whole day and possible evening. There are a number of shops to visit and sites to see. We will leave first thing in the morning, without Blaine. You don’t ask questions. Understood?” Pam nearly ordered while pointing a finger at Nick. Kurt had to cup his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing. She was right. She said would not have a problem with getting Nick out of the apartment.

“Umm...yes, Mrs. Anderson?” Nick said hesitantly. Jeff was baffled but he would never turn down a shopping spree.

“Was that a question?” Pam asked.

“No!” Nick said right away.

“Oh, good! I can't wait,” Pam said happily. “Oh, and you will not tell Blaine about it,” Pam added quickly when Blaine came out of the bathroom.

“What’s going on?” Blaine asked as he made a dash toward the oven. Nick was still a bit stunned by the sudden change in the atmosphere but he looked over at Jeff and smiled. Now was as good a time as any.

“Actually...there’s something I wanted to say,” Nick said with a gentle tone. Pam looked at him with a warning but Nick shook his head, letting her know it was not what she just told him. Kurt looked over at Blaine who was just as confused.

“What’s up, Nick?” Blaine asked. All attention was on Nick. Jeff smiled as he took a hold of Nick’s hand.

“Blaine, after graduation, during the summer, Jeff and I will be moving in together,” Nick announced. Blaine’s mouth gaped open.

“Oh wow, that’s great! Are you two moving in here or...” Blaine asked hesitantly.

“We’re going to find our own place. So, that means that I’ll be moving out,” Nick said with a guilty sounding voice. “Don’t worry, I am still going to help with rent while I’m still here and I will not leave you hanging.” Blaine smiled warmly and hugged his best friend.

“It’s fine. I’ll figure something out. I’m really happy for you two,” Blaine said sincerely.

Yes, Kurt thought. Blaine will definitely figure something out. Pam must have had the same thought because she looked at Kurt with a knowing grin on her face.

“Blaine, I totally request that you teach Nicky how to cook something other than boiling soup,” Jeff stated. Blaine laughed.

“Jeff, I’ve tried. Why do you think we don’t have curtains anymore? By the way, don’t buy curtains,” Blaine answered. He ran back to the oven and turned it off before taking the food out. Blaine laughed when he heard Nick’s voice crack.

“Once! That happened once! It was a grease fire and it could happen to anybody,” Nick tried to defend himself.

“But when I say don’t try to put it out with water...it actually means don’t put the fire out with water because you’ll cause a bigger fire,” Blaine stated. Kurt shook his head as he pulled out a pile of plates from the cupboard.

“It’s okay, baby. I still love you,” Jeff cooed. “But whatever Blaine’s cooking smells incredible.”

“Blaine was always the chef,” Pam said proudly. “Have you been practicing your Italian at all?” Blaine nodded while Kurt set the plates on the small kitchen table.

“I have,” Blaine answered. Kurt tried to hide the grin. Most of the time the Italian was practiced with Kurt and it was always while they were being intimate. It was the first time Kurt truly felt turned on by someone speaking in a language he did not know, but it was a very good night nonetheless. Kurt had to shake the memory away before he got too excited.

“Good. So long as you are using the language and not spending your time on those same websites I found when you were in high school,” Pam said simply. Blaine groaned as he hung his head.

“Mom...” Blaine mumbled.

“Oh, Blaine. I’m an adult. I know all about those porn sites. It’s perfectly natural. Though... some of those really odd sites where the guy ties up the other guy...” Blaine made a loud throat clearing sound. He didn’t miss Jeff and Nick holding back their laughter and Kurt being unusually quiet.

“Mom? Sit and eat,” Blaine said as politely as he could. Pam shrugged as she took her place at the table. Nick and Jeff joined her while Kurt leaned toward Blaine’s ear.

“That can be arranged...” he said in a seductive voice. He avoided giving Blaine a light lick on his ear. Not tonight. “This smells delicious, baby.”

Blaine smiled, for more than just one reason.

