Give Me A Hand

by Artmys

Summary

Give Me a Hand: The Master-Slave society is not necessarily a welcomed one, more tolerated. There are some that hate the barbaric nature it perpetrates and special centers have been erected to rescue, rehabilitate and protect abused slaves. Sebastian’s family owns one of the most famous facilities specializing in treatment of the most severe abuse cases. Sebastian is working as a caretaker, his domineering attitude makes it easy for the rescued slaves to want to trust and listen to him. Reminding them of their abusers, making them eager to trust and obey until therapists could step in and help. He hates the job, but when Blaine enters the facility, unable to sleep or eat, unwilling to let Sebastian out of his sight Seb has to learn to change tactics and save not only himself but the abused boy he doesn’t understand.

Notes

This whole story originally started as a 1x1 between myself and my good friend Liz on Tumblr almost 5 years ago, so there are a LOT of chapters to come. We wanted to share it here as this is probably the better format for it, anyway. It was written in a 'back and forth'
fashion, where we each took a turn writing the different character, so keep in mind that the writing format is bouncing between two characters. Also, keep in mind that there are occasions where the time-line will jump a bit forward, but it shouldn't be hard to follow.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Sebastian had been planning on getting to sleep in, for once, but of course anytime he thought he had time off a new job came through the doors. He knew next to nothing about the boy they were bringing in, even looking through the file of paperwork he’d been given he had nothing on the kid. Scowling he walked down to the nurse’s main office poking his head in the door, “What the hell is this?” Lifting his eyebrows with a scowl, he held up the pathetically thin folder. Normally he would be given a folder so thick you couldn’t possibly hold it with one hand. This one had barely three pages in it, and even those pages had only basic information. He hardly needed to know the kid’s hair color versus what he’d been going through.

When the nurse at the desk just shrugged and waved him off Sebastian huffed, he didn’t have time to argue over the mix up, he had to get down to the kid’s room before he was brought in. Opening up the room that this…’Anderson’ would be using Sebastian let himself in to check over everything. It wasn’t much, eventually they’d move him on to better rooms; but it had a bed, side table with a reading lamp and a small desk, the bathroom connected to the room was small but nice enough. They saved the nice rooms with better furnishings for the later stages of rehabilitation. Sitting on the end of the bed Sebastian flipped through the pages again, not even bothering to look up with he heard the orderly and officer leading someone into the room. “It’s about bloody time, I’ve been waiting long enough.”

Blaine didn’t have a single clue what was going on when the task force had showed up at the Anderson’s manor; all he did know was that the Master had been screaming and swinging at the men. They had managed to restrain him before moving to find Blaine, curled up in a ball hyperventilating and wide eyed, locked in the same closet he had been for the past three days. It had taken the two of them almost half an hour to just coax Blaine to the front of the small closet far enough for them to haul him out. When they did haul him out, the room was full of so many more people then Blaine had ever seen in his life that Blaine started to shake and freeze up. He didn’t know what was going on or where he was going, but it seemed going he was.

When they arrived at the building Blaine was still all wide eyed and shaking, there were still people all over the place and all he wanted was to go back to his normal life with his normal routine; back to what he knew. When they led him down the hall and to a room, his heart was hammering away in his chest. They said he was here to get help, he didn’t need help, he needed Master. Though the tight ball in his chest eased some at the tone the man before him used, instantly settling him back into his usual mindset, whatever hesitation he had left in him went out the window as the orderly next to him spoke directly to the man on the bed. “Apologies, Master, but it took longer than they thought it would when they were extracting him. Anderson put up a fight and then they had to cut the lock off of the closet door and then coax him out of it.”

Sebastian used to hate getting called Master. The first time had actually made him throw up. By now it was an old routine, he wasn’t their Master, but he was close enough. He may have hated the name and what it implied, but he also knew that here at least the name could be a safe one. He may be called Master, but he wasn’t going to hurt anyone. At this point he barely even flinched. He did, however, frown at what the orderly said. “I see.” Humming the words Sebastian tapped his fingers against his thigh, still looking at the sparsely filled in paperwork—he didn’t even have an age for Christ’s sake. “I want the full report with details by tonight.” His tone was clearly dismissive, and while he wasn’t the boss or in charge, Sebastian held enough weight and force in his voice to get the
job done.

Once the orderly and officer had left, closing the door behind them he stood up, dropping the papers on the bed as he looked up. Whoever he was, he looked young, but not as young as they usually did. He tried to keep the frown off his face and his expression passive, everything about this case was already off. “Well then, let’s get the basics out of the way then, hmm?” Lifting his eyebrows he clasped his hands behind his back, it was a natural stance and one he found most rescues reacted positively towards when they first came in. “You have permission to call me either Master or Sir at any given time. When you are ready to ask for my real name you have permission to do so.” He paused there, waiting for either a spark of understanding or the question for his name—as unlikely as he knew it would be. Getting neither he continued, “What do you like to be called?”

Blaine kept his gaze down as Sebastian spoke, hands clasped in front of him, as the orderly and Sebastian spoke quickly. He did everything in his power to not move like he had been trained all his life. When in the presence of his or any other Master he was to not move, speak or even breathe loudly without being ordered to do so. He even managed to not flinch when both the orderly and the officer left. He did glance up briefly as Sebastian spoke to him but quickly glanced back down when he saw that Sebastian was staring straight at him.

What he did see though, set him at ease even as he was waiting for some kind of rebuke for moving at all. The man before him stood tall and confident, every bit the posture of a Master and that caused the remaining hesitancy to leave him. Though Sebastian’s question completely threw him for a loop. “I don’t- I’m sorry, Master, but I don’t-don’t understand.” That caused his pulse to rush and he sucked his lip between his teeth. Master had always just called him ‘Scum’.

Sebastian wasn’t incredibly surprised by Blaine’s posture. What he was surprised by was the bizarre want to reach out and stroke his fingers through the boy’s hair. To offer some semblance of comfort. Technically that was his job, but he’d never actively wanted to do it before. That and he knew he couldn’t, Blaine was still in the shock phase of things, it was likely he was just going to really fall apart later. “Apology accepted.” Sebastian threw the words out easily, sure, he knew Blaine didn’t need to apologize but if he wanted to apologize then Sebastian would let him. “You are free to speak as you wish for now while we become acquainted, do you understand?”

He paused again before continuing, “I mean, you have no name on your paperwork. I’ll need something to call you when we talk and in the coming days. Do you know your name? Have a…pet name you like?” Eyebrows lifting Sebastian couldn’t help grinning, “I suppose I could always call you snookums, honeybear comes to mind…they’re a bit affectionate for my tastes, but if I’m going to have to come up with something it’s not going to be terribly fun for either of us.” Sebastian’s voice was light and easy, he shrugged, “So, I’ll ask again, what do you want to be called? While I can call you whatever your previous Master called you…I think it would be best for us both if we had a name for you that was more suited to us, don’t you?”

“Yes, Sir.” Was Blaine’s response, and though his voice may have sounded stable, he was still an utter wash of confusion and now fear. He was free to speak? That was something new all together, new and terrifying. Here he thought he was finally being returned to his norm only to find that he had been thrust into a situation that he was wholly untrained for. What was he supposed to do? What did this Master expect him to say? And would he be reprimanded for anything he might say, even with the freedom to speak? For now he just decided to hold his tongue, biting at the inside of his cheek as he waited for anything.

His name? That caused Blaine to stagger as he stood in front of Sebastian; slammed with a memory. He remembered some dark haired angel kneeling down in front of him and running her hand through his hair when he was younger. Some beautiful angel with kind golden eyes calling out to him while
he was crying before Master came in and— After that he has no memory of her. No more gentle touches, no more caring eyes, and no more soft words. He remembered her calling him something, Blaine. He just shook his head, eyes squeezed shut as he tried to suppress it. Though he froze halfway through the motion, remembering he needed to stay still. “Scum. My—my old Master called me Scum.”

Sebastian could sense the shift in Blaine. Knew that despite his words he was far from agreeing. Nodding to himself he took stock of the situation, clearly Blaine had never had a Master that would give permission for anything, taking in the rigid stance Sebastian knew it would take more than the usual promise of rewards to get Blaine to trust him. His fists clenched behind his back at the name, he’d heard worse—of course he had, but there was something about this short boy that had him wanting to shield him. “Well, now. That name won’t do.”

Shaking his head a little, he was silent for a minute as he tried to plan out his next move. He had to get Blaine to trust him, to understand his old Master had no place here. He could tell Blaine wasn’t ready for open ended commands, so he changed tactics. Moving he sat back on the end of the bed picking up the papers, “Sit by me. I want your hands clasped on your lap, you are free to look around, but you will remain seated beside me hands clasped.” Sebastian made sure his voice was firm as he watched Blaine, orders direct and repeated to make sure he would follow them.

Blaine’s sigh of relief was almost audible when Sebastian told him what was expected of him. He was quick however to do as he was ordered, as silently as possible. Sitting gently on the edge of the bed, Blaine clasped his hands in his lap so hard that his knuckles were turning white. Having been given permission, Blaine lifted golden eyes to look just in front of him. Out of his peripheral vision he could see Sebastian sitting next to him holding a folder with, if his vision was correct, what looked like his old Master’s last name on it. No, just look forward.

Slowly but surely Blaine’s body relaxed into its role as he sat on the bed waiting for his next command. This he was used to; being told what to do and what was expected of him. He didn’t need to make any decisions or deal with any problems that he wasn’t told to deal with. To him, it shouldn’t matter what that file in Sebastian’s lap said. Though, Blaine was worried he had somehow disappointed his Master and was fighting the urge to get up and make his way back there to accept whatever punishment was coming to him; even if that meant spending three more days in the closet without much food or water. And, as if on cue, his stomach made itself known; causing Blaine’s naturally tan complexion to pale visibly and his eyes to widen slightly. He only hoped this new Master hadn’t heard it.

Sebastian was looking through the file more to have something to do other than stare at the boy next to him. He already had the sparse information written memorized, there wasn’t much to it. He let the silence stretch, the only thing he did was to reach over and cover Blaine’s clasped hands with one of his, “Good boy.” He gave the gentle praise and touch, simple rewards to gage where Blaine was, once he’d sat silently and obediently for long enough that Sebastian knew he was going to do as told. His lips quirked into a grin when he heard Blaine’s stomach, stifling the grin he cleared his throat gently.

“You’ve done well.” Nodding as if to himself, he turned his body enough to watch Blaine carefully. “Once we decide on a name for you, I will get us something to eat” Sebastian didn’t mention he was doing this so he could make sure Blaine ate, he needed to eat too, but he’d probably have to wait until after Blaine was asleep to eat. “Give me yes or no for each name.” Sebastian waited a beat before listing names slowly, pausing between each for Blaine’s response, “Alec, Danny, Sweetheart, Marvin, Bobby, Pet, Beautiful.”

The silence didn’t bother Blaine, not a bit. He was used to being ignored and, so long as he had
someone in the room with him, he didn’t mind it. To pass the silence Blaine reverted back to his usual technique of reciting the alphabet forwards and back over and over again. It was soothing and gave him something to focus on aside from the man beside him. However, when Sebastian reached over and touched him, it took all of Blaine’s willpower to keep from crying in relief at the familiar, albeit uncommon, praise. The tension in his body continued to seep out slowly.

At the verbal praise, Blaine allowed himself another silent breath; though the shock was evident in his eyes, if Sebastian cared to look, when Sebastian mentioned getting Blaine something to eat. The idea of food had Blaine salivating but then his attention was drawn back to Sebastian; his own voice soft as down as it came out. “No. No. N-No. No. No. N-No.” He was starting to panic slightly, his breathing coming faster and faster, his chest rising and falling at a quickened pace. What if he said the wrong thing? What if he didn’t say yes to the one that Master wanted him to say yes to?

Sebastian nodded slowly after Blaine said no to each name. He hadn’t really expected any of them to stick, and he was proud of the boy for saying ‘no’. It was honest, and it was a step forward to the automatic agreement he’d received earlier. “Alright.” When he came to the end of his list he put his hand over Blaine’s again—he’d seen the tension leave his shoulders the last time he’d done that, “Thank you for your honesty.” This time he left his hand on Blaine’s in a silent reward and encouragement, maybe small things like that would help keep the tension out of the boy’s shoulders.

Sebastian was quiet for a minute as he tried to think of something he could call the boy. Studying the boy’s profile he smiled, he was stunning underneath the broken exterior and he wanted to be able to help him see that. “Alright. Until you come to trust me enough to give me the name you would like, I’m going to refer to you as biche or bichette. It’s a French pet name.” He squeezed Blaine’s clasped hands; it felt too natural to keep touching the other boy. “Now, it’s time for food. I want you to continue to be honest with me like a good boy. Do you want me to stay here with you and send someone else to get you something to eat? No one is going to be angry if you say yes.”

He waited for it, waited and waited for the anger but in its place came a reward; and while that was briefly terrifying, the touch was enough to pull the tension back out of his shoulders. He was on such an up and down ride here that he didn’t have a clue what to expect and what was expected of him. When that hand remained on him, instead of being taken back away, he let the tension leave completely.

Biche or bichette? Blaine just blinked as he stared forward. He didn’t know what they meant but he just kept repeating them over and over again in his head so that he could be sure to answer to it as soon as it was called. And he assumed it was better than being constantly called Scum. However, at the mention of Sebastian leaving him alone in this foreign room, Blaine tensed back up again. He didn’t want to be left alone, not again. Instead he bit the inside of his cheek before answering with a soft yet tight voice. “Whatever you choose, Master.”

Sebastian was relieved to find the tension draining out of Blaine’s body. So physical touching helped Blaine relax and breathe—that was good to know. He knew how unsettling everything had to be for the boy, and he was trying to help him through that initial shock point. The first day was never easy. When Blaine tensed up again Sebastian wondered what he would say, and was only mildly shocked to have him lying to him. It was clear from Blaine’s posture and the panic in his eyes that he wasn’t comfortable being left alone. He just wished he’d continued being honest, he couldn’t punish Blaine—didn’t want too, but he also had to make sure Blaine trusted him enough to not lie.

“I don’t want you lying to me, biche.” Sebastian frowned removing his hand in a silent rebuke. It wasn’t a punishment, but a silent reminder to not lie. Getting up he poked his head out of the door to get the attention of an orderly to grab them something simple to eat. While that was being taken care of he grabbed a spare glass and filled it with water from the tap in the bathroom bringing it back out
to Blaine and sitting beside him holding the glass out. “Drink. Your food will be here soon and then you can rest.”

No. NO! That touch went away, that one simple touch that so quickly had come to mean so much to Blaine was taken away and he started to panic at Sebastian’s words. Golden eyes growing to the size of saucers before they closed, his breathing coming in shallow, almost gasping, drags as he tried to prepare himself for something, anything. He waited for a smack, a punch, another cigarette burn or even for Sebastian to leave the room and leave him in solitude; though he could feel the world getting a little fuzzy and he knew if he didn’t calm his breathing it was likely that he was going to pass out. The last time he did that he woke up with searing pain in his ribs and was locked in that awful closet for three days.

When Sebastian opened the door, Blaine’s heart just stopped. If Sebastian left, he wasn’t sure what the hell he was going to do to keep calm. Anything. When he sat back down however and held out a glass for him, Blaine reached out with a shaking hand; ending up having to hold onto the glass with both hands just to keep the water from sloshing around in the glass and getting everywhere. This wasn’t home, he didn’t know the protocol for cleaning spills or how much trouble he would get in for it. He did manage to take a tentative sip without spilling liquid everywhere as well.

The physical reaction Blaine had to the lack of touching was so instantaneous and obvious Sebastian almost immediately put his hand back. But he couldn’t do that, it would make Blaine think lying about his needs and wants was acceptable. It was for his own good that he had to push him in that way. It also helped Sebastian prepare for later days, days when punishments were necessary to break through Blaine’s walls—not pain, physical comfort. Sebastian was hardly a comforting person, but this was one of those times he found himself drawn to doing more, to giving this boy every comfort there was. Things were always harder before they got easier, being nice and caring only got so far in helping abused slaves trust their new surroundings.

He watched Blaine carefully making sure he didn’t drop the glass. When he sat down he moved closer to Blaine so their sides were brushing, ”Shhh, Biche, it’s alright. I’m not angry with you.” He kept his voice soft, one hand reaching up to brush his fingers through Blaine’s dark hair, it was poorly taken care of, but he knew that once they got him cleaned up it would be soft and beautiful. His other hand reached out to help steady the glass, covering one of Blaine’s hands, “Keep drinking, slowly. I don’t want you making yourself sick.” He kept his hands where they were, sitting close to other boy so that he was loosely holding Blaine, waiting for a sign of encouragement before touching him further.

That lesson was one that Blaine absolutely absorbed quickly. If lying, or even omission of the truth, resulted in the lack of contact then he was making a mental note to never do it again. His anxiety level was skyrocketing until he felt Sebastian so close that they were touching. His reaction to the lack of touch from Sebastian was far more than it had ever been from his old Master but Blaine couldn’t be sure if that was what was supposed to happen or if it was just because he had spent the last three days without any contact at all. Whenever he came out of solitude he was always aching for some kind of touch. Master very rarely gave it to him, if at all.

Confusion flashed brightly through his eyes as he felt Sebastian’s hand run through his unkempt hair; it brought the memory from earlier screaming back to the forefront of his mind; the memory of dark haired golden eyed angels. He closed his eyes for a few moments before he brought the glass, with Sebastian’s help, to his lips and took another tentative sip. It was a fight to get even that sip down, as he felt like he could puke any second now. His shoulders had finally started relaxing a bit again, as the contact remained; though what he wanted to do was bury himself into Sebastian’s embrace and hide from this world full of confusion and instability.
There was a small part of Sebastian that couldn’t help marveling at how easy it was to touch and reward this boy. It was nothing new to his job, although he usually felt far less invested in ensuring someone’s anxiety wasn’t so high. He found himself wanting to be the reason Blaine relaxed, the reason those golden eyes warmed and melted away from the scared panicked look he’d been wearing since coming into the room. The larger part of him told that part to shut up.

“Good boy.” He murmured the soft encouragement as Blaine took another drink, giving him verbal praise. He could see the struggle to swallow and knew that emotionally Blaine was struggling, overwhelmed. “That’s enough for now. When you’re ready for more I want you to tap my knee.” Sebastian decided to change tactics as he pulled the cup from Blaine’s hands setting it on the side table by the bed. Maybe if he didn’t have to ask for something verbally he would be more honest. He could feel Blaine’s need for touch like it was a physical thing in the room, taking a risk he wrapped his arms more securely around Blaine’s frame until his cheek was brushing Blaine’s temple. “You’ve done so well, for Master, I am very happy ma biche. For that I want to reward you, do you want me to hold you until the food comes? I want an honest answer.”

The touches were what had Blaine anchored, what had him feeling safe. Touches like these, though perhaps littler ones, were what he strived for. Master would brush a hand on his shoulder when he was being particularly good; or even stand close enough that he could feel the heat of Master’s body. There were other touches, too, by other Masters but those were more complete and in truth they didn’t feel like rewards. They were painful and would leave him crying late in the night because of the nightmares they would bring on. So when this Master enveloped him in his arms he squeezed his eyes shut, body rigid, and wait for whatever pain would come with the fuller embrace.

Only, he waited in vain. This Master’s arms never moved to indicate pain to come, and verbally he was praising Blaine; the other Masters never did that when they did this. No, this was new, different, and slowly his body seemed to melt beneath Master’s hold. It was then that he realized that this Master had asked him a question and that he needed to answer it. If he didn’t want this new praise to be taken away he needed to answer now and be honest; but saying what he wanted was a harder task than one could imagine when your whole life has been dedicated to fulfilling the wants of someone else. “Y-ye-ye-yes.” He softly stuttered out before cringing, this was strange and new and he wasn’t sure how he felt about this new….everything.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to leave us love and let us know what you think about these wonderful boys!
We always love hearing from you!
First Impressions - Part 2

Chapter Notes

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This was one of those moments where Sebastian had to push them through the initial back pedaling. He knew Blaine was used to punishments, of what kind he could only guess, but well cared for slaves were hardly brought here or to him. He had to get Blaine to understand that he was a different ‘Master’, that he wasn’t going to be punished or harmed like he was before. The only real way to do any of that was to just do it, of course if the panic was too severe or taken badly he would back off and try again at another time. He wasn’t trying to be cruel.

“Thank you.” Sebastian, could feel most of the tension begin to drain out of Blaine’s body, he could always feel the confusion and his struggle to process everything. At this point the only thing he could do was help Blaine understand that he was here to help him that his presence was meant to soothe and never hurt. Eventually that would come. For now he simply held the boy in his embrace, adding with a soft voice laced with a command, “Touch the back of my hand when you want me to let go. This is a reward, not a punishment.” He kept his tone one of an instruction, the same as when he’d told Blaine to sit still earlier, the boy seemed to react better to instructions.

With Master’s arms around him, Blaine let his mind wander a bit as well as his eyes; though he didn’t move any other muscle in his body. From what he could see, the room they were in was pretty sparse save a desk and a bathroom; though he had seen the side table as well so he knew that was there. He found himself wanting nothing more than to trust this new Master; and that’s what he felt himself doing. Though, in the back of his mind he wanted- needed- to know what it was he had done so wrong to make his other Master get rid of him. He needed to know so he could be sure not to do it ever again. That was an upset that he couldn’t handle again, especially if he didn’t get a Master like this one after….

As Blaine started relaxing into the embrace the enormity of everything slammed into him and, on top of that all, the exhaustion of the last few days. Blaine’s heart was pounding in his chest, so hard he was sure that Master could feel it, and the little twitches his body gave to keep himself awake were slowly starting up; despite his best effort to keep as still as possible. He was so concentrated on trying to keep still that he didn’t notice when the door opened and an orderly with a tray came him. When he found himself suddenly staring at another man, Blaine’s back went rigid again and he held his breath.

This was one of those times when Sebastian was unsure of himself. It wasn’t a common occurrence, and he didn’t know how to handle it. He felt himself wanting to comfort the boy more than his usual job asked of him. There was something about this boy that made him seem so small and broken, it
tore at him. Those eyes were what did it. The few glances he’d seen had shown him how trusting Blaine already was towards him, that dependence. The fact someone—the fact the boy’s father had so horribly abused that had him seeing red. “Shh, you’re doing so good, biche.”

His voice was soft as he felt the sudden spike in Blaine’s heart beat; he could feel the small twitches and jerks that he tried so hard to hide. He glanced up as the door opened, jerking his head to indicate the orderly should put the food on the desk he shifted to run a hand down Blaine’s back along the line of his rigid spine. “You’re safe, Biche. Master isn’t going to let anyone else touch you. I’m going to keep you safe.” He added the last part softly, more for his own peace of mind than Blaine’s. He waited until the orderly had left, making a mental note to make sure people knocked and waited to be let into Blaine’s room.

The smell of the food in the room was causing his stomach to turn. While he hadn’t eaten practically anything in the past couple days he wasn’t as open to eating as he thought he would be. Blame it on the shock of the sudden change or even just on the fact that his stomach wanted to refuse solid food after nothing. However, if he was told to eat he would; even if he had to choke down his own bile and hide the grimace like he already was.

Once the orderly was gone, Blaine seemed to relax at Master’s touch again; his world righting itself even though he still felt himself jerking and twitching. He knew this wasn’t a good thing but there wasn’t anything he could do about it. He was told to stay sitting so sitting he would stay. Unfortunately his brain seemed to be rebelling against his will. He heard that angelic voice whispering again. ‘Blaine.’ It felt like a feather touching through his mind. A small involuntary noise fell from Blaine.

Sebastian slid his hand up along the line of Blaine’s spine, fingers stroking the back of Blaine’s neck at the base of his hairline. He could feel the anxious energy starting to build up in him again, the need to move—a person, even when ordered, could only stay still for as long as their bodies would let them. “You’ve done well. I want you to stand and stretch. You’ve been sitting still too long.” Sebastian worded the order carefully, he knew Blaine wouldn’t move if he said to make himself comfortable, but telling him to move and get the kinks out of his muscles would give him a purpose for moving.

Tenderly squeezing the back of his neck in encouragement Sebastian stood up to look at the food that was brought in. It wasn’t anything extravagant, a sandwich for himself and a broth based soup for Blaine. He frowned some at that, soup meant the officers and staff suspected Blaine had been without food for too long for his stomach to handle anything solid. He felt that pit of anger form in his stomach again before he cleared his throat, “When you’re done stretching I want you to sit fully on the bed. You are to sit in a way that makes your body comfortable, after you have had some soup you’re going to rest.”

Blaine was hesitant to stand, especially if it meant he would be pulling himself away from Master’s touch but he was told to do so. So that is what he did. He stood at the end of the bed his arms slowly reaching up and his torso twisting just slightly. He did maintain a firm grasp on his sleeves though as he reached. His previous Master had instilled firmly and early that he was not to show any of his scars, ever; otherwise he would give him a new one to hide.

Blaine wasn’t sure what constituted him being done stretching but after a few moments he moved slowly and climbed up onto the bed; pressing his back against the headboard and pulling his knees impossibly close to his chest, arms wrapped tightly around them. He was watching Master through his peripheral vision as he fought with his stomach. Soup, Master had said. Blaine was sure he could manage a little bit of soup. And resting sounded too good to be true.
Sebastian waited until Blaine had settled back on the bed. The position didn’t look comfortable to him, and then again his own frame was significantly longer than Blaine’s. He didn’t think Blaine had disobeyed him intentionally; the position was probably one that he was used too. For Blaine that was probably as close to comfortable as he could fathom. Picking up the bowl of soup Sebastian walked back over to the bed, sitting on the edge of it as he took in Blaine’s curled up position.

They said they’d found him in a closet, the effort to make himself as small as possible made sense given that piece of information. “Good boy, thank you, Biche.” He pat Blaine’s knee gently for doing as asked before holding the bowl up, “You’re going to eat at least two spoonfuls of the soup. After that you eat only as much as you want. Do you want my help, or would you like to eat on your own?” Sebastian held the bowl up, his voice a cross between an order and a question. He doubted he’d get an actual answer, but sitting as he was he could read Blaine’s face and judge for himself.

Wide golden eyes peaked out from beneath a few stray curls as Blaine watched every single movement of Master as he came around the bed and sat next to him. In Master’s hands rested a bowl of what Blaine could only assume was the soup he had mentioned; confirmed a few moments later by Master telling him he had to have at least two spoonfuls. He bit his lip as he tried to figure out how much of that soup he was going to actually be able to keep down.

The question threw him off, causing Blaine to bite his lip hard enough to knick the skin and cause a bead of blood to form just before his tongue darted out and licked it away. If he wanted to please Master he had to show that he was capable of doing things for Master. But what if Master wanted to help him eat? Blaine reached out with shaky hands and tried to grasp the bowl but almost dropped it which resulted in some sloshing over the side and spilling onto Master’s leg. Golden eyes went wide as saucers as they stared at the dark spot on his leg; blood running cold and skin paling even further.

Sebastian allowed Blaine to take the bowl from his hands, Blaine seemed determined to prove he could do things on his own. Which Bas believed was likely because always had too. He flinched as the soup hit his leg, mostly out of shock. He’d had more than one bowl of soup dumped on his head during a tantrum than he cared to acknowledge.

It also presented a new challenge. He couldn’t punish Blaine outright because it would be detriment to what they were trying to do, but he also couldn’t do nothing. It would make Blaine question his authority and try to run. “There are towels just inside the bathroom. Go and grab one and wet it. I want you to clean the spill on my leg.” Sebastian was firm, but not harsh as he spoke, taking the bowl from Blaine’s hands, “When you’re done I will feed you. You have to have three spoonfuls now for wasting some of it by not asking for help.

Blaine was on the verge of yet another anxiety attack; his heart hammering away in his chest and his pulse thudding loudly in his ears. He was convinced that the longer this day went on the higher likelihood that his heart would explode in his chest. He just kept fucking up. The second the words were out of Sebastian’s mouth and the bowl out of his hands Blaine was up and off the bed; he almost face planted in his rush to get to the bathroom.

When he returned, wet cloth in hand, he fell to his knees on the floor and looked up at as if looking for approval before he was working as gently as he possibly could with shaking hands to get the soup off of Master’s leg. He was waiting for it, waiting for any kind of the physical punishment he was used to. When he was done he sat back on his feet, hands worrying at the towel in his hands as they rested in his lap.

Sebastian didn’t say anything as Blaine hurried into the bathroom. Of course he was no stranger to having to punish the boys he worked with, but he wanted to avoid it as often as possible. Physical
punishments could always lead the one of two ways—Blaine trusting him, Blaine being terrified of him. He was quiet as Blaine cleaned his leg, prolonging the silence once the task was done.

Lifting a hand he grabbed the back of Blaine’s hair, gripping just hard enough to pull at his scalp and make it hurt, “We do not waste food here, Biche. You were dishonest and because of that spilled the food made for you. Do not do that again. If you need help you are to let me know. Is that understood?” He punctuated with question with a sharp tug on the back of Blaine’s hair to tip his head back until he was forced to look upwards.

Blaine’s flinch was blatantly visible when Master reached behind him and got a good grip on his hair, tugging his scalp hard enough to hurt but, what Blaine found shocking, not hard enough to pull the hair out. He was thankful for that, as he still had a patch that was just starting to grow back in from is being ripped out as punishment last week. Blaine bit the inside of his cheek, hard, to keep from whimpering and gold eyes closed as he felt his head being tilted up.

A shudder ran through him at the tone in Master’s voice. “Y-yes, Sir.” He managed to stammer out just before the sharp tug brought his head back far enough that if he opened his eyes he would be staring straight at Master’s eyes; and he wasn’t given that permission. He tried, truly he tried but he couldn’t keep his eyes shut; he had to know how much trouble he was in. So he cracked his eyes open, eyes full of pain and fear and even still full of trust. Please don’t see the tears building, please. Blaine was pleading with Master internally.

Sebastian didn’t have the heart to hurt Blaine to the point of scarring or even bruising. But he still had to make Blaine hurt, that was the only way of reconciliation that Blaine understood, so he settled to fleeting pain. He loosened his fingers some, waiting a few silent moments after Blaine answered him, letting him relax. Without warning he tightened his grip again, just short of fully tugging the strands. His scalp would still be sore from the first tug, making it hurt more without the physical harm of yanking the hair out. He’d had some practice at this type of punishment training.

“For disobeying me you’re going to stay kneeling as I feed you.” Sebastian’s tone didn’t soften any, he’d felt and seen the shudder as it ran through Blaine’s body. His gut wrenched at it, and the fear he saw in Blaine’s half hooded eyes—but most importantly he saw the trust. He focused on that part, reaching over he grabbed the spoon from the bowl of soup, filling it with the broth, making sure not to spill any as he kept his hand locked in Blaine’s hair keeping the pressure there, “Open, Biche.”

Blaine bit a chunk of his cheek off at the second sharp tug; while Master wasn’t pulling large chunks of his hair out he did feel a couple of them go. He wouldn’t cry out. He was trained better then that; even breaking a bone wouldn’t have him crying out, not in front of Master. His other Master had made absolutely certain of that. Blaine would do his absolute best to never utter a sound unless told to. The pain radiating at the back of his skull, however much it hurt, wasn’t the worst pain he had ever endured.

The golden eyed teen was doing his best to maintain control on his breathing, his stomach, his pain and still pay attention to Master; it was a hard ball to juggle. But when Master ordered him to open he almost missed the command. He felt the fingers in his hair tighten just slightly and his mouth opened. The first spoonful was hard; his stomach betraying him as it did summersaults and caused him to gag around the broth, though thankfully he managed to keep it down.

Every instinct in him was screaming out to stop. To sit on the floor and comfort him, to hold Blaine and stroke his hair. It was an unusual impulse and one that had never struck him before when working with someone new. But Blaine’s trusting, broken, scared expression tore through him like nothing else ever would. He wanted to stop this, wanted to let go of the tight grip and soothe the sore area at the back of Blaine’s head. He couldn’t do that though, it would ruin everything, break the
trust Blaine was starting to give him. He had to make Blaine understand, make him trust that Sebastian would see to his needs, even his punishments.

He waited until Blaine wasn’t choking anymore, subtly shifting his hand so that Blaine’s neck wasn’t pulled back to harshly. His goal wasn’t to cause Blaine to choke, the kneeling and the hair pulling were punishments for not trusting him he didn’t want Blaine to become too overwhelmed by choking on the food he needed so badly. He said nothing as he quietly spooned the next two spoonfuls of broth into Blaine’s mouth, speaking only to tell Blaine to open his mouth, waiting in between each spoonful to make sure Blaine wasn’t choking and the soup had gone down. He set the spoon down in the bowl after the third one. “Tell me why you are being punished.”

The soup was warm as it went down, not scalding nor cold, but it was still a chore for Blaine to take it down. His stomach protested the entire time; every single spoonful. When he counted the third spoonful and he saw Master put the spoon down he began to relax. That was one less thing he would have to concentrate on and hopefully it would allow his stomach to settle down. At least, he had hoped it would until Master asked why he was being punished.

Was this a trick question? Blaine was being punished because he fucked up; he was a bad Scum who had stupidly thought that he could do something right for once and was proven wrong. Because he spilled soup, food was not wasted here, and because he had gotten Master’s pants dirty. Blaine wasn’t sure what answer Master wanted but he did remember that Master got angry when he lied. So, Blaine swallowed the blood that had pooled from his cheek and answered Master in a soft voice. “B-because I spilled the soup, o-on you, Sir. B-because I d-didn’t accept your h-help when offered and n-needed, Sir. Be-be-because I d-didn’t trust yo-you, Master.”

Sebastian kept his expression passive, only his eyes remained forceful as he listened to Blaine list the things he’d done wrong. In his opinion he’d started with the least important first, but the point was that he’d gotten there. He’d said what Sebastian needed him to learn from the punishment. He could care less about his pants, like him they’d seen worse during these first days. In fact he’d guess it would be nothing compared to what might happen when Blaine hit the wall for real—he was still adjusting, as hard as today was, it wouldn’t be the hardest. For either of them.

“Very good.” Sebastian nodded as he released his tight hold on Blaine’s hair, his fingers instead stroking over the back of Blaine’s scalp, gently pressing down on the base of his skull to get him to drop his head forward and relax the tense posture at the top of his spine. “You’re not going to do that again, now are you? No, you’re a good boy, you learn quickly.” Sebastian murmured the words softly, his voice a soft caress as he praised him for learning his lesson. Punishment and reward, eventually something had to break through.

Blaine could have cried out for sheer happiness when Master praised him and let go of his hair; in fact he nearly did when he felt the gentle brushing of fingers against the sore spots on the back of his skull. Slowly but surely his head fell forward. The only hesitation Blaine even remotely showed was when his forehead brushed against Master’s knee; eventually he relaxed enough to let his forehead rest on that knee.

Nothing else mattered. He was getting praise and attention from Master; it seemed he had finally done something right. It only took a matter of seconds before those tired twitches started returning to Blaine’s body; first his hands then his wrists and eventually both of his arms were trying to spasm. He was stifling the few yawns that had tried to pass as well. If he slept he would miss this touch, he wouldn’t be able to see Master and it was most likely that he would be alone. On top of that, he always woke up with the worst nightmares. No, sleep was Blaine’s enemy.

Sebastian continued to run his fingers into Blaine’s hair, gently massaging his scalp with brief
brushes. Once he felt Blaine’s head on his knee Sebastian slid his other hand to cup the back of Blaine’s neck, keeping just enough pressure to make sure Blaine knew he was there. “Yes, you’ve been very good, ma bichette. You took your punishments so well, you’ve made Master happy.” He ran his hand through Blaine’s hair again in a silent ‘okay’ that he was allowed to place his head on Sebastian’s knees, encouraging him to follow those instincts.

“It’s time for you to rest, biche.” Sebastian kept his hands lightly on Blaine’s shoulders as he encouraged him to stand up and get back on the bed. He brushed away some of the black curls from Blaine’s forehead as he moved. “I’m going to stay here with you for the night, you won’t be alone. You have my promise.”

With Master’s encouragement, Blaine rose from the floor and climbed half asleep into the bed. It didn’t even seem to faze him when Master pulled back the blankets back and ushered him to climb in. He wouldn’t leave him alone, he wouldn’t have to be alone to fight off the nightmares? Master promised, it had to be real. Blaine really was too tired at this point to understand what half of that meant. His body was twitching even as he laid down; golden eyes taking one last tired, frightened and confused look at Master before he was being told to sleep. And he did, finally letting sleep pull him under.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to leave us love and let us know what you think about these wonderful boys! We always love hearing from you!
Chapter Summary

First nights are rough.