Graduation was one of the best days in Blaine’s and Nick’s life. The ceremony was long and even a little boring. There was a musical performance, which sadly neither Blaine or Nick

was a part of. They spent most of the time mentally saying how they would have done better. Graduates were seated in alphabetical order so Nick and Blaine couldn't sit next to each other, but they had mental conversations in their head.

"This song does not fit his voice," Nick thought.

"Right? And does she think she can sing opera?" Blaine thought in response.

They would have the conversation out loud later in the evening. Then there were a couple of speeches about going into the future and making a difference. Finally, it's time to announce the graduates. Blaine, being that his last name began with 'A', he got to be one of the first ones to receive his diploma. Granted, it wasn't really his diploma, it was a fancy covering with Blaine's full name embroidered on the top with a drawing of the campus inside. The actual paper would come in the mail weeks later.

After the event was over, Pam hugged Blaine so tight he could barely breathe. That was okay. He finally made it to graduation. Pam hugged on Nick before his parents later engulfed him in a proud hug. Kurt was able to attend the ceremony till the very end. He ignored his phone which buzzed obsessively throughout the whole event. Once it was over, Kurt had to rush to get going but Blaine could tell from the guilty look on his face that he tried very hard to ignore business. Blaine gave him a reassuring smile and told him to go.

Nick went with his parents along with Jeff while Blaine and Pam walked up and down the New York streets. The sun was set and the lights of the buildings shined brightly. Blaine took Pam to one of his favorite restaurants for dinner and bought her a pretzel. Well, he showed the cashier the card Kurt had made specifically for him and he got him and his mother free pretzels.

"I'm so proud of you," Pam said for the umpteenth time in the evening. Blaine never got tired of hearing it. He got a message from Kurt a few times saying the same thing, and that he loved him.

"I can't believe I'm finally done," Blaine said as they made it back to the apartment.

"I know. My baby is all grown up. You'll still be my baby, though. Now...I'm awfully tired. Early day tomorrow," Pam said as they walked into the building.

"How so?" Blaine asked.

"I've been up early even without setting an alarm," Pam said simply. Blaine just shrugged his shoulders as they walked into his apartment.

"I'll get up with you then," Blaine said.

"You will not!" Pam used her stern motherly voice. It was like Blaine said he was going to eat the last piece of chocolate cake in the fridge and Pam told him absolutely not. Blaine was taken aback by the sudden tone.

“Umm...”

“I’m just saying that this is a woman’s time to do her own shopping. I will be doing a lot of clothes shopping, which I know is not exactly your favorite thing to do. Nick said he would definitely help me pick out some clothes,” Pam explained.

“I don’t mind...” Blaine tried to say.

“Honey? I want you to take it easy tomorrow. So...stay here tomorrow. Now, I’m gonna get ready for bed. I’m sure you’re just as tired,” Pam said with a smile. She wasn’t lying. She leaned forward and gave Blaine a quick kiss on the cheek before she claimed the bathroom first. Blaine just smiled as he made his way to his room. Right as he was about to change into his pajama pants, his phone vibrated. He looked at the display to see Kurt’s name.

From Kurt:

Dinner tomorrow night? Just the two of us?

Blaine smiled as he typed out a reply.

To Kurt:

Yes, please :)

From Kurt:

Good :) Tomorrow will be memorable.

Blaine looked at the phone oddly.

From Kurt:

Gotta take care of a few more things. Talk to you tomorrow my love! I’m so proud of you!

Blaine let out a breathy laugh before he typed out a quick reply then proceeded to dress for bed.

Blaine had no idea what time it was when he woke up to the sound of someone knocking on his door. He rubbed his eyes as he crawled out of bed. He was pretty sure Nick wasn’t home and when he walked into the living room, his mother was gone. She wasn’t lying about being up early. He had the whole apartment to himself. That was a good thing because he hadn’t realized that he was about to answer the door in only a pair of boxers. It was too hot after awhile in his pajama pants and kicked them off in the middle of the night. He wasn’t sure what time it was but he had plans to go back to bed after he yelled at the person behind the door.

Maybe it was his mom and he didn’t give her a key. That thought came to him at last minute when he opened the door.

There was nobody in the doorway. He blinked a few times when he saw that there was a white balloon with a white ribbon tied at the end of a rolled up piece of paper on the other end. Blaine actually rubbed his eyes to make sure he was seeing what was in front of him. The white balloon had a detailed drawing of an owl's head. Blaine looked both left and right of the hallway, there was nobody. He bent down and picked up the folded paper. He looked at the balloon one last time before he untied the ribbon.

Blaine unrolled the paper which felt like parchment paper. The letterhead was the seal to none other than Hogwarts School of Witchcraft Wizardry. Blaine's mouth was gaped open as he read the letter.

Dear Mr. Anderson,

I am pleased to inform you that you have been selected to find the golden snitch. You must complete the scavenger hunt and collect the necessary items in order to find the golden snitch. The prize is Eternal Glory. Each item will provide a clue to find the next and is important to find the golden snitch.

Here is your first item and clue to find it. Good luck!! I'll be waiting for you. - Kurt

*Your first clue is located in a spot neither one of us care for,
But it's the place that I saw a man I grew to adore.
Look for the same bartender with his beautiful lady,
They will have your first and second clue ready.*

Blaine had to read the parchment over and over to understand that Kurt was sending him on a Harry Potter scavenger hunt. His eyes brightened as he nearly ran back to his room to get dressed. Maybe this was Kurt's graduation present. He quickly threw on a pair of jeans and his favorite T-shirt. He almost left the apartment without shoes. Once he left the apartment he was going to text Kurt but remembered that he had a busy day so he probably wouldn't see it. Besides, he was anxious to get to the very first place he met Kurt.

The night club Nick nearly dragged him to that one evening.

Once he made it to the club, of course, it was a night club so they weren't open. Maybe Kurt meant to send the parchment in the evening. That wouldn't make sense if they were having dinner the same evening. Blaine pondered before he knocked on the door. It didn't take long for the door to open to show the bartender, Puck and his wife Quinn. They had wide smiles on their faces.

"We've been expecting you," Quinn said sweetly. Blaine walked into the club and they closed the door behind them.

"Do you know what..." Blaine started to ask.

"Yes we do, and no we're not allowed to tell you. You have to finish the hunt," Quinn answered.

“Trust me, you’re going to love it!” Puck insisted excitedly. Quinn rolled her eyes as she brought Blaine to the back room. It was the same room she brought him in when Kurt requested to meet Blaine in private. That night Blaine had no idea what he was getting into meeting someone he never heard of. Blaine walked into the private room. He flicked a switch and saw a white stuffed owl sitting on the sofa with a card sitting on it.

Blaine walked over to the owl, admired the cuteness and read the card.

*Hedwig says it's time to eat
At the last place, I thought we would meet.
We love the same flavor
Each bite something to savor.
Don't forget the card I gave you
Or else you're stuck with clue number two.*

Blaine nearly ran out of the back room with Hedwig in his hand. Quinn smiled as Blaine ran out of the club in a hurry. Puck nudged her a bit.

“My proposal was awesome, right?” He asked.

“All you did was ask me if I wanted to get married or what,” Quinn said.

“Yeah, but that didn’t stop you from saying yes.” Quinn smiled. It certainly didn’t.

Blaine ran inside his favorite soft pretzel place with Hedwig in one hand and the card in the other. It was the card the cashier gave him to assure that, on Kurt’s behalf, that he would get a free pretzel and drink every time he presented the card. Once he arrived, he gave the cashier the card and she knew right away what he needed.

She came back a few minutes later with a little plastic pretzel bag and gave him big smile. He looked inside and saw a soft pretzel in the shape of the deathly hallows symbol with sour cream and onion powder. There was a card in front of the pretzel. He walked out of the place with the bag and quickly pulled the card out. He found a bench to sit so he could place Hedwig on his pretzel, to guard it mostly.