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Trigger warning - Brief self harm

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

‘Blaine, sweetheart, hurry! We need to go, quickly!’ The dark haired angel was telling him as she led him down the hallway of the Anderson’s mansion; her voice soft and cautious. Blaine wasn’t much more than a five year old, following behind the sweet voiced angel as she encouraged him to follow. ‘That’s right, baby, just a little further and I promise everything will be better!’ She kept enticing, her hand wrapped so sweetly in his. The hallway was dark, Blaine knew he wasn’t supposed to be out of bed when it was dark out. Master would be angry if he caught him so much as even setting a toe out of his bed. And Blaine loved his bed. It was all his, he hadn’t had to ask for it or anything. Master had said it was a reward for being such good ‘scum’ and that bed was Blaine’s. He loved it.

The tugging on his hand grew more insistent and Blaine found himself being pulled down the stairs; if pulled was the right word. The dark haired angel had his hand and she was falling down the stairs; doing her best to make sure he didn’t get hurt. Even still, Blaine ended up sitting next to her prone form at the bottom of the stairs, her hand brushing softly through his curls as she struggled to breathe. ‘Courage, mi amore. Courage.’ And then he was being dragged away by his hair, kicking and screaming to get back to her, anything to help her; only to find himself being tossed into a dark dirty room all by himself. No one to save him, to comfort him. No one left to love him.

In his sleep, Blaine was thrashing about wildly in his sleep, just as he had done in his nightmare.

Sebastian had gotten good at half sleeping over the years. He knew how to sleep just enough to rest, but so that he’d wake up instantly if needed. It wasn’t fulfilling, and it was never his favorite nights of sleeping, but it was what he had to do. Once he’d gotten Blaine settled in he had situated himself on the outside edge of the bed, half laying-half sitting as he waited for Blaine to fall asleep. It didn’t take nearly as long as he’d thought it would, Blaine was asleep before he even really hit the pillow.

Sebastian kept a hand lightly on Blaine’s back which was turned to him, the touches had helped Blaine’s tension dissolve when awake and he was hoping the same would be said while the boy was asleep. He’d barely settled down and closed his own eyes when he felt the thrashing beside him shaking the entire bed. “Wha-..” That was about all his sleepy brain had time to mutter before he felt a hard smack hit his temple followed by another hit to his nose, “Ow! Biche!” Shooting up with a startled sound.

Golden eyes shot wide open when he felt his fists connect with something solid; Blaine was used to thrashing, that wasn’t really anything, but he had never had anyone else around him when he did it, never anyone that he had to worry about hitting. His entire body went rigid as his mind whirred around. Master never came to his room, never this late at night and surely never this close to his bed. No, Master always just yelled from the door. When frightened gold eyes landed on his new Master,
however, the day’s events came crashing back to him and he remembered that this was in fact his new Master. He had just struck his Master.

Blaine backpedaled so fast that he crashed to the floor from the opposite side of the bed, slamming against the wall as he just stared, pale as a ghost, at the man he had just hit. Without thinking his actions through, Blaine was on his feet and running out of the bedroom door; bare feet slapping on the tile, echoing throughout the building. He skidded to a halt in the hallway, quickly taking in his surroundings before he was taking off down endless corridors. He didn’t know where he was going or even what he was going to do but he just needed a minute to collect his thoughts. He knew his punishment was going to be severe, it had to be, he just hoped this Master wouldn’t break anything visible. Blaine pulled on the first door he stopped in front of and, finding it unlocked and revealing a janitor’s closet, he darted in and pulled the door shut and locked behind him. He tripped over a glass bottle, feeling it crack beneath his foot and landed with his back against the far wall from the door; broken bottle now in hand. If he could hide for just a little bit, he could live for just a little bit longer.

Nightmares, Sebastian was used too. Night terrors were a brand new story. Nightmares were easy enough, talk soft, stroke the forehead, comfort without waking unless it got too bad. With night terrors all bets were off. Seeing the confusion on Blaine’s face, closely followed by realization Sebastian dropped his hand from his now sore nose. He wasn’t mad, sure the hit had been harder than expected, nothing felt broken—no blood, so that was good. But before he could step in, stop the panic from tossing Blaine overboard he was out the door. Sebastian wasn’t far behind him, but he was just late enough to not see where Blaine disappeared too. “Shit.” Taking off down the hall he watched, looking for signs of any doors that were open that shouldn’t be.

Finding himself drawing up short he shoved a hand through his hair, gripping at it out of frustration. When one of the orderly’s came up to him he shook his head, “Putting the others on lock down, but keep it quiet. No officers, no nurses. He won’t respond to anyone else and I don’t want him more scared.” When the orderly hurried off to follow his orders Sebastian started walking again, wracking his brain trying to figure things out. It took him a few minutes before it clicked, closet—Blaine had been found locked in a closet. It took almost an hour of searching, he was ready to call in the big guns and have a full out search. Coming across one more closet he could only hope it was the right one, leaning his forehead on the door he took a breath whispering, “Please be here…” knocking on the door, “Ma Bichette…are you in here? Make a noise for Master.”

Blaine clutched the broken bottle to his chest as his mind went full on into panic mode. His free hand was threaded into his curls and pulling harshly; he could feel the hairs giving way but that pain didn’t seem like it was enough for the enormity of the bad things he had done. He had struck his Master; not swatted or resisted or pulled away from, no. He full out struck his Master, and in the face. There was no small punishment that could pay for what he had done. In his anger, Blaine threw one half of the broken glass bottle; crying out slightly when a jagged edge nicked his finger. Seeing the small dot of blood well, Blaine knew what he could do. Maybe if he put his own scar down then Master wouldn’t feel the need to. Blaine reached over and grabbed the other half of the bottle; pressing the jagged edge to the first flash of skin he saw. The bottle cut deeply into the skin of Blaine’s calf, causing blood to well in the long jagged line and to slowly drip down his leg. Blaine allowed himself a small whimper as he dropped the bottle beside him.

Blaine had pulled his knees up against his chest and pushed himself into the corner of the closet over the last hour. This was familiar; this was safe. So when he heard the knock at the door he jumped slightly and pushed himself as far into the wall as he could without sending himself through the wall. If he disobeyed Master his punishment would just be worse and Blaine wasn’t sure he’d survive worse. So, he did as he was told. Blaine let out a little whimper but stayed right where he was. He wanted to tell him how sorry he was, how bad he felt and show him that he had tried to fix it, but all that came from him was a choked sob before he managed to cut it off. He just wanted to rewind the
last couple of hours and just not go to sleep. At least then he wouldn’t be here, frightened beyond measure, with his Master on the other side of the door.

Sebastian had almost pulled away, given up on the closet when he heard a soft whimper. He was convinced he’d imagined it until a moment later he heard the sobs. Letting out a soft sigh he knelt down outside the door. “Thank you for responding, Bichette.” Sebastian kept his voice just soft enough to be heard. Sebastian was no Master, he never would be, but he was a dominant person by nature. He liked power and control and in the last hour Blaine had pulled away all of that power. More than that, his dominant nature was screaming at him to care for this broken boy, protect him from everyone, including Blaine. He felt like his heart was twisting out of his chest as he listened to Blaine’s cries through the door. When it was obvious he wasn’t going to open the door himself Sebastian took a steadying breath, standing up and opening the closet door.

He stood in the doorway for a moment, taking in the scene in the small space. He knelt down just inside the door, keeping Blaine crowded into the closet, but not touching him. He was quiet as he picked up one half of the broken bottle with long fingers. Pursing his lips some as he put a few of the pieces together, noting the blood running steadily down Blaine’s leg. “Well.” The word came out with a sigh as he shook his head, “I think, for now, we’re going to count the fact you tripped and cut yourself with this…” Holding the glass up, “As retribution for running away from me like that. No matter what happens, you do not ever run away from me, Bichette. If you do there will be severe consequences. Are we clear?”

Blaine’s entire body was shaking as he made himself as small as he possibly could when that door opened and he saw Master standing there. This was it; whatever happened now was his own doing. He would take whatever punishment was given to him as he had his whole life; without a whimper or a cry. He swiped at his face with his hand, trying in vain to wipe away traces of tears. Once his eyes were clear he watched every move that Master was making and he was surprised to see him sinking down to his knees just inside the door. Though, when Master picked up the glass, Blaine nearly started hyperventilating.

Master thought….he couldn’t lie to Master, that was against the rules, but at that point he was just lucky that he was able to get a breath to sustain himself. What confused Blaine was that he was only getting in trouble for running away from Master. Why wasn’t Master furious with him for hitting him? The Master, by rights, should be taking a pound of his flesh in return and here he was just scolding him for running away. At Master’s question though he just nodded and pressed himself further into the wall. If Master was willing to accept that then who was he to disagree?

Sebastian soundlessly watched Blaine as he curled further in on himself. He kept the broken bottle in his hand, a physical reminder that Blaine was already hurting. He was scared, lost, in a new place, away from the only life he’d ever known—he wasn’t afraid of Sebastian, but afraid of what he represented. Well, that’s what he had to tell himself to get over how sick it made him when Blaine looked so visibly scared to have Sebastian near him in the closet. When Blaine wordlessly nodded and let him know that he agreed, running away wouldn’t keep happening, Sebastian nodded in return.

“I meant, Bichette, run away from me again and I will not be so forgiving. It’s for your protection, you could get lost or hurt more than just a broken glass.” Sebastian held up the bottle before setting it on the floor dusting his hands off as if to say the topic was done with. He shifted on the balls of his feet, bracing his elbows on his knees, lips pursed. He wanted to take care of Blaine’s cut, take care of him in general, but he had to keep them on an open page with each other. “Now, about that right hook of yours.” He raised his eyebrows some with a hidden grin that he knew would be lost on Blaine, “Tell me the truth ma Bichette, were you hitting me, or were you hitting at something in your head?”
Blaine’s stomach was churning as he listened to what Master was saying. Even just those three spoonfuls of soup were threatening to come up on him; just everything caused him to whimper against his own will. His own hands travelled up to his hair and pulled at the tangle of locks that were falling in front of his face. The consequences of his actions were flying before him and Master’s last question pulling to the forefront the fine details of his nightmare which caused him to offer up a silent scream and pull tighter at his hair.

Blaine just tried shaking his head to try and dislodge the now confusing images and words, muttering in a voice not much louder than a breath as he rocked back and forth where he sat. “‘Courage’ and then she’s gone. ‘Courage’ and then she’s gone.” When Blaine looked back up at Master, his golden eyes looked so much more lost then they had since his arrival at the center and shook his head. “No, Master, not you. Not you.” He added almost as softly as he rocked back and forth a bit more.

Sebastian had to clench his hands into fists in order to keep himself from reaching out. He didn’t know what he wanted to do, stroke Blaine’s curly hair, run a hand down his back, anything to get those whimpers and scared posture to stop. He knew he’d be haunted by those broken cries for a long time; they tore at something inside of him. Making him want to forget every training every rule in the book and go with his instincts to hold this boy, shield him from the world, save him.

His eyebrows drew down in confusion mentally asking ‘she?’ as he leaned in a little to catch the broken mumbling. He’d have to do some research on that one, find out what it was that haunted this broken boy. “Then you won’t be punished. You didn’t hit me, you hit the demon inside your head, and I can’t fault you for that.” Sebastian said it firmly, his words softening towards the end. “Now, we’re going to go back to your room, clean up your leg and get you taken care of.” Sebastian stood up as he spoke, holding his hands down to the boy in a silent offering, they weren’t commands, but he’d left them firm enough to give Blaine an objective and purpose.

Blaine visibly flinched when Master’s hands came towards him, but he was struggling to maintain a grip on his sanity and the movement just brought forward more images from his nightmares. Harsh eyes and even harsher hands reaching out to him and wrapping tightly in his hair; dragging him, throwing him in the closet. Blaine’s breathing pushed towards hyperventilating as panicking golden eyes flickered between taking short quick glances at Master’s face and staring at the outstretched hands. His own hands tugging a little more at his curls.

All he wanted was Master’s reassuring touch, that feeling of contentment and safety, and yet he was still terrified that he was going to be punished for something. He was scared to reach out for Master, he should be able to handle this alone like he always had; plus Master hadn’t actually told him to take his hands. Blaine just looked up at Master completely lost and wanting nothing more than to give up.

Sebastian stood waiting expectantly. It took him a few moments to realize Blaine was scared to take his hands. He hadn’t said Blaine could. At the same time Sebastian couldn’t help noticing how completely overwhelmed the boy was. He looked completely broken in a way that couldn’t been explained, and it tore more at Sebastian. He was stuck on what to do, his basic instinct told him to just pick Blaine up and carry him, but his training told him that could be too much for Blaine. Then he thought back on Blaine’s reactions to his touches, and really—it was no contest.

His touches seemed to put Blaine at ease, physical comforts had likely been few and far in-between with his previous Master, and if touches helped then that was what he was going to do. Dropping his hands he moved into the closet, fitting an arm under Blaine’s knees, and one behind his back before standing up with Blaine cradled in his arms. Sebastian was surprised how easy it was to life Blaine, he was lighter than his compact frame suggested and that worried him some. “Now, we’re going to get that leg taken care of, Bichette.”
Golden eyes squeezed shut as Master moved into the closet; for a brief moment he felt nothing but pure terror. Those same eyes popped open in surprise when he felt Master’s arms wrap around him. Out of instinct he curled a hand into the Master’s shirt, body tense. Blaine honestly couldn’t remember the last time he had been carried. The sensation was something he wasn’t used to, something completely different and new; but for once it wasn’t something he was afraid of. Master was holding him and he felt the safest he had ever felt.

Blaine’s eyes drooped ever so slightly as his adrenaline started to fade at a fast rate; his exhaustion from earlier setting back in. After a moment’s hesitation, Blaine made himself as small as possible and curled further into the safety and stability that was his Master. When they made it back to the room, Blaine tensed again, his hand wrapping tighter into Master’s shirt before he realized he was wrinkling Master’s shirt and letting it go like it was flames. “I’m-I’m sorry, Master. I’m s-sorry!” He panicked as he tried brushing out the wrinkles.

Sebastian was glad that Blaine didn’t fight him past the initial tensing up. Which that was to be expected, but when he curled into Sebastian’s chest it made his heart pound a little faster. Not only was the boy in his arms accepting the help, he was trusting him, turning into him for the comfort, not running away from it. It was incredible. He barely even noticed the grip Blaine had on his shirt outside of noting that Blaine was holding onto him and not shoving him away like he’d initial been afraid would happen.

He was carrying Blaine towards the bathroom when Blaine started panicking suddenly. Furrowing his eyebrows he glanced down at his shirt shaking his head, “It’s fine, Biche. I’m not angry. You held on so you wouldn’t fall and get hurt worse.” He shrugged it off, hoping—likely foolishly, that the matter could be forgotten. He seriously didn’t have it in him to have to punish Blaine over something as stupid as a shirt. Setting Blaine on the counter of the sink he let go only to put a hand on the side of Blaine’s neck to keep contact, he didn’t want Blaine to think he was letting go because of the wrinkled shirt, “I’m going to clean your leg up. You’re to sit here, Bichette.”

Blaine’s hand kept trying to brush out the almost completely gone wrinkles despite Master’s brush off of them; confusion clouding his features as he looked up at Master. He couldn’t figure out if Master was just tired and didn’t feel like expending the energy to punish him or perhaps Master was just waiting until his leg was bandaged up to punish him. Either way, Blaine just shrunk into himself a little bit more; even as tired as he was.

When Master set him on the counter and let go of him, even just briefly, Blaine tensed. Maybe Master was going to punish him anyway for the wrinkles. Blaine closed his eyes and just waited for whatever was going to happen; only to pop back open when he felt the contact to the side of his neck. Blaine was still tense but the renewed contact was helping to drain the tension out of him. At Master’s command, Blaine nodded and folded his hands in his lap. The tension in his body returned full force when Master rolled up the leg of his pants and his breathing picked up as he worked to not pull away at the pain or make any noise.

Sebastian could see the tension come and go in Blaine’s body. It exhausted him just to see it, he couldn’t imagine how drained Blaine must feel. But there wasn’t much he could do, he couldn’t force Blaine into relaxing. It would just have to happen on its own and in his own time. Sebastian was just hoping it would happen sooner rather than later. Regardless Sebastian had a feeling this long night was just going to keep getting longer, he had to try and bring Blaine back from his tense state, and it wasn’t going to happen any time soon.

Running his thumb over the column of Blaine’s throat he nodded once Blaine sat still again. Letting go he grabbed a washcloth and soaked it in the sink with warm water, as it soaked he worked to carefully roll up the leg of Blaine’s pants to study the cut. “You won’t need stitches, which is good.
But we will keep your leg wrapped for a while. I'll clean it again in the morning to make sure it doesn’t get an infection.” He talked softly as he cleaned up the blood, grabbing a first aid kit—stored only with bandages and antiseptics so nothing could be used to hurt Blaine, he cleaned up the cut and bandaged it. Gingerly caressing the covered area with his fingers once he was done, he was debating whether or not to leave Blaine long enough to grab pain killers. “Does your leg hurt, Biche? I can get something to help if it does.”

Blaine’s hands tightened into fists as he struggled to sit as still as possible; no flinching, no wincing, not even a whimper fell from the tense boy. Blaine just kept reminding himself that the pain was his punishment; that he had to use it to make up for how badly he had fucked up tonight. You hit Master. You deserve far worse than just a small scratch on the skin. If you had lost the leg perhaps then you would come close to atoning for a tenth of the damage you caused. Blaine just kept mentally berating himself.

The muscles in Blaine’s leg jumped a bit every time Master touched the cut, despite Blaine’s best efforts and he paled just slightly as his hands worried in his lap. Master hadn’t told him to stay still, so he wasn’t sure how much trouble he was going to get in for the little jumps that happened as Master finished bandaging up the cut. Master’s question threw Blaine; of course it hurt but that was the point wasn’t it? Blaine’s brow furrowed as he tried to figure out what to say. “I-I deserve the pain, Master.” Was what he finally settled on.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to leave us love and let us know what you think about these wonderful boys! We always love hearing from you!
Sebastian wanted to fight what Blaine had said—how did he not catch on to that earlier? Of course Blaine would prefer the pain, it was all he knew, what he thought he deserved. But Sebastian knew fighting Blaine on it would only make things worse, Blaine would either question him as a Master or try to find another source to punish him. He couldn’t afford to let either of those things happen. He didn’t know which part Blaine was hung up on, but the last few hours had been a heavy one, and in Blaine’s mind he’d messed up a lot of things in a small space of time.

“The pain will be your reminder for your punishment, then.” Sebastian nodded, he wanted to give Blaine the strongest pain meds he could, but if Blaine wanted to be punished Sebastian could get around that. He made quick work of cleaning up the soiled towels, throwing away the bloodied materials and washing his hands silently. After drying them he rolled Blaine’s pant leg down once more before running a hand through Blaine’s hair gently, “You were a good boy, Biche. You are free to move.”

Some of the tension leaked out of Blaine when Master didn’t force the issue of taking pain meds; so much so that his shoulders drooped just a bit and his body wasn’t vibrating with the force of his tension. This Master accepted the punishment as acceptable. Blaine felt like he had finally done something right for once and he filed the information away; knowing what he could do to punish himself if he wanted to make anything up to Master. Turning his head just slightly, Blaine caught sight of the mirror in the bathroom. If push came to shove, Blaine would be able to use a piece of that to do his self-administered punishments.

Blaine watched his Master move around the bathroom, cleaning up even though it was usually Blaine’s job to clean up every mess, with tired and nervous eyes. That nervousness left him the second his Master ran his hand through his curls; Blaine’s head turning ever so slightly into the hand as those same golden eyes closed to savor the small touch. And with that touch more of the tension left his body. He was still nervous, still expected something more for a punishment, but that small touch was everything he craved. When his Master told him he was free to move, however, he just pulled his legs back up to his chest there on the counter; unsure of what was expected of him. What he wanted to do was let his Master’s touch lull him back to sleep, his eyes even darted to look at the bed before returning to his Master, but Blaine was utterly terrified he would end up having a nightmare and hitting his Master again.

It was easy to see the tension and stress vanish from Blaine’s frame when Sebastian let the issue of pain go. It made him curious, Blaine was adamant about receiving punishment and convinced he was wrong after everything that happened. And yet, Sebastian was literally cutting off a legitimate punishment and Blaine seemed relieved. He shook his head some as he tried to understand what was running through the boy’s head. He couldn’t help smiling though as Blaine immediately moved into the touch in his hair. He liked how easy it was to bring Blaine back from teetering off the brink with
just a touch. Physical affection and praise was easier for Sebastian than words, so this worked for both of their favors.

He said nothing as Blaine curled up on the counter, continuing to stroke his fingers through the curly mop of hair—convincing Blaine to shower would be a task for another day. When he caught Blaine’s eyes flickering away from his before snapping back he grew curious and looked over his shoulder. The bed. Nodding to himself he smiled again, “Right then. It’s the middle of the night and I want you to sleep.” Sebastian scooped Blaine up into his arms again before carrying him into the room, setting him on his feet by the bed. Sebastian climbed in first, picking up one of the pillows before sitting across the top of the mattress back against the wall, he put the pillow on his lap once he was situated, “Biche, you’re going to lay down with your head on the pillow on my legs.”

Sleep. The idea of sleep sounded like a wonderful thing, but Blaine wasn’t so sure how much sleep he would actually be getting tonight. Blaine knew he would be too terrified to sleep; terrified that he would end up hurting his Master again. He tensed and nearly pushed himself out of his Master’s arms but before he could do anything he found himself being set down next to the bed. Blaine was visibly shaking as he watched his Master get situated on the bed; his eyes narrowing in confusion when he placed the pillow in his lap. Blaine stood frozen, blinking nervously at his Master, as the command set in. He wanted Blaine to lay with his head in his lap.

Blaine slowly crawled onto the bed on hands and knees, stopping just beside his Master and sitting back on his feet as he fought off a panic attack. If he did this and he hurt his Master he might as well just curl into a ball and let himself die; it would likely be more preferable to whatever punishment his Master would undoubtedly come up with. But if he didn’t do this he would be refusing a direct order and he would get punished for that. Blaine’s chest clenched; either way he was getting punished for something. Body shaking, Blaine hesitantly laid down, placing his head as gently as possible on the soft pillow in his Master’s lap. He would fight to stay awake as long as possible to ensure he wouldn’t hit Master again, that was for damn sure. Once he was down, Blaine wrapped his arms around his knees as he brought them up to his chest and held them as tightly as possible.

Sebastian was genuinely beginning to regret his decision to not just sedate Blaine. He hated to use such dirty tactics though; some extreme cases in the center were subjected to medicated therapy. Everyone had some form of medication for PTSD or insomnia it seemed—but Sebastian wanted to avoid that route as much as possible. He didn’t want this beautiful boy to be turned into a complete zombie unable to express his own thoughts and desires. He couldn’t stand the thought of those golden eyes dulling until the light left them and all he became was a shell of someone he could have been. No, Sebastian vowed he wouldn’t let that happen, even as he watched Blaine’s struggle to make himself as small as possible he knew there was more to this boy than his scars and demons. Somehow, one day, he would help Blaine see that as well.

Once Blaine had curled up Sebastian sighed softly, “Good boy.” Of course Sebastian knew what the boy was doing. He’d put himself into such an uncomfortable position that he’d be sure to not fall asleep. Sebastian couldn’t sit by and do nothing while Blaine forced himself awake, so he’d have to fall back to a few tricks of his own. “Je te garderai ma petite biche.” He whispered the words softly as he slowly drew one hand through Blaine’s thick hair, letting the curls loop around his fingers as he combed through the dark mass in rhythmic motions. Humming under his breath Sebastian had to grin playfully, as playfully as the situation allowed, “Am I going to have to sing you to sleep, ma Biche?”

It was all Blaine could do to keep his breathing steady; using every ounce of willpower he had to stay still as well as digging too long nails into his own arms as they were wrapped around his knees. Why couldn’t Blaine be a good boy and just sleep soundlessly, not moving or dreaming? Blaine’s arms jumped a bit as he felt a few of his nails bite far enough into his skin that blood beaded beneath them. He needed to stay awake, needed to. If he stayed awake he could make sure he wouldn’t be
bad. In Blaine’s eyes, that was crucial.

When Blaine felt Master’s fingers threading through his hair he closed his eyes; his body relaxing just enough that the jerking tremors started back up again. The initial tremor was small but the second was large enough that his entire body jerked and his eyes sprung open, large as saucers. He found himself in a conundrum. Master’s fingers and the soft praising touch were beyond relaxing but he didn’t want to fall asleep. To help himself stay awake, Blaine tightened his harsh, clawing grasp on his arms and tensed every muscle in his body he could. Tensing up at Master’s touch wasn’t what he wanted to do and it was a struggle to begin with, but the need to stay awake was greater.

The clawing at his own skin wasn’t a new tactic as far as Sebastian figured. It was easy to notice what was happening—Blaine literally fighting himself to stay awake leaving Sebastian with no choice but to fight back just as hard. He wasn’t trying to torture or upset Blaine, but the boy was going to make himself crazy if he didn’t get sleep. He had to think of ways to comfort Blaine enough that he would be comfortable and fall asleep. It was a tall order, given the state the boy was already in just from his incident earlier in the night.

“Calm, Biche, I’m going to stay awake and watch over you. You won’t hurt me.” Sebastian kept his voice soft, even if the words didn’t make it through to Blaine he hoped the tone would. Keeping one hand shifting through Blaine’s hair he used his free hand to cover one of Blaine’s. He wasn’t naïve enough to try and unclench Blaine’s nails from his clawing, but he hoped he could get him to un-tense a little. He tugged gingerly on Blaine’s curls, playing with the curls some. “Alright, let’s see…what can I sing, hmmm.” Sebastian hummed for a second before singing softly, a silly little French song that his nanny used to sing when he was scared or sad.

The jump that Blaine gave when Master touched his hand would have been bigger if his body wasn’t trying to betray him. The rhythmic treading and gentle tugging at his curls was offsetting; the touch was gentle and soothing to the point that, despite his fighting it, his body was slowly falling asleep before his mind was. As the touch on his hand remained steady Blaine’s fingers started relaxing little by little and his grip on his own arms slowly waned. He wanted to whine but he didn’t quite have the energy and he didn’t want the contact to pull away.

Master’s words took a bit longer for his sleep deprived mind to actually comprehend. How could Master know that he wouldn’t lash out in his sleep again? Even Blaine didn’t know that. But the golden eyed man wanted so badly to trust that what Master said was true; and he had already gotten into trouble for not trusting Master. As his mind was going over everything and listening to Master sing, his eyes began to droop and every few seconds he would pop them completely open just to have them drooping again.

Sebastian could feel Blaine losing the fight to stay awake. He kept doing exactly what he’d started out doing, gently playing with Blaine’s thick, soft, unkempt hair as he listened to Blaine’s breathing even out. He felt Blaine’s hand relaxing under his slowly, and he had to hide the smile over that small victory. He kept his hand firmly over Blaine’s. He only shifted his hand enough to run his thumb along the side of Blaine’s hand in time to the gentle stroking through his hair.

He continued singing softly, watching with some measure of smugness as he saw Blaine’s eyes droop and reopen over and over again. He knew he was wearing Blaine down, and even if he wasn’t going to get to sleep tonight he was damn sure going to get Blaine to sleep. He let his head rest back against the wall as he played with Blaine’s hair. He lost track of how many times he looped the short little lullaby, adding in new lines and making things up as he went just for the sake of doing something, waiting for the moment when Blaine’s eyes would close and stay closed.

Fight it as he might, Blaine was losing the battle to stay awake. The time between his eyes popping
back open was increasing and slowly but surely his body was settling heavier and heavier against Master’s legs and his breathing was starting to even out. Blaine didn’t even realize that his hands had completely relaxed and, if it hadn’t been for Master’s hand on his, they would have fallen to the mattress. Blaine’s body had relaxed to the point where the tremors had stopped for the most part. The last coherent thought that Blaine had was that Master had a simply beautiful voice. It took almost two hours but Blaine, it seemed, was fully out.

For a good half an hour Blaine lay completely motionless; his breathing having finally settled into a somewhat hitching rhythm. Almost half an hour before the first twitch, a small involuntary flick of fingers, happened. From there the twitches escalated, moving from his fingers to his arms and eventually even his head jerked slightly, and soon small whimpers accompanied them. One particularly violent twitch had a bleary eyed, nearly incoherent, Blaine sitting up straight and looking around the room in a panic at something that only he could see.

Sebastian let himself relax as Blaine finally drifted off to sleep. He stopped singing—something he was grateful for since he’d have that stupid grey duck lullaby stuck in his head for days thanks to how long he’d been singing it. He stayed true to his word, staying awake and watching over his golden eyed boy. He kept his hand firmly over Blaine’s, thumb drawing idle patterns along his skin, his fingers slid from Blaine’s soft hair tracing the lines of his face. It was the first time Sebastian was able to really take him all in, the exhaustion lines and strong jaw, the youthful face that was too scarred for its age. It broke his heart at the same time that it drew him in.

I am so in over my head. Sebastian internally groaned at the prospect of trying to help Blaine and not grow overly attached. He was already too invested but it was no use going backwards. Sebastian frowned as he felt the first twitches under his hand, soothing the hand from Blaine’s hair down over his arms as if he could will the bad away with just a touch. He jerked his hand away just as Blaine shot up, glad he was leaning against the wall so he didn’t get clocked in the face. He stubbornly kept his hand over Blaine’s, squeezing firmly before setting a hand between Blaine’s shoulder blades, “You’re safe Bichette, it’s okay…I’m right here.”

What Blaine was ‘seeing’ wasn’t anything that Master could keep him safe from, and the owner of those harsh almost black eyes, was stalking his way across the room. Blaine’s body recoiled from the walking nightmare and practically threw himself backwards, over Master’s legs and only stopped when his own back was pressed firmly against the headboard; his eyes wide with nothing but panic. This was a nightmare that he had many encounters with. Always his father would stalk him, sometimes arms raised with harmful intent and other times just berating him for some slight he had made during the day.

“No! Non di più, per favore! Hai uccisa, non è abbastanza?!” Blaine’s voice was pleading and, oddly for him, bordered on an actual yell. Despite the fact that Blaine was still fast asleep his heart was pounding in his chest and he was looking around wildly though his eyes weren’t seeing anything in the here and now. “Perché non mi uccidi già?” At that his voice cracked and grew softer. The nightmare, it seemed, was starting to pass and Blaine was starting to sag against the headboard as his eyes drooped once more; leaving him none the wiser as Master’s hands guided.

Chapter End Notes

Translations:

*No! No more, please! You killed her, isn't that enough?!
** Why don't you kill me already?

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Chapter Notes

Trigger -
Burns (from potentially faulty water temp gauge)
Self-inflicted pain

Also to note, we aren't medical professionals, so some of the things might not be incredibly accurate. So, a little leeway is appreciated.

Sebastian had kept his promise to Blaine, staying awake for the remainder of the night to keep an eye on him. He'd been completely still and as at ease as he would probably ever be given the situation. Still Sebastian played with his hair and occasionally sang softly to pass the time and keep Blaine calm. It wasn't as difficult as he'd worried it might be, staying up and watching over the other boy, making sure he was okay—it was like sleep wasn't even a concern. He knew it would catch up to him later, but for the time being he didn’t care.

Once Blaine woke up Sebastian helped him up and out of bed, taking the time to check the cut on his leg and redress it for him. Once done with that he left Blaine with the instructions to shower and get dressed while he went to check on a few things. One of those things being coffee—like he'd suspected now that Blaine was awake Bas was feeling near dead on his feet and needed caffeine like a drug. When he came back to the room, hearing the shower still running he lounged on the bed to wait while sipping his coffee.

It was easy to tell when Blaine came to consciousness; his entire body tensed almost immediately and golden eyes popped open. At some point in his sleep it seemed that Blaine had curled in as close to Master’s legs and the warmth offered by those gentle touches as possible; the only thing keeping him calm was the fact that he felt Master’s fingers trailing softly through his hair. When Master noticed he was awake, he helped him get up from the bed and checked his leg; the whole time he was checking the cut, Blaine was left to stare at the wall and try not to move at all. Then, with the final order to shower and dress, Master left the room. Blaine’s sleep fogged brain went into overdrive as he watched the door close behind Master; his breathing speeding up as he looked lost and confused.

What if Master didn’t come back? What if Blaine did something that Master didn’t want him to do? Shaking his head slightly, Blaine tried to focus on the one thing that he could do, shower.

Blaine stripped down quickly enough; folding each article of clothing into neat, precise squares and placing them on the floor by the bathroom door before going to the shower and starting the hot water. Blaine’s hand smoothed over his arms; his fingers mindlessly tracing over scars of varying degrees of healed and healing before he pulled his arms against his chest. Looking in the mirror, Blaine noticed that his hair looked dull, eyes sunken and skin pallid. The sight made him aver his gaze almost at an instant as he didn’t want to see that and he was sure Master didn’t either. Blaine climbed into the shower without checking the temperature. The mistake there being that the burning water brought forth a slew of repressed memories; causing Blaine to physically jerk away from them and to slip, landing him on the floor of the shower, curled in a ball as he was bombarded by memories with no way to protect himself from them. Each memory as scorching and damaging as the
spray of water that was constantly pelting his body.

Sebastian was in all honesty trying not to doze off as he waited for Blaine to finish with his shower. While it had been easy to stay awake through the night with no Blaine to occupy his time or thoughts his mind was left to wander. He knew he’d be able to catch some sleep eventually, but the knowledge that it likely wouldn’t be until Blaine himself also slept made him wonder just how they were going to get through this together. While he’d slept Blaine had looked so young and peaceful, the tense lines around his eyes had vanished, the scared lost puppy had looked so at peace. Sebastian almost wished he could have made Blaine sleep longer just for the sake of keeping him so calm.

Checking his watch he frowned, he heard no sounds other than the shower running, no movements or shuffling around and while he didn’t know how long it normally took Blaine he was starting to grow concerned. Something just didn’t feel right in his gut. Setting his coffee cup on the bedside table he got up and walked over to the bathroom door, when he did he noticed wisps of steam trailing under the door. His frown deepened as he knocked on the door, “Biche?” When he didn’t get an answer Sebastian opened the door himself, only to be hit with a wall of steam that had him coughing. Moving through the thick cloud of hot air his eyes widened when he saw Blaine on the floor of the shower curled up. Cursing he quickly yanked the shower door open, shutting off the water and wincing when his arm started burning from just that brief submersion into the water. Shaking his arm off he climbed into the shower, squatting down in front of Blaine carefully, putting a light hand against the boy’s cheek, “Biche, talk to me, are you hurt?”

So trapped in his memories was Blaine that he didn’t even realize when Master walked into the bathroom, parting through the steam and fog like some kind of a safe harbor beckoning him home. In his place he saw images of his other Master, whips, chains, cigarettes, and every other tool of harm he had ever used on him. But most of all Blaine was surrounded by the feeling of loss and seclusion. Master had left him alone; normally Blaine would have been fine for a few hours before he started panicking but this place was still new and terrifying to Blaine and it seemed that he was having a harder time adjusting then he would outwardly let on.

When Master touched his face, Blaine’s first panicked reaction was to pull away and press himself into the wall as much as possible; his arms coming up to protect his head, exposing the usually hidden scars that pepper along each forearm. The last time Blaine hadn’t protected his head and he’d ended up with the scar at the base of his skull; that was thankfully hidden by his curls. Blaine’s breathing, when his quick panicked breathes combined with the steam, was erratic and frantic; if he kept it up he was going to end up hyperventilating and passing out there in the shower. If Master was coming into the shower, then Blaine must have done something wrong; that was the only time Master would interrupt his usually short showers, to dispense a punishment. It could only be because he had taken too long in the shower. “I-I’m sorry, M-master! I took to-too long!”

The distant unseeing look in Blaine’s eyes worried Sebastian. What had happened to drive Blaine into that far away look? It looked so eerily similar to the distant expression he’d worn when his nightmares had driven him into open eyed fear during the night. The only difference was that this time Blaine was quite obviously awake. Sebastian was berating himself for leaving Blaine on his own, of course the boy had to shower but he should have made sure it was going to be okay. He should have made sure Blaine would be comfortable alone, made sure he knew that Sebastian was going to be right on the other side of the door if he was needed. He’d really fucked up.

“Biche—“ Sebastian was about to try and calm Blaine down when he saw the scars lining his arms, he sucked in a breath through gritted teeth. He’d heard of Masters using blood play, just like he’d heard of slaves resorting to harm in order to regain some kind of control in their lives. But the amount of scars on Blaine’s arms…it was alarming. Sebastian shook himself out of the shock, resting a hand gently on Blaine’s knee. “No, no ma Bichette…I’m not angry. Master was worried when you didn’t
Blaine’s small frame tensed as Master reached out and gently touched his knee; the panic in those large golden eyes receding a bit at the gentle touch and at Master’s words. Master’s touch seemed to be chasing away the harsh images and that allowed Blaine to sag just a bit more. As Blaine came back to a state of greater awareness he noticed that Master had turned off the water and that caused Blaine to shut his eyes at he tried to reign in his pounding heart, trying as hard as possible to make himself still for Master. He didn’t remember seeing Master turning off the water or even coming into the bathroom.