*I know a pretzel just won't do
That's why there's an order waiting for you.
Don't worry about the price like on our first date
Because food and the next clue for you await.*

‘I haven't written poetry since high school...don't hate me if they sound lame.’ - Kurt

Blaine laughed at the little comment from Kurt. He ate his pretzel and made his way toward the restaurant Kurt took him on their first date. He took his time getting to the restaurant just admiring the city and holding onto his plushy Hedwig. He wondered for Kurt was up to, not that he minded doing a Harry Potter scavenger hunt.

Maybe that was why his mom was so adamant about going shopping without Blaine. She wasn't wrong, he didn't care for clothes shopping. His mind wandered to the fact that Nick wouldn't be his roommate possibly after the Summer was over. He couldn't keep the apartment that was for sure. He would have to find a cheaper place to live. He tried not to think about that. Apartments weren't cheap, especially with only a part-time and who knew how long he would be able to find a teaching position.

He shook the thought from his head as he found the restaurant and walked in. The hostess looked over at Blaine and saw the owl and knew right away. Her eyes widened as she brought him to the same table he and Kurt had on their first date. It wasn't set for two people, just the one. He sat at the table and the lady pulled the curtains so he would have privacy. He set Hedwig on the table and waited. Minutes later, she came back with a plate covered with a silver covering, set it in front of him and closed the curtains again.

He pulled the top off and he saw the same Italian dish he ordered on their first date. He was flattered that Kurt remembered. The lady came back one more time, this time with an envelope.

"I was told to give this to you after we delivered your food. Let me know if you want to take it to go," she said. Blaine thanked her and she closed the curtain one last time. Blaine took a few bites of his food before he opened the envelope.

Just a little fact before the next clue:

That was the first night I heard you speak Italian, and it was the hottest thing in the world. I knew you were smart as hell and you have no idea how wonderful it felt that you wanted to know about me, from me, and not from what Google says. You were nervous, and to confess, I was nervous as well. Yes! I was nervous. Can you blame me? I hadn't dated in over six years and you were so fucking cute. I don't regret it for a second.

Okay, I'm done, for now, here's your next clue.

*Live in my house
I'll be your shelter
Just pay me back with one thousand kisses
Be my lover
And I'll cover you*

That was all it said. Blaine smiled at that. That was the song he sang for his audition and it was the same place he told Kurt he loved him. He wondered if he could still go on campus and into the auditorium. Whatever Kurt had planned, he must have gotten them to make an exception. Blaine nearly forgot to grab Hedwig when he raced out of the restaurant without asking for a to-go bag. Once he was out of the restaurant, Malcolm was outside in the car, waiting for him.

The window rolled down and he smiled at Blaine.

“Need a lift?” he asked. Blaine laughed as he got into the car. Malcolm pulled into traffic.

“What are the chances you know what Kurt is up to?” Blaine asked.

“The chances are high, and I’m under strict orders not to tell you anything about it, or give hints,” Malcolm answered. Blaine groaned a little but he couldn’t contain the smile on his face. Of course, Malcolm wouldn’t be able to tell Blaine anything.

“You do know where you’re going, right?” Malcolm asked. Blaine smiled at him.

“The auditorium.”

Blaine ran out of the car and into the auditorium. The door was unlocked. He was the only one in the building. The light was blaring on the stage and there was something sitting in the center. Blaine walked up the small staircase bent down toward the object. It wasn’t the golden snitch. It was another stuffed animal with an envelope leaning against it.

A red bird.

It was Fawkes the Phoenix. Blaine picked up the envelope and opened it.

Another fact before the poem. This one will be kind of long.

I chose this place because this is where you told me you loved me. When I said it to you first, I was saying in a hurry and I didn’t realize I did until later. To be honest, I was a bit horrified, but when you said it back the night of the play, I felt like my heart beat truly for the first time in a long time. That sounds sappy and I don’t care.