Master’s questions caused Blaine to tense and wrap his arms around his chest; though that presented its own anxiety when he realized that his scars were visible and caused him to try to hide them in his chest from his Master. He had worried Master? That particular concept was completely and utterly foreign to Blaine. He tucked his legs underneath himself, sitting back on his heels and dropped his head, a completely submissive position save for his arms which were wrapped tightly around his chest still. “I-I’m sorry, Master. I sh-shouldn’t have worried you.” He kept his gaze on the floor of the shower, watching as what little water was left on the floor swirled into the drain. Blaine wanted to close in on himself but knew that that would just make any punishment worse.

Sebastian felt some small inkling of relief when Blaine relaxed under his touch. At least he could still elicit some kind of response from the boy with minimal contact. He had to fight off the urge to pull the boy into his arms though, he looked so small and broken—but that wasn’t what Blaine would want from him just yet. He had to remind himself that Blaine believed himself to be unworthy of those types of comforts and touches, one day maybe he wouldn’t shy away when it came to those advances. For now though he had to take care of his broken doe, and hope they could move through this together.

Sebastian leaned back enough to let Blaine move onto his knees, he knew the boy was trying to present himself to his Master for some ill perceived wrong. He also knew if he brushed it off completely Blaine would never see him as a care taker or the dominant presence he needed to ground himself. “You didn’t do it on purpose, but as a consequence you’re going to spend the rest of the day without aloe or any kind of ointment for the burns you gave yourself. If you’re good and I feel you’ve atoned for your actions at the end of the day we’ll see about some cool wraps before bed.”

That’s it? Blaine thought. Of all the things that Master could do to punish me, a cut or a hit or making the burns worse, but he isn’t. Blaine knew that his fuck up wasn’t anywhere near as big as hitting his Master, but his brows wrinkled in confusion none the less. However, Blaine being used to being passed around, was finally managing to stabilize himself into following the rules of a new Master; and if that Master said something was enough, then who was Blaine to argue with him? Blaine let his arms loosen, so that he wasn’t hugging his chest; his calloused thumbs brushing absently over each and every scar. Maybe Master was testing him; what if Master was testing him and he failed? Blaine nodded as his fingers brushed harshly over those scars as if he could tug the scars open once more.

Blaine stood when told to do so, making sure to remain as still as possible despite wanting to cover himself up while Master moved around the bathroom. Blaine’s eyebrows knitted together in utter confusion when Master wrapped a towel around him that was almost big enough to cover him from shoulders to knees. Blaine was forced to bite his tongue when those very same towels scraped along the now second degree burns forming on Blaine’s shoulders and back; Blaine knew that if he made a noise without permission he’d be failing his new Master. He was already oddly getting off light for his wrongdoings and he refused to push his luck any further; though the pain was clear on his face and by the way he was practically panting through the pain. You’ve been through worse. You’ve been through worse. Blaine kept repeating to himself.
It was almost physically impossible for Sebastian to not comfort the boy. He could see the look of confusion and uncertainty flash through his eyes before going close to blank. Honestly Bas preferred the confused look, the blank look make him feel more like a monster. At least the confusion conveyed some kind of emotion. Once he had Blaine standing and wrapped up in one of the towels he couldn’t stop himself from putting a hand on the back of Blaine’s neck, fingers stroking the pale olive skin gently. He couldn’t offer much comfort or it would dilute the process of the punishment, but he could at least offer small encouragements. “Good boy, Biche.”

Guiding Blaine back into the bedroom Sebastian put a few articles of clothing on the bed. He’d grabbed some sweat pants, briefs and a shirt from their storage for Blaine to use until they could get him some real clothes. “I’d like you to get dressed and then we’ll go for a walk and get you out of this room for a little bit.” Sebastian passed a hand through Blaine’s curly hair, it was already softer after just the one shower and he couldn’t wait to see it when it was fully taken care of. He busied himself with cleaning up the bathroom while Blaine dressed so he didn’t feel crowded. When he came back in to find Blaine dressed he nodded, “Good. And, Biche…” Once again he trailed his fingers through Blaine’s hair for a moment, “If you feel like the pain is too much—like you’re going to pass out or you can’t think I want you to say ‘Red’. This punishment is for you to remember and think about your actions and why you’ve been given these consequences, it is not intended to make you suffer to the point of serious harm. Understood?”

As he was moving just from the bathroom into the bedroom, Blaine was realizing just how much the water had hurt him. He could feel every fiber on the towel as it moved against his skin and it was taking every ounce of control Blaine had to not scream; even with Master’s gentle little encouraging touches, Blaine was working to not cry. He could do this, he knew he could; he just had to be strong and fight through it. If he fought through it then Master said he might put something on them before going to sleep; he just had to fight and make his way through to that time. Blaine started chewing on his bottom lip, peeling the skin back between his teeth, as he watched Master lay out new clothes for him. He even went so far as to glance around at the small folded pile of clothes just outside the bathroom door before staring back at the clothes now on the bed. “Y-yes, sir.” He managed as he watched Master just go into the bathroom to clean up the mess Blaine had inadvertently made.

Putting the clothes on was a challenge, or rather putting the shirt on was. He had managed to get the briefs and sweats on just fine, the sweats hung just off his hips, but then every time he tried putting the shirt on his eyes would water. It took him a few tries but he managed to completely plow through the pain and pulled the shirt on over his head; only managing to pop two or three of the newly formed blisters on his shoulder, he could feel the liquid dripping down his arm. When Master came back Blaine had just folded the towel and placed it on the edge of the bed and leaned happily into Master’s touch before he nodded to show that he comprehended what Master was saying. “Yes, Master.” He was making sure to keep his attention on Master’s feet or the floor as they walked out of the bedroom and into the hallway that Blaine had seen but hadn’t really /seen/ when he got here or when he ran out.

Sebastian had seen how angry red and already burning Blaine’s skin had been turning when he’d draped the towel around his body. The punishment may have sounded easy and like a brush off, but he knew that it was only a mattered of time before the pain of the burns settled in to Blaine’s head. Abusive Master’s liked to cause immediate pain and reaction, so he took the opposite approach—delayed and lasting punishments. It was the first step in breaking the pattern Blaine thought he deserved; the longer extended and delayed a punishment became the more he would realize he didn’t have to be punished. It took time, and there would be set backs—but everything Sebastian did was for a purpose.

“Good boy.” Sebastian nodded as Blaine accepted his instructions. Wrapping a hand gently around Blaine’s wrist he guided him through the hallways. Two fingers pressed against Blaine’s palm,
stroking the skin there occasionally in silent encouragement as they walked. He was glad the center hallways were for the moment empty, he hadn’t really planned on where to take Blaine for their excursion but once they were at the music room he knew that was it. Pulling out a key to let them in he ushered Blaine into the room, shutting the door behind them. It was a moderately large space, the floors made of smooth and polished wood—like a stage, an upright piano in one corner and a row of dance mirrors along another. There were windows overlooking some of the gardens on one wall letting in the sunlight. It was Sebastian’s personal practice room, where he went to escape when things got too hard to handle with the work he did. No one else ever came into this room, but for some inexplicable reason it felt right to let Blaine into it. “What do you think, ma biche?”

Blaine was so busy focusing on the pain that he practically jumped when Master wrapped his fingers gently around his wrist and started leading him down the different hallways; stopping just outside of a locked room. When Master pulled out a set of keys to unlock the door, Blaine was practically hyperventilating once more; he was sure that this was yet another closet and that Master had finally decided on just how he was going to punish Blaine for everything over the last few days. On instinct the golden eyed boy wrapped his arms tightly around himself, almost blacking out from the pain when he harshly grabbed his burns. Those very same golden eyes squeezed tightly shut for a brief moment as he worked to keep from screaming or passing out; Blaine just had to wait until he was secured in the closet and he could cry or pass out when no one was looking.

When his Master opened the door and revealed a massive room with a piano and mirrors, however, Blaine forgot about the pain for a second and just slowly walked into the room; eyes wide as saucers as he took in the simplicity and beauty of the room that Master was showing him. What Blaine longed to do was to feel the cool press of the ivory keys on his fingers once more but if he moved he might as well just peel the remainder of the skin off of his own shoulders and give it to Master on a plate as an apology for his misdemeanors. Master’s question caught Blaine off guard and caused Blaine to curl into himself a bit more. “I don’t- I’m sorry, Master, but I don’t understand.” He managed to stammer out before he was nervously peeling more skin off of his lips.

Sebastian knew there was only a little while before the pain Blaine was experiencing became too intense. He was banking on it, and waiting to see if the boy would be willing to admit when he couldn’t handle things anymore. He couldn’t help preening a little at the look of awe on Blaine’s face as he took in the room. This room was special to Sebastian, and for an inexplicable reason he wanted the other boy to appreciate the special space as much as he did. His haven and safe space, he wanted the younger boy to know the same sense of peace and safety from the room that he did.

“Calm, Bichette, it’s okay to be confused sometimes.” Sebastian’s lips quirked up in a small smile, reaching over to pet Blaine’s soft hair carefully. Sebastian shrugged lazily as he glanced around the room for himself, “I like to spend time in here, it’s better than the musty old library at least. Wouldn’t you agree?” He lifted his eyebrows with a pleasant smile, he didn’t expect an answer, he was just making idle talk in order to put Blaine at ease.

Awe struck golden eyes shut as Blaine leaned gently into the soothing touch, allowing it to pull out some of the discomfort and pain that he was experiencing and replace it with a sense of safety and comfort. Master was showing him something special, something beautiful; and he was welcoming Blaine into that. A silent tear rolled down Blaine’s cheek as he cast a glance around the spacious room. “I-I like libraries.” Blaine said softly before his eyes grew to three times their own size for speaking out of turn and without reason. In an attempt to atone for that outburst, Blaine wrapped his hands roughly around his blistered arms and bit into his tongue to keep from crying out.

It was actually to the point where blinding starbursts were starting to form behind Blaine’s eyelids but he was afraid if he said anything he’d be taken from here and he would never get the chance to see this room again; this beautiful room that Master had rewarded him with. But the pain was getting
to the point where he was sure he was going to black out. So much so, that he wavered a bit on his feet, causing him to stagger ever so slightly. He hated this, hated just how bad the world was starting to tilt and blacken around the edges. It was almost making him pass out with the level of pain. Finally he couldn’t handle it; his vision was blurring so badly that he couldn’t make out the room around him anymore. “Red.” He whispered so softly that one had to strain to listen.

Sebastian couldn’t help a small surprised laugh, “You do? Noted.” He mumbled the words to himself in interest; he’d have to take Blaine to one of the library rooms another day in that case. Most of the slaves that were rescued couldn’t read, so the rooms were largely unused except by the workers or the boys on their way out of the facility. He frowned as he watched Blaine punish himself for what he’d said, he knew he couldn’t intervene or Blaine would never trust his authority as ‘Master’, but he wanted too. Watching Blaine he began to understand the mental tortures the boy had been put through, something as simple as voicing a small brokenly confessed joy seemed punishable. It would take time to have Blaine see that Sebastian wasn’t the same Master.

His eyes widened as he watched Blaine’s lips move around a word, and although he couldn’t hear it he knew what it had to be. “Shhh, alright Biche you’re alright. Master’s going to take away the pain…” He spoke softly; putting his hands gently on the sides of Blaine’s neck hoping direct physical contact would help him calm down just a little, “You did good, so good for Master.” He repeated the words softly, wanting Blaine to have the reassurance that he wasn’t in trouble and was in fact going to be rewarded for his actions. “Come, we’ll return to this room once Master’s taken care of those burns.” This time when he led Blaine through the halls he put a hand on the small of the boy’s back, careful to not brush the burned areas. Once in the room he directed Blaine to sit on the bed while he grabbed the burn kit that had been brought to the room at Sebastian’s request. The first thing he did was take out a mild pain killer holding the pills out for Blaine, “Take these, Biche, they’ll help with the pain.”

Blaine was convinced that the pain was causing him to hear things when Master said he would take away the pain. Master wouldn’t have said that, not when the pain was his punishment; would he? Just as his mind was starting to whirl out of control Master’s hands were on the sides of his neck and he was praising him. At that point, Blaine didn’t care about anything so long as Master gave him that little positive attention and the little touches that managed to chase some of the pain away; if Master did that then Blaine could handle the pain, even with blackness closing in on his vision. Between the pain and Master’s guiding hands, Blaine didn’t even notice that they were back in their room until Master told him to sit on the bed and was giving him pills to take.

Golden eyes blinked at the pills in Master’s outstretched hand for a few moments before he reached out with hesitant fingers and gently plucked them from Master’s palm and popped them into his mouth; swallowing them dry before Master had to tell him another time. Blaine didn’t like the idea of taking medicine; the few times that his other Master had ordered him to do so were nothing but jumbled images and memories of pain. Blaine noticed that Master waited long enough for the pain meds to start kicking in before he was removing Blaine’s shirt and started rubbing something that Blaine was convinced felt like heaven on every spot that was radiating pain. And, despite how rigidly Blaine held his body, golden eyes closed briefly at the contact; whimpering softly against his will as Master hit the particularly painful spots.

Sebastian forced himself to wait to touch Blaine, he wanted to start helping immediately with the burn cream, but he couldn’t bring himself to touch him until the medicine had a chance to kick in. No matter what Blaine was going to be hurting to some degree, but Sebastian wanted to curb it off even if it was only a little bit. When he was sure the medicine had a chance to at least start working he sat beside Blaine on the bed and carefully stripped him of his shirt before soothing the burned skin with the ointment. He tried to keep his fingers as light and gentle as possible although he knew Blaine would still hurt with every touch and brush of skin.
“You’re doing so good, Biche, just a bit more.” Sebastian kept his voice soft and gentle as he traced the burned skin gently, making sure he’d covered as much of the burns with the cream as he could. “That’s it, you did very well. I’m proud of you Biche.” Sebastian cleaned his hands off before running a hand through Blaine’s thick dark hair. Scratching his nails tenderly against Blaine’s scalp in silent praise and encouragement, He wanted to help Blaine lay down but at the same time most of the burns were across his shoulders and he didn’t want to hurt Blaine further. “Thank you for telling Master when it was too much. I’m very happy, and so proud. You’re such a good boy.”

It was blatantly obvious when Blaine relaxed again, or rather as relaxed as much as he could; the tension drained from his shoulders and his eyes drooped as the pain started to ebb even further away. Unfortunately it wouldn’t stop completely, wouldn’t just disappear, but Master’s touch was like magic and it chased away the worst of it. The soft scratching of Master’s fingernails against his scalp caused Blaine’s eyes to close again, though this time there was no tension around his eyes from pain, and he leaned a little heavier into the touch. What Blaine hated about physical pain punishments was how exhausted they always made him; and this time was no different, but he didn’t want to disappoint Master, especially after such good praise.

Master said he was good, that he made him happy and that caused Blaine’s pulse to sky rocket with happiness. Blaine thrived to be a good slave, to make his Master as happy and pleased as possible, even if that meant he had to suffer just to see a smile on his Master’s face; that was reward enough. Blaine was just about relaxed when an orderly walked in without knocking, causing every muscle in Blaine’s body to tense and stiffen as he tried to make no sudden movements, barely moving as he breathed, as the Orderly addressed Master. “Master, I’m sorry but it’s urgent. HE has made bail.” Blaine was confused as to why the orderly looked at him when he said ‘He’.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to leave us love and let us know what you think about these wonderful boys!
We always love hearing from you!
Sebastian was thankful he at least knew how to help Blaine relax. It seemed every touch and brush through his dark curls soothed the boy a little more. He looked exhausted, and Sebastian was wondering if he’d pushed too far too soon. Maybe Blaine wasn’t up to being up and moving around the facility. Then again he hadn’t been planning on Blaine nearly burning his skin off in something as commonplace as a shower. He was just about to suggest Blaine lay down to try and get some rest when he felt the boy stiffen, golden eyes blown wide in anxiety. Scowling he shot the orderly a look, they knew to never come in like that. Blaine couldn’t handle it.

It took only a second for the words to sink in, somehow Blaine’s Master had gotten out of jail, at least on bail. It wasn’t the first time it had happened but it was incredibly rare, most Masters were rich but not rich enough to make that kind of jump. Apparently Blaine’s Master was going to be more determined than most. “Biche, Master is going to step out into the hall for a moment, I want you to lay on your stomach and let the ointment do its work on those burns.” Sebastian looked back at Blaine, running his hand through his dark hair one more time to tell him he hadn’t done anything wrong, before he stood up ushering the orderly back into the hall. He made sure to keep the door cracked so Blaine could see him at all times, lowering his voice so it wouldn’t carry back into the room, “Do we know where he is?”

Even with the tension in his own body, Blaine could feel the tension in the air and the tension in Master as the orderly addressed Master. Blaine’s wide, panic stricken golden eyes bounced between Master and the orderly as Blaine wrapped his arms around his chest, unsure. What was going on? Why did Master suddenly seem so angry? Did he do something wrong? Blaine knew he shouldn’t have said anything about the burns, he knew he should have just kept fighting through the pain. Master had said that that was his punishment and now he was covered in some kind of ointment to stop that. Just as Blaine was starting to really freak out, Master turned and ran his calming hand through Blaine’s curls; instantly taking away the panic attack that was starting to grow. Master was going outside, without him; none of that sounded like a good idea to Blaine. Bad things happened when Master was gone. But Master wanted him to stay; in fact, Master had told him to lay down on his stomach and let the ointment do its job. It was a little hesitant but Blaine positioned himself on the bed, on his stomach like he was told, so that he could see Master through the crack in the door; closing his eyes a little so he could hear better, he just wanted to hear Master’s voice and know he was there.

The orderly handed Sebastian a folder of the most recent information. They always kept close tabs on the particularly nasty ‘masters’ and Mr. Anderson was a particularly nasty one if some of the shit
they found in the house had anything to say about it. “Marco said the first thing he did was go back to his house but that he was only there for an hour before he was on the move again. Said he was heading in this direction when he left. My guess is he found the invoice informing him that the kid had been seized. And if what Marco said about him driving like a bat out of hell in this direction is true, my guess is he’s coming to try and get the kid back.” The orderly bit his own lip before telling Sebastian the next bit of information. “We drew the usual blood from the kid and tests came back. That sick Bastard is his father.”

Sebastian ran a hand through his hair, mind racing. There was so much to be done, they needed to get the security team on alert, maybe even call the authorities for back up. Technically this was a private facility; if this Master wanted to make a scene and not cooperate with them then they could have him taken out for breaking in. With any luck it wouldn’t even get that far. His eyes snapped up at the last piece of information, “What?!” On instinct his hand shot out, grabbing the orderly by his shirt and swinging him out of the doorway, judging by Blaine’s visceral reactions to anything that dealt with the Master he doubted the boy had any clue who the man was. How horrible his actions were. This was no longer just a case of Master abuse, but child abuse. With his free hand he held the files looking at the figures and information as if they could make the truth less horrifying. His grip tightened into a fist in the man’s shirt as he fought to get his sudden rage under control, this made the situation that much worse. He put himself back in the doorway so Blaine would still be able to see him, but kept his fist in the man’s shirt locking him in place. He kept his face deliberately blank so Blaine wouldn’t get worked up. “Get Marco on the phone now. Make sure we know exactly where this bastard is. This facility is on lock down, got it? Get everyone in their rooms and the security teams on alert. I don’t know how stupid this man is going to be, but I sure as hell doubt he’s going to listen to our No-Master policies.” When the orderly nodded Sebastian let him go, slipping back into the room and shutting the door quietly. He ran a hand over his face with a heavy sigh before walking back over to the bed, running his hand through his boy’s dark curls once more, “How is your back feeling, Biche?”

The orderly knew to expect an out lash from Sebastian, they all knew that the man had a temper that rivaled the founder’s when he was pissed off; he knew he was in for it when he drew the short straw and had to deliver the folder and news to Sebastian. “Marco called when he was about an hour out, forty five minutes ago. We’ve already put the first two floors on lock down as well as the two above us. This is the only floor we haven’t locked down but security is already on its way.” He offered a quick nod before he turned tail and ran back to the nurse’s station. When he got there, there was one hell of a commotion going on.

Blaine had managed to drift in and out in the few minutes that Master was outside the door, talking to that stranger. While Blaine was able to listen he heard just snippets of words; headed here, get kid back, his father. Blaine was so confused but when Master came in he couldn’t help but tense; the look on Master’s face, the tension in his shoulders and the sigh that he heaved all adding to that tension. He just looked up at Master when he got closer to the bed, unsure what was going on but knowing deep down that it wasn’t good. Blaine moved to sit up and make room on the bed for Master, wincing just a bit as he moved; the cream was working but nothing was going to take it completely away just yet. He was just about to answer when a voice rang through the building, causing golden eyes to go impossibly wide and all breathing from the boy to stop as his heart hammered in his chest. He knew that voice.

“WHERE’S THE ASSHOLE THAT TOOK MY SLAVE!”

Sebastian’s temper knew no bounds, especially when it came to the boys he was in charge of. He didn’t sit well with information being delayed in getting to him; the news that they’d known for an hour that Blaine’s father was headed this way had him seeing red. He should have been told
immediately, and now they were out of time. He was sorely tempted to run after the orderly, a man
whose name he couldn’t even remember, and just sock him right in the nose on the principle of the
matter. But that would be counter-productive, Blaine was going to need him and he couldn’t be there
for him if he had a busted up hand thanks to his anger issues.

He sat down on the bed when Blaine moved aside for him, murmuring a word of thanks and soft
praise at the action. Sebastian could see Blaine’s eyes blow wide with primal fear as they heard the
first hints of his father’s voice coming down the hall. “Biche, look at me.” He forced Blaine to look
at him, even though he wasn’t sure the boy was hearing him anymore. “Biche no matter what
happens he is not going to get you, you have my word. I am not going to let him take you away. No
matter what I am going to take care of you.” He put his hand on the back of Blaine’s head, nails
scratching at his scalp gently even as the shout came from outside the door, “I promise, Bichette.” He
dropped his hand and stood up in front of Blaine just as the door to the room swung open banging
against the wall from the force of it.

When Blaine’s old Master slammed open the door, it was like the gates of hell had opened and
brought forth the devil himself. Blaine was absolutely frozen in terror; even before the door opened
he couldn’t move on his own if he had tried. His previous Master sounded enraged and that
assumption was only confirmed when the door to the room slammed open. When Master stood in
front of him, blocking his previous Master’s way, Blaine knew that he was in some serious trouble.
No one blocked that man’s way and got away with it.

Erik Anderson was beyond pissed and having some twig of a twenty something year old standing in
his way just further pissed him off. Who did this little shit think he was to try and keep him from his
property, from what was rightfully his? The bigger man just shook his head and just full out shoved
the man into the nearest object; the desk in the corner of the room. Once he watched the man slump
against the side of the desk and not get back up he turned his attention to the ball of scum sitting
frozen on the bed. “Little shit” He growled as he stalked up to him and grabbed Blaine harshly by
the hair; yanking Blaine’s head back he grinned at the whimper that came from the boy before he
dragged him out and to the car.

Short of being thrown into the trunk of the car, Blaine wasn’t aware of anything else until he was
being dragged out of the car by his hair once more and into the house that was the basis for his every
nightmare. It wasn’t long before he was being thrown into his closet and, as he was breathing a soft
sigh of relief, the hulking man followed in after him. By the end of it all, Blaine had lost track of how
long the blows rained down upon him and even lost count of the blows themselves. At about what
Blaine could gauge was halfway through everything started to get fuzzy; though that could have
been attributed to the injury sustained when the hulk threw him across the closet and his head
cracked against the corner of a shelf which lead to a river of sticky blood flowing down the back of
his head and through those dark curls. After that point it was all just pain and black. One kick in
particular left Blaine with searing pain in his chest and gasping for air; that wasn’t good. And yet
Blaine’s only sound thought at that point was that he hoped his Master was alright.

Erik stalled his blows for a moment when he thought he heard sirens; his attention and anger being
diverted to the hallway window where he saw flashing lights growing closer. Looking back at the
ball of flesh that was left of the little shit that was, unfortunately, his youngest son he decided that he
would have to finish his ‘punishment’ later. He glared down at the unmoving lump and delivered one
last swift kick to his torso before he was heading back out to his car; he was just out on bail, the last
thing he wanted to do was be sent back to prison especially for the little piece of shit crumpled in a
bleeding mess on the floor.

Seeing the size of the man in the doorway Sebastian’s first thought was that the man was a fucking
mountain, his second was that it was pathetically laughable such a big man felt the need to harm a
boy as small as Blaine. He was struggling to see just how hurting someone so fragile got the large man off, not that it mattered. He didn’t care how useless it seemed, he wasn’t going to step aside for this bear of a man, not when Blaine was whimpering and scared behind him. He’d never do that to this boy. Before he could even process what had happened the man was moving, and with firm hands planted into Sebastian’s chest he was sent flying into the edge of the desk. He heard rather than felt the sickening thud and crunch as his temple connected with the corner of the desk, he was out before he’d even slid to the floor.

He was gagging on something that tasted like copper, it was tangy and made his stomach roll—he tried opening his eyes only to have something slide into them. With a heavy groan he struggled to lift a hand to wipe at his face, it took multiple tries to manage that simple task. When his hand pulled away from his face it was covered in blood, the cut on his head gushing steadily until it had gotten in his eyes, nose and mouth. With a gag he managed to get up, tugging off his own shirt in order to ball it up and press it against the wound, the action making the room spin in sickening circles. After multiple attempts and failures at standing Sebastian finally managed to get to his feet and stumble out into the hallway. “Mr. Smythe!” He winced at the shrill scream from one of the nurses…Hannah? He couldn’t remember, all he knew was that her voice was too high and too loud. When she rushed to him to help keep him from falling on his face he grunted a thanks. Frowning he glanced up and down the hall, “Where is he?” When the nurse looked at him with a blank expression his voice grew louder, “Where is he?! The Anderson boy!”

“He…He’s not with you?” Sebastian’s head whipped around so fast he nearly fell over again, leaning on Hannah’s shoulders as the orderly from earlier came up to them, “With—no! Where the hell is he?!” Sebastian let go of the nurse’s shoulders in order to grab a fistful of the man’s shirt when the orderly sputtered putting his hands up, “We…Mr. Anderson stormed out but no one saw the boy with him, we assumed…” Sebastian growled shoving the man as hard as he could, “You idiots! The boy is tiny compared to that damn bear of a man of course you didn’t see him! Call the police and get me that address, now!” By the time the file was pulled one of the nurses had managed to get Sebastian to sit still long enough to wrap a bandage around his head to staunch the bleeding, although he’d need stitches soon. He ignored the warnings that it wasn’t his place to go—jumping into one of the squad cars without a word. He didn’t care what any of them thought; he had no other place to be than being there when they found Blaine.

If something had happened, if the worst happened…Sebastian needed to be the one to find him. It was all his fault. He’d promised Blaine he wouldn’t let him be taken, had promised he was going to take care of him and he’d failed. He’d failed on the most basic level possible. If Blaine died because he was too weak, too small to save the boy…Sebastian would never forgive himself. He barely contained himself when the police forced him to enter the home behind them, how they couldn’t see that he was the one responsible for finding Blaine made him question all of their intelligence. This was his task, his duty…they couldn’t save Blaine the way he had too. He heard the radio crackle on one of the men he was being forced behind: they’d found him. Just as he heard the message he heard them warning to not let Sebastian near him, without hesitating Sebastian elbowed his way past the men, taking off running before they could stop him.

What he saw nearly made him gag, his big eyed little doe was left mangled and bloody on the floor, it barely even looked like he was breathing. Ignoring the barking orders of the police to not touch him Sebastian got down on the floor putting his hands as lightly as he could on the sides of Blaine’s face—it was bloody but looked like the least injured part of him. “Biche…Biche I’m here. I’m going to get you help, I promise…stay with me, just fight for me, keep those eyes open for me sweetheart…just a little longer and then I promise you can sleep. Sleep with no more nightmares. I’m going to take the nightmares away again. Just stay with me.” Sebastian kept babbling even as the paramedics finally showed up, stubbornly keeping a hand on some part of Blaine as they transferred him onto the backboard and stretcher, all the way up until they loaded him in the ambulance.
Climbing in with them he put his hand lightly on Blaine’s cheek again, sitting up out of the way of the paramedics by Blaine’s head, “That’s it Biche, such a good boy, just stay awake, just a little longer…”

When the blows stopped, seemingly for good, Blaine was a throbbing mess; he couldn’t feel his left arm which he knew wasn’t a good sign, his shoulders were screaming along with his ribs, lungs, skull and more. All Blaine wanted to do was sleep; because if he could sleep he wouldn’t feel it anymore. But that made the short man wonder; is this what dying felt like? Would it make his previous Master happy if he just gave up, was that what he wanted? Blaine had heard of slaves giving their Masters their life before but he had never assumed that that was what was wanted from him as well. Truthfully, Blaine would have welcomed death with open arms if it meant this pain would stop. The only thing anchoring him, keeping his heart beating and eyes as opened as they could be was the appearance of his Master; the soft soothing touch and the order that he had to keep fighting and keep his eyes open.

That meant one of two things to Blaine; either Master truly was there and in that case hopefully things would get better or Blaine really was dying and his brain was offering him what little comfort it could in the last moments. Whatever the case, Blaine wanted to take his last chance. He tried to raise his hand but found that he couldn’t; the limb felt heavy and as if someone was pulling it back down, which he supposed was just as well as Master hadn’t told him he could move. Instead, Blaine locked pain filled golden eyes with his Master’s own green ones, it was the best he could do. “I-I’m……so-so-sorr-sorry.” He did finally manage to gasp out, getting air for anything was hard and every time he managed a small gasp of air it was filled with what felt like a gurgle. The last thing Blaine remembered before his eyes finally shut was the paramedics yelling something and Master being pulled away.

“Shit!! He’s crashing! Move!”

Sebastian’s first instinct was to argue, Blaine had no reason to apologize. He was the one that had failed the small boy not the other way around, but he knew that Blaine wasn’t looking to defend himself. He needed comfort and support. “You’re forgiven, Biche. It’s okay, Master isn’t angry…” Sebastian was barely able to get the words out before Blaine’s eyes rolled back in his head and his already labored breathing grew shallower. Before he could process the sudden change he was being shoved out of the way by the paramedics who rushed to get an oxygen mask in place over Blaine’s mouth and nose. One of them placed a stethoscope against Blaine’s chest, listening “Crap, his airways collapsed we need to get in there.”

Sebastian could do nothing other than watch in horror as they worked to get a breathing tube down Blaine’s throat. Once it was in place they reattached the bag to the tube and began pumping air into Blaine’s lungs for him. “We need to get him into the OR NOW, have the surgical and crash teams on standby, we’re coming in.” The paramedics were talking fast into their radios getting the teams at the hospital prepped and ready to go, once they were at the hospital the paramedics had him unloaded and rushed through the doors to the awaiting personnel before Sebastian could even jump out of the rig. How long he paced the waiting room he wasn’t sure, it felt like his hair might fall out from how often he ran a hand through it—Blaine was his responsibility, his charge. He wasn’t going anywhere without the golden eyed boy who depended on him. He wouldn’t let him down again.

Now he just needed Blaine to survive.
Feel free to leave us love and let us know what you think about these wonderful boys!
We always love hearing from you!
Fine Fine Line - Part 1

Chapter Notes

We aren't out of the woods fully, yet. There's some violence and serious anxiety in this chapter. So, for those of you with which this is an issue, this might be a little hard. I'll put a quick sum-up at the end of the chapter if you want to jump there instead.

As for some of the questions of how, I promise they'll be answered in a couple chapters.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Surgery for the small golden eyed boy totaled upwards of twelve hours; the surgeons had to partially reconstruct the boy’s left wrist and collar bone, realign at least half of his ribs, repair the damage to his left lung, relocate his shoulder and relieve pressure on his spleen. Though the most time consuming part of everything, however, was when they had to alleviate the swelling on his brain; once that was done they ended up having to replace that part of his skull with a metal plate for stability. Blaine crashed twice throughout the surgery but the crash team was able to finally stabilize the boy for good. Once surgery was over they moved him to his own recovery room and hooked him up to a machine that would breathe for him as his lung regained the ability to do so as well as hooked him up in a medically induced coma so he wouldn’t wake up and fight the machine. It was only then that they let Sebastian in to sit with him; giving Sebastian a copy of the list of the boy’s injuries at his insistence. A shattered collar bone, shattered wrist, dislocated shoulder, several of his ribs broken or fractured, the swelling around his spleen, a punctured lung, swelling on the brain and the skull fracture. They also told him about the metal plate and the plan for him. They would check the strength of his lung in a week to see if it could handle working by itself and if so they would take him off the medicine keeping him in a coma and it would be up to him to wake up.

And for a week, every day at the same times the same nurses would come in, bringing food for Sebastian before asking him how he was doing as they checked Blaine’s vitals and wrote down whatever little notes on his board they needed to write to keep track of his progress. While their main objective was supposed to be checking on the patient in the bed all the nurses felt like the young man sitting vigil at his bedside was just as much their patient. They had to coax him into eating as well as going so far as bringing in a cot so that he could sleep by the teen’s bedside. They had managed to get him to take a shower a few times as well by promising to not move unless it was to tell him if there was any change in the teen in the bed. The nurses had all come to think of Sebastian as a son or brother and it broke their hearts to see him so upset each day with the slow progress from the boy.

Sebastian couldn’t recall much after stepping out of that ambulance. He remembered a nurse forcibly sitting on him while a doctor stitched up his head wound, remembered the acrid taste of the coffee in the waiting, remembered the stark terror he felt when the nurse checking on Blaine’s surgery said the boy’s heart kept stopping. Ask him how long he’d been standing, pacing, chewing on his own lip he couldn’t recall. Couldn’t tell you how long he’d been sitting beside Blaine’s bedside watching over him. Couldn’t tell you the names of the nurses that kept trying to get through to him. All he could tell you was how many minutes until the week trial was up, could tell you to the minute how long they had before they had to explore the chance Blaine’s brain couldn’t handle the shock of waking up. The answer was one hundred and seventy-eight. In just shy of three hours Sebastian would have to start making the hard decisions.
He wasn’t ready. Wiping at tired eyes Sebastian looked at the clock on the wall for the ten thousandth time, no that wasn’t an exaggeration, in the week he’d been there his eyes bounced from Blaine’s face to the clock on the wall. Watching Blaine for too long made his heart start ripping in two; he looked so painfully young, so alone…it made Sebastian sick to know such a young boy’s blood might soon be on his hands. He just hadn’t been strong enough to protect him. “I-I’m…….so-so-sorr-sorry.” Blaine’s voice, broken and scared kept replaying in his head on a constant loop making Sebastian’s stomach roll sickeningly. He was the one that should be apologizing, but Blaine needed to wake up for him to be able too. Sebastian jumped in his chair when a hand touched his shoulder, glancing up as one of the night nurses came in to check on the pair he sighed. He hadn’t moved in almost twenty hours and it was well past the middle of the night—soon the sun would be rising and the doctors would check Blaine’s vitals. Sleep was out of the question, but even he had to admit he needed to get up and move his legs.

With the reassurance that the nurse would keep up his vigil Sebastian somewhat reluctantly got up and went down the hall to grab his thousandth cup of tar (or as the hospital claimed ‘coffee’). Even though he knew he wasn’t likely going to sleep he needed the caffeine to keep his head on straight. He had only been away from Blaine’s room for a few minutes, even when showering he was never gone for more than ten minutes just in case, so when he started heading back and saw the nurse that had stepped in for him out at the nurse’s station his stomach dropped in dread. “Why did you leave him alone?!” Sebastian could barely contain himself from screaming at the woman, she knew—they all knew to never leave Blaine unattended. The woman held her hands up as if trying to calm him down, “I’m sorry but there was a code down the hall, they needed all hands on deck. Your boy was fine when I left him, he isn’t going to wake up until the doctors help him out of the coma…” Sebastian nearly growled at her, of course he wasn’t going to wake up that wasn’t the issue at hand, “He cannot be left alone!” Sebastian turned away from the woman in a disgusted rage before hurrying the last few feet to Blaine’s room. What he saw made his blood run cold.

Erik Anderson wasn’t a fan of being made to wait, he could however be a patient man. He’d bided his time until the little piece of shit was alone—that damn beanpole had been persistent in never leaving the room until now. He knew he could handle the kid, but he didn’t need witnesses, and the kid was a bloody Smythe. That family had enough power to get him in serious trouble, just leave it to that worthless piece of shit slave of his to align himself with that kind of person. Well that would all be over soon. Once the nurse had gone running out of the room Erik had seized his chance, sneaking into the room he scowled, the useless shit was being given some kind of royal treatment. He deserved to be left in the gutter with the trash, he’d change all of this, make it right. Making his way through the room he was just about to start turning off the machines when he felt something lock around his throat.