This is the last clue...and maybe you’ll get the golden snitch. Don’t forget Fawkes. I’m sure Hedwig wouldn’t mind the company, ha!

I had you running around town only to go back to the beginning.

It’s important because that’s where I’m waiting.

So get here soon and without a hitch

Because you never know, you may find the golden snitch.

Blaine laughed as he tucked the letter in his pocket. He grabbed Fawkes and ran back into the car. Blaine wasn’t sure what time it was, but it didn’t take long to back to his apartment. His mind wandered to all of the clues he found and what they meant. The pretzels. The restaurant. The play and the pieces of paper. Kurt was pouring his heart out for something. Before he knew it, Malcolm pulled up in front of Blaine’s building.

“He’s waiting for you,” Malcolm said. Blaine let out a breath before he grabbed Fawkes and Hedwig and slowly made his way out of the car and into the building. Part of him wanted to text his mom or Nick. He decided against it when he got to the door. His first instinct was to knock, but then he remembered it was his apartment. He turned the knob and pushed the door

slowly. There was no sign of Kurt, or his mom or Nick.

There were two candles on the tiny dining room table. In between the two candles was something round and gold. Blaine closed the door, set Fawkes and Hedwig down and walked over to the golden snitch. It was sitting on a folded piece of paper. He could tell the ball opened but he opened the paper first.

Congratulations, Mr. Anderson! You have found the golden snitch!!

The prize is Eternal Glory...

If you say yes...

That was all that it said. Blaine opened the snitch and sitting in the middle was a ring. A bright, silvery ring with black wording and a single diamond. There was a black symbol around the diamond; the deathly hallows symbol. The wording read, 'always'. Blaine took in a breath as he unconsciously dropped the paper and pulled the ring out of the snitch. He didn't even hear Kurt walk behind him and kneel down beside him.

"Well? What do you say?" Blaine jumped a bit that he almost dropped the ring. He saw Kurt kneeled down in front of him. He was down on one knee. "Will you marry me?"

The words sounded so surreal. Blaine opened his mouth but no words came out. He stuttered as he fell to his knees in front of Kurt.

"Okay...you're either so happy that you're speechless or I just gave you a heart attack..." Kurt tried to joke but the fact that Blaine hadn't said anything was worrying him. Blaine finally laughed as he dropped the snitch box and it rolled away.

"The first one...I swear. And yes, of course, I'll marry you!" Blaine finally said. Kurt let out a relieved laugh as he threw his arms around Blaine's neck and kissed him hard. Blaine dropped the ring which caused Kurt to break the kiss and pick it up quickly. He quickly put the ring on Blaine's finger. He hadn't realized his hands were shaking.

"I've never done this before..." Kurt said out loud. Blaine laughed as they got up on their feet.

"I've never had this done for me before. The whole Harry Potter scavenger hunt and everything..." Blaine's heart beat so rapidly.

Kurt Hummel, high profile billionaire just proposed to Blaine Anderson. He had to sit somewhere. Blaine held onto Kurt's hand as they sat at the dining table.

"I planned everything. I got some advice from Malcolm and he said that it had to be memorable..." Kurt explained.

"It definitely was..." Blaine said softly. It was slowly dawning on him. The ring was on his finger and it felt so odd. Kurt could see the doubt in Blaine's eyes.

“Blaine? Blaine? Now, let me say this. I’m not planning on getting married tomorrow or next week, not even next month. I really want you to be settled in a job of your own. I know you want to be a teacher. Believe me, I want more than anything to help you achieve that. We can talk about that house in the suburbs.” The more Kurt talked the more Blaine felt calm.

“I’m thinking maybe in the next year or so. Whenever you are ready. I know we have a lot to talk about. You’re not...you’re not having second thoughts are you?” Kurt asked a bit frightfully. Blaine let out a breath and kissed Kurt softly.

“No, no second thoughts. I agree. We have a lot to talk about, but my answer is still the same.” Kurt smiled as he leaned in for another kiss. He stopped midway when there was a loud noise outside the apartment door.