“You touch him and I will break your damn neck.” Sebastian growled the words as he kept his arm locked around the man’s throat, dragging him back away from the machine and Blaine’s bed. He may have been smaller than the elder Anderson, but he knew how to use his height to his advantage. “You can’t keep me from what’s mine, boy.” The words were accompanied by Erik’s head slamming back into Sebastian’s face, almost instantly splitting his lip and causing pain to erupt down one side of his face. Even through the pain Sebastian kept his arm locked in place, using the advantage of being behind the other man to keep him from moving forward towards Blaine. “He isn’t yours, and I’m not letting you hurt him. Give up old man, you lost.” Sebastian grunted the words, tightening his hold when Erik started struggling more. He refused to let go even when Erik rammed an elbow back into his abdomen and sides—he’d failed his golden eyed boy once, he refused to do it again. In a quick series of moves Erik managed to slam a fist right into Sebastian’s stitches, ripping them open seconds before he gripped the arm locked around his neck and in one smooth move twisted it out of his way. Sebastian screamed as he felt his forearm twist out of place, only for the sound to be cut off from overwhelming shock as he felt the bone literally snap.
His legs gave out as he sagged to the floor, his body unable to comprehend the points of pain in his face and arm, his vision was already starting to go black around the edges when he felt a hard kick to the center of his chest send him sprawling backwards. He landed with a grunt of pain on his back, legs twisted under him—although they were the least of his worries. He let out a horrific shout when he saw Erik unplugging the machine that was responsible for pumping oxygen into Blaine’s lungs.

With the loud banging that was coming from the room, quickly followed by the high pitched keening of the machines that were supposed to be keeping the younger man alive, the nurses and doctors skidded into the room; stopping short in shock at what they saw. One of the nurses was quick to rush over to Sebastian’s side to look him over and get him fixed up while the Doctors lunged and put themselves between the brute of a man and the screaming machines. “SECURITY!” One was shouting as he held his hands up to, hopefully, get Erik Anderson to back up while the other was frantically checking on Blaine to access the damage.

Security was already on their way; having had a nurse call down when she saw what had been going on. With help from the one doctor the three of them managed to get the thrashing man down onto his knees; using a zip tie to cuff his hands behind his back as they waited for the police to show up. That, however, didn’t stop the man’s crazed shouting.

“He’s MY property!! I’ll do whatever I damn well please with him! GET OFF OF ME!”

The shouting continued straight until the man was being dragged out of the room by the cops, though now he was throwing threats around like they were confetti as he struggled. He even managed to shove an elbow into one of the officer’s sternums and knee the other one before they managed to get him under control again. “I will finish this, you little shit. You can’t hide him from me forever and when I do get him, I’ll flay him alive just because I fucking well can!” The other man raved as he was finally pulled out of the room.

The doctor that had been checking Blaine over looked up with a relieved smile on his face. “His lungs are holding their own. He’s okay, he’s breathing on his own.” The other doctor just nodded as he walked over to Sebastian; who was now sitting on the cot next to Blaine’s bed. “Let’s get you fixed up and then we’ll see about pulling him out of that coma, okay?” He knew that that was what Sebastian was anxious for, so he didn’t want to delay that any longer than necessary.

‘Blaine, sweetheart, hurry! We need to go, quickly!’The dark haired angel was telling him as she led him down the hallway of the Anderson’s mansion; her voice soft and cautious. Blaine wasn’t much more than a five year old, following behind the sweet voiced angel as she encouraged him to follow. ‘That’s right, baby, just a little further and I promise everything will be better!’ She kept enticing, her hand wrapped so sweetly in his. Blaine knew this dream, but it was different somehow; this time she was leading him towards the source of the bright light that had appeared out of nowhere. She stopped just outside the light and kneeled down in front of him and placed her hands gently on Blaine’s cheeks. ‘You have to wake up, mi amore. Wake up and fight!’

Sebastian was struggling to keep his eyes open, the pain radiating from his arm was surpassing anything he’d ever felt before. He had to get up, he had to help Blaine he had too….not pass out. He wheezed slightly as the nurse helped him sit up, putting a hand on his chest and back helping him get his breathing back in control from the damn karate kid inspired kick he’d gotten. It was like his lungs forgot how to fill up with air. When they finally managed to get him up on his feet and on the cot off to Blaine’s side Sebastian nodded as they pulled an oxygen mask over his face. Holding onto it with his good hand as he struggled to take full breathes, eyes bouncing from Blaine’s blocked form and the man screaming obscenities as he was dragged out. He looked up at the nurse, pulling the mask off long enough to smirk slightly, “I can count on you for witness statements, right?” The nurse couldn’t help laughing as she put the mask back in place, “Honey you can count on us forming a
Sebastian couldn’t do much more than nod, he’d never been the one people looked up too or said he’d done good. He did his job that was it. But he was going beyond the job for this boy, and he would keep doing it. Blaine deserved to have someone fight for him. He nearly fell off the cot in relief when the doctor said Blaine’s lungs were cleared, he was breathing. Sebastian’s eyes closed against the sudden rush of tears that filled them—when had he gotten that emotionally invested? He shook his head quickly pulling the mask off again, “Just…get me patched up and then wake him up.” Sebastian put up a fight when the nurses tried to take him out of the room, so much so that the doctors considered calling security back before they realized the boy just wanted to stay close to Blaine. Reluctantly they set about cleaning up Sebastian’s injuries. All in all he’d gotten two split lips, cracked cheek bone and a black eye, reopened his head wound, bruised two ribs and two breaks in his arm. Sebastian refused to be put under sedation when they reset the breaks in his arm and wrist, allowing only a mild pain killer to keep him from blacking out. He didn’t want to be put under, he couldn’t protect Blaine if he couldn’t see him.

Once the doctors had cleaned up the cuts on his face, re-stitching his temple gash and getting his arm in a sling Sebastian couldn’t hold back any longer. He pushed the doctors away from him in agitation—getting a cast or a brace for his arm could wait, he was fine with the wrap and sling. “Wake him up!” He worked his way to the other side of Blaine’s bed from the machine’s, ignoring the doctors as they set about drawing Blaine out of his coma, and the nurses watching the pair anxiously—Sebastian wasn’t nearly taken care of enough and his injuries could get worse if he got too worked up. He ignored them though, none of them mattered. Instead he braced his good elbow on the hospital bed, fingers lightly stroking from Blaine’s temple down to his jaw, scratching into his hair gently right at the temple before back along his skin again, “Come on Biche, it’s time to wake up…just open those gold eyes for me, you can do it. I know you can…just open your eyes, little doe…”

‘Mi amore, it’s time to wake up.’ For a second, before Blaine’s eyes, the dark angel’s face shimmered and was replaced by a green eyed God before shifting back to the beautiful angel. Her soft fingers traced a path from Blaine’s temple to his jaw and back again; the touch so soothing that Blaine closed his eyes and hummed softly. He could get lost in that touch; the very touch that was soothing the pain that seemed to be radiating from everywhere on Blaine. ‘Open your eyes, little doe. You’re master needs you to open those beautiful golden eyes.’ She kept speaking as she soothed her hands through his hair and ran her thumb just under his eye; over his cheekbone. Everything she said seemed to echo around him; almost as if she was calling him from far away and not where she knelt directly in front of him. ‘I’m scared. What if the Monster is still there?’ Blaine asked, his voice small and terrified.

Resting back on her feet, the angel tugged Blaine’s small figure into her lap, pressing a kiss to his forehead; her arms holding him securely. ‘That may be, but I promise, Biche, I will do everything in my power to make sure he never touches you again; but for me to do that, you have to wake up.’ Blaine shook his head, dark bouncy curls falling in his eyes briefly. ‘Too scared, mama.’ He muttered as he curled into her lap. ‘Courage, mi amore, courage.’ She said as she swayed them softly, humming a soft lullaby as she did so; the lullaby seemed so familiar to him that it caused Blaine to stop for a moment but the memory was fleeting; nothing mattered as that lullaby wrapped itself around Blaine. The golden eyed boy wasn’t sure how long they sat there, hours maybe, but continuously the angel hummed and rocked him; occasionally brushing her thumb over his temple as he listened. Eventually, though, the humming stopped and the angel allowed him to stand back up. ‘Come now, Biche, you’ve slept the day away. Time to open those golden eyes of yours.’ She said as she turned him towards the light and smiled encouragingly. ‘Go on, mi amore, I’ll always be here waiting. He needs you.’ And then there was nothing but blinding light.
Hours of surgery to help save/fix/help Biche, head injury bad enough that requires an induced coma for a week to reduce swelling and keep him from fighting machines meant to help his body heal and breathe. Seb is a constant figure at his bedside, and when he HAS to leave, he requires a nurse to stay there with Biche at all times. Seb has to leave the room and asked a nurse to stay, wailing machines of a nearby patient crashing forced the nurse to leave Biche's side, which resulted in Mr. Anderson, who had escaped last chapter, having his window of having our small golden eyed boy alone. He tries to turn off the machines keeping Biche alive, Seb tries to stop him. Fighting commences which ends with Mr. Anderson stunning Seb and pulling the plug of the machines. Security, Doctors and Nurses come running in when they heard the fighting, security subdues Mr. Anderson and the doctors confirm that Biche is able to breathe on his own. Mr. Anderson screams threats, Seb asks nurses if they'd act as a witness to the threats while the doctors help get any of the unnecessary machines off of Biche and off the medication keeping him in a coma. Then it's up to Biche to wake up, so starts the waiting game. As Seb waits, Biche dreams of his dark angel.

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Feel free to leave us love and let us know what you think about these wonderful boys! We always love hearing from you!
Fine Fine Line - Part 2

Chapter Notes

We aren't medical professionals, we did our best. So please bear with us on that one.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When those golden eyes did finally open they were assaulted by the bright light that seemed to be coming in through what looked like a window to his right. Raising his hand to block the light, Blaine felt a tug on his hand and saw that the culprit was an IV. Normally Blaine would freak out at the idea of being in a hospital, but for some reason or another he just couldn’t find it in himself to do so; Blaine guessed it might have something to do with the several bags that he seemed to be hooked up to. Instead he decided to just look around; that in and of itself proved to be a challenge for Blaine. Every muscle in his body seemed to be screaming in protest as he just lifted his head a few inches before he had to put it down. All he had managed to see was Master’s head resting carefully on Blaine’s own hips. He was sure that Master was beyond pissed at him but he also knew that Master needed his sleep badly if he had passed out on Blaine like that. So, instead of trying to wake him up, Blaine just rolled his head so that he could watch him sleep with tired eyes and, gathering his courage, he ran his fingers through Master’s hair; if Master was asleep, Blaine couldn’t get in trouble for touching.

The doctors had warned Sebastian it would take time for Blaine to come back around. Said it could take anywhere from minutes, to hours, possibly even days. Only time would show how much the swelling in his brain was going to affect him. Of course they only said those things in order to try and convince Sebastian that there was time to have his injuries fully taken care of, but he didn’t care what they had to say about the whole thing. He wasn’t leaving Blaine’s side, not again. “I promise, Biche, I will do everything in my power to make sure he never touches you again, but for me to do that, you have to wake up…just open those eyes, come on, you can do it…” Sebastian ran his fingers along Blaine’s cheek and jaw again, fingers tugging lightly at the curls against his temple as he breathed the words softly.

“I promise, my golden eyed doe, never again…I promise.” Sebastian’s eyes watered all over again as he looked at his boy, this broken scared boy who needed him, he’d failed once and in that moment of promise to Blaine he made one to himself: it would never happen again. Sebastian kept talking, sometimes uttering soft, but firm commands hoping some part of Blaine’s brain would transmit those demands into things to be followed through on. Other times he shamefully resorted to begging, trying to coax Blaine into opening his eyes, “You’ve slept the day away sweetheart…it’s time to wake up for Master.” Sebastian’s lips quirked as he used the phrase his nanny used to say to him, anything to connect to the boy who was gone to the world. “I need you…”

Sebastian admitted the words like some deep dark secret, but deep down he knew it was true. This boy grounded him, gave him a purpose, Blaine needed him—but he needed Blaine too. “Please, Biche..” He side as his voice cracked on the name, he’d been talking non-stop for hours and he didn’t know how much longer he could keep talking. Sighing softly he leaned up pressing a soft kiss to Blaine’s temple, before pulling away and leaning his forehead lightly against Blaine’s humming the lullaby from their first night. Slowly the aches and pains in his body took over and he slid into the seat he’d set up beside the bed, resting his head against Blaine’s hip. He just needed to be near Blaine; hopefully if he stayed close enough Blaine would wake up. He fell asleep there, still
humming the lullaby even as he slipped into unconsciousness.

He didn’t dream, his body was too weary from a week of almost no sleep, too wrought with different kinds of pain to allow his brain that luxury. When Blaine’s fingers trailed through his hair Sebastian gave no sign of waking other than a soft snuffling noise as he nuzzled his uninjured cheek into the soft cushion of muscle he was resting on. When his brain did finally start catching up to the touches in his hair he mumbled softly, “S’good…I like tha’…” He hummed nuzzling his cheek against Blaine’s hip again before wincing as his arm bumped his own stomach when he moved; he whimpered softly, the pain bringing him back with a soft gasp of pain sucked in through his teeth. “Wha-…” He blinked sleepily, green eyes blowing open wide when he met the liquid gold eyes he’d been yearning for over the last week, “Biche?” His voice was little more than a gasp before he closed his eyes again with what could almost be confused with a sob, “Oh my god…you’re awake…” He laughed softly in relief, shifting his head only enough to press his forehead against Blaine’s hip mumbling the words to himself as he squeezed his eyes shut, “I didn’t lose you…”

Blaine’s hand remained against his Master’s head, fingers trailing mindlessly through the other man’s hair as he watched the other man press his forehead into his hip; catching only a few mumbled and cracked words as he continued to fight to remain conscious. Despite having been out cold in a world of extended sleep for however long he had been, Blaine found himself to be exceedingly exhausted. As it was, he had to struggle to make sure that his eyes opened again when he blinked. “I-I’m sorry I slept…so much” his own voice cracked and rasped from lack of use; as well as from being raw from having a tube down it for the a week straight. Casting tired golden eyes around the room with as little movement as possible Blaine just took everything in; well, he took his surroundings in. Frankly, he was terrified to take stock of his own injuries; the last time his previous Master had beaten him this bad it hadn’t been a pretty sight.

However, Blaine did catch sight of the bruise on Master’s eye and that caused his still slightly struggling breath to hitch a bit; had he done that in his sleep? Had he lashed out and hit Master again? His hand was shaking as it hesitantly reached out, stopping just short of the bruise on Master’s cheekbone and tears welling in his eyes. If Blaine hadn’t been drugged still he would have had better control over himself but as it was he was too weak and his body far too relaxed to give his usual tense reaction. Instead, tears flowed over the bruises on his own face as he took stock of what injuries he could see on his Master; spotting the sling, the cuts on his lip and the bruises. He must have caused all of those in his sleep and that terrified Blaine. Master had been the only one there when Blaine blacked out; and he had been fine when Blaine’s eyes finally closed. It had to have been Blaine that caused those, even in his sleep.

Blaine needed to get up, he needed to get up and kneel before Master, apologize and accept whatever punishment Master seemed fit; and Blaine was sure that whatever he came up with was nothing compared to how horribly he was internally lashing himself for doing such a thing to his Master. “M-Master, I d-did that? I di-didn’t me to hit yo-you!” He gasped as he was trying to push his body into functioning and at the very least sitting up; however everything hurt and just lifting his head caused him to cry out at the searing pain in his neck, head, collar bone and some of his ribs. It hurt so bad that when Master placed a firm, though gentle, hand on his unwrapped shoulder he was forced to let his head rest back down onto the pillow; tears still slowly falling. “I-I’m so-sorry.”

Sebastian was still a little sleep muddled, he’d gone a week of almost never sleeping and combine that with his body still dealing with multiple shocks to his system…he was lucky his brain was functioning at all. He shook his head a little at Blaine’s quick apologies, using his good hand to pet Blaine’s thigh gently, “Shh, shhh Biche—You needed sleep. Master isn’t going to be angry about that.” His voice was soft but far less garbled and mumbled. He continued to pet Blaine’s thigh softly through the blanket, wanting to offer that small point of contact to help ground the other boy. Despite how disjointed and muddled as his own thoughts were Sebastian knew Blaine was suffering far
worse and he needed to help calm him down before he injured himself.

Even though Blaine didn’t touch his injured cheek he could feel the air shift, the almost tease of the touch against his skin. He squeezed Blaine’s thigh gently, “Looks worse than it feels. I hope.” He chuckled softly before sighing, he needed to sit up but he knew his sore ribs were going to hate him for it. When he suddenly felt Blaine struggling to sit up Sebastian moved quickly—ignoring the pain in his arm as he shot out of his seat, pressing his good hand down into Blaine’s uninjured shoulder, “Lay down Biche, you don’t have to remain still but you have to stay laying down.” His words were firm as was the press against his shoulder waiting until Blaine complied.

Once that was settled he gingerly sat on the edge of the bed by Blaine’s hip, sliding his good hand up from Blaine’s shoulder to cup his jaw, fingers stroking his skin tenderly, wiping away the tears as they fell. “I don’t…I don’t know how much you remember but the person that did this to me was not you, Biche. You are not at fault for any of this. I am not angry with you, you have been nothing but good Biche, I promise—I’m not angry with you.”

Blaine turned his face just slightly to press into Master’s hand, flinching and crying out softly when he was pressing weight onto the staples in his head. The whimper came with an almost full bodied shudder as well as a flash of memory. He felt his head reconnecting with table over and over again, could still feel the blood sliding down his skull and could hear his former Master’s laughter throughout the whole thing. He turned his head almost instantly to alleviate the pressure and bit his lip. “I-I remember.” His voice was small, defeated almost. “I remember, Master.”

And Blaine truly did remember; every second right up until his eyes shut in the ambulance. Every brutal detail; each kick, each toss, every single punch. “It’s not the f-first time.” Blaine’s voice was so soft and shaky as he remembered every other time that something like this had happened; twelve that he could count. None of them had been to this degree, however. Blaine didn’t pretend to understand the why of that man’s thinking but instead just accepted that he wasn’t worthy of anything else. “It’s m-my fault.”

Sebastian shifted his hand so that Blaine couldn’t hurt himself. Keeping his thumb gently stroking the arch of Blaine’s cheek. He could see the hurt welling up in Blaine’s eyes, could almost see the pain of remembering everything he’d gone through. He wanted to brush his fingers through Blaine’s dark curls but he had to keep his hand soothingly against Blaine’s cheek and his stupid bum arm couldn’t stretch far enough to help him do both. “Shhh, Biche, easy.” He murmured the words softly, his tone as soothing as he could make it. His heart tore to see the pain and fear reflected in those golden eyes. “You don’t have to talk about it right now, Biche. One day, when you’re ready to talk about it we will, but right now you don’t have too.”

“I know it isn’t…I’m so sorry for that. You never deserved that treatment.” Sebastian shook his head as Blaine blamed himself. That was one of the worst parts. His own father had convinced him he was nothing, that he deserved to be hurt and beaten, when what he deserved was protection. “It was not your fault Biche.” He pitched his voice more firmly, slipping back into the Master role as he made sure Blaine’s golden eyes were looking into his. That he was listening. “Your old Master was reprehensible and did not appreciate how good you are. He did not take care of you like a Master should. I know you are going to want to defend him against what I’m saying but listen to me now… Your old Master was wrong. What happened was not your fault. As your new Master I am going to make sure you remember that, remember that I am going to protect you against everything, because that is what a good Master does.”

With every word that Master said, Blaine had to fight the urge to just instantly deny everything he said but truthfully Blaine didn’t know if it was a lie like he thought it should be. He had been with that Master for as long as he could remember and therefore that was all he knew. How could his old
Master have been wrong? He had taken care of Blaine, hadn’t he? He had given Blaine a bed when he was a good boy, had even let him use it some nights, and he had let Blaine stay in the house more often than naught when it was raining; all of that was him taking care of Blaine, wasn’t it? His Master had only been doing what he was doing to punish Blaine, right? Because Blaine had been a bad slave and that was how bad slaves were treated. He wanted to argue, wanted to defend the Master that had not more than a week ago almost beat the life out of him; and unbeknownst to him had come back to try and finish the job while he was in a coma. He wanted more than anything to deny his Master’s words, but he couldn’t bring himself to. Frightened and confused golden eyes locked with firm green ones briefly before they tried to look away; the intensity in them causing him to flinch just slightly.

Out of the corner of his eye, however, Blaine did see a nurse standing motionless in the doorway; her eyes big and a small smile forming on her face. “Well, look who decided to open those beautiful eyes and join the rest of us here in the land of the conscious.” Her words brought a faint blush to Blaine’s cheeks; he couldn’t remember anyone ever calling him anything with a positive twist to it and he wasn’t sure how to react to her happy words. Blaine tensed beneath Master’s hands as she approached his bed, shutting in on himself with a faint squirm before he stilled with a slight hiss; his ribs and collarbone protesting the additional movements. “The doctors are going to want to run some tests just to make sure everything is working as it’s supposed to be working but I’m sure they’ll all be happy that you’re awake. All the nurses have been waiting with bated breath to see if your eyes were really as gold as Mr. Smythe here has been boasting.” She said absentmindedly as she was checking over his charts and making note of all his vitals. Her words made Blaine squirm a bit more; strangers didn’t talk to Blaine, hell they barely acknowledged his existence unless it was to give him an order. When the nurse finally turned her bright blue eyes onto his Master, Blaine breathed a soft sigh of relief. “As for you, Mr. Smythe, now that he’s awake will you let us finish patching you up please? We really do need to get something more on that arm.”

Sebastian knew Blaine didn’t feel comfortable with what he was saying; in his mind his old Master had done those things because he deserved them. There wasn’t anything he could do short of keep fighting to protect Blaine and prove that a good Master protected their charges. He sighed softly as Blaine fought to look away from him. Glancing up as the nurse walked in causing Blaine to tense up harshly, “Shhh, Biche it’s alright. Master’s right here.” He shifted his hand up from Blaine’s cheek to run his fingers gently through Blaine’s dark curls, avoiding the staples and bumps along his scalp. He glanced up at the nurse, his fingers continuing to run through Blaine’s hair, a constant touch and reassurance, “Tell the doctors to run their tests. I want to make sure he’s alright.” He gave an almost annoyed sigh before nodding, “I’m not leaving this room, he has to be able to see me at all times.”

Sebastian’s tone was firm enough that even though the nurse was anything but a submissive or under his employment, she couldn’t argue with him. She hurried out of the room to get the doctors and a few more nurses to set everything up. “I’m going to be right in this room with you, Biche. I’m going to sit right here in this chair and the doctors are going to make sure you can see me at all times. If at any moment the pain is beyond your ability to handle, or you get overwhelmed, scared or need me for any reason you are to say ‘Master’. The second you call for me it will stop and I will be right here sitting on the bed, stroking your hair again. I promise.” Sebastian stroked his thumb against Blaine’s temple, unable to resist leaning down and pressing a quick kiss to Blaine’s temple, “I’ll be right here.”

He touched their foreheads together briefly before he had to get up and move to the chair when the doctors came in. He gave them quick instructions to never block Blaine’s sight from him. He kept his eyes on Blaine the entire time, not caring what the doctors were saying to him as they tested his arm. He barely acknowledged them when they decided a hard cast would be too cumbersome for the break he had, instead they wrapped and braced his arm, using a chest brace to lock his arm in place and keep his ribs stable at the same time. He flexed his fingers experimentally as he stood up, the
doctors had finally finished with Blaine’s tests and when he listened to the report he nodded slowly. “He’s going back to the center, tonight.” When the Doctor started arguing he held up his good hand, “No. That is not up for debate. I nearly lost him because your staff couldn’t be trusted to keep a deranged lunatic from getting in here. I’m taking him back where I know I can keep him safest.” Sebastian raised an eyebrow daring the Doctor to try contradicting him again, “That will be all, Doctor.” He hummed the words softly before walking back to the top of Blaine’s bed, his free hand running gently into his hair, “It’s okay to go back to sleep now, Biche.”

As doctors and nurses swarmed into the room, Blaine’s heart rate sky rocketed; causing the machine to start beeping louder but he simply bit the inside of his cheek and kept his eyes cast in the direction of his Master. He could do this, Master trusted these people and he had promised he wouldn’t leave him; he breathed to try and regain control of his heart beat. Every time someone touched him, however, Blaine would flinch or try to pull away; everything on him hurt and all they were doing was poking and prodding him. There was a brief second where a doctor had to obscure his view to make sure that the swelling hadn’t caused damage to his vision; the doctor had warned his Master that he had to do it but even with the warning and hearing Master speak to him for the brief time he couldn’t see him, Blaine’s pulse shot back up to an alarming rate and he tried to pull away. The Doctor did manage to keep that particular part of the exam less than twenty seconds though to make sure he didn’t cause too much stress on the boy in the bed. Blaine was thankful when that and the rest of the battery of tests were over; he wasn’t a fan of needles and they had drawn more blood than he was comfortable with.

While Blaine’s heartbeat was doing its best to return to a normal rate, Blaine watched as Master talked with one of the doctors. Blaine agreed with going back to the center tonight; he had never much liked hospitals and the thought that he would possibly be stuck in one for however long just didn’t sit well with him. Especially should they make Master leave; Blaine wasn’t sure he could handle that. What did Master mean when he spoke about a lunatic? What had happened while he was virtually dead to the world? Blaine wanted to ask but he knew that it wasn’t his place and that if Master wanted to tell him then he would when he was ready.

Blaine was lost in his thought when Master came back over and ran a hand through his hair; the initial contact causing Blaine to jump just slightly in surprise. Sleep? Despite Blaine’s apparent exhaustion, the boy didn’t want to sleep. He shook his head a bit at the idea, eyes wide with fear. What if he went to sleep and didn’t wake up for so long again? The nurses running some tests told him that he had been asleep for a week; Blaine couldn’t let that happen again. Sleeping that much didn’t make for a good slave and he was terrified that he wouldn’t wake up again. It had been such a fight to get himself to wake up the first time that he wasn’t sure he truly had the energy to push himself to wake up again. And what if Master needed him for something and Blaine couldn’t wake up? He’d be in so much trouble just because he had been tired. Or even, what if his nightmares came back? His body was in so much pain that he knew the thrashing around that he usually did when he got his nightmares would just make him feel worse. No, Blaine couldn’t afford to sleep; no matter how exhausted he was.

Sebastian could tell that Blaine was going to fight sleep. He saw the fear bloom in Blaine’s eyes almost the instant he’d given the permission. Apparently they’d back pedaled to that first night again, Sebastian sighed internally. This meant he also wouldn’t be getting much sleep unless he reconsidered his policy of sedating the boy. He schooled his features into passivity as he ran his fingers through the dark curls gently, shaking his head some. “It’s alright Biche, I’m not going to force you to sleep.” When the Doctors left to call for an ambulance to transport Blaine back to the center, Sebastian sat on the edge of the bed, trailing his fingers gently along Blaine’s cheek and down the side of his neck in a slow caress. “I only wanted you to know that if you do fall asleep Master won’t be angry. You’ve been through a lot and being tired is natural.”
When they were ready to move Blaine Sebastian made sure he stayed walking right beside Blaine’s head, a hand resting gently on Blaine’s uninjured shoulder—he let his fingers slide under the edge of the flimsy hospital gown so his fingers were pressed against Blaine’s warm skin. Once they were in the ambulance Sebastian situated himself to where he was blocking Blaine’s view of the paramedics so the boy could just focus on him. “We’ll be home soon.” Sebastian kept his voice soft as he continued running his fingers gently along Blaine’s skin, absently humming different songs in the hopes of keeping the boy calm. When they were at the center Sebastian did as he had at the hospital, keeping himself where Blaine could easily see him, a hand on him at all times. He ignored the questions by the orderlies, and the concern over his appearance by the nurses. Instead he kept his attention focused on Blaine, murmuring soft praises and encouragements, telling him how good he was being as they moved him. Sebastian didn’t care about anything other than making sure Blaine was settled in comfortably.

The initial transfer from the hospital bed to the ambulance had been a tense one for Blaine; even despite Master’s constant touch Blaine seemed to be having difficulty with the very nearness and constant touching of the paramedics. Every time one of them would come near Blaine it would be to stick him with a new needle or prod him in an area of his body that was in pain; not that there were many places to touch that weren’t in pain. Every time they came near him Blaine would flinch and try to move more firmly into Master’s touch. Once they were in the ambulance, however, Master’s touch and voice was soft and he made sure to fill Blaine’s vision. Blaine found himself starting to drift off to sleep on the ride; his eyes drifting shut as he fell into the rhythm of Master’s touch.

When the ambulance came to what Blaine would call an abrupt stop, his eyes jerked open and he realized that he had almost passed back out; he bit his lip as he contemplated the best way to try and keep himself awake. He was in enough pain that if he just moved ever so slightly the right way every now and then he could cause a sharp enough pain to shock his system into waking up more. The orderlies and nurses pressing in around him and Master brought just the slightest whimper from the smaller man as he was wheeled in but Master kept his touch constant and the soft words of praise coming from Master was enough to keep Blaine’s pulse from thundering overly loudly in his ears. He cried out when one of the orderlies picked him up and moved him back into his own bed; the pain shooting across his collar bone and his ribs before he was placed back down and the orderly offered Master a stammered apology.

“M-Master.” Blaine’s voice was soft and scared when the orderly blocked his view of Master just briefly; Blaine knew that Master was right there but for a split few seconds he couldn’t see him and that was just making things worse, not better. He managed to suck in a deep breath once Master was right by his side; even as his eyes fluttered shut for a few quick seconds. That alarmed Blaine, so he shifted his shoulder as discreetly as possible; placing a bit more weight on the dislocated one to cause a sharp pain to continue radiating throughout his body. With a little pain Blaine was sure he could stay awake. Or so he thought. Once everyone left them alone, his Master’s fingers were gliding through his curls again, humming their lullaby just faintly. Try as he might, his Master managed to get him as comfortable as he would ever be at that moment and his actions lulled Blaine to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to leave us love and let us know what you think about these wonderful boys! We always love hearing from you!
Running In Circles - Part 1

Chapter Notes

The boys still aren't out of the woods yet.

Again, not medical professionals, we did our best. Some violence.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had been one thing after another for the last couple weeks. Sebastian had thought bringing Blaine back to the center would be the safest place for him, certainly the best way to keep his father away. And yet somehow more things were going wrong in his own walls than they had at the damnable hospital. First the shift change with the nurses had left Blaine without any type of pain medication for hours—and Blaine, of course, hadn’t said a word until Sebastian noticed he was literally sweating from pain. Then had come the saline bags instead of the pain meds causing Blaine to become so over-hydrated and un-medicated he’d been sick for twenty-four hours and feverish. Shortly after that there’d been the Shellfish allergy which had sent Blaine into shock and even the doctors had had a hard time pulling him back out of it.

There’d been faulty air conditioners that sent the room from sub-zero temperatures into heat in the middle of the night so bad they’d both had heat rashes and Blaine had needed an ice bath to bring his core back down. Now Blaine was sick again. He’d taken one spoonful of soup and almost immediately started throwing up so badly he’d nearly ripped his stitches. Once the doctors had flushed out Blaine’s system Sebastian handed off the bowl of soup to a nurse with orders to get it to a lab and figure out what was going on. Once the nurse had left he turned to one of his more trusted security officers, Marco, “Go with her and report back to me as soon we get the results. Something is going on around here and I want it stopped- now.” Marco nodded with a quiet ‘Yes, Master’ before hurrying out of the room and down to the labs as well. They decided to put Blaine on an IV diet for the time being just to get his system back in check, and with a sigh Sebastian moved back to sit on the edge of Blaine’s bed, fingers brushing his cheek. “We’re going to get to the bottom of this Biche. I’m not going to let you keep getting hurt…I’m going to be a better Master and take care of you.”

The past couple weeks had been anything but healing for Blaine but he refused to let as much of it show as possible; Blaine was thankful that Master hadn’t just left him to die so he didn’t push his luck with complaining when he was in pain of any kind. If Master hadn’t told him that the man responsible for his injuries was in prison, Blaine would have wondered if this was his way of punishing Blaine for not succumbing to his injuries. But Master was constantly reassuring him that that man wasn’t going to get his hands on Blaine again and Blaine trusted his Master. The last week, though, left Blaine in almost a constant state of pain and discomfort.

This last mishap had left Blaine feeling so weak and drained that, once the Doctor had finished with him, Blaine wasn’t sure he could even hold his own head up; so when Master came over and he felt the soft touch on his cheek Blaine allowed his head to fall into that touch. He could practically taste the saline as it was hooked into his arm but even that wasn’t washing the foul taste of the soup out of his mouth. He wasn’t sure what was in it, and he wasn’t one to complain about food he was given, but he wasn’t sure everything in that soup hadn’t turned. One thing was for sure though, Blaine was officially off food. Exhausted eyes shifted to the door when there was a knock; Blaine didn’t even have the energy to tense when Master allowed the tall, broody looking security guard into their room.
Marco absolutely hated that this bullshit was happening to the poor kid; he was already stuck in a bed for who knows how long after fighting for his own life back at the hospital. He also hated that Bas was going insane as he tried to keep this kid safe. There were just too many things going on in such a short span of time that there was no way they were all accidents; and the lab results on the kid’s bowl of soup only proved his theory. “Master?” Marco asked a bit hesitantly before he held out the lab results for him to take. “The test results you wanted.”

Sebastian ran his thumb along Blaine’s cheek; he knew how exhausted the younger boy was, how much he was hiding and pretending like everything was ok. In truth Sebastian saw through the pretense, but he knew that Blaine needed to feel as in control as possible. “Shhh, Biche it’s Marco. We trust Marco.” Sebastian kept his voice soft. He knew Blaine was too out of it to tense or become anxious, but he could still see the spark of fear in his golden eyes and he wanted to help keep him as calm as possible even through the haze of medication and exhaustion. He continued stroking Blaine’s cheek until he saw the panic slowly fade from his eyes. “I’m still in the room, I’m not going anywhere.”

He met Blaine’s eyes pointedly, they hadn’t gotten very far in their working together with all that had happened, but Blaine had at least started calling out to him or sampling saying ‘Master’ when anything was too much and he needed Sebastian back by him. It was something at least. Getting up from the bed Sebastian took the file from Marco with a frown, he could tell from the older man’s expression things weren’t right. He’d practically grown up with Marco, knew what his expressions meant and knew that something was definitely amiss. “Ipecac?” Sebastian half growled the word as he scowled at the man. Marco knew he wasn’t angry at him, but he was closest in the line of fire for Sebastian’s temper at the moment. “Find out every person that handled that bowl. Who washed it, who made the soup, who carried the thing here every single set of hands I want a list of names. Now.”

Marco nodded already out the door when another orderly—Paul, according to his badge, walked in. Sebastian nearly ripped the folder still in his good hand when he clenched it in a fist with a growl. “How many times is it going to take me threatening your life to get you to knock on the damn door before walking in here?” Sebastian raised an eyebrow his rage only barely contained. “Of course, sorry Master I just—there’s been a family emergency I needed to let you know I have to take care of things…” Sebastian grit his teeth before forcibly shoving the man back out of the room. “Fine. Now get the hell out.” Sebastian barely resisted the urge to slam the door closed before he walked back over to Blaine’s bed, settling into the chair that he’d been spending way too much time in and laying his head on Blaine’s hip. He just…needed a minute to collect himself and touching Blaine was as soothing for him as it was for Blaine.

Exhausted golden eyes followed Master as he moved around the bed and back towards the tall dark brooding man that had reentered their room. Marco, Master had reminded him, had started to take a regular post inside their room during the day to keep them safe. It was taking time, but Blaine was slowly starting to trust Marco to be around him; it also helped that almost every time the man was around him, Master was running a soothing hand through his curls or over his cheek or even pressed into his shoulder.

“Ipecac?” Blaine’s eyes narrowed, his brow furrowed, as he tried to remember what exactly ipecac was. He remembered something his old Master used to give him as a punishment, or even just when he was bored, that would make him feel almost exactly like this. He would be violently ill and then that Master would….well he would do what he did and the end results would almost always leave Blaine looking just a little better then he was looking now; a couple weeks after he did what he always did. Blaine’s train of thought was broken however when an orderly burst into their room, causing Blaine’s heart rate to skyrocket and the monitors to start peeling harshly; only regulating when Master’s head rested on his hip again. Blaine’s next move had become one of unconscious
movement, his good arm reaching out and his fingers starting to mindlessly twirl the hair at the base of Master’s skull as his own eyes closed. He was so exhausted by this point that he couldn’t stop himself from drifting off into a half sleep.

Paul couldn’t help the triumphant grin that crossed his features as he sped down the highway; Smythe didn’t have a fucking clue, never had. The man was so blind to anything that was right in front of him and that’s why Uncle Erik had come to him with his problem. While they were sure to be keeping an eye out for his uncle, they wouldn’t have any clue that he was the real threat now. And as soon as he picked up his uncle from prison he would be able to get all the information he needed to finally destroy that yellow eyed little shit. Oh yes, Smythe wouldn’t have a clue what hit him or that pathetic ball of flesh when he was done with them.

Sebastian sighed long and slow as he felt Blaine’s fingers at the base of his skull. Blaine had begun imitating the soft caresses Sebastian gave him to help him fall asleep, Sebastian wasn’t sure if he was conscious of imitating the movement but it was the only thing that helped him drift off to sleep. If Blaine’s fingers stopped moving and brushing his hair or skin Sebastian would wake up almost immediately—and for right now it was the fastest way to calm him back down. He shifted up enough to nuzzle his cheek against Blaine’s hip with a relaxed sigh, this brief moment was the calmest he’d felt in weeks. It took a while but, he was seconds from falling asleep when he heard a near frantic knock on the door. Easing his head from under Blaine’s hand he sat up—glad to see Blaine was still asleep as he got up and moved to the door.

“Marco?” Sebastian frowned some as the man nodded him out into the hallway, glancing back and making sure Blaine was sleeping before stepping out into the hallway keeping the door cracked in case Blaine woke up. “What is it?” Marco seemed to hesitate before taking a breath and delving into his news, “Anderson made bail again, and he was picked up by a man in a green Toyota. No one saw his face but we’ve managed to get his plates.” He nodded slowly, getting ready to issue orders before Marco held up a hand. “There’s more. According to the security cameras you put in this hall...it was Paul that brought the soup to the nurse. He wasn’t slated to work food prep today.” Sebastian frowned nodding as he thanked Marco, asking him to sit in front of Blaine’s door while he went to look into something. It was entirely unheard of for Sebastian to leave Blaine for any length of time, but the one or two times he had he made sure Marco was outside the room so no one but Sebastian could get in.

He stopped at the security desk as he went over the details; he knew Paul wasn’t supposed to be working anywhere near the kitchens so he shouldn’t have been the one bringing Blaine his soup. The longer he looked at the security log—they’d been keeping track of all the accidents and secretly with Marco’s help tracking every worker’s whereabouts during the events. Glancing at his employee records he confirmed his suspicions—Paul drove a 2009 green Toyota. He hurried back towards Blaine’s room to have Marco alert security to keep Paul out of the building when he saw the orderly in question walking down the hall towards Blaine’s room. With a yell Sebastian took off down the hall, tackling the man to the floor, “You’re not getting anywhere near him, ever again.” Sebastian slammed his good fist into the man’s face, “I-I don’t know what you’re talking about!” Sebastian yelled again, cutting off anymore of the other man’s words, slamming his fist into his face again, kneeling on him and holding him down—not even flinching when his bad arm came loose from its immobilizer brace, too far gone in his own rage as he beat the man responsible for risking Blaine’s life.

When Marco saw the son of a bitch orderly, Paul was his name?, walking towards him he was on his feet and walking like a brick wall towards the shit. Paul wasn’t getting anywhere near that kid’s room if Marco had anything to say on it. Before Marco reached him, however, he saw Sebastian run full tilt into the orderly and took him down to the floor. “Shit!” He exclaimed as he cast one last glance over his shoulder to Blaine’s door before taking off down the hall and skidding to a halt right
next to Sebastian and the man he was currently beating to death. “Fuck. Bas, come on!” He wrapped his arms around Sebastian’s waist and made every attempt to pull him off. “Sebastian, if you kill him they’ll lock you away and then who will take care of the ki-” Marco’s words cut off by the very appearance of the boy he was about to mention in the corner of his vision.

Blaine woke almost abruptly and it took him almost several long seconds to understand why; Master wasn’t there, he had left and Blaine was alone and there was nothing but loud yells coming from just outside the door to his and Master’s room. Almost instantly Blaine’s pulse skyrocketed; Master wouldn’t leave him alone without telling him! Master wouldn’t just abandon him, would he? No, Blaine trusted Master. Had he done something wrong and this was his punishment? The yelling outside got louder and that was causing Blaine to panic despite the meds he was on; which in turn found Blaine pulling out the needles and sensors attached to him.

With the added wailing of the machines it was all Blaine could do to stumble his way out of the bed, nearly falling as the blanket got wrapped around his foot. He did manage to slam his shoulder into the bedside wall, pulling a whimper from him before he found his feet, albeit shakily, and staggered out into the hallway; he stopped, leaning against the wall, and stared at the brawl that was happening before him. “M-master.” He whimpered as he fell to his knees in the hallway, arm cradled against his chest and his gaze dropped to the floor. He wasn’t sure what was going on, but he didn’t like it. Worst of all, he didn’t like being alone and not knowing why. “Please, M-Master.”

It felt like Sebastian was in a vortex, he couldn’t see or hear anything outside of finishing this. Paul had started this fight—attacking and nearly killing an innocent boy who was scared and alone in the world. So maybe Paul had started it, but Sebastian was going to make sure he never did it again. He didn’t hear Marco yelling at him and he certainly didn’t feel it when the older man tried to pull him off. “If I kill him this ends here and now!” Sebastian growled as he kicked and swung, Paul was out cold and even when he connected with him it was barely satisfying. He wanted to make this man suffer the same way Blaine had suffered, wanted to break his bones and shove ipecac down his scrawny stupid throat until he was so sick he couldn’t even cough. Sebastian wanted to kill this man.

Every instinct Sebastian had told him to annihilate this man, he could do it. He could hurt him, make him feel and suffer in ways unimaginable to anyone outside of Sebastian’s own head. He was a split second from sending his bad elbow straight into Marco’s damn interfering face, he was doing this for Blaine—he was protecting Blaine! If he could kill this man, if he could make him suffer it wouldn’t matter what happened to Sebastian, everyone would know forever…no one touched Blaine without suffering his wrath. The only thing that stopped him was the soft whimper of ‘Master’ from only a few feet away. Suddenly the red clouding his vision dissipated as his head jerked upwards. Blaine.

“Biche…” Sebastian’s body seemed to sag, and given the chance Marco immediately pulled him off of Paul’s prone and unmoving body. Sebastian struggled just enough to get back on his feet pulling out of Marco’s arms and nearly tripping over himself to get across the hall to the kneeling boy cowering on the cold tiles. No…no…this wasn’t how it was supposed to happen. He wanted everyone else to be scared of him, but not his sweet Blaine, never his Blaine. “Shhh, Biche… Master’s here—Master’s so sorry, he didn’t mean to leave you alone.” Sebastian kept his voice soft as he lowered himself down onto his knees, he kept himself taller than Blaine so the boy wouldn’t fight him. He looped his arm around Blaine, hand at the back of the boy’s neck until he could tuck him in close letting Blaine’s forehead rest against his collarbone, his newly injured arm hanging uselessly between them. “I’m sorry sweetheart, it won’t happen again…I won’t let him hurt you again.”

As Blaine knelt on the tile floor, arms held tight against his stomach, he couldn’t help the small whimpers that were coming from him. He was in so much pain and he just wanted it all to go away; he just wanted his Master and his gentle touches back; seeing his Master beating another into a
bloody mess so soon after his own ordeal wasn’t exactly something that he was handling so well. But if that was what Master wanted to do then Blaine could not and would not stand in his way; it scared him but Blaine knew he could hold his tongue until he died if that was what it took. However, when Master pulled him in against his chest, Blaine broke into stuttering breaths and his entire body was shaking; instead of saying anything Blaine just pressed his face further into Master’s collar.

When Blaine caught sight of Master’s arm hanging limply between them he gently reached out with his own good arm and lifted Master’s arm onto his own to support it. “I’m sorry, Master.” He breathed as he waited for Master’s reproach for causing him what Blaine was sure was pain. Master’s words did confuse him though. Hurt me again? Without moving his head, Blaine cast a very quick glance at the bloodied form of a man that Marco was currently putting restraints on. Why would he hurt me? Who is he? Blaine bit his lip as he pushed a little closer into Master’s touch. “I-I don’t…I don’t understand.” He said with a small voice.

Marco’s head whipped up from the zip ties he was placing on Paul’s wrists when he heard Blaine’s shaky statement. Had Bas not told him what had happened yet? What the hell was he waiting for; a hand written invitation? He looked over at Bas and couldn’t decide if he should just shake his head and scold the kid later or say something as of right now. It really wasn’t his place to say anything at all; especially where the kid was considered, but he just felt the need to tell Bas what the right road for this one was. Marco knew that if he did decide to reprimand Bas in any way Blaine would see it and begin to not trust him and that would be counterproductive to any reestablishment that Blaine had already gone through. So, he kept his mouth shut......for now.

Sebastian felt his heart clench painfully as he heard the soft whimpers coming from Blaine, his whole body shaking as he let himself be pulled in close. He knew the display had to have terrified the boy, and it made Sebastian sick to his stomach to imagine how scared Blaine might become of him for what he’d done. He kept his arm curled tight around Blaine when he pushed his face closer into him, curling and running his fingers through the younger boy’s dark hair. “It’s alright, Master is here. He’s not going to leave you.” Sebastian murmured the words softly unable to resist pressing a quick kiss to the top of Blaine’s head. He sucked in a pained breath when Blaine moved his arm; it felt like his arm had been put through a blender made of broken glass and fire.

Shaking his head at Blaine’s apology he just kept Blaine’s head pressed to his collarbone, fingers stroking his scalp. “No, no, thank you Biche. That’s better.” And it was, past that initial jolt of pain Blaine’s actions helped relieve some of the pressure that had been pulling at his shoulder. He squeezed his eyes shut for a second at Blaine’s statement; he’d wanted to wait until Blaine was stronger before telling him everything. He deserved that much, but then things had kept happening, keeping Blaine from getting better and now here they were. “I know you don’t…Master has some things to tell you, Biche. But first we’re going to get you back in bed.”

Squeezing the back of Blaine’s neck gently he slid his good arm down until it was wrapped around Blaine’s middle. “Put your good arm around my neck and hold on, Biche.” Once Blaine had complied Sebastian tightened his hold on Blaine’s waist, helping him up and onto his feet as he stood—the rush of blood down and the movements on his arm nearly caused Sebastian to black out but he powered through it. Blaine couldn’t handle anyone else touching him—and Sebastian didn’t want anyone else touching him. He glanced over at Marco, ignoring the older man’s look of reprimand and disapproval, “Make sure the police pick up that thing.” Nodding towards Paul’s slumped form, “And make sure security knows not to let him or any of his associates into the building. I’ll deal with them later and make sure they know the importance of more thorough background checks from now on.” Marco nodded mumbling a ‘Yes Master’, before Sebastian set back to work supporting Blaine’s weight as he essentially carried the boy with one arm back into his room. Once he had Blaine back in bed he all but collapsed into his chair, closing his eyes for a second at the pain in his arm, when he spoke his voice was somewhat strained, “The doctors will come in and get everything back in place,
once they’re gone it will be just us and I will tell you what happened in the hospital and….what’s been happening these past couple weeks. I promised I would take care of you, and I meant that promise very seriously.”

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to leave us love and let us know what you think about these wonderful boys! We always love hearing from you!
Though slight tremors remained behind, causing Blaine’s body to twitch every now and then, the strong yet gentle touches from Master were enough to chase away the sobs that were threatening to take over. Using his good hand, Blaine ran his thumb along the skin of Master’s wrist; hoping that he could impart some of the soothing qualities that he always received from Master’s touches. Blaine didn’t want to admit it but when Master mentioned getting him back into bed he couldn’t have agreed more. At this point the pain was getting enough that he was having a hard time breathing but he would gladly take that pain so that he could focus on Master and have that gentle touch.

Getting him back into bed was an adventure; Master seemed to be having a hard time of it so Blaine was doing his best to hold himself up, causing him to stumble a few times before he was laying down again. That was when Master’s words really sunk in. He had something to tell Blaine. Had Blaine done something wrong? He knew he wasn’t supposed to be getting out of bed, so maybe Master was going to restrain him? That thought alone caused a shudder to run through Blaine before his attention was pulled back to Master as he was talking to Blaine again. Blaine nodded as best he could, despite the fact that he wanted nothing to do with the doctors; all they seemed to be doing was poking him with needles and causing him more and more pain.

Marco, despite what Sebastian had ordered, went to the med wing before he finished bringing Paul down to wait into security; so the doctors were ready by the time he came back. With a knock to Blaine’s door he opened it before he even got the go ahead; Marco had seen the way Sebastian’s arm had been dangling and Blaine wasn’t even supposed to be sitting up for very long still so he knew they needed immediate attention. “Master,” And Marco hated calling Sebastian that just about as much as Sebastian hated being called that. “The Doctors are here, do you want me to let them in?” They both knew it was just a formality, because he was bringing those doctors in whether Sebastian said to or not.

Sebastian was finding it harder to breathe even after he’d moved into the chair and was no longer moving. Everything was fuzzy and his arm hurting was about the only thing that came through. He knew he needed to sit up, needed to reassure Blaine that he wasn’t in trouble, but Sebastian was finding it hard to concentrate. When Marco came in he barely contained an annoyed scowl before nodding—he couldn’t turn away the doctors no matter how much he didn’t like them. “Bring them in, Marco. But remind them they are not to block his sight from me. He needs to be able to see me at all times and I don’t care if that’s an inconvenience. It’s my word.” Sebastian knew his tone was harsher than normal, but as he was finding it hard to sit up right, he didn’t care.

Sebastian could feel himself slipping in and out of awareness as the doctors got Blaine hooked back up to his pain meds and sensors; he was so far out of it that he didn’t feel the nurse lifting his arm until he felt the pop of her resetting it. He barely bit back a scream—his eyes watering as they got his arm back into the immobilizing sling. Once the doctors were done Sebastian shooed them out of the room, ignoring the nurses recommendation that he take pain killers. If he did he’d end up falling asleep and he needed to be awake. If nothing else the pain in his arm from when they’d reset it seemed to jolt him back into alertness for the time being.

Once they were gone Sebastian managed to drag his chair closer to the side of Blaine’s bed, settling his good hand on Blaine’s hip since he couldn’t reach Blaine’s uninjured hand from this angle. “The pain meds will back in soon, Biche, it’s going to be alright.” He sighed softly, taking a moment to get
his own thoughts in order. "When you were in a coma in the hospital, when you were asleep? Your old Master snuck in and tried to pull out the tube that was helping you breathe. I had stepped out of the room—just for a second I swear…and when I got back he was there.” Sebastian’s voice was filled with obvious self guilt and almost a little choked before he shook his head clearing his throat, “I pulled him off of you and we fought, he was going to try and kill you and I wouldn’t let that happen…ever. So I fought him and that’s how Master got so injured. He managed to knock me down and hurt me enough to get to you, but by that time your lungs were healed so he wasn’t successful in his attempt to hurt you. You were still asleep for a time after that which is why Master was so happy when you woke up…I thought because I hadn’t been good enough…I-I almost lost you.”

Sebastian squeezed his eyes shut, the guilt was almost worse than the pain in that moment. If he’d just been stronger, or if he’d never left that room Blaine wouldn’t have almost died. It was his fault. Clearing his throat again he continued, “Today we found out that someone working here was helping your old Master, helping him hurt you. Helping him get around me. That’s why you’ve been getting so sick and hurt and Biche…I am so sorry I didn’t figure it out sooner but I swear he is gone now. That orderly in the hall…he is never going to get near you again.” Sebastian swallowed thickly, he didn’t want to keep talking about this, didn’t want to hurt Blaine with what he had to say, but it was better coming from him, so he took a deep breath and looked up meeting Blaine’s golden eyes, “Ma Bichette…my little doe…your old Master is your father.”

When the nurse working on Master popped his shoulder back in, resulting in a barely concealed yell, Blaine’s first reaction was to make it stop; surely there was some way for Blaine to take that pain instead of Master, there just had to be a way. He would have succeeded in getting up too if Marco hadn’t stepped in and held him in place; noticing that Master wasn’t paying complete attention. “It’s okay, kid. I promise, what they’re doing is to help him. I wouldn’t let them hurt him if it wasn’t necessary.” And, despite Blaine’s usual terror at being touched by strangers, Blaine nodded; though he didn’t relax after that until the doctors and nurses were finally out of the room. Marco being there didn’t bother him as much anymore, as the man had become as much of a permanent figure as Master almost; and Blaine trusted him to help keep Master safe, no one else.

When Master finally laid a hand on Blaine’s hip, the sensation so familiar now that all tension leaked straight out of Blaine at such a small reward, the golden eyed boy gave his Master his completely undivided attention. The tale that followed, however, had Blaine’s heart seizing tightly in his chest. Blaine shook his head just slightly and tried to justify the actions of his old Master. “H-he was just-“ Blaine had to swallow around the lump that had formed in his throat before he tried again. “Th-that’s what ha-appens when Masters are do-done with slaves. When they-they’ve reached their-the end of their purpose.” He tried to rationalize but even to Blaine that sounded meek and forced. Finally, he just settled on apologizing, voicing a soft “I’m sorry, Master. It’s not your fault” before he bit his lip; his good hand reaching up and wiping harshly at his eyes, trying to prevent any tears forming.

What Master said last, however, caused Blaine to stop moving all together; breath caught in his chest, eyes never blinking, and if Blaine hadn’t had the monitors hooked up to him to prove otherwise he would have sworn that his heart stopped. His father? If this had been any other situation, Blaine was sure he probably would have just started laughing to keep from crying as the gravity of the situation hit him. His own father wanted nothing to do with him; Hell the man wanted him dead. And this whole time Blaine had thought that maybe he had some family out there somewhere that would love him some day. Rage started to fill Blaine as he nodded and just stared up at the ceiling; repeatedly telling himself that it didn’t matter because now he had a Master that cared for him, a real master.

A Master that looked like he was going to pass out. SHIT!

Sebastian shook his head a little roughly, he knew Blaine was going to defend his father. It was
always that way—slaves believed the absolute best of their Masters and if Sebastian couldn’t help bring Blaine through this moment, help him see that he meant more than that…he would never get through to him. “No. Biche listen to me…” His voice faded out for a second before he cleared it squeezing Blaine’s hip, “You are a person. You are not property…your old Master he didn’t appreciate you or your abilities and he only tried to take you away because you are mine now.” Sebastian’s voice trailed away again and this time he didn’t try to start speaking again. Instead he ended up getting lost in his own head. He’d almost lost Blaine because he left the room.

He’d left the fucking room and Blaine had almost paid the price. Because of him Blaine might have died. How could he say he would keep Blaine safe, be a good Master, take care of him—if his carelessness had almost cost Blaine his life? Glancing up he saw the tight set of Blaine’s jaw, could see the pain radiating in his eyes and his heart hurt. He kept hurting this boy, kept causing him pain and suffering. “B—…” Sebastian sat up, leaning up to brush his fingers along Blaine’s cheek only to come up short. He gasped for air as his arm jostled in its sling with the movement, pain radiating through his entire body until it was all he could feel.

His chest felt too tight and all of a sudden he couldn’t pull in air. He slid down, falling out of the chair until his knees hit the floor, head on the edge of Blaine’s bed. Everything was going fuzzy and suddenly he couldn’t fight to stay awake any longer. He’d been awake for so long and he just needed to close his eyes…just for a minute…if he was sleeping he couldn’t let Blaine down…couldn’t hurt him…sleeping was good.

Marco had been standing with his back to the pair, but he turned when he heard a thunk, seeing Sebastian slumped over onto the floor he swore, “Seb—…Master!” Marco hurried across the room, putting his fingers against Seb’s throat making sure he had a pulse before lifting Sebastian up, “Scoot over.” Marco didn’t have time for niceties now, and he knew there was only one way to take care of Sebastian and keeping Blaine from launching himself out of the bed. Once Blaine had made enough room he set Sebastian in the bed, lifting the rail so he wouldn’t fall out before sticking his head out of the room calling for nurses.

With his pulse thundering in his ears, Blaine watched as his Master collapsed in slow motion right before his very eyes. In an instant Blaine felt more alone, frightened and lost than any of the times he had ever been locked up in that nightmare of a closet. He sat for a moment as he watched the man who had most certainly become the center of his world fall to his knees before he was reaching to pull out his IVs once more, only stopped by Marco rushing over and picking Master up. That one quick, firm, order was more than was needed, as Blaine was already in the process of moving so that Master could be placed on the bed next to him, pushing his own searing pain aside. Once that was done, Blaine was moving so that his head rested on Master’s chest and he closed those big golden eyes as he listened to Master’s increased heart rate as it slowly worked it’s way back down to a regular rhythm.

When Marco came back with the doctors though, it was like a living hell for Blaine; Marco was forced to pick Blaine up and hold him as he struggled to get back into the bed and stop the doctors from hurting Master like they had earlier. The movements jarring his ribs and everything else, causing starbursts to form in his vision; but he didn’t care about himself. No, Blaine had caused this, he needed to fix it; he wasn’t sure exactly how but Blaine was almost positive that if they hadn’t been talking about any of this then Master wouldn’t have passed out. Hell, if it hadn’t been for Blaine in general Master wouldn’t have been hurt at all. Blaine whimpered as he fought against Marco’s arms with everything he had; even managing to pull his arm out of its immobilizer and doing his best to push against the brick wall of a man’s chest as he started uncharacteristically yelling.

“PUT ME DOWN!! MASTER!! MAKE THEM STOP, THEY’RE HURTING HIM! PLEASE PUT ME DOWN, I NEED TO FIX THIS! I NEED HIM!” And he kept just yelling the same things over and over again, pounding at Marco’s chest and the only thing that stopped him was Marco. Not
even the pain of his own body was registering at the moment. “Come on, Kid, knock it off. I told you, they aren’t going to hurt him while I’m here. Stop this now or I’ll have them sedate you, you got it?” Marco’s voice was firm and unyielding, the only thing that broke through the panic fog that was Blaine’s brain at that point; it even went so far as to put Blaine back into his usual quiet mindset. After that point, the only noises heard from Blaine were whimpers and the occasional ‘Please’ that was soft as a feather.

When the doctors were finished they had set Sebastian up with a few IVs, one for pain and one for fluids, and said that what he needed was a night of undisturbed sleep. They had even gone so far as to try to move Blaine to another room but Marco was quick to set them straight on that front when the boy started having a panic attack in his arms. There was no way that they could think separating these two was a good idea; especially given that Sebastian’s orders were that Blaine had to be able to see him at all times. On top of that, Marco didn’t want to have to split his attention between two separate rooms; it was easier to keep an eye on your charges when they were in the same room. So once the doctors had fixed Blaine’s own IVs as well and left, after a rather trying argument, Marco gently placed Blaine back onto the bed next to Sebastian and fixed his bad arm so that it was back in the sling. He watched with a spark of amusement when Blaine’s first move was to press himself tightly against Sebastian’s side, his head resting on Sebastian’s chest directly over his heart, and his good arm reached up to play with the hair at the base of Sebastian’s skull as those beautiful gold eyes closed; shutting off the look of extreme panic and pain that had been radiating from them. The position had to be painful for the kid, but he knew if he tried to move him again Marco would only cause another panic attack. He had to hope the kid would shift his position on his own. Shaking his head, Marco took up his post just inside the room’s door. He could see how much that those two needed each other and he wondered if either of them realized it themselves.

Sebastian slept through the day, his body completely worn. He had slept only a sparse handful of moments, usually only twenty minutes at a time since Blaine had been in the hospital. Several weeks of being awake almost constantly, plus the stress of not knowing what was going on and the constant beatings his arm had been taking—it was a miracle he hadn’t collapsed sooner. The doctors decided it was best to put a sleeping agent in his IV to help keep him under, he was so used to sleeping half awake that otherwise he might have woken himself up after only a few hours. Instead the combination of exhaustion, sleeping meds and pain killers Sebastian’s body was out. He slept so deeply his mind didn’t even have a chance to conjure up dreams.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to leave us love and let us know what you think about these wonderful boys! We always love hearing from you!
When he started to stir, blinking his eyes he was confused…the room was dark save for a soft light coming from the cracked door of the bathroom. He didn’t remember turning off the lights…he hadn’t done that since Blaine came back from the hospital since he’d just be turning it on barely an hour later. Blaine never slept through the night still. The next thing he noticed was he was lying down on a bed and someone was curled on his chest. With a muted groan he lifted his head up to see Blaine’s head on his chest, hand tangled in his shirt in what looked like a death grip. He frowned as he let his head fall back into the pillow, “Wha-..”

“Shhh. He only just fell asleep.” Marco’s voice was soft when he walked over, he’d seen Bas moving his head and figured the sedatives in his IV had started wearing off. When he came closer and sat by the bed he could tell the boy was still out of it, he couldn’t even imagine how tired the two boys had to be. Marco hadn’t seen Bas sleep in a solid week at least. “What happened?” Sebastian followed Marco’s lead talking soft enough the vibrations in his chest wouldn’t disturb the sleeping boy. “You passed out, kid. You can only ignore the doctor’s warnings for so long before you get kicked in the ass. You’re lucky it wasn’t worse.” Marco only felt free to openly scold Bas right now since Blaine was asleep and couldn’t hear them. He’d always seen Bas as a younger brother, especially after these few weeks of watching over him. “Shit…I probably traumatized him.” Marco surprised Bas by laughing softly, at the boy’s questioning frown he nodded, “The kid was screaming like a banshee the whole time the doctors were getting you settled. And he may be small but he is a tough little fighter. He almost managed to get away from me a couple of times. The second I put him back on the bed though…he calmed right down and did that.” Marco nodded to indicate Blaine’s curled up position on Bas’s chest before getting up to stretch his own legs taking up a post outside the room.

“Huh…” Sebastian frowned some as he thought about what Marco had said. His good hand curled around Blaine’s shoulders in order to run through the dark curly locks of the boy’s hair. He had to admit he was surprised; Blaine yelling at people? Fighting Marco? It seemed uncharacteristic for the docile boy…until he realized why. Blaine was trying to protect him. He couldn’t help smiling at the thought, carefully shifting Blaine up his body to get him a bit more comfortable—the boy was always easy to move once he’d fallen asleep, once Blaine was curled around his side Sebastian wrapped his good arm around Blaine holding him close. He closed his eyes with a sigh as Blaine’s head nestled in against his neck, humming the lullaby on reflex he ran his fingers through his dark hair again closing his eyes as his head rested against Blaine’s. Sleeping a little bit longer wouldn’t hurt anything, and holding Blaine against him had him feeling more relaxed and even…happier than he had been in weeks. It felt right.

It had taken Blaine a few hours to finally settle down and relax enough to allow himself to drift off to sleep; the steady cadence of Master’s heart thrumming beneath his head causing sleep to slowly overtake him even though all he wanted to do was stay awake and protect his Master. Blaine knew that Marco was still there and he would try to keep them safe as well but if Blaine was awake he could make sure to get between Master and whatever danger that might arise; it was an odd feeling but Blaine knew without a doubt that he was more than willing to trade his life for his Master’s. It was with that thought that Blaine fell asleep and it was the same thought he had when he woke up.

Waking up for Blaine was almost like being dragged through sand with cement shoes on; his head felt heavy, his eyes refused to focus and his limbs were numb and dead. The only thing that Blaine
was certain of was that he still felt the steady thrumming of Master’s heart; he could practically feel it through every part of his body. For a few scant moments Blaine tightened his grip on Master’s shirt, for once not caring about wrinkling Master’s shirt, and contemplated the intelligence of passing back out. It had been quite some time since he had actually slept for longer than an hour at a time without a nightmare and his body was already protesting both being awake and the idea of moving.

Without actually thinking, Blaine curled in closer to the heat that was his Master beside him; trying to wrap himself as best he could around the taller man as if he could be a meat shield should anything barge in on them. Blaine was sure he would have passed back out too if he hadn’t bumped his bad shoulder which forced a whimper out of him; it didn’t help that he had put more strain on it then it was ready for when he was working to fight off Marco the night before.

Marco heard the small whimpers coming from inside the room and decided to take a quick peak in through the partially opened door; he didn’t trust that the sick Bastard wouldn’t send someone into the room through the windows even if they were over nine stories in the air. He saw Blaine moving around but the kid seemed to be settling back into Sebastian’s arms. The poor kid had been whimpering in his sleep and Marco had noticed that every time prior to this one Sebastian’s grip on the boy would tighten protectively. Getting up from his chair, Marco figured that he might as well stretch his legs anyway, he made his way quietly into the room. “It’s okay, kid. I’m still here to protect both you and Master. I’m not going to let anything else happen to you two” Throughout the night that seemed to help Blaine go back into a deeper state of sleep, so he had hoped it would now just as well.

Sebastian wouldn’t classify what he did as sleeping. It was more like his body and mind were getting a much needed system reboot. He didn’t dream, barely moved even after bringing Blaine up closer—aside from a reflexive tightening of his arms anytime Blaine whined or moved in his sleep. The next time Sebastian woke up it was just in time to see Marco stepping back outside of the room, glancing down he watched as the tension in Blaine’s face seemed to melt away. He knew enough of the boy to guess what had happened and it made him happy that Marco had been able to calm him back down. Happy but also a little irrationally jealous. He knew the whole point of Blaine coming through the center was to break him of the idea of being a slave, to be his own person. It was good that Marco could get through to him…but Sebastian couldn’t help the streak of jealous anger at the idea.

He was the one that calmed Blaine down. He was the one that held him and comforted him, he was the one that took care of Blaine. Sebastian held Blaine a little closer with his good arm as if he could bodily be the only one Blaine needed if he held him tight enough. He mentally groaned closing his eyes, he couldn’t be thinking like this. Blaine had to be able to be free as his own person, had to be able to lean on and depend on other people; he wasn’t property to be fought over. After another few hours of being unable to fall back to sleep, his thoughts racing too much, Sebastian sighed softly opening his eyes. He moved to slide out of the bed only to have Blaine’s hand tighten in his shirt like an iron clasp. Lying back down on the bed he held Blaine close with a gentle ‘shhh’ until Blaine relaxed again.

Humming a little to himself Sebastian took the boy in, he rarely got to see Blaine in such a deep sleep, one where his worries were far away and his fears forgotten for just a little while. Blaine really was beautiful, Sebastian couldn’t help thinking the boy would be a complete heartbreaker if he wanted to be. A face that would have anyone melting and jumping to do everything he asked. Sighing softly Sebastian ran his finger tips along Blaine’s cheek and down over his jaw, he knew he shouldn’t—knew that no matter how tempting it was he shouldn’t be thinking these things. He definitely shouldn’t lean in to kiss him and see if his lips were really as soft as they looked, it wasn’t professional…and yet that was exactly what Sebastian found himself doing.

A night without nightmares was an incredibly rare thing for the golden eyed boy but a night in which
his dreams bordered on pleasant…that was something new altogether for him; add on top of that that
gentle touches and encouragement was coming from a source that wasn’t that dark, beautiful
angel. It was Master with his encouraging green eyes and the light touch of his fingers; Blaine found
himself getting so lost in that simple touch. For as far back as Blaine could remember he had been a
tactile person; touch spoke volumes in a world where words caused nothing but sheer pain. For
Blaine, every little touch and smile was a reward and a gift, so whenever that was taken away from
him he panicked but this Master seemed to refuse to take those away from him; that very fact
confused and encouraged hesitant optimism in Blaine but he’d take it over constant sorrow.

So, when in his dream, Master’s fingers trailed over his face all Blaine did was close his eyes and
turn his head into the touch; soaking it up while he could. He found himself wrapped in Master’s
warmth, leaning a bit more persistently into the touch and even pushing up on his tip toes to push a
soft kiss to Master’s lips. When gold eyes opened they opened to reality; his lips were a breadth
away from Master’s and he felt heavy and content. He blinked up at Master before realization hit and
he sunk down, his cheeks flaming hot with embarrassment. “I-I’m sorry, Master.” His voice was soft
and a little shaky. He hadn’t meant to let his dream transfer to reality; though right now, inside,
Blaine was floating on cloud nine, even his fear of doing something wrong couldn’t touch him.

Sebastian knew how special touch was for Blaine. Blaine lived for praises and rewards, it was his
way of knowing he’d done something right. So Sebastian made sure he was constantly touching him
in some small way, Blaine needed that grounding reminder that he was good. That what he did was
always the right response, always the right thing. He had no bad ideas or wrong choices because he
was the one making the choices. Slowly he knew Blaine would begin to see that himself; it wouldn’t
be an easy process and there were always going to be days where they struggled to work off of each
other. Sebastian could already see the sparks of life in Blaine’s eyes, those moments where the fear
gave way to the boy underneath it all. He couldn’t wait for the day when that boy broke through this
mold of fear, when that boy walked tall and teased, laughed and loved. He deserved happiness more
than anyone. Sebastian was going to make sure he got it.

He had almost realized that he was being inappropriate, he’d nearly kissed his ward for god’s sake…
but right as he was about to pull away, Blaine was pushing up. It was clear Blaine was asleep still, or
in the last stages of sleep—but that didn’t matter. He sighed softly, just leaning into the kiss himself
when Blaine pulled away, his green eyes opened in time to see wide golden eyes fearfully glancing
away. “Shhh, Biche…it’s completely alright.” Sebastian ran his finger tips along Blaine’s cheek
again, grinning a little at the warm blush on his golden skin. “Bichette…I’m would like to kiss you,
but you have complete permission to pull away, say stop and ask for it to not happen again.”
Sebastian paused for a moment before leaning in slowly, giving Blaine time to pull away before he
nudged his nose against Blaine’s gently before sealing their lips together again.

Blaine’s heart was hammering away in his chest, his pulse thudding in his chest as his eyes were
transfixed on Master’s lips as he spoke. Say stop? Just the idea of telling Master to stop was
abhorrent to him; especially if it meant that touch that meant so much to Blaine would stop. No, he
wouldn’t say stop. Truthfully, the degree that he relied on Master’s touch was a little terrifying for
him; the last time a Master had given him this much attention he had ended with him in another
hospital bed. But his Master was different, so different. He was gentle and he trusted Master
completely. So, instead of pulling away from Master, Blaine gathered his courage and leaned into the
kiss. Something he hadn’t realized he had wanted until that moment.

Master’s lips were soft, so soft, and claiming in the best way; so soft that they pulled a soft hum from
Blaine. He realized that while Master had initiated the kiss he was holding back, it was almost as if
Master was worried he would scare Blaine off; that he was waiting for Blaine to decide what was
going to happen. His heart fluttered in his chest, the beeping from the monitor he was still hooked up
to sped up to match the erratic beating, and Blaine pressed just a little bit more into the kiss before he
pulled back and bit his lip while offering Master just the smallest hint of a true smile; his blush heating his cheeks further and golden eyes wide.

Sebastian immediately decided that kissing Blaine was quite possibly his new favorite thing in life. Blaine’s lips were soft and full, he couldn’t wait to feel them when they were being just a little more forceful and sure of himself. Couldn’t wait to feel him gasping and sighing into his mouth….okay he was getting ahead of himself now. But given how good it felt to kiss Blaine you couldn’t really blame a guy. Instead it was him letting out a soft gasp as Blaine pressed in more firmly, his eyes wide when they opened. He stayed speechless for a brief moment before chuckling softly and leaning in close to brush another kiss against Blaine’s lips, releasing Blaine’s lower lip from his teeth. Running his tongue along the indent there quickly before simply nudging their noses together.

“You are always a surprise, Biche.” Sebastian smiled obviously meaning it as a compliment. He grinned as he slid his good hand up, fingers stroking the column of Blaine’s neck, thumb running along Blaine’s jaw line. From there he started running his fingertips along Blaine’s red cheeks, exploring through gentle touch as he took him in. Blaine was gorgeous like this, wide eyed and blushing, but he’d seen the smile in his eyes that let him know it wasn’t completely one-sided. Even if he knew Blaine wouldn’t shove him away, it was good to know he might not have done it even if he felt brave enough. “Mmm, I could definitely spend all my time kissing you, Bichette.”

A small gasp left Blaine as his lip was tugged out from between his teeth; swallowing convulsively as Master’s tongue darted across his lips and their noses brushed. Master’s words had Blaine’s head tilting to the side just the slightest; the confused look being swiftly wiped off of his face as he pressed his head into his Master’s touch. He couldn’t help the shock that registered on his face at his Master’s omission. Not so much shock that Master could spend all his time kissing, no his kisses were breath taking and caused Blaine’s heart to thud heavily in his chest, but shock that his Master could spend that time kissing him. Blaine bit his lip to hide the small smile before he nuzzled into his Master’s neck; fingers lightly playing with a button on Master’s shirt as his mind whirred.

Blaine knew he could spend all of his time with his Master; he would rather die than be forced to be by himself ever again. Just thinking about how easily his Master could discard him caused Blaine to shudder and nuzzle closer in to his Master. Blaine bit his lip as he tried his best to clear those thoughts from his mind; he was happy and safe and his Master was holding him. There was nothing better in this world, nothing at all; so why was he starting to have a panic attack? “P-please don’t throw me away.” He pleaded in a voice that was so evident of the little boy trapped inside him.