“Santana? Rachel? What are you two doing here?” That was Jeff. He would be the only one to know them.

“We wanna know if Kurt proposed or not!” Rachel responded.

“I’m sorry, who are you two?” Pam asked.

“Maybe we shouldn’t...” Nick started. There was a loud banging on the door.

“Kurt! You can have celebratory sex later!” Santana yelled. Kurt groaned as he buried his head into Blaine’s shoulder.

“You have quite the mouth. I might like you,” Pam said. “But Blaine! Honey! If you are having sex we can wait out here till you’re done.” It was Blaine’s turn to groan.

“Blaine! Your mom is a badass!”

“Maybe we should go,” Rachel said timidly. Kurt got up from the couch.

“Maybe if we are really quiet...” Blaine whispered. Kurt shook his head.

“They’d find out eventually,” Kurt said. Blaine sighed as he got up from the couch and followed Kurt to the door. They looked at each other one last time before they opened the door. Kurt held up Blaine’s hand to let everybody know that he was wearing the ring. Pam cooed as she hugged Blaine tightly. Rachel and Santana hugged Kurt. After Blaine gave Nick and Jeff hugs he closed the door.

“We are starving! We’re gonna order some Chinese food...” Santana started. Blaine laughed as Kurt walked over to Blaine and wrapped his arms around him.

“It’s going to be a long night,” he whispered into Blaine’s ear.

“The first of many,” Blaine whispered back. Kurt squeezed his hold around Blaine. He loved that idea.

“I love you so much,” Kurt said.

“I love you too.”

“I want the record to show, that if it had not been for me, there would be no engagement!” Nick yelled with triumph.

Kurt released his hold on Blaine. Neither one could even deny that.

“All right. Tell us how you planned this so called perfect proposal,” Santana said with disinterest. Although, she had waited all damn day to hear the news that Kurt would pop the question to the cute curly haired boy that made her and Rachel crepes for breakfast.

“Yes, I want to hear everything,” Rachel said with a happy sigh.

“And how come I didn’t know about it?” Nick asked. Kurt looked at Nick.

“Seriously, baby? Even I know you wouldn’t be trusted with something like that,” Jeff said. Nick looked at his boyfriend with a gaped mouth.

“Are you saying I can’t keep a secret?” Nick asked.

“Yes, that’s exactly what everybody is saying,” Blaine answered. There was a round of laughter as Jeff gave Nick a sweet kiss on the cheek.

The rest of the evening was spent talking about the scavenger hunt, the first time Blaine and Kurt went on a date, and what the future would hold for them, and eat Chinese food. Blaine couldn’t help but play with the ring on his finger. He would have to get used to it, but he couldn’t stop smiling.

It was a few months after the engagement that Kurt and Blaine talked about going public. When Kurt was being featured in a magazine spread, they both decided that was the time to do it. He was specific about who the photographer was and who would write the article. The whole spread was mostly centered around Kurt, but there were a couple of photos of Blaine and Kurt in the magazine. The article didn’t center around Kurt’s engagement, but just Kurt as the person.

Blaine achieved the proper certification and was able to find a job teaching at an art school. He was a choir director and he loved it. A few students knew who he was from the article in the magazine, but that didn’t seem to last very long. Students who attended an exclusive art school was there to achieve a goal.

There were no details about when the wedding would take place or where. It was still ways away. Some shows, like TMZ, tried to report that Kurt Hummel was indeed a male cougar and that their engagement would not last long. Eventually, they lost interest in that story and

moved on to another celebrity.

They found their house in the suburbs. Malcolm liked that drive so much better than the penthouse. It was away from the city. Kurt was still just as busy as ever, but he always tried to make time to at least come home to eat a home cooked dinner his soon to be husband made for him. His soon to be husband.

Both Kurt and Blaine loved the sound of that.

*If I lose myself tonight
I'll be by your side.*

Chapter End Notes

Title and ending lyrics are inspired by the song, If I Lose Myself by OneRepublic

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