Sebastian hummed happily as Blaine buried his face in against his neck. The warm ghost of breath against his skin there had his skin rippling with goose bumps. It felt so right to have Blaine pressed into him, he fit perfectly. He had to admit it was kind of fun to kiss someone hooked up to a heart monitor, he’d been able to hear the reaction Blaine had to him—know that despite his fears it wasn’t just because he was Blaine’s Master. On some level, however small, he made him feel good and happy. When he felt a shudder ripple through Blaine’s form, followed by him apparently trying to literally climb into Sebastian’s skin the older boy’s content smile slipped into a worried frown. Hearing the small, scared and broken voice muffled against his neck Sebastian’s heart broke. Sure his own family had never been what one might call stable or ‘loving’, but Blaine had never had stability or control in his life. Never had someone hold him and tell him the monsters under the bed weren’t going to get him. Then again, his Monster had been walking around the house….sighing softly Sebastian shook his head, “Shhh, beautiful boy, I’m not. I won’t ever get rid of you, stop looking after you or leave you alone. You’re safe, and I’m going to be right here. I promise.”

Sebastian pressed a kiss to Blaine’s forehead before shuffling around enough to unhook himself from the IV—he’d had enough pain meds, so he could instead loop his braced arm over Blaine’s side until it rested across the small of his back, he slipped his fingers underneath the material of his shirt in
order to gently stroke along the soft skin of his lower back knowing how important physical touch and closeness was to Blaine. Wrapping himself carefully around Blaine, mindful not to bump the boy’s ribs or injured shoulder so that the boy would feel him everywhere. “Master’s got you, and he isn’t letting go.” He whispered the words softly, pressing a kiss to Blaine’s temple and tucking him in close.

Feeling his Master practically wrapped around him, completely encompassing him, Blaine couldn’t figure out if he needed to break into sobs or if he just needed to close his eyes and let everything go. Though, with the relaxants and other pain meds still being pumped into his system, Blaine was worried that if he closed his eyes he would pass out again and he still was hesitant about sleeping. Instead of either of those, Blaine just decided to nuzzle in as close as he could; wincing and offering a slight whimper when he moved just right and twisted a rib. Blaine’s heart rate was slowing, still slightly erratic from the almost panic attack, but it was slowly starting to come down back to normal.

The beauty about the relaxants was that they allowed Blaine’s mind to work outside of the constraints of what HE wanted and what Master wanted for him, just go with his instincts before thinking; and that was the very reason he was able to run his nose along Master’s neck and press just the softest kiss to the skin there before pulling his bottom lip between his teeth in a harsh bite. “Thank-you, Master” His whisper wasn’t completely audible but his lips brushed against his Master’s neck as he spoke. He wanted to say more but just then there was a knock at their door and Marco was standing there holding a tray laden with breakfast foods. “Sorry to interrupt the love fest, Master, but I took the liberty of getting you two breakfast.” And despite his words, Blaine didn’t think Marco looked very sorry about interrupting them. Blaine just hid his blush in his Master’s neck.

Sebastian kept Blaine held close in his arms as he felt the boy struggling to get through his panic attack. His fingers against Blaine’s lower back stroked the skin there gently, every few passes he pressed his palm flat against his back spreading his fingers wide before repeating the brushing gestures. When he heard the soft whimper he ran his other hand through Blaine’s hair, careful to avoid the still healing scar, kissing his temple, “Shhh, breathe Biche, nice and easy…breathe with Master.” He kept his voice as soft as possible, taking deep breaths to help Blaine feel him and follow his lead. He smiled as he watched the heart monitor register Blaine’s relaxing, his own heart slowing down in turn from his own nerves relaxing. He just needed Blaine to be okay. His eyes fell closed as he felt the brush of Blaine’s nose sliding up his neck, a shiver rolling down his spine at the kiss and the brush Blaine’s lips as he spoke.

He barely registered the words, his mind a little too muffled and short circuited by the kisses against his skin. He did however hear Marco. He half growled out of annoyance, the man had some of the worst timing in the world and if he thought he could grab something and throw it at him without disturbing Blaine he would have. “Thank you, Marco. You can leave it on the table here.” His dismissal of the man was unspoken, but he was certain to turn his head enough to give him one of his best and utmost powerful bitch glares. Marco for his part just gave a cocky grin as he set the tray where he was told, it was nice seeing Bas look so at peace, and even nicer to see him this worked up over someone. “Anything else, Master?” Sebastian narrowed his eyes at the smug looking man glaring at him until he backed away from the bed and back towards the door barely containing his chuckle.

Blaine bit the inside of his cheek to stop from grinning like a cat with milk when he managed to catch the glare that his Master was sending Marco. Though, at the same time, Blaine’s good arm just might have tightened around his Master at the intrusion or out of what seemed like a growing pit of angry tar that was stuck in his stomach and boiled up almost any time Master spoke with an orderly and occasionally it happened when he watched Master interact with Marco. Blaine honestly wasn’t sure what that feeling was but he knew he didn’t like it in the least. Instead of asking questions though, Blaine just pushed the bubbling feelings deeper in and focused on his breathing and...
matching it exactly with his Masters.

At least, until Marco set the food down and left; then Blaine was forced to give his Master enough room to get up and maneuver around the room. It wasn’t until Blaine’s stomach protested, rather loudly, that Blaine realized just how hungry he really was but the idea of eating still made the golden eyed boy cringe with memories of the last couple weeks. Between the trauma of almost dying again and then puking so bad that all he wanted was to die it was to be expected that, when Master brought the tray over, Blaine just glared at the food slightly. As his Master turned to grab the utensils Blaine made an attempt to sit up by himself; it would be one less thing that he had to bother Master with. But that went out the window when his weight shifted and his ribs protested so loudly that he cried out in pain. Dammit.

Sebastian didn’t have much of a chance to take in the fact Blaine’s arm wrapped tighter around him for a split second. At first he thought he’d imagined it, especially since his attention was on Marco, but when he shifted to move and he found himself momentarily locked in a tight hold….he knew it wasn’t just in his head. He wasn’t sure what it meant, but it was definitely an interesting development. Marco had seen the reaction too and it took everything he had to not laugh over Sebastian’s confused expression and Blaine’s almost smug grin. Those two were not only clueless, but ridiculously slow when it came to the upswing of things. Sebastian waited until Marco had left the room to work on disentangling himself from the mess of limbs they’d found themselves in. Once he’d managed to get up off the bed Sebastian took a moment to go across the room and stick his head out in the hall, ignore Marco’s smug grin while he checked to see who had been responsible for preparing the food.

Once he was satisfied that the food preparation had been done carefully and wouldn’t result in unknown consequences Sebastian went back into the room. He’d just picked up the utensils on the tray to get things situated when he heard Blaine cry out, immediately dropping the things back onto the tray he settled a hand on Blaine’s good shoulder. “Hey, hey, easy. Let me help you, Biche, I don’t want you hurting those ribs again.” Sebastian helped him get resettled flat on the mattress before he hit the button to raise the head of the bed slowly; he only lifted the bed enough that Blaine wouldn’t choke and could breathe easier than when he was laid out flat. “Better?” When Blaine agreed he sat on the edge of the bed holding a small bowl of oatmeal and berries, “Okay, I promise you this one isn’t going to make you sick again…see?” Sebastian made sure to take a small spoonful first so Blaine would know he wasn’t going to get sick.

When Master pressed a firm hand into his good shoulder Blaine flinched; half expecting the touch to be that of reprimand but found it pleasantly soothing as he was forced to lay back down. The downside to laying down on his back was that his ribs felt like they were crushing down on his lungs and made it a pain for him to actually breathe. He honestly felt like he was going to break into tears before his Master raised the bed and the choking sensations ceased. He glanced at the bowl of food and shook his head slightly; he was going to deny his hunger but his stomach took that moment to make itself known. It didn’t help that over the course of the last two weeks Blaine had lost significant weight and his body wasn’t happy about it; especially because he hadn’t had much spare weight to lose to begin with.

Cautious golden eyes watched his Master with such intensity as he swallowed the food with his heart hammering in his chest as he waited to see whether or not Master would get sick. Blaine wasn’t sure that if he got sick again he’d have the strength of will to actually pull himself through it; and he didn’t want to put that strain on Master again, not after everything that he had already unintentionally put him through. After a few moments of staring intently at Master, Blaine hesitantly reached out with his good hand, shaking, and plucked one of the berries off the top and brought it to his lips; he hesitated just a moment before he forced himself to open his mouth and pop the berry in. His body’s first reaction was to gag and get rid of the now unfamiliar object but he forced himself to work past
the gags and swallow the berry. Gold eyes locked with Master’s green eyes as he felt almost like an utter failure for not even being able to eat a berry without a gag.

Sebastian didn’t take it personally when Blaine shook his head and protested food; he didn’t need Blaine’s stomach growling to tell him the boy was lying. He’d barely kept down any food in the last few weeks; it was just with the help of the nutritional IV’s and feeding tubes in the hospital that kept any weight on him. He stayed quiet as Blaine stared at the food and back to him after he’d eaten. Blaine was watching him like he thought he might grow another head or the food might leap out and attack him. When Blaine took one of the berries off the top of the bowl Sebastian just nodded giving the boy an encouraging look as he waited. He didn’t want to force food down Blaine’s throat, but he had to eat something. When Blaine started gagging Sebastian wrapped his fingers around Blaine’s good wrist, fingers stroking his skin.

“Good, Biche.” Sebastian moved his hand up to cup Blaine’s cheek, fingers stroking the line of his cheek bone. “I know it’s hard, but you’re doing so good.” He tried to keep his voice firm but warm, he could see the disappointment and hatred directed inwards over his inability to eat comfortably. It would take time for food to be something that Blaine enjoyed or wanted for himself and Sebastian’s only concern was making sure he are enough to get healthy. “You don’t have to eat all of it but you do need to eat a little. I’ll eat what’s left over so my mother doesn’t come in here and scold us both like a pair of children.” Sebastian rolled his eyes shaking his head, “I promise you the food is going to be safe from now on, my family has made it their mission to keep you safe from anyone on the outside and they’ll be seeing to your food and care alongside me. No one will get to you now.” Sebastian chewed on his own lip for a moment before leaning over and kissing Blaine’s cheek in encouragement, “Now, you need to eat.”

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to leave us love and let us know what you think about these wonderful boys! We always love hearing from you!
On the upside, his Master had said that he didn’t have to eat the whole bowl; the downside was that he still, however, had to eat. Blaine didn’t like feeling like he was going to puke every time food was set down in front of him; especially things that he used to love, like fresh fruit. Blaine just sighed and gently, and as carefully as he possibly could, lifted the bowl of oatmeal and fruit from his Master’s hands and settled it onto his knees; He could do this, he could force down a bite or two if that would make him happy. And if eating meant he got more of those touches and kisses from his Master, then that was just an amazing bonus to everything.

It took him about twenty minutes just to manage a full two spoonfuls of oatmeal before the gagging was bad enough that he had to stop; even if it was just to breathe and force his stomach to return from whence it came. In those twenty minutes, Blaine thought about what Master had said, about his family taking care of him. Was Blaine pulling his Master away from a family that loved him? Blaine didn’t know that he was keeping Master away from his family; a unit that loved his Master and were probably going insane with the fact that he couldn’t be there with them every time. Without even realizing he was doing it, Blaine’s bottom lip started jutting out just a bit and his eyes got big and wide as he pouted at Master. “I’m sorry, Master.” He pretty much blurted out.

Sebastian wished he could help Blaine through this, that the look of fear at something as needed as a bowl of food didn’t have to be Blaine’s first reaction. He hated that Blaine’s father had done this, had broken such a sweet boy. Sebastian would do anything to help him through it, he just had to figure out how. For now all he could do was sit and help coax Blaine into eating. Once Blaine had the bowl Sebastian settled back beside him again, sitting so their shoulders brushed and Blaine could feel him along his side. Every time he gagged Sebastian would reach up to run his hand through Blaine’s hair, murmuring encouragements and trying to help him through it.

Sebastian had gotten distracted by his own thoughts, trying to figure out what his feelings were doing when it came to the boy beside him when he heard him speaking beside him. He looked up frowning slightly, “Sorry?” Shaking his head he set the water he was holding down, shifting so he could see Blaine—god that pout was deadly in every right. Sebastian immediately wanted to wrap him up close and not let him go, do whatever it took to make the sad look leave his face. “Oh, Biche..” Shaking his head he wrapped his good arm around the boy so he’d be tucked into his side again, leaning down to press a kiss to Blaine’s cheek again, nosing at his temple almost affectionately, “You have nothing to be sorry for, you’ve done so well, sweetheart, Master is nothing but proud of you.”

Blaine just shook his head as he placed the bowl of oatmeal onto the bed beside him and then pressed himself into his Master’s side; wrapping his good arm tightly around Master’s waist despite the protests that his body was lodging at the movements. If he had been capable of the amount of movement it took, Blaine would have draped himself across his Master’s chest and listened to his heart beat. Just as any of Master’s touches were soothing Blaine found that the sound of Master’s heart beating was almost an instant balm for anything that was ailing him.

Here his Master was, trying to comfort him, and yet again Blaine was taking him away from his own family. Blaine wasn’t worthy of that kind of attention and yet here he was, with his touch and his soft
words instead of spending time with his family. Blaine shifted uncomfortably as he tried to take a deep breath; wincing just slightly. “D-don’t you wan-want to be with your f-fam-family, Master?” His voice was soft and weak sounding. He would not cry, refused to cry anymore; he couldn’t imagine that Master actually wanted him to be crying all the time anyway. And if Master didn’t want to deal with it then it was Blaine’s sole purpose in life to make that man happy. And it didn’t even come from being his slave, no Blaine wanted to make his Master happy purely because Master deserved to be happy at all times. And if that meant letting him leave then who was Blaine to stop him? He could hold out long enough for the door to close before he broke down.

Sebastian was careful to not hurt himself or Blaine when the boy plastered himself along his side. Instead he lay back against the raised portion of the bed until he could cradle Blaine with his one arm. When Blaine’s arm wrapped around his waist he shifted his sling enough to be able to stroke his fingers along Blaine’s arm. He waited for Blaine to let him in and let him know what had gotten to him suddenly. Then again, he wouldn’t blame the boy; he’d been through so much his body and mind still had to adjust to things Sebastian would never be able to understand. He raised his eyebrows at Blaine’s comment, that had not been what he was expecting.

“Biche…” Sebastian didn’t chuckle, but he did let out an amused huff of air as he pressed a kiss into Blaine’s hair, hugging him tight before relaxing his arm. “The only person that matters to me right now is you. You are the only one I want to be around because I am your Master and your well being means more to me than anything else.” He shifted his good arm enough so he could run his fingers through the back of Blaine’s thick curls, humming softly. “My family owns and runs this place, they’re both fully committed to helping other boys like you. So while my mother likes to oversee food prep and medical supplies, Father looks at the business side of things.” He would have shrugged but with Blaine on his good shoulder he didn’t want to disrupt him, “And my only concern…is you. You and getting you better, making you happy. Your happiness and safety are my only concerns, Bichette. Everyone else can wait.”

There was something akin to a ball of utter confliction welled within Blaine’s stomach and chest as his body instantly relaxed under Master’s ministrations but yet his mind was still whirling away at a billion different things. Blaine still hadn’t even had any amount of time to process everything that Master had told him before he had collapsed; that news went out the window while Blaine was fighting to get away from Marco so he could get to his Master. He hadn’t let it completely sink in that the man that had ‘taken care’ of him as he grew had not only tried to pull the plug on his life while he was in a coma but also that he was his father. Just the thought that he was related to that monster of a Master sent painful shudders throughout Blaine’s body. But Blaine pushed those thoughts away; maybe he could just completely ignore that they existed.

What he did choose to think about, however, was the fact that Master’s family also worked here; so Master could see them whenever it was that he wanted to. Just that little fact helped lose some of the tension in his chest; and then Master’s words sunk in and Blaine’s cheeks colored prettily again, only this time he could hide his face by pressing it further into his Master’s shoulder. He did manage to shake his head though as he repeated Master’s words over and over in his head. “A slave’s job is to ensure the happiness and health of-of their Master.” The words almost fell from Blaine as if he were reciting some kind of bible; which it might have well been with the amount of times he had been forced to memorize, repeat and recite the damn rules. His voice however didn’t give off any kind of emotion; in fact it was devoid of inflection and emotion all together as he spoke the words.

Sebastian hummed softly, he could feel Blaine’s tense frame and he wished he could pick the boy’s
brain. Wished he could help Blaine through whatever was worrying him most, he could only imagine how hard it was for Blaine to grasp that his own father had done these things to him. Still humming softly he made sure to run his hand along Blaine’s spine as best he could, he just wanted to bring comfort to the boy as much as he could. Until Blaine came to him for help, opened up to him, he could only guess at the demons plaguing him. Not for the first time Sebastian worried that maybe if he were better at his job, Blaine would be happier. If he were a better man, maybe Blaine would come to him more easily, trust in him more. Maybe his father was right and he wasn’t meant to rehabilitate the boys, maybe he just wasn’t going to be good enough to help. Feeling Blaine press into his shoulder his lips quirking some, he liked that if nothing else Blaine seemed to be more physically comfortable with him.

Hearing the emotionless quality in Blaine’s voice Sebastian had to shake his head just a little, moving his hand back up to rub a hand over the back of Blaine’s neck. “No.” He maneuvered Blaine enough so he knew the boy was looking at him and paying attention to what he said, “We’ve been over this Biche—that was your old Master’s rule. Mine is not like that.” The fingers on his injured arm continued stroking Blaine’s arm around his waist, “What makes Master happy is knowing you are comfortable and that you trust in him.” Sebastian sighed softly shaking his head and letting go of Blaine so he could tuck his head away again if he wanted, “You’ve been so good for me so far, Biche. I know things haven’t been easy for you, but soon they will get better. I’m going to make sure of it.”

Looking up at his Master as he spoke, the words seemed to start what could be explained as a small crack in Blaine’s mental shields; Master hadn’t done anything but prove that he was trying to make everything better since Blaine arrived and, although that was only a short time ago, it felt like he had been there forever trying to prove himself. What Blaine saw flash in Master’s eyes, however, was something he recognized in an instant; self doubt was something that Blaine was an expert in and to see it hiding there, just beneath the surface in Master’s eyes, it caused a shudder of sadness to race down Blaine’s spine. When Master mentioned trusting him, Blaine almost smiled; the shorter man trusted his Master with his life, but he wondered if he had shown Master just how much. An idea crossed his mind and, instead of squashing it like he would do any other time, Blaine decided to act on it; knowing that Master would either be pissed that he didn’t listen or there would be that touch and praise.

It was a struggle but Blaine pulled himself away from Master just enough to get his good arm under him and started to push himself into a sitting position and folding his legs beneath himself; Blaine felt the loss of that soothing touch on his arm and almost lost his nerve but knew that if he couldn’t do this then it was likely he was far too broken. When Master’s eyes grew wide, whether from shock or anger or surprise, and he felt Master’s good arm reach out to stop him Blaine squeezed his eyes shut, steeling himself as he gathered what courage he had left, and shook his head just the slightest. “No.” his voice, though soft, was firm; hiding what Blaine hoped was the tremors of terror and pain he was fighting. He was shaking as he finally managed to settle into a sit with his legs pressed firmly into his Master’s; his breathing was a bit more labored sitting up and the searing pain through his collar bone wasn’t helping any but none of that mattered to Blaine right then as he slowly cracked open his eyes and looked at Master.

“B-Blaine. I remember being c-called B-Blaine by her” He softly told his Master. Blaine had never trusted anyone enough to tell them about his dark haired angel and, although he hadn’t out right told his Master about her just then, just his saying ‘her’ was more than he had ever trusted anyone with. It wasn’t that anyone could hurt her, no not at all, but Blaine knew that if his old Master had ever found out he would have found a way to use her to hurt Blaine. The golden eyed boy wasn’t sure who she was, truthfully, but he knew that every time he dreamt of her she was trying to save him. Blaine
knew deep down that she was something and someone who had at some point in his life loved him; even if he didn’t remember what that love had felt like. Blaine slowly let his good arm reach out, shaking just the slightest, and hesitantly he started playing with the hem of Master’s shirt; what he wanted to do was take Master’s hand but he had used what small amount of courage he had had. Physical pain Blaine knew he could handle, like the way his entire body was lodging both formal and informal complaints about his movements, but emotional pain, fear of rejection and abandonment, those were fears that would take Blaine most of his life to get over.

Sebastian didn’t have to work very hard at being collected. He’d mastered the art of locking down his insecurities years ago, back when his parents had showboated him around to other rich big shots. Being insecure, questioning yourself, being weak—none of that was acceptable in the Smythe household. He knew who he was, and no matter how hard his father pushed, no matter how cruel the taunts turned, Sebastian knew who he was. Which was why the self-doubt he felt around Blaine threw him for such a loop. Around Blaine he was constantly worried he wasn’t making the right choices—which was not only unusual but could be costly and dangerous. Master or not he was a Dominant and Blaine was his charge, his submissive, if he couldn’t take care of Blaine’s needs and do so adequately he could hurt him, and that was unacceptable.

He was pulled from his introspective breakdown when he felt Blaine pushing away from him. He frowned in confusion—had he said something to upset the boy? His eyes widened as Blaine moved to sit up on his knees, Sebastian’s anger spiking quickly overshadowed only by his concern. Blaine couldn’t handle that type of posture, sitting like that would hurt him. For a split second he wondered if that was Blaine’s intention, to hurt himself like he had with his old Master. He started to sit up, reaching out to take hold of Blaine and get him back down on the bed before he heard the boy speak, his eyes blowing wide in shock. Blaine had spoken back…had refused something, and not just by his actions but had done so verbally.

He immediately dropped his arm, if Blaine had something he needed to do or say, needed to do it so desperately he’d fought back, he was at least going to hear him out. He felt his breath catch when Blaine said his own name, he could see the mixed bodily reaction of pain and tension—but there was something in his eyes like acceptance. He was opening himself to Sebastian, and the older boy was stunned speechless. Without saying anything he moved up onto his own knees, shuffling in so he could bracket his knees on either side of Blaine’s, reaching his good hand up to cup the side of Blaine’s neck before sliding his hand up to caress Blaine’s cheek. “Thank you.” He said the words softly before leaning in to touch their foreheads together, thumb tracing Blaine’s cheekbone as he nudged his nose against Blaine’s, “Thank you for trusting me, in return I promise I will do everything I can to keep you safe, to take care of you completely in every way. I’ve got you, Blaine.”

When Master moved to kneel before him, Blaine’s entire body tensed further; he knew that it was likely that Master was going to be incredibly angry with him but he had committed to telling Master so he that was what he was doing. Even if that meant that every breath Blaine drew was pained and labored; and what good wave of pain wasn’t accompanied by the blinding white starbursts that were exploding before his very eyes. When Master’s fingers brushed his cheek, however, those bursts seemed to diminish a bit. Blaine’s head leaned heavily into his Master’s hand as he spoke, gold eyes closing to focus more completely on the touch. However, when Master said his name, Blaine’s eyes opened and he looked a little lost. It wasn’t that he didn’t like hearing Master say his name, not at all, it was more that when Master called him Biche or Bichette, he felt special and safe. With ‘Biche’ he knew that Master would take care of everything. He didn’t want to push anymore, not when Master was being so kind, but he wasn’t sure he even knew to answer to Blaine. His words were soft, even if they came out pinched from pain. “But I-I like Biche better” Despite Master’s touch the brilliant
starbursts were starting to cloud his vision as darkness crept in on the edges; Blaine knew if he didn’t lay back down again, and soon, he’d probably pass out from the pain. He was about to say something when Marco knocked on the door and came in with one of the nurses.

Marco knew that the pair inside needed to rest and eat but he also knew that the look Nurse Carla was giving him told him that if he didn’t let her in to check on her patients she was going to give him hell; and Marco knew better than to piss off the staff. So, when he knocked and walked in, he hadn’t expected to find either of them, the kid especially, doing what might as well have been gymnastics for the shape that he was in. He could see how pinched and tense the kid was from the door, how could Sebastian had been so stupid as to let him get into that position? Giving Carla a stern look to keep her mouth shut, Marco set his jaw and walked as slowly as he could manage while angry to the bed. “Master. Do you need help? Does the kid need help laying back down?” He couldn’t grill Sebastian about what he was thinking right that moment but the way his frame was held told Sebastian that he was going to be explaining, and soon. That would have to wait though, because at that moment the kid seemed to fall into Sebastian’s arm and Marco could hear the faint whimpers that came from the nurse behind him; at least the kid hadn’t passed out on them.

More than anything Sebastian wanted to get Blaine off of his knees, wanted him to lay back down and be able to breathe. He wanted to call for the nurses and get Blaine on stronger pain meds, help him sleep, but he knew he needed to finish this first. Sebastian chuckled softly at Blaine’s words, “Then you will continue to be ‘Biche’. Until you’re ready to be called Blaine again, and if you want to never be called Blaine again, then that’s okay too.” Sebastian needed Blaine to understand that he’d never push him past his comfort zone, and if Blaine preferred being called by his nickname, then that’s what he would be known as. Even if it meant ‘Blaine’ never existed again, he wouldn’t be the first boy to decide he didn’t want a name that was tied to bad memories.

Just as he was about to help Blaine lay back on the mattress he heard the quick knock followed by the door opening—and he was legitimately considering putting a deadbolt on the door. Seeing as the point of knocking was so he could grant or deny entry and so far…no one bothered to heed that part. He didn’t look at Marco when he talked, he could practically feel the older man’s anger radiating off of him and he didn’t care for it. He barely had time to react before Blaine was sagging into his arm. “Shhh, Biche…I’ve got you, just lean on me—Alright? Brace your weight on me to get your legs out from under you.” He gave Blaine careful instructions as he worked to support Blaine’s weight, completely disregarding Marco and the nurse, as he helped the boy get laid down again. Once Blaine was settled he barely had time to crawl off the bed before the nurse was pushing past him to check on Blaine. Without thinking he worked his way around the nurse, putting his hand in Blaine’s hair, fingers massaging his scalp gently so the boy would know he hadn’t left. Even just standing there he could feel Marco glaring him down, he refused to look at the man though.

Once Blaine’s eyes slid shut and he fell asleep Sebastian pulled his hand away slowly, once sure the boy wasn’t going to wake up he asked Carla to sit with him—waving off the nagging that he should be checked on too. Instead he walked out of the room, not bothering to wait for Marco since he knew the man would be right on his heels. Sure enough he was barely out the door before a hand was gripping his good shoulder and shoving him into turning around and being crowded back towards a wall. “Start talking, now.” Sebastian scowled up at the older man, shaking off his hand with a jerk, unconsciously making himself taller in order to gain some kind of ground, “What the hell do you want from me?” Marco’s eyes narrowed before he crowded into Sebastian’s space, his voice dangerously low, “I want you to stop acting like an immature little kid. It’s time for you to grow the hell up and take charge of the situation. You’re putting that boy in serious danger and if you’re not capable of that responsibility then I need to find someone who can handle this situation before you
Sebastian saw red, it was like running into damn Paul all over again, his anger was inching up into a boiling point, but despite the rage clearly outlined on his face his voice was almost deadly calm, “Are you done?” He lifted an eyebrow in an almost haughty manner, and Marco was tempted to punch it off of him. Sometimes the kid made him see red. When Marco said nothing Sebastian nodded once, “Good, now you listen.” Using his good arm he shoved Marco away from him, a hand fisting in his shirt as he swung him around to push Marco into the wall. “Who exactly do you think is better equipped to handle any of this, hmm? Oh, I know, Why don’t we call your brother Marcus down from his floor I’ve heard he is making real progress with Derek. Apparently the kid only held his own head under water for a minute and half this week—Marcus is clearly capable to handle this case too. Let’s go get him.” Sebastian scowled shoving Marco’s chest hard when he started to argue, “Shut up, I’m talking.” He glared again his voice nearing on a growl, “If you think, for even a second that I am going to just let you take Blaine away from me you’re sorely mistaken. No one here is going to be able to help that boy except for me. And if you ever threaten my authority or judgment on this matter again I will see to it that you’re working clean up duty for the rest of your career. Do not test me.” Marco was quiet as Sebastian stood there silently, obviously done showboating for the moment. “Now you’re being a dominant. Risk the boy’s life again, and I’ll risk more than my job to put you in your place.”

Marco undid Sebastian’s death grip on his shirt just as Carla poked her head out, “Sir, I have to run up stairs to check on Derek, seems he’s had himself a mishap.” Sebastian didn’t say anything, just gave Marco a pointed look, yeah sure…they could find someone else for Blaine if they wanted the boy to never get better. Huffing he nodded, leaving Marco in the hallway and trading places with Carla, sitting on the bed beside Blaine, with his hip by Blaine’s head as he stroked Blaine’s curls settling in to watch over him as he slept; the notes of his hummed lullaby filling the room off and on for the rest of the night.

Chapter End Notes

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If Sebastian had an actual choice in the matter he’d tell Nurse Carla where she could stick her required physical therapy sessions. He’d been on edge and volatile ever since his confrontation with Marco almost a week ago, of course he was careful to keep that under-wraps and contained when around Blaine. He was slowly getting some strength back in him and even eating a few more cuts of fresh fruit than he had that first night. Sure, it wasn’t nearly a full meal, and Sebastian usually ended up eating whatever was left over just so Blaine wouldn’t start feeling guilty over wasted food—that had been an issue late one night that had resulted in Bas nearly having to pin the boy down to get him to stay calm. So now that he was finally regaining his strength, and able to stay awake and alert for longer periods of time, the nurses and doctors were insistent that he needed to start physical therapy to retain a full range of motions in his arm. Sebastian himself had been given exercises for his arm—which he kept forgetting to do.

Sebastian waved Marco and Carla out of the room as he settled back down on the bed. He scratched his good hand through Blaine’s curly hair, he still looked so innocent and sweet in his sleep. Looked so peaceful and young, Sebastian didn’t want to disturb him but they had an appointment to keep. And he didn’t need Marco walking in and giving him the evil eye for not waking the boy up.

“Biche….come on, sweetheart, open those eyes for me.” Sebastian hummed the words as he cupped Blaine’s cheek, thumb tracing his jaw line. He sighed as he laid his head down on the pillow alongside Blaine’s, “You know one day I’ll be able to wake you up in more…creative and fun ways, but for now…you just have to open those eyes. Come on, the day’s wasting. And if we don’t get moving Marco and Carla will come back in here…and I’m not sure which one is more intimidating.” Grinning, Sebastian leaned in kissing Blaine quickly on the lips, nothing more than a brush of their lips before he sat up, hand moving to trace along Blaine’s side, careful to keep his hand feather light so he wouldn’t hurt his still healing ribs.

The last few days for Blaine had had their ups and downs; one particular down that still troubled Blaine had ended with his Master settled on top of him, pinning him down to make sure he didn’t hurt himself in his panic. The idea that he had been letting food go to waste, even if he was physically unable to keep it down, had weighed heavy on Blaine; his previous Master, his mind kept trying to remind him that that man was his father, used to keep meals from him if he left even a crumb of what little he did give him. And sometimes he found crumbs where there weren’t any, for his own cruel entertainment. Even though Blaine trusted his Master completely, his body’s reaction the majority of food was still revulsion; fruit seemed to be the only thing that his body wasn’t reacting badly to as yet.

Blaine came to wakefulness at the first brush of his hair but he kept his eyes closed as he enjoyed the soft touch of praise. While those little praises were like heaven it didn’t completely take away the ball of fear that had taken up residence in the very bowels of his stomach; he knew that he had to go to the physical therapy appointment and he would rather rip that arm off then set foot outside their room. However, Master asked him to open his eyes, so open them he did. Those big golden eyes opened just as Blaine squirmed a bit under his Master’s touch, what could be classified as a soft giggle leaving Blaine before his eyes blew wide and he bit his lip at the noise; he couldn’t remember ever having made that noise before.
Sebastian knew Blaine was scared to go to physical therapy. As much as he wanted to protect Blaine and do what he was comfortable with—he couldn’t let Blaine risk serious impairment by becoming too dependent on the room they were in. Instead he had to help Blaine realize that the world outside their room wasn’t as scary as it used to be, he had to help bring Blaine out of his shell. But none of that could happen if he didn’t take care of Blaine’s physical needs. His eyes widened when Blaine actually giggled from his touch, Blaine had never laughed or giggled or reacted like that to his touch. It was the best sound he’d ever heard; all of a sudden it was like things were going to be okay.

“Well now, I like that reaction.” Sebastian grinned as he settled his hand on Blaine’s side, “Apparently you’re ticklish, and that is very good to know for the future.” Because he’d seen the look of confused panic in Blaine’s eyes Sebastian chuckled softly, “It’s a good sound, Biche. It’s beautiful, just like you.” He added the second part softly. The older boy spread his long fingers along the warmth of Blaine’s side, he was tempted to keep going, see just how ticklish Blaine was, but he knew his ribs were still a tender. Smiling he let go of Blaine’s side in order to play with his dark hair, “Alright, Biche, no matter what I’m going to be right by your side during therapy—okay? Master is going to be right there with you and just like always if things are too much, you say ‘Red’ and Master will put a stop to it. Promise.”

If the blush that spread across Blaine’s face at the revelation that he was ticklish could get any deeper it would have when he caught the last whisper of Master’s sentence. Beautiful? That wasn’t a term that Blaine would ever use to describe himself; not after spending his entire life up until that point being called things like an ‘ugly piece of shit’. After all, what else would one believe after all those years? Instead of dwelling on that thought process, Blaine chose instead to try and let himself get lost in his Master’s warm touch; the only good thing that Blaine had that got him through the hell that had been the last few weeks and months. Blaine felt as though he could deal with anything so long as he had that silent encouragement there to keep him going. Master’s words, however, brought him back to the problem at hand. Physical Therapy.

Blaine had done his best the entire week to show that he was fine; sure he had overworked his injuries to the point that his shoulder was throbbing by the end of each night. He never complained, because that would be a sign of weakness that he didn’t want to show, but he had a feeling that his Master could tell he was in pain; if the gentle soothing every night was anything to go on, that was. Blaine had nearly had a panic attack every time the doctor came in to check him over and this last time had been exceptionally trying; two doctors had come in to check out both his own injuries and his Master’s and just the doctor touching Master set his teeth on edge. Needless to say, Blaine was nervous about today’s appointment; however he nodded as he leaned further into Master’s hand. He stayed like that for a few moments before he was up and they were on their way out of the room; Blaine glancing over his shoulder just briefly before letting his gaze drop to the floor as they walked.

Helping Blaine get up onto his feet, Sebastian knew that the boy was on edge. He couldn’t blame him, Blaine was trying so hard to not let on that he was hurt, trying to be good—and Sebastian knew the therapy session wasn’t going to be easy. It would be a rough afternoon, for both of them, but it was a necessary evil that had to be dealt with. As they walked out of the room Sebastian made sure to keep his hand settled on the back of Blaine’s neck, fingers curling around it as he stroked the smooth warm skin, running his thumb just under the line of Blaine’s hair. He didn’t need to look to see Marco walking behind them, but he did anyways, meeting the other man’s eyes briefly before looking ahead again.

Once they were outside of the therapy room he nodded Marco in ahead of them, taking a moment to squeeze Blaine’s neck, “Good boy, Biche, you’ve done good.” Sebastian gave Blaine the soft praise for being so well behaved on their way to the room, he knew Blaine’s anxiety was getting ready to
sky rocket and he wanted to curve some of it. “I promise, the doctor is not going to touch me and I am going to be right beside you the entire time. The doctor is going to clear everything she does with me, before she does anything.” He waited until Blaine acknowledged what he’d said, after a moment he squeezed the back of Blaine’s neck gently before leading them into the room. Once he’d gotten Blaine to sit up on the exam table, a hand settled firmly on Blaine’s knee with his fingers stretched to cover his thigh. He sat down in the chair provided for him, sitting next to Blaine’s hip so the boy could see and feel him no matter what.

Truthfully, if Master’s hand hadn’t been pressed firmly against the back of Blaine’s neck he was pretty sure he would have bolted back to their room like a horse frightened by thunder and lightning. It was bad enough that his heart was hammering in his chest the second they were in the hallway but it wasn’t until they were standing outside the therapist’s door that Blaine had to fight to maintain steady even breaths; to refrain from having a full blown panic attack. He heard his Master’s words and felt the steadying pressure on the back of his neck, even nodded to show that he understood, but he wanted nothing more, was willing to do anything, to just go back to their room; hell, if he knew he could get away with it he would stay holed up in their room the rest of his life. There he knew that they would be safer than anywhere else. That train of thought was cut off though as they stepped into the room after the hulking mass that was Marco.

Usually, with his Master’s touch, Blaine wouldn’t have been so nervous or he at the very least wouldn’t have let it show outwardly; but here Blaine felt more exposed and he was just constantly being slammed with memory after memory of every time he had ever ended up in a hospital or hospital like environment. None of those were pleasant memories, that was for sure. Even with Master close and touching, Blaine’s entire body was tensing and he was about five seconds away from a full blown panic attack. Whether Master could see or feel the tension, Blaine wasn’t sure, but he felt Master shift and his thumb tracing gentle strokes over his thigh and some of that tension bled out of him again; only to be renewed when the doctor walked right in.

Blaine knew that this was a necessary evil and he was honestly trying to do the best he could but he flinched away from her every time she got close; his muscles tensed and practically locked every time she moved to help show him an exercise. Though she made sure to continuously advise his Master of everything she was going to do but every time she touched him he tensed harder and he felt as though his arm was a constant throbbing mess. He didn’t want to use that word, the word that would end everything, because he knew he needed to be a good boy for his Master but the pain was slowly growing in his shoulder and he was starting to get a migraine; as had become a habit when he was stressed ever since the metal plate went in. The last exercise hurt enough that tears welled in his eyes and as he forced them shut. He could do this. He could do this. He could do this. He just kept repeating it over and over, biting harshly into the skin of his cheek as he worked to get through it.

Sebastian could practically feel Blaine getting ready to vibrate out of his skin. He knew that the hospital set up was causing Blaine’s anxiety to shoot through the roof, and he was wondering how they could arrange for Blaine to be treated in their room from now on to circumvent this reaction. He hated seeing Blaine hurt this much, hated seeing him torn apart so much that he could barely breathe. He felt helpless, reduced to only being able to bring comfort through a touch to Blaine’s thigh. He pressed his thumb firmly into the muscle of Blaine’s thigh, massaging it through the material of his jeans trying to let that touch take all the pain and fear away from him.

Once Doctor Hendricks had walked into the room Bas could feel Blaine literally lock down. He could feel the second Blaine stopped being as openly responsive as he had been earlier, even with his hand on Blaine’s thigh Sebastian knew the boy was far from calm. “Alright, this is the last exercise
for today. You’ll need to make sure that you do the warm-ups and stretches everyday to get mobility back in this arm. Master, I trust you’ve been paying attention so you can do them yourself, with the boy’s help.” Sebastian nodded, squeezing Blaine’s thigh in encouragement as the Doctor went over the stretch before demonstrating and maneuvering Blaine’s arm in slow smooth motions. Sebastian glanced up at Blaine’s face, he’d been worried the boy was going to bite right through his own cheek at one point, and seeing the tears he was trying to keep in check felt like someone had punched him in the gut.

Sebastian wanted to make the doctor let go of Blaine’s arm, he could tell the pain from his arm combined with the stress of the situation was getting to him. It would only be so long before he broke, but his instincts told him to hold back. Blaine had to open to him, come to him for that help—he had to be able to trust that Blaine was going to tell him when he needed something and this was the first step towards that. Instead of saying anything he just moved his hand up more over Blaine’s thigh, lifting his bad arm up to rest on the table behind Blaine, letting his fingers rest against the small of Blaine’s back.

He could take it. He could take it. He could— Blaine’s eyes grew wide when he heard and felt a pop in his shoulder; panic causing his heart to thunder wildly against his sternum, he was sure Master could see it from where he sat. He couldn’t take it. He released his gnashing hold on his cheek and turned his head just slightly, keeping his gaze lowered as he whispered. “Master- Master, red.” His words weren’t more than a whisper and his lips barely moved but he knew that Master would understand and that Master would make the pain stop. He had promised, hadn’t he? Master was always able to make the pain go away; Blaine just had to gather his courage and finally ask for that help. That, as terrifying and daunting as it sounded, was the hardest part for the golden eyed boy; he wasn’t used to anyone being there to help him, anyone telling him they would take care of him. He had always had to do everything for himself, so asking for help was one of the hardest things he ever had to do.

When Master moved to stand between Blaine and the Doctor, Blaine flinched involuntarily. He hoped that he knew Master wasn’t going to hurt him, he had told him it was alright to tell him when it became too much, but that had never stopped his previous Master; and while Blaine knew that his Master was nothing like the previous one, it was still an involuntary reaction and Blaine hated it about himself. Blaine had come to silently realize over the past few days that there was a lot that he hated about himself. He hated how helpless he was, how he didn’t feel like he had ever proven to Master that he was truly a good boy. Instead of looking up, Blaine cradled his arm against his chest once it was his to do with as he pleased again.

Sebastian let go of the breath he’d been holding in when he heard the quiet words from Blaine. They were barely discernible and there was a part of him thinking he’d imagined it. But he could see the look in Blaine’s eyes and knew that he’d asked for help in the only way he could. He immediately stood up, taking Blaine’s arm in his own and gently taking it from the Doctor’s grasp until Blaine could cradle his own arm. “Sir, the boy just got spooked is all, that’s what is supposed to happen-…” Sebastian shook his head not bothering to look at the doctor as she backed away from the pair, “Quiet. You’re done here, that will be all Doctor.” Sebastian stepped up so that he was between Blaine’s legs, letting his good hand rest against the back of Blaine’s neck. “Yes sir, of course sir.” The doctor spoke softly before backing out of the room slowly.

Once she was gone Sebastian rubbed the back of Blaine’s neck, “Good boy, Biche. You did so good for Master. Thank you for safewording when you needed too. I’m proud of you.” Sebastian spoke softly, his tone softer than before with the doctor. He pressed his cheek against Blaine’s soft hair before he stroked his fingers from his injured arm along Blaine’s, “You did so well with the doctor,
Biche, I know you’re in a lot of pain so we’re going to get your arm back in the sling to keep the pressure off your shoulder. Then, for doing so well and letting Master help you, you get a reward.” He pressed a kiss to the top of Blaine’s head, “Let Master take care of your arm, then we’ll go back to Master’s music room.” He paused a moment to let Blaine either agree or reject the idea before he ran his fingers through Blaine’s curls once, then leaned back to help Blaine guide his arm back into the sling, moving slow and keeping his touch gentle in order to not hurt him.

When the Doctor walked out of the room, Blaine’s entire frame relaxed into his Master’s touch, letting himself sink into that gentleness as Master offered him praise instead of pain. It still amazed, and slightly terrified, Blaine that his Master encouraged him to speak as such. Speaking out and actually voicing his own needs was something that Blaine was still struggling to accept; hell, the fact that he was allowed to need or want something other than what his Master told him was something he was still coming to terms with. It was something he found he loved about his Master. When his arm was back in its sling there was an audible sigh that came from the boy as the pressure was relieved. The exercises had hurt and he was glad for the confining contraption for once.

Golden eyes went wider at the mention of a reward; wasn’t the soft touches and closeness his reward? What else could there possibly be? Not more food, no Master knew that Blaine was having a hard time with that so he wouldn’t taunt him with that; at least Blaine believed whole heartedly that Master wouldn’t. Blaine bit his lip to curb his smile at the mention of the music room; he remembered that music room in stark detail and truly was excited to go back. So much so that he whole body seemed to vibrate with excitement. Master had said that that room was his private room and that he was sharing it with Blaine made the boy’s chest feel like it was going to explode. He wanted to let his fingers glide over the keys to the piano, something he hadn’t done in a very long time, and hear the perfect notes. He wanted to sing but that wasn’t something he did when other people were around. Once the sling was in place he bounced off of the table in his excitement, or as best he could with his ribs still twinging, and waited for Master to lead the way; a small smile playing on his face and lighting up his eyes.

Sebastian was as careful as possible to get Blaine’s arm back in its sling, he knew Physical therapy was going to hurt Blaine before it made things better—he’d had enough of it himself to know that fact. He had to bite back a laugh when Blaine gave a huge sigh of relief, his entire frame lifting and melting with the one sound as the sling was taken care of. However he did let himself chuckle when Blaine bounced off of the table, waiting for him to take the lead out of the room. Blaine suddenly looked like a young kid being told he’d get to go to Disney World for the first time. It made him happy though, that Blaine loved the idea of his music room so much, it was a special place to Sebastian, and having Blaine this happy over the room was reassuring that he wasn’t failing completely.

“I see you’re happy for your reward, Biche.” Sebastian chuckled, letting them out of the room and leading them down the halls, “I’m glad you’re so excited.” He smiled in encouragement before settling his good hand against the back of Blaine’s neck leading him through the center. There were still orderlies walking around but Sebastian made sure Blaine was tucked close beside him, he made sure to keep Blaine alongside the wall as they walked so he was physically shielded on both sides from anyone else. Even when he felt Blaine’s nerves cause him to shake, he gently ran his thumb along the column of his neck, “You’re doing good Biche, we’re almost there.” Once they reached the music room door he pulled Blaine close enough that the boy would be pressed into his side, so he could still feel him when he pulled his hand away to unlock the room. Once he had the door open he led Blaine inside, making a show of locking the door behind them so Blaine would know that no one would disturb them. Setting the keys aside he smiled at Blaine, running his hand through the boy’s
hair, as was quickly becoming his custom, “This is your reward, Biche, you’re free to do anything that you’d like. We can sit at the piano and play…I’m sure I remember enough to teach you a little something.”

Blaine appreciated more then he could ever tell Master that he kept Blaine closely tucked into his body and close to the wall as they moved through the hallway; even still, Blaine couldn’t stop his body from tensing every time an orderly came by them. Needless to say the whole ‘Orderly Paul’ ordeal hadn’t done anything to ease Blaine’s anxiety about being near strangers. When they passed a relatively large crowd Blaine’s entire body tensed to the point of starting to shake before he felt Master’s thumb brushing lightly along his neck. It reminded the golden eyes boy that his Master was there and that he would make sure that Blaine was safe. When Master had to release him to open the door, Blaine pressed into him, as if he could hide in Master’s side, as he waited as patiently and quiet as he could. Once they were inside, and the lock to the door making an audible noise caused Blaine to smile and melt a little, the shorter boy looked around with barely hidden excitement; the room was exactly as Blaine remembered it.

Master’s words made golden eyes go wide as he glanced around the room and then back to Master. Anything he wanted? His fingers were itching to trail over the ivory of the piano, so when Master suggested that they could do that he nodded, almost eagerly in a moment of freedom. There was something about this room that just allowed Blaine to feel like more than just some diminished slave that should be neither seen nor heard. It was a feeling that confused and terrified him, but thrilled him at the same time. He wasn’t sure where these feelings were coming from but he was almost excited about them. He followed Master over towards the piano; sitting down he raised his hand to press a few keys but stopped to hover over them and glanced up at Master, asking permission with his eyes. Sebastian couldn’t hide the smile on his face as he watched Blaine. He’d never felt this way around anyone, especially not a boy he was trying to save. Regardless he’d never felt such a feeling of utter contentment and happiness over seeing someone else’s joy like the one he could see lighting Blaine’s golden eyes. He knew he would dream about the light in those eyes for a long while, Blaine’s eyes were beautiful at any time, but the way they shone in excitement…there were no real words to describe that. When he saw that Blaine wasn’t going to move until he did, Sebastian smiled, leading the boy over towards the piano, pulling the bench out and motioning for Blaine to sit down beside him when he sat on one side. He lifted the lid of the piano up with his one hand, letting his fingers trail along the keys without pressing down on them. He loved this piano, he just hadn’t played in a long while, but it still brought him the same sense of peace it used too. Only it was somehow even better with Blaine sitting beside him.

Seeing Blaine lift his hand only to pause Sebastian chuckled softly, putting his hand on Blaine’s thigh, “Go ahead, Biche. You have permission to play.” He smiled, squeezing the muscle of Blaine’s thigh before putting his own hand over a few keys, picking out a couple of notes in an idle tune before resting his hand in his lap with a smile, “I was never very good at playing, myself. I remember a few things, though. I can read music so that’s something.” He spoke softly, wanting to continue putting Blaine at ease with what was essentially mindless chatter. He felt comfortable sitting there with Blaine, like this was how his days were supposed to be. Not stuck working tirelessly day after day trying to dominate scared and broken boys into living their lives again. But like this, sitting in a music room, talking to a cute boy who made him smile—just because he was close by. “Biche, while we’re in this room you have permission to speak freely. I cannot guarantee that if you ask for something you will receive it, but you may speak and I will listen.”

With Master’s permission, Blaine held his breath and allowed his fingers to brush ever so softly over
the ivory keys; not using enough pressure to press them down as yet but just savoring the memories that surfaced at the contact with the cool surfaced. This memory, at least he hoped it was a memory, was one that had never surfaced before and it had that beautiful angel.

With a gentle touch the dark haired angel brushed aside a stray curl that had fallen in Blaine’s eyes before she reached over and covered his little hands in hers; the skin warm and soft as down. “Here, piccolo, like this” Her voice might as well have been that of angels singing; soft and warm like her hands. Her fingers over his moved almost effortlessly over the keys; showing him which notes to hit and when to make a melody that Blaine would only be able to hear again in his dreams. It was moments like these, home alone with his angel, that Blaine lived for; moments when he wasn’t being trained or punished, when he wasn’t hurting or crying. These moments of pure heaven when he could smile and giggle and not fear reprimand. The very thought of Master coming home, however, had Blaine shaking slightly. “Mamma, is he home?” His little voice asked, fear and sadness far too advanced for someone so young evident in his voice. “No, piccolo, not yet. We’re free for a few moments yet.” Blaine could just barely feel the soft tears as they fell in his curls and the soft breath of his angel as she whispered. “Mi dispiace tanto questa è diventata la nostra vita, piccolo.”

While Blaine was remembering he let instinct take over his free hand and the music started playing, his hands moving of their own accord. Though the music was clumsy and slower than it normally would be it was obvious what he was playing. Even as he remembered his other arm had slipped slightly out of its sling so that it too could take place in filling the room with music. When Blaine realized what was going on, he closed his hands and slowly pulled them back from the keys; tucking his arm back in the sling as it started to protest and then looking down at the keys in an attempt to hide the single tear that ran down his cheek at the memory.

Chapter End Notes

Translation:

“Mi dispiace tanto questa è diventata la nostra vita, piccolo.” - "I'm so sorry this has become our life, baby."

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Feel free to leave us love and let us know what you think about these wonderful boys! We always love hearing from you!
So Complicated - Part 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sebastian let his hand settle gently on Blaine’s thigh as he got situated at the piano. He didn’t want to bring Blaine out of his head; he could tell for once the memory that had sucked Blaine in was a good one. The usual tells of stress and fear weren’t present around Blaine’s eyes, so for once Sebastian let Blaine drift away. As Blaine’s hands settled over the keys Sebastian let his eyes close and let the soft fumbles and hesitant key strokes wash over him. Of course he knew the song; it was one of the first songs he’d ever learned on the piano. Even with all of its fumbling and the missed notes, it was the most beautiful rendition of the song he’d ever heard.

When the little piece of the song came to an end he opened his eyes to look over at Blaine. He smiled gently, letting Blaine readjust his arm before he tilted his head at the fact Blaine kept his head bowed. “Biche?” Moving Blaine’s head up with a gentle touch on his chin he smiled, using his thumb to wipe away the tear rolling down Blaine’s tan skin, “That was beautiful, Biche.” He smiled, pressing a kiss to the cheek where the tear had been, running his hand through Blaine’s hair again, “Thank you for sharing that with me.”

When Blaine felt his Master’s touch on his chin he let his head be angled up without any resistance or hesitation; if Master wanted to see that Blaine had a moment of weakness then Blaine couldn’t stop him. In fact, he was pleasantly surprised when Master’s thumb just brushed over his cheek and collected the tear there but didn’t ask him for the reason behind it. It wasn’t that Blaine didn’t want to share the memory; he just wasn’t sure how he would have shared it. Blaine had so few pleasant memories that when they did surface the golden eyed boy wasn’t sure how to properly handle them. Pain and punishment Blaine could handle; emotions like love, however, he wasn’t sure what to do with. Especially when he didn’t feel worthy of such emotions.

A small smile made its way onto Blaine’s features at the praise that came from his Master; and blushed furiously when he leaned in and kissed his cheek. Just when Blaine was doubting that he deserved such kindnesses Master had a way of showing him that he thought differently. The first few times Blaine was convinced that he was just trying to lure Blaine into an unstable sense of security before pulling his world out from under him; but now Blaine trusted Master completely. At Master’s thanks Blaine nodded softly and bit his lip as if he wanted to ask Master something but wasn’t sure how to do so. Blaine wanted desperately to know what it was he had played; what gift it was his angel had left him that he had just shared with his Master. He wanted desperately to do her gift justice. **Courage, have courage and ask.** Blaine thought to himself as he took a deep breath. Before he lost his nerve he asked. “Do you—do you know what it was?”

Sebastian smiled seeing the bright color of a blush lighting Blaine’s cheeks. His tan skin gave way to a blush so easily, and it was beautiful. He wanted to see how often he could make Blaine blush, and more importantly wanted to see where that blush disappeared to under Blaine’s collar once it made its way down his neck. Wanted to trail the flush down his skin, make it darker just for the fun of it. Blaine was truly too beautiful, and Sebastian knew he would fall hard and fast for this boy if he wasn’t careful. When Blaine lifted his eyes up to him, Sebastian could tell that he had something important to ask, so he waited patiently for Blaine to speak, wanting him to be able to have everything he wanted. His smile widened before he nodded.
“I do. It’s called Fur Elise.” He smiled getting an idea, shifting on the piano bench some, “Here, I’ll play it for you.” Sebastian ran his thumb over Blaine’s cheek once more before he pulled his own sling up and off from around his neck hiding a wince as he stretched his arm over the keys, winking playfully over at Blaine, “Shhh, no one has to know I did that.” He chuckled softly before furrowing his eyebrows in concentration and picking out a few notes before starting to play the song from memory slowly. It was far from perfect, and he fumbled a number of spots, but he played it slowly from beginning to end, wanting to give Blaine a piece of what was clearly a happy moment. As he slowly brought the song to an end he stilled with his hands still resting on the keys to look at Blaine with a small smile, “I can teach you the full song one day, if you’d like that.”

‘Fur Elise’ Blaine mouthed, rolling to words around in his mouth as he committed them to memory; he was determined that that was one title he would never forget, especially where it helped him connect to something precious and good. Blaine’s body tensed as he watched Master pull his sling off; his heart beating frantically in his chest. What if Master’s arm was injured further? It would be all Blaine’s fault because he asked Master the song title. Blaine wanted to reach out and put the sling back on Master himself but he was distracted by the notes that were rising from the piano as Master played beautifully.

Gold eyes followed each of Master’s fingers individually as they danced in graceful movements across the polished ivory keys; producing one of the most beautiful songs he had ever heard. So beautiful, in fact, that Blaine was blinking rapidly as his Master drew the song to a conclusion just to keep the tears from flowing freely. Keeping those tears at bay was even harder when his Master offered to teach him the full song some day; which he eagerly nodded at as he held out Master’s sling to him. Blaine was still adamant about not letting Master get hurt because of him. “I would- would really like that, Master.”

Sebastian knew his arm would probably be killing him later, but the doctor had said he needed to stretch it a little every day, so he wasn’t going to let himself freak out over it. Instead he focused on giving Blaine this small gift, this song obviously came from a happier time for the boy and if that would bring him a smile and sense of safety then Sebastian would gladly take the pain in his arm. He smiled when Blaine said he would like to learn the song, he’d had a feeling that would be the answer and he was already trying to think of ways to teach Blaine. It was clear Blaine had at least a little, minimal experience over the piano, so maybe he could help Blaine piece the song together so he could have it for himself. Sebastian knew it would be something special to Blaine, and hopefully like the lullaby that seemed to help him sleep, knowing the song would maybe put him at ease.

He chuckled softly as Blaine held out his sling insistently, taking it from him with his good hand he settled the sling on his lap, “I’m fine Biche, I’ll put it back on in a minute.” To show he appreciated the concern the boy had for him he covered one of Blaine’s hands with his own squeezing it gently, “Thank you for worrying over me, Biche. Now, how about we learn a few bars now.” Sebastian smiled lightly, guiding Blaine’s good hand over the keys, covering his hand with his own to help Blaine know how to position his fingers, settling his other hand over the keys Blaine would have played with his injured arm. “Just follow me.”

Golden eyes narrowed as he watched closely as Master took the sling from him and placed it in his lap instead of putting it on like he should. It caused Blaine to tense at the mental conflict that resulted within him. On one hand, Blaine wanted to make his Master put the sling back on, he was even willing to put it back on himself, but on the other hand his Master had said he was fine and that he would put it back on soon. Blaine didn’t want to disobey an order, even if it was an indirect order, but the idea of Master hurting called to some small spark of primal instinct within Blaine. The smaller
boy wasn’t sure exactly where this reaction came from but he did recognize that it was growing stronger and stronger with each passing day.

Just as he was figuring out what to do, however, he felt his Master’s hand rest gently over his own in the proper positions for the keys. Not for the first time did Blaine find himself flashing back into a memory when his Master touched him; that touch an echo of the memory of that dark angel of his. For just a second the two seemed so super imposed that they could be the same person; and that caused Blaine’s heart to freeze in his chest for a moment before he regained his composure and was following along with Master’s guidance. After a few notes Blaine decided to slip his arm out of his own sling and cautiously reached out follow along with Master’s other hand as well; looking up at Master with what could almost have been classified as a defying look.

Everything Sebastian did these days had a specific purpose. Largely, to test and push Blaine. He knew Blaine’s instincts as a slave would be to immediately serve Sebastian—in this case to put him back in the sling. However, because he was so abused and mistreated Blaine would also be wary of doing anything, even serving his Master, without the go ahead. Sebastian needed to see where Blaine was currently, if he’d begun to fall back into his basic instincts or if he was still too lost from his father’s attacks to trust his own gut. As he settled his hand over Blaine’s he thought he saw a spark of something in Blaine’s golden eyes, thought he just might gotten through that wall with Blaine, before Blaine settled his hand over the keys and began following his instructions.

Sebastian’s eyebrow arched up when he felt Blaine’s hand under his, Blaine was clearly not in any place to have his injured arm out of its sling after the physical therapy session. He glanced over at Blaine, unable to hold back a full out laugh at the look of defiance he was being given by the golden eyed boy. So maybe Blaine wasn’t as far gone as he’d feared, interesting. Still laughing he showed Blaine a few more notes before settling back again. “Okay, okay, would it make you happier if I let you put my sling back on?” Sebastian grinned as he shifted to face Blaine, he wouldn’t admit it but his arm was aching at the shoulder some and he wouldn’t mind resting it.

Master’s initial laughter caught Blaine off guard and for a second his usually well controlled features showed the shock before he managed to get it back under control and he even allowed that defiant look to return to his eyes as Master turned so that he could look at Blaine. The question sure as hell caught Blaine off guard as well and it made him think. Would it make him happier, absolutely, but would Master appreciate that someone as lowly as Blaine wanted him to do it? Blaine didn’t have a clue, but he knew that he wanted Master safe and not in pain, and Blaine could see the way the edges of Master’s eyes tightened as he moved his shoulder and if the sling stopped that then Blaine would gladly put it back on him. He nodded almost eagerly and waited for Master’s approval.

When he got that approval, Blaine reached out with almost cautious fingers to pick the sling up off of Master’s lap; his fingers accidentally brushed against Master’s thigh as he did so. Biting his lip, Blaine rose up from the piano bench just enough that he could kneel on it and, as gentle as he possibly could be, Blaine looped the sling around Master’s chest. Once the straps were secured Blaine took Master’s arm in his feather light grasp and slid it back into it’s sling. He did manage to give a very audible sigh of relief when he saw the tension lines around Master’s eyes almost disappear and he sat down, head hung. He was neglecting his own sling but he wasn’t sure what Master wanted him to do with that so he left it for the time being.

Once he’d nodded his agreement to let Blaine help him get his sling back on Sebastian’s eyes widened as Blaine quickly moved to lift up on the bench. He was careful to put his good hand
against Blaine’s side in order to help keep him balanced, helping the boy get his sling back in place with small movements and shifts so that Blaine would feel like he’d done it on his own without having to feel like he hadn’t been good enough to accomplish the task on his own. He wanted to pretend like the pain in his shoulder hadn’t been bothering him that much, wanted to act like none of it had matter because he’d been able to give Blaine his momentary happiness. But truth be told once the sling was in place he felt significantly better.

“Thank you, Biche, that is much better.” Sebastian smile, sliding his hand up to cup the back of Blaine’s neck. So maybe he was feeling a little sentimental, the emotional connection of having found a song that Blaine could learn to play—something that gave him peace, but for a brief moment everything felt right. He leaned over, pressing a gentle kiss to Blaine’s full lips, he kept it just firmer than a brush of their lips, but he didn’t want to spook the boy too much. Pulling away he swept his fingers along Blaine’s jaw, “Now, let’s get your arm taken care of.” Pressing another kiss to the corner of the boy’s lips before he carefully repositioned Blaine’s sling, guiding his arm back in place with a gentle touch.

There was a small smile playing on Blaine’s lips at the praise when Master pressed in gently; Blaine’s eyes initially blew wide with surprise but he almost instantly relaxed into the press and touch. That bit of firm contact had Blaine’s pulse skyrocketing and he could have sworn there were butterflies tearing apart his stomach; but in such a fantastic way. It took him a few moments to realize that Master had pulled away before he blinked open his eyes and his tongue darted out to lick his bottom lip as he suddenly missed that pressing contact. These little kisses, the gentle presses, made Blaine feel like just perhaps he was special enough to warrant such rewards and such attention from his Master. Those little touches brought out a side to Blaine that he didn’t know he had; it made him feel safe and warm and a myriad of other emotions that he couldn’t quite put a name to.

After such a reward Blaine didn’t want to admit to having such a moment of weakness as to admit that his arm was hurting. He was thankful when Master not only mentioned getting his arm taken care of but pressed another sweet kiss to him before he was taking great care in putting his arm back into its sling. Blaine wasn’t sure if it was the room they were in, a place where he felt completely safe, or if it was that he was there with just his Master or a combination of the two but Blaine felt confident for once in his life and with that confidence came a surge of courage. With only minimal hesitancy Blaine leaned forward and pressed a light kiss to Master’s lips before blushing and pulling back. “T-thank-you.”

Sebastian was in tune enough with Blaine after these long weeks to know when he was hiding from him. He knew Blaine would be too scared of losing his praise and rewards to admit he was hurting, but his arm was still injured and therapy hadn’t been easy. Sebastian would have to be a complete idiot to not notice. When he helped get the sling in place, he ran his hand along Blaine’s arm hoping to somehow give some type of small comfort. He’d do anything to help ease the pain and discomfort Blaine was feeling—he hated that the boy had to hurt to get better. It was clear from his expression that he’d never known what being happy and feeling love felt like, or at least not enough, and Sebastian would do anything to correct that. Blaine deserved more than the life he’d been given, and no matter how long it took, Sebastian was going to make things right for him.

His eyes blew wide as Blaine leaned in to kiss him quickly. It was over too quick for Sebastian to really process what had happened. But he did catch the shy bashful look on Blaine’s face, and he had to stop himself from cooing. He was too adorable, and the rare spark of spirit and strength that shone through, made Sebastian smile. “No, thank you, Biche.” He smiled scruffing his fingers gently through Blaine’s curly hair, pressing a kiss to his cheek, “I like when you blush, you know that? It’s very cute.” Sebastian grinned tugging gently on Blaine’s hair in a playful manner, “So, you still have
plenty of reward left, what would you like to do?"

The faint blush that had spread across Blaine’s features was nothing compared to the full out blush that appeared as his Master spoke; accompanies by a very small very shy smile. He thought Blaine’s blush was cute? The boy was busy trying to figure out how he could constantly blush to make Master happy when he felt the playful tug on his hair; saw the fingers toying lightly with one of his curls. All Blaine could even think for a second was how very much he wanted to nip at the fingers that were doing the tugging. A few rapid, confused, blinks and that image was cleared from his mind; though he had a feeling it wasn’t gone for good. Though he wasn’t sure where it had come from to begin with. When he did manage to look up, he was beyond happy to see that Master looked pleased and not upset that Blaine had acted out of line.

What would he like to do? The radio over by the door caught Blaine’s gaze as he looked around to see what there was to do. Before he made a move to get up he cast a look at Master; asking with a simple glance for permission to move even though he had already gotten it. There were still large parts of Blaine that were scared to make a single move without the order to do so; so the fact that he even felt comfortable and relaxed, safe, enough to even consider getting up from the piano bench was a huge step for him. So when Master nodded Blaine rose a little shakily from the bench and made his way over towards the radio, casting several glances over his shoulders to make sure Master was still there, and turned on the radio; focusing it in on whatever station he could find and swaying a bit, so as not to cause his ribs to complain, when music he barely recognized came on.

Sebastian swore he could practically see the wheels churning in Blaine’s head. That and he could see the already beautiful blush growing darker and painting across his gorgeous tan skin. Oh what he wouldn’t do to make sure this boy could be made to smile and blush and feel giddy and light like a young boy should. When he asked Blaine what he wanted to do next he half expected Blaine to say nothing, just duck his head and sit quietly until Sebastian came up with something. So when Blaine looked around the room before looking back up at Sebastian with a question in his eyes he couldn’t deny the boy his request, nodding with a smile, “Go on.”

Sebastian hummed the words as he settled on the bench, watching Blaine eagerly to see what the boy was coming up with. He smiled, mostly to himself, as he saw Blaine head to the radio in the corner. It was a silently proud smile, pride because Blaine had found something he wanted and gone for it, hadn’t let himself be held back by his prior fears and scars. He smiled when Blaine started swaying, he was so young in all the ways that counted, it felt strange to call a boy his age adorable, especially when he had been through the things he’d been through. But watching Blaine sway to the music, that’s exactly what the boy was. Getting up from the bench he walked closer, resting his good hand gently on Blaine’s lower back, careful to not startle him and jar his ribs. “Do you know how to dance, Biche?” Smiling gently he stepped over to the radio turning it up some, before gently pulling Blaine close with his good arm, guiding Blaine’s arm up to rest his hand on his shoulder.

The music wasn’t bright and bubbly or even catchy as one would say; the melody was more of a haunting lullaby that Blaine had heard once not long ago and, for whatever reason, it was one he enjoyed. Had it just been Blaine there, he would have wrapped himself in the song and let it consume him. Blaine didn’t know how to dance per say but he knew he enjoyed swaying to the music. And even with Master there Blaine still moved a bit; he was safe with Master and not to mention Master was smiling a happy smile. If Master was angry he wouldn’t smile that particular smile; Blaine could tell the difference between a happy smile and an angry one. Blaine saw Master rise off the bench and even saw him walking over towards him in the mirrors; blushing once more as Master’s hand slid on his lower back.
When he found his hand on Master’s shoulder, he had been a little hesitant to really touch Master for fear of hurting him, and himself pulled in closer, Blaine’s blush grew again; he shook his head to Master’s question. His previous—His father had never let him dance or sing of any kind while he was home and Blaine had never really taught himself how to dance, so he was basically a blank slate. As Master moved them, it felt almost effortless; Blaine felt almost weightless through the movements. That is, until he stepped on Master’s foot. When he felt Master’s foot beneath his own his entire body tensed, not feeling so weightless anymore, and the color drained from his face as he felt like he could crawl inside of himself and disappear. “I-I’m sorry, Master!” he stammered out as he stared down at the foot he just tread on as if it was going to bite him.

Sebastian was more of an upbeat fast pace music man. He liked something that let him move and work out all of his stress and anger, his frustrations. Alright, and he liked the ones that let him work his hips and be seen as the prospective lay that he was when he was off work and out for some fun. However he could respect slower music, music that required soul and emotion, music that spoke to something deep inside a person and gave them a connection. He didn’t recognize the song that Blaine seemed to lose himself to for a moment, but it didn’t matter. The haunting melody spoke volumes, it was the type of song that only those who’d experienced true emotional pain could find solace in.

Even with one bad arm leading Blaine in a slow dance was easy, not because Sebastian was an exceptional dancer—although he really was, but because Blaine trusted him. It felt natural to wrap his arm around Blaine’s waist, hand settling low on the boy’s back, his other arm shifted enough for his hand to rest on Blaine’s side, guiding him through the steps. The way Blaine’s body fit within his arms, the nature of trust when Blaine followed his smallest guiding touches spoke volumes. He winced only a little when Blaine stepped on his foot, it had been less than a bump but the fear on Blaine’s face made it look like he’d stomped on him. Sebastian shook his head soothing his hand up along Blaine’s spine, “Biche, it’s alright!” He smiled softly, kissing Blaine’s forehead, “It isn’t a dance lesson until someone steps on a few toes. When I first learned I swear I broke people’s toes.”

Just stepping on Master’s toes was bad enough to make Blaine dizzy, the very idea that he could break any of his toes was deplorable and caused Blaine’s knees to go week; if Master hadn’t had his arm firmly around him Blaine was sure he would have just crumbled into a heap on the floor right then and there. Blaine would have pulled away and stopped the dancing if he hadn’t used all his own courage to turn on the radio; and what little courage he had gathered left as his body relaxed instantaneously under Master’s soothing touch. Instead he let himself be pulled in closer to Master’s body.

Being held like that by Master allowed Blaine the chance to relax completely into the gentle touches and let his mind wander. This room that Master had shared with him had quickly become Blaine’s favorite, allowing him to feel like someone completely new. Blaine was so relaxed that he didn’t even realize when his head leaned forward to rest against his Master’s collar bone and the words of the song, so easily remembered, started to fall from his lips in almost a haunting whisper. Blaine only realized he was singing when his stomach grumbled loudly and rudely, causing yet another blush to color his cheeks as Blaine tried to gently hide his face into Master’s shoulder.

Sebastian could feel the courage and energy drain out of Blaine like someone had pulled a plug. He tightened his arm around his waist to support the sudden near dead weight of the boy against him. Humming softly he pulled Blaine in close holding onto him as he worked through his own internal
fears. It wasn’t something he could talk Blaine through, Blaine had to accept that he wasn’t mad and come to terms with their positions himself. When Blaine curled into him on his own accord Sebastian smiled, rocking them gently, even if he didn’t do it on purpose it was clear in that moment that Blaine had—on an elemental level, accepted that he was now and always would be a source of comfort and support.

Running his hand along Blaine’s back he nuzzled his cheek against the top of Blaine’s head, murmuring soft encouragements and gentle praise until the boy stopped shaking and relaxed fully against him. When he heard Blaine singing softly he smiled, pressing a kiss to his temple, he wanted to hear more of that beautiful voice—but maybe at a time when Blaine was confident enough to sing out and be truly heard. He bit back a laugh, although his shoulders still shook in a silent chuckle at Blaine’s growling stomach, “I see someone’s ready for a little food, hmm?”

He couldn’t believe that his goddamn stomach had destroyed that moment of complete peace and serenity that he and Master were enjoying. And even worse, it embarrassed the hell out of him. However, when Master suggested eating, Blaine’s nose wrinkled just slightly and he turned a little green. Food and him were still having a hard time getting along but Blaine was determined to overcome this one; he wasn’t completely blind to the look of disappointment that he saw in Master’s eyes when he couldn’t eat more than a few berries. Blaine had even heard Master and the doctors discussing how Blaine had lost what little weight he had gained since he arrived and they were concerned; and Blaine couldn’t let Master be concerned about something so trivial as how much he weighed.

Blaine wanted more than anything to just shake his head and tell Master that he wasn’t hungry; that he was fine and go back to learning how to dance and panicking over stepping on Master’s toes. But he knew that he would get in serious trouble if he didn’t tell Master the truth; Blaine’s scalp echoed an ache from the last time he hadn’t told Master the truth. It hadn’t been instantly harsh, more like a persistent ache from where Master’s hand had woven into his hair. Even now, several weeks later, Blaine could still feel which hairs Master had taken hold of; that was enough to say that Blaine had learnt that lesson quickly and efficiently. Instead of instantly rebuking the food, Blaine just nodded ever so slightly; dropping his gaze to look down at their feet. If push came to shove, Blaine would force himself to eat and deal with the consequences later; like he’d had to do a few times in the past week.

Sebastian would gladly spend the rest of his time comforting Blaine, dancing with him and making him relax and feel comfortable, but even he knew that was unrealistic. Blaine couldn’t spend his life locked away in the music room, as much as they both wanted it to happen, it just wasn’t feasible for either of them. He knew Blaine didn’t want to eat, knew that the thought of food still upset him in a lot of ways, and it worried Sebastian more than he usually let on. Blaine was so small, he’d never heal properly if he didn’t eat the appropriate amount. He knew that Blaine could only stomach so much, and he was working with that, but even with the minimal amount he’d been eating Blaine wasn’t retaining weight like he should. It just didn’t make any sense.

When Blaine finally nodded, a little begrudgingly, Sebastian smile and pressed a kiss to his temple. “Just a little bit of soup, nothing to heavy. I promise.” He ran his hand along Blaine’s spine gently humming before he finally let go to turn off the radio, before they left the room he cupped the side of Blaine’s head and pressed a kiss to his forehead. “This isn’t a punishment, Biche. It’s simply time for you to eat a little bit. Then maybe we can get some rest, alright? You’ve had a strenuous day, I’m sure you’ll be tired soon.” Making sure to keep his tone gentle he guided Blaine out of the room with his hand against the small of his back, once again keeping the boy secure between his own body and the wall.
Soup. Blaine knew he could stomach some soup so long as it wasn’t tomato; ever since the ipecac incident he had never been able to look at a bowl of the soup without feeling the urge to hurl. He had tried to work past that without Master knowing but when Blaine got violently ill because of it Master had completely put two and two together and he had made sure since then that the soup wasn’t served to Blaine. When Master shut off the radio, however, Blaine’s heart started hammering in his chest; they were going to leave this sanctuary and go back out into the rest of the world where Blaine knew existed pain and disappointment. He did his best to take a deep breath and steady himself as they walked out the door but the second they stepped into the hallway all the tension and stress and fear slammed back into Blaine.

Blaine managed to relax a bit again once they reached their room; it was familiar and if he closed his eyes and breathed Blaine could smell Master over everything else and that was a big factor in just how relaxed Blaine was able to become. Without needing to be told, Blaine knew that Master was going to tell him to climb onto the bed and to relax while he ordered their food, so Blaine made his way over to the bed and took his usual spot up by the pillows; only this time sitting cross legged. Thankfully his ribs were healed enough that sitting wasn’t as painful as it had originally been; constantly laying down had started to grate on Blaine’s normally endless patience. Blaine did his best to keep his eyes focused on the blanket in front of him as he listened to Master talk to an orderly and then walk back into the room. If it had been up to Blaine they would have just eaten in the music room, hell they would just stay there forever, but he knew that they couldn’t so Blaine did his best to be a good boy outside of the room.

Sebastian hummed in encouragement to Blaine he felt Blaine stiffen and start to panic as they walked down the hall. As much as it sucked, this was definitely part of what had to happen. Blaine had to be slowly exposed to others, slowly integrated into life outside of the safe haven of the music room and their room. Sebastian never let them walk around for more than a few short minutes at the very most, but everyday they had to walk somewhere, for the sole purpose of getting Blaine used to being in the halls. Once Blaine was in the room Sebastian flagged down Marco and an orderly to have the orderly bring up Blaine’s food, like always he made sure he stayed visible in the doorway so Blaine would know where he was.

“Soup will be good for tonight, remember no Tomato—chicken broth or something similar, no noodles or chunks of anything just straight broth.” Sebastian spoke the instructions softly, he knew a straight broth would have more likelihood of staying down and Blaine wouldn’t feel as uncomfortable trying to eat it as he would something a little heartier. When the orderly nodded to walk away he reminded the man, “Remember I want it in the bowls we use for our youngest boys, and don’t fill it all the way.” When the orderly agreed Sebastian turned his attention to Marco who looked strangely on edge, “What?” Marco glanced towards the room, making sure Blaine was out of earshot before speaking softly so his voice wouldn’t carry, “Your parents want a meeting with you. Now.” Sebastian frowned shaking his head slightly in confusion, his parents rarely wanted to see him, and to insist on it when he was working was something that absolutely never happened. “I can’t right now, I’m busy. Tell them I’ll see them in a few days or something.”

Marco shook his head, “They were really insistent, Bas. And before you ask they wouldn’t tell me what it was about, but I can guess. Your mother has been making a huge fuss over your safety, she’s been on my case about getting more guards specifically for you.” Sebastian sighed running a hand through his hair, his mother would make a fuss over something they couldn’t control. “Tell her I’m fine, and if you can’t keep me safe then an army couldn’t.” Sebastian grinned some, he’d mostly forgiven the other man for their argument, and he shook his head as the orderly came back, “Tell them I’ll meet with them soon, but Blaine needs me and I’m not going to put him in jeopardy by
leaving his side to have a family chat.” When Marco nodded, a little hesitantly, Sebastian took the small child sized bowl of soup from the orderly before walking back into the room and closing the door behind him. Humming he walked over to the bed, sliding up on it and stretching his long legs out with a soft relieved sigh, “Alright, Biche, dinner time.”

He knew, absolutely knew, that he shouldn’t be trying to listen to the tenor tones that had come from the doorway but Blaine just couldn’t help it; especially when he felt like it was the only way to get any information short of asking, and Blaine wasn’t ready to ask for it. Unfortunately Marco was always very careful to keep his voice low enough that, at max, Blaine only ever caught a few words; and whether it was purposeful or not Master always kept his voice just as low as Marco’s. All Blaine caught were disjointed words like ‘insistent’, ‘mother’, ‘fuss’, ‘safety’, ‘case’ and ‘guards’. Sure, he could have made assumptions as to what they were talking about but he didn’t have enough information to actually make a valid assumption. They couldn’t be talking about Blaine’s mother; she was gone as far as he knew. What caught him off guard were the words ‘safety’ and ‘guards’. Did his…father…somehow get out? Was Master in danger again? All of it set him on edge and made his teeth hurt as his jaw clenched. Master would tell him, wouldn’t he? Master would tell him so that Blaine could be ready for when he came back, because he was sure to come back; he always came back.

Chapter End Notes

A little sweet mixed with a bit of bitter.

Let us know what you're thinking so far, we're always happy getting feedback on our writing!!
So Complicated - Part 3

Chapter Summary

Biche and Bastian slowly allow themselves to explore what could be between them. Comfort, touch and, dare we say, love?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Blaine slipped off his sling once Master had settled onto the bed; ever since that first night Blaine had been adamant that he was strong enough to feed himself. The only times that he had needed help was when he first came out of the coma and hadn’t been able to really use his injured arm; then Master had helped him despite his own injuries. With steady hands Blaine accepted the bowl from his Master and lifted the spoon to his lips. There wasn’t much in the bowl and it was all liquid, Blaine knew he could keep this down and was thankful that Master knew as well. The initial spoonful was the hardest, Blaine’s body in desperate need of but not wanting the nutrients, but he lifted the spoon to his lips and drank down the broth. The gentle encouragement from Master and the soft touch of his hand on Blaine’s back was all he needed to manage to take down the whole bowl; it was gone before he knew it. Golden eyes blinked at the empty bowl in confusion before Master was taking it away and Blaine was still actually hungry. Could he ask Master for some fruit, would he be able to keep that down? And what if he didn’t? Master said that they didn’t waste food here, so could Blaine actually eat whatever they brought up to him?

Sebastian hummed softly, a non-committal noise as Blaine slipped his sling off in order to eat. The doctor had told Sebastian it was alright for Blaine to take it off for short periods, eating and sleeping usually because it kept the boy’s arm from growing too stiff. He still worried though, especially after the work out Blaine had done earlier, and had Blaine shown any signs of hurting Sebastian might have argued. But deep down he knew why Blaine did it, he wanted to be able to feed himself—whether it stemmed from the need of some control or as a lasting reaction from his punishment the first day he’d been here, Seb wasn’t sure. He still felt guilty over that night, he’d mishandled Blaine’s punishment and he was continually trying to rectify the damage done. At the same time he knew it had been necessary and not something Sebastian could have prevented.

Absently Sebastian hummed softly, his hand trailing across Blaine’s back—caressing the expanse of muscle that would never fade from the boy’s small, fit frame. He knew eating was still an ordeal for the young boy, but the effort Blaine put into it gave him a sense of pride. Blaine was so much stronger than he gave himself credit for, than anyone gave him credit for. But Bas could see it, and one day he’d bring it to the front for the world to see. He saw the look of confusion cross Blaine’s face when he realized his bowl was empty, smiling Sebastian took the bowl from him to take it back out for an orderly to take away. With a thoughtful look he handed the bowl off before asking for a small bowl of fruit they could share—he personally wasn’t hungry, pain meds tended to make him not want food in general, but he would eat some for Blaine to give the boy a little more food since he could tell he was still craving something. When the orderly came back with some cut up fruit Sebastian took it back into the room popping a berry in his own mouth before holding the bowl out to Blaine as he climbed back on the bed. “Here, Biche, I figured we could share some. It will be a special treat for all your hard work today, but you don’t have to eat it all. Only what you want.”
Humming softly he settled his hand along Blaine’s back again, “And if you can’t finish it all we’ll keep it by the bed so if you’re hungry for a little snack during the night or in the morning it will be right there, alright?”

It didn’t take much urging for Blaine to take the bowl of fruit from Master’s hand to allow his Master an easier time climbing back onto the bed where his shoulder was still slinged. He settled the bowl onto his knee with both hands and looked at the bounty within the bowl; smiling shyly when he saw bits of pineapple and strawberries, his favorites. Picking out a grape, he held it out for Master to take; he hadn’t seen Master eating much the past week and it scared Blaine, so if Blaine was going to eat extra he was going to make sure that Master ate as well. If Blaine had to he would only eat half his dinner every night just so he could make sure that Master ate as well.

When Master chuckled and plucked the grape from his fingers Blaine rewarded him with a brighter smile and, careful not to upset the bowl, a light kiss to the cheek before picking up a piece of pineapple and sucking the juices off of it; popping it into his mouth and causing a few drops of the juice to unknowingly collect on his lip. As he chewed he held out another piece of fruit, this time a strawberry, for Master to eat. It almost became a game for Blaine; for every piece Master ate Blaine would peck him on the cheek and eat a small piece of his own. So intent on their little back and forth was Blaine that he didn’t realize how quickly the bowl was emptying.

Sebastian let his eyes close for a second as he settled on the bed, resting his back against the wall. He was mostly healed aside from his arm, but the constant up and down still winded him some. When he opened his eyes to find Blaine holding out a grape for him he couldn’t hold back the tender and affectionate smile that pulled across his face. Plucking the grape from Blaine’s fingers and popping it into his mouth Sebastian murmured a soft thank you, which was quickly lost when he felt the soft kiss against his cheek. He lifted his eyebrows in muted surprise; Blaine’s physical affections were sparse aside from his habit of curling around Sebastian in his sleep. So he was surprised by the sequence of events to say the least. Especially when it happened again after Blaine ate his own piece of fruit.

As he began to see Blaine’s plan Sebastian laughed softly to himself, leave it to the boy to put Sebastian first. He didn’t think it was a slave reflex, but Blaine’s own selfless and sweet nature coming out, the joy and excitement shining in Blaine’s eyes every time he took another piece of offered fruit made him more than willing to go along with it. When he noticed the bowl was quickly ending Sebastian realized their little game was going to be over soon—he wasn’t ready to stop the sweet affection he was being given. Humming as he came up with a plan, if it was going to end he was going to get all he could out of the situation, he leaned forward and instead of plucking the piece of strawberry with his fingers he took the offered fruit with his lips, grinning as he pulled back brushing Blaine’s fingers with his lips. “You’ve got some on you, Biche.” He chuckled softly, deciding to just go for it, he leaned in kissing Blaine on the mouth softly before sucking on his lower lip where some of the fruit juices had collected.

Blaine had become so completely enraptured in their game and the feeling of utter safety and contentment, daresay even actual happiness, that when Master took the strawberry from him with just his lips that shy smile blossomed into something bright before he was biting his bottom lip. When Master told him he got some on himself his tongue was darting out to find what it was when it Master’s lips; a little moan slipping out as Master sucked at his bottom lip. Blaine’s golden eyes widened momentarily at the contact and a blush spreading quickly across his cheeks and down his neck before he relaxed into the contact; even going so far as pressing back into the kiss ever, encouraging more. He was forced to set the almost empty bowl down when he leaned in closer and used his hand, a gentle touch to Master’s hand, to steady himself.
Had Blaine let his mind take over, instead of just letting go of everything, he probably would have talked himself out of so much as touching Master; he would have locked himself in a closet in punishment for even thinking such thoughts. Hell, it wasn’t too long ago that Blaine would have found a way to punish himself worse if necessary just to make sure that he wouldn’t think about his Master in a way other than that of ‘Master’. But there was something special about his Master; he made Blaine feel like he was more than just scum on the bottom of his shoe. There was this odd lightness in Blaine’s chest whenever Master touched him; on top of the feeling of complete relaxation. It still somewhat confused Blaine with just how vastly different his Master was from his other; his Master promised to protect him instead of using him as a shield, was always making sure that Blaine wasn’t left utterly alone, that he was always within reach.

Sebastian expected Blaine to either pull away or push against him. As affectionate as the boy was slowly becoming he knew that there were still going to be limits to what Blaine could tolerate and take. So when he felt Blaine press in closer, it stole his breath. Not only could he very easily, and very seriously, lose himself in kissing Blaine, but Blaine’s kiss set everything in motion. The soft press of lips felt like a spark of electricity shooting straight through him. When they parted for a brief moment, Sebastian swore in that moment it was the first time he was really breathing. When he processed the soft press of Blaine’s hand against his own he managed to shift his hand enough to tangle their fingers together. He paused a moment to assess the situation before he smiled softly. “You’re free to stop this at any time, Biche. I mean that. I won’t be mad.”

He waited until Blaine made some indication that he understood before he was carefully pulling off his own sling and setting it aside. Once that was done he lifted his hand up to cup the side of Blaine’s face, leaning in to press another kiss to his mouth. Sebastian knew he had to be careful, and knew he had to be slow with Blaine, but god kissing him was such a mind clouding experience. He couldn’t help kissing him more firmly, sucking on his lip again softly before he nipped playfully at his lower lip. Sebastian brushed their lips together, nudging his nose against Blaine’s as he wrapped his arm around Blaine’s waist. He kept his movements slow, making sure to give Blaine constant chances to make it all stop as he pulled the younger boy down on the mattress. He leaned over Blaine keeping his weight braced on his arm as his other hand trailed up and down Blaine’s side, leaning in the kiss him slow and deep again, this time tracing his tongue along the seam of Blaine’s lips.

There was a moment, quick and fleeting, when they pulled apart that Blaine had to swallow the majority of a whine; the temporary loss of contact left Blaine panicking until Master shifted his hand and was suddenly entwining their fingers together. Master’s words were clear and concise and made Blaine start to panic just a little bit; Master was essentially giving him control of the situation, carte blanche. One of the only reasons that Blaine wasn’t absolutely freaking out was that he wasn’t sure exactly what the hell was going on; he just knew that Master’s touches and kisses felt amazing, felt better than anything he’d ever felt before, and he wouldn’t trade them for anything in the world. The feeling of safety and that Master was happy, that was enough for Blaine; that was ALWAYS enough for Blaine. He thrived to make sure the man kissing him was happy and safe; and lived for those kisses and touches. It didn’t take much thought before Blaine was nodding.

Seeing Master slip his sling off had Blaine tensing just the slightest bit; he knew that Master, much like himself, had to exercise his shoulder but Master could hurt his shoulder and that would kill Blaine. Any protests that may have come from Blaine were quickly stamped out when Master was leaning in to press another kiss to his lips and Blaine was lost in the sensations. So lost was Blaine, in fact, that he actually didn’t realize he was being moved until Master had him laying back against the mattress and he could feel Master’s weight along his side. Though Blaine squirmed and made that
weird, light and bubbling giggle noise when Master’s fingers traced over his side but the sound was lost the same second he opened his mouth and suddenly his tongue met Master’s own; the giggle instead being replaced by a soft whine as he tucked himself as close to Master as he could get. Blaine wasn’t sure but the golden eyed boy could have easily been convinced that he had reached nirvana; his own hand resting on Master’s forearm to have something to ground himself for fear of floating away.

Sebastian knew that Blaine wouldn’t be comfortable exerting any kind of control over the situation, and that wasn’t why he’d given the instructions. That hadn’t been the purpose behind the instructions, Sebastian wasn’t stupid, he knew that all the control and power still rested heavily with him, but if he pushed too far too fast—he needed Blaine to tell him. He wasn’t going to push too far, he knew this couldn’t go any further than a pseudo-lesson in what could be between them. But Sebastian was only human, and he couldn’t resist taking, just a little. Blaine had such beautiful expressive eyes, and there were only so many times he could handle those golden eyes peeking up at him from beneath thick dark lashes before he needed to know how they’d look pupils blown wide, staring up at him filled with trust and pleasure. He wanted to help Blaine feel alive.

He could literally feel Blaine’s soft almost non-existent whine, vibrate against his lips and tongue, the sensation driving him crazy as he pressed in closer. The second he felt Blaine curling in and pressing closer he let himself feel a small elated victory. If he’d felt even a second’s hesitation he would have immediately backed off, given nothing but soft nuzzling kisses until Blaine relaxed and then held him until he fell asleep. Sebastian was honorable, he could behave himself if it was what Blaine needed, but knowing Blaine wanted this just as much, at least on some level—that was all he needed for the go ahead. Sebastian deepened the kiss slowly, wanting it to be an added constant pressure that increased by slow degrees, almost like a tease. He licked into Blaine’s mouth methodically, until he was stroking Blaine’s tongue encouraging him to explore and do the same. He wrapped the hand against Blaine’s side around his back, settling on the dip at the small of his back as he slotted their legs together. He was careful to not lean against Blaine, not wanting him to feel caged in, but to be able to feel him just enough that it would ground him in the moment, settle him.

The slow tease of Master’s tongue on his, the gentle coaxing, caused a thrill to shudder down Blaine’s spine. The gentle encouragement was enough to help bolster Blaine’s courage and allowed him to feel comfortable enough to do some exploring of his own; brushing along the ridges at the roof of Master’s mouth, mapping out each and every one of Master’s teeth and returning the gentle strokes over Master’s tongue. There was something so comfortable and exciting about the way Blaine felt as his palms smoothed over the planes of Master’s clothed chest; the heat practically scorching him through the fabric of Master’s shirt. The strength that Blaine felt so often in Master’s arms was matched by the muscles he felt moving above him.

Blaine’s pulse skyrocketed even higher, his heart thundering in his chest so loud he swore Master could hear it, as Master held him closer; heat pooling low on his back where Master’s hand rested, back arching ever so slightly between the warmth at his back and the warmth just above him. His hips shifted against Master’s body and caused almost a full bodied shudder to run through the boy. Eventually Blaine had to pull back from the kiss due to drastic need for oxygen and he let his head rest back against the pillows; big golden eyes blinked back at Master as he dragged oxygen into his lungs and offered Master a smile as his fingers curled a bit more into Master’s shirt.

Sebastian’s head was spinning by the time Blaine’s courage had picked up, with the first brush of Blaine’s tongue along his teeth Sebastian was lost. This time it was Sebastian letting out a soft groan,
it felt so incredible with each pass of Blaine’s tongue, like he was being lit on fire from the inside out. He shuddered as Blaine’s hands smoothed along his chest, now it was his skin that was on fire. He’d never get enough of the way Blaine’s innocent touches and exploration made him feel. It was nothing like the sure touches and experienced hands of the men Sebastian had been with in his past. But it was more than that, now it felt as though every touch was electric and it was addicting.

He couldn’t deny feeling some sense of satisfaction when Blaine pulled away breathless and panting for air. He’d felt the shift of Blaine’s hips, an innocent and searching gesture that spoke volumes of Blaine’s needs and even more of his frustrations. Sebastian shifted enough to slot their thighs together, discreetly encouraging the shifting and searching Blaine had no idea what to make of. With a small grin he brushed his lips against Blaine’s already slightly swollen and red-kissed lips, brushing his own along the warm skin of Blaine’s jaw and chin. He couldn’t get enough of Blaine’s taste, and how electric every touch was, he just wanted more. Humming he nipped playfully at the tender thin skin at the underside of Blaine’s chin, before soothing the skin with a kiss. The fingers along Blaine’s back scratched gently through his shirt as he licked slowly along the line of Blaine’s neck before settling over the racing pulse at the base of his neck, sucking on the skin gently.

Blaine shifted at the same time his Master did; bending his free leg and planting his foot on the bed for better leverage. Everything about Blaine felt like he was alight with flames; each touch of Master’s fingertip, every drag of lips and brush of barely stubbled skin caused Blaine’s pulse to rocket higher and higher. He had no idea what had come over him but when he felt the brush of Master’s teeth along his jaw and neck Blaine used the newfound leverage and his back bowed gracefully until he was pressed sweetly against his Master. He had worried a bit when he heard the soft noises coming from his Master, panic spiking for mere seconds thinking he had somehow hurt Master, but as the man above him kept shifting and scratching Blaine had to take the noises for the good that they were. Blaine had let go to the point that his body was completely moving on auto pilot, his hands finding heavenly spots of warmth along Master’s neck and his fingers playing just softly with the hairs at the base of his Master’s scalp as his hips started rolling against Master’s thighs in a soft rhythm; feeling something firm pressing into his own hip and fueling the ball of fire that was slowly building deep in Blaine’s stomach.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to let us know what you're thinking of our lovely boys so far! We're always happy to hear feedback!
A growl fell from Marco as he stormed his way through the hallways of the facility. It was bad enough that he was being used as some kind of messenger between Sebastian and his parents but now he was getting practically screeched at by the vulture-like woman because Sebastian wasn’t listening and following their orders. When were these people going to learn that Sebastian was his own person and that he wasn’t going to let them run him around in circles. As he approached Blaine’s door he saw that it was closed and nodded to the temporary guard that had been placed there; dismissing him, before he was knocking on the door and waiting for a response. When he didn’t get a response Marco knocked once more and waited. What the hell were they doing in there that Sebastian was ignoring him? With one more growl, Marco knocked and opened the door ready to storm in there and knock some heads together before he was stopped in his tracks. Was Bas—Was Blaine—Son of a bitch. Marco cleared his throat before looking pointedly at Sebastian; ignoring how quickly Blaine was curling in on himself and staring at him with wide, albeit still lust filled, golden eyes. “That meeting? They insisted it had to be now.”

Sebastian hadn’t counted on this moving as fast as it had, had never anticipated the fire of want and need that would erupt between them. He’d planned on riling Blaine up, bringing him to a place of desperation before he calmed him back and helped him see the pleasure that would be possible between them one day. He groaned as Blaine began tugging gently at the hair on the base of his skull, smiling he sucked on Blaine’s pulse point harder as he felt the hips rolling up against his thigh. God, Blaine got under his skin so fast, making him throw away the caution and composure he knew he was supposed to have. He let his teeth drag and nip against the skin of Blaine’s throat before he was moving up to kiss him full on the mouth again, tongue dipping in past Blaine’s lips as he own hips rolled against Blaine’s side. The sweet relief of that friction causing his heart to pound so hard he didn’t hear the knocking on the door, and this time when he groaned it was out of annoyed frustration. Fucking Marco.

Lifting his head up to glare at the man over his shoulder he was mentally swearing as he felt Blaine physically withdrawing already. Fuck. “Tell them I will be there when I’m damn well ready.” Sebastian half growled the words; sure, he had to see his parents but first thing on his agenda was punching that stupid smirk off of Marco’s godforsaken face. He could tell whatever initial awkwardness Marco might have had when he walked in had faded into amusement to the point he was shaking as he tried not to laugh. “Get out of this fucking room. Now.” Sebastian kept his voice quiet, but even that didn’t belittle how mad he was at having been interrupted. When Marco finally made his way out of the room, Sebastian swore he could hear the son of a bitch laughing even through the closed door. With a sigh he turned back towards Blaine, seeing the near panicked expression on his face Sebastian dropped his face into the crook of Blaine’s neck. Letting out a huff of air he let the hand clutching at Blaine’s back loosen until he could gently caress him through the material of his shirt. “It’s okay, Biche, it’s okay.” He pressed a tender kiss to the side of Blaine’s neck before rearranging them so Blaine could rest against him, his free hand playing with Blaine’s hair, he had to work to not let his own sexual frustration color his words, “Just relax, sweetheart, I’ve got you.” He pressed a kiss to Blaine’s forehead, keeping his touches light and sweet to try and get them both to cool off.

At that point Blaine didn’t care what Master did to him so long as he did something soon because
Blaine felt like he was going to utterly explode and he hadn’t been given permission to do so; and as far gone as Blaine was so quickly he would willingly take whatever punishment Master gave him if it only meant that Master would do something. The fire in Blaine continued spreading from the claiming of his lips straight down to where Master’s hips were rolling rhythmically with Blaine’s own. Blaine’s fingers tugged just a little bit harder as his own tongue darted out into Master’s mouth; exploring the wet warmth once more with the intent to memorize every bump and press and touch of it. Master’s skin beneath Blaine’s hands felt as if it was molten fire contained beneath the taut skin of the other man’s neck and that just drove Blaine further.

Seeing the hulking mass that was Marco just suddenly appear at the foot of the bed, however, scared the shit out of Blaine; he was so lost in Master’s touches and the pit of fire that had been growing within him that he hadn’t heard the loud rapping at the door until it was too late and then all of a sudden he could feel Master tensing up and the anger rolling off of him in waves. It was all Blaine could do to curl into himself and pray that he made himself as unnoticeable and small as he could; that was always the ticket when it came to his father’s anger. So when Marco was back out the door and Master was doing his best to soothe him, Blaine was still a bit tense; he could feel the tension in Master’s body but the more he ran his hands through Blaine’s curly mop and held him close along his side, Blaine’s head cushioned on his Master’s uninjured shoulder, he could feel his pulse as it slowly returned to normal. Instead of saying anything Blaine just nuzzled in closer to Master’s neck and closed his eyes before letting out his own huff of air as he finally relaxed. “Wh-who do you have to meet, Master?” he asked softly as his curiosity got the better of him.

Sebastian was contemplating murder. Murdering Marco, murdering his parents, murdering the dumbass security guard who’d been outside and hadn’t kept Marco out. Mostly he wanted to murder Marco, though. The dumbass giant who was sure to be ribbing him for the whole thing later. Sebastian wanted to hate him, and in some small corner of his mind he did, but he was mostly just angry—angry that he’d interrupted them, angry that he’d gotten so carried away, and angry that Marco had scared Blaine so much. He had to lock all of that away though, had to forget his anger and try to shove it aside to focus on Blaine. Blaine needed him, and Sebastian would always put Blaine’s needs ahead of his own. The moment he stopped doing that was the moment he failed the young boy. It wasn’t easy, underneath the anger was still a burning need to keep going, the need to see what Blaine would look like when he came, to feel the boy’s brazen exploration of his mouth, the need to do more.

He couldn’t though, not when he felt Blaine’s frame still tensed and afraid, or the way the small boy seemed to curl into himself and Sebastian. It was that action that drove all of Sebastian’s needs out the window. The fact that even in the wake of his own fear, the fact that Blaine would feel Sebastian’s unchecked anger, he still sought comfort from him. That was all he needed. Humming softly he pulled his fingers through Blaine’s thick curls, nuzzling his nose along Blaine’s hairline as he held him in close. His first instinct was to lie, he didn’t want Blaine freaking out or getting upset as he knew he would, but he couldn’t. “My parents,” He hummed the words softly, of course he knew what they were going to argue about, and it would be an argument, but Blaine didn’t need to know that portion of it. Running his hand along Blaine’s spine he smiled, pressing a kiss to Blaine’s head where his metal plate was, as he felt the boy nuzzling into the crook of his neck. “They just want to check on my arm. And my mother in particular wants to know how you’ve been feeling. But don’t worry, Biche, I’m going to meet with them later when you’re sleeping—and it will be right outside the door so I promise I’ll still be nearby if you need anything. I’ll be back before you wake.”

As Blaine hid his face into his Master’s neck he tried to calm his breathing and his thoughts. Marco’s
sudden appearance had scared the shit out of Blaine and he couldn’t figure out why; especially when
he had grown so used to Marco being around. The lumbering oaf had grown to be a constant
presence in Blaine’s small world, just like his Master, and he was even starting to trust Marco enough
to let him touch him and Master without Blaine freaking out on him. So why did he freak out? It
could probably be because he hadn’t seen the man come into the room and Blaine always needed to
know who was in the room with him; that way Blaine would know how many people he had to
answer to and how many people he could expect to hit him if he did something wrong. Surprising
him like that was always enough to cause Blaine to have a panic attack and that almost always lead
to pain.

He was pulled out of his own thoughts when Master actually answered his question; he hadn’t
expected Master to answer him, perhaps tell him he didn’t have to worry about it or change the
subject completely but didn’t expect him to answer completely. It made Blaine uncomfortable to
think that he was the reason Master was being kept from his parents; even with Master’s constant
reassurance that it was okay he still squirmed ever so slightly at the thought. Blaine’s eyes flicked
over to the clock sitting on the wall, it was still only late afternoon, and then closed again as he
fought with himself. “I can be goo-good. I can wait here if Master wants to go see them now.” He
managed to get out, stammering only just a bit as his mind was screaming at him to shut up; that he
had already gone so much outside of his boundaries for the day that speaking out of turn was going
to get them in trouble. Blaine just shoved that down deeper and steeled himself. “I’ll stay right here.
W-won’t go anywhere.” And that was the truth. If Blaine knew that Master had to go anywhere he
was going to make sure that he stayed sitting right where his Master left him while he was alone;
because if he got up it was likely that Blaine would cause himself to freak out.

Sebastian was proud of Blaine, proud of him for more reasons than one. But lately he’d begun to
open up even with Marco in the room, yes he was still shaken and jittery, tended to be unable to meet
the eyes of the bigger man and curled into Sebastian’s side until it felt like he was trying to crawl into
him. More importantly though he spoke around him, he let Sebastian touch him, he answered
questions posed to him. Blaine was only comfortable with Marco touching Sebastian’s shoulder or
examining his arm, and as small as these triumphs seemed they were steps in the right direction.
Slowly Blaine was beginning to see that the people of the center were there to protect and help him,
it may not have seemed like much but it was a big step and Sebastian just hoped this incident didn’t
disrupt that. It hadn’t been Sebastian’s intention to cause them both to become so distracted they
forgot the outside world; hopefully the small scare wouldn’t cause Blaine to revert backwards.

Sebastian was touched as Blaine tried to promise he’d be good, told him to go and talk to his parents.
He knew how hard it would be on Blaine if he did leave him on his own. Sebastian wasn’t sure if
Blaine’s insistence was because of his instincts as a slave to protect Sebastian, or if he wanted what
was best for Sebastian. Humming softly he ran his hand through Blaine’s hair, his other hand sliding
under the bottom edge of Blaine’s shirt so he could caress the smooth warm skin of Blaine’s back.
“Oh, Biche I know you would be. You’re always the best boy.” Sebastian pressed a kiss to Blaine’s
hair, “You’ve always been so good for Master, I’m not worried about that at all.” His voice was a
soft hum as he continued to caress Blaine’s back, hugging him close as he tangled their legs together
better. “Marco is just being dramatic, my parents are both working as well. They won’t be able to
talk until late tonight, by which point you will be fast asleep and by the time you wake up it will be
like nothing ever happened.” Sebastian wanted to reassure Blaine that everything was okay, he
wouldn’t let Blaine feel responsible for any disagreement between his parents and himself. Humming
softly he pressed a kiss to Blaine’s cheek, “Agreed, Biche?”

The problem for Blaine was that he wasn’t sure he was actually going to be able to sleep; not only
was he hyper aware of everything at the moment, every noise outside their door made Blaine jump and tense slightly, but just knowing that his Master was going to get up at some point in the night, while Blaine was asleep and couldn’t protect him, was enough to keep him awake. Better he just stay awake because whenever Master wasn’t with him the nightmares came back in amazing full force. Some Blaine knew were memories that his subconscious was trying to deal with but the other nightmares he honestly couldn’t tell; though he hoped desperately that those weren’t repressed memories because if so there were some things that Blaine needed to work through that he knew Master couldn’t help him with.

Blaine snuggled closer into his Master, his leg wrapping over the taller man’s as he did so and his sore arm snaking slowly and carefully around his Master’s waist; fingers winding just under the hem of the older man’s shirt to unconsciously mimic the motion’s of Master’s fingers as he rubbed softly at the scorching skin there. Over the past few days Blaine had started to become almost acutely aware that he had taken on a good number of Master’s mannerisms and motions. He blushed at Master’s words and continued to hide his now heated face into the crook of Master’s neck. He wanted to argue and tell Master that if they said ‘Now’ then he should go ‘now’ but all the fight had just oozed out of Blaine and he was left nodding ever so slightly against his Master. “Agreed” he said in a voice that was utterly soft and resigned. It wasn’t that he wanted to keep Master all for himself, alright he did but that wasn’t the only reason; Blaine didn’t want Master getting into any more trouble because of him.

Sebastian knew that the idea of sleep still terrified Blaine, and the only way the boy ever found any rest these days was so long as he was wrapped around Sebastian—either able to hear or feel his heartbeat. It had taken Sebastian a few nights to understand what Blaine was doing, he’d start the night with his head cushioned against Sebastian’s shoulder only to wake up hours later with Blaine’s head firmly over his heart, a hand gripping his shirt in a white-knuckle-death grip. At first it had unnerved Sebastian, he rarely slept with other people in his bed—and over the first few weeks Blaine had been with them Blaine rarely touched him even when they sat in the same bed. Now though, Blaine wrapped around him in his sleep like Sebastian was the one life line keeping his head above water, and strangely enough Sebastian didn’t think he could sleep anymore without Blaine’s weight pressing down on him. It was a comfort to them both now. Sebastian no longer slept deep enough for nightmares to plague him, knowing most of them would center around the boy wrapped around him. But he knew Blaine was still tormented by things he didn’t understand, the memories and fears instilled in him through years of abuse. It wouldn’t fade away in a night, but Sebastian had to do his best to help.

When Blaine wrapped around him tighter Sebastian had to fight back a soft laugh. He’d gotten used to the vine like attachment Blaine had formed around him, but it still threw him off base when Blaine willingly initiated the contact like he had. Normally Sebastian had to just hold him close until Blaine was close to passing out and then he’d snake around him, this was definitely new—but he liked it. He nuzzled into Blaine’s hair as he felt the soft scratches under the back of his shirt in a hesitant mimic of his own touches. “I’m so proud of you Bichette. You’ve been so brave and good for Master, I couldn’t be prouder of you.” He kept his voice soft and gentle before pressing a kiss to Blaine’s temple, “How’s your arm feeling? It’s okay if you say it’s hurting, you’ve worked it hard today.”

The golden eyed boy was quickly realizing that staying awake was going to be a feat in and of itself; he could hear the steady beating of Master’s heart beneath his ear and feel each steady thud beneath his cheek and even in each and every one of his finger tips. Not only that but the soft caresses and gentle kisses always had a way of relaxing Blaine completely. Blaine was stuck; he could either pull
away from his Master in an attempt to keep himself awake but possibly angering the taller man or he could stay where he was and fight sleep as it tugged him in.

Master’s question caught him off guard and he rotated his shoulder experimentally; stopping quickly at the sharp pain that caused him to offer a muffled cry that he tried to hide in Master’s neck. He hated this; the feeling of pain and feeling weak. But what he didn’t hate was that he had someone who cared enough to ask him about the pain instead of just making it worse. Someone caring about him, actually worrying about him and his safety, that was a completely new concept to Blaine and yet with Master it felt like it was something that had always been there. Biting his lip, Blaine managed to shrug with his other shoulder; it wasn’t lying exactly but he didn’t want Master to hook him up to pain medication again, as the medication always made him sleepy.

Sebastian was no fool. He knew that Blaine didn’t fully relax until he was being given soft caresses and constant touches. Knew that no matter how hard Blaine fought it, he was almost always helpless to the lure of that comfort. Sebastian was careful to never abuse the fact, but in this one instance he felt as though it would be justifiable. He knew Blaine was going to fight sleep for as long as he could, in part that was his fault. Blaine would never want to be left alone while he slept, and knowing Sebastian had to meet with his parents was likely causing the boy more anxiety than he needed. When he heard Blaine let out a sound of pain, Sebastian immediately held him closer, pressing a kiss to his temple trying to soothe away the pain with his touch.

“Shhh, shh, Biche it’s alright. I know it hurts, sweetheart.” Sebastian smiled softly, trying to distract the boy with soothing touches along his back. He nuzzled Blaine’s temple before running a light hand along Blaine’s arm, gently tracing his fingers along Blaine’s shoulder—keeping his touches feather light so he didn’t cause the boy pain. “It’s okay to be hurting. You worked your arm hard today, and you’ve had more exercise with it than you have in a long time. It’s natural, and not a failure of any kind. Here, let’s get that sling back on just for a little bit, and I know you don’t want your pain meds but I think it would be a good idea, Biche. I don’t want you pushing yourself into causing damage.” Sebastian kept his movements slow and gentle as he eased Blaine’s sling back over his arm, carefully moving him so that Blaine’s hurt arm would be cradled between them so it wasn’t being pulled on. “There, better?”

That touch, that soft, beautiful and soothing touch helped was everything that Blaine found good in the world and even better it took away most of the pain. The gentle brushes over his shoulder with feather light fingers were more than enough to take the edge of the pain and make it vanish. When Master moved and pulled away from him to grab Blaine’s sling he managed to choke down the whimper; the loss of contact always made Blaine want to cry out. He had spent too many years where being alone was his punishment and things like this still brought those feelings to the surface.

Once the sling was settled in place, Blaine waffled between staying seated on the bed in an attempt to stay awake or nuzzling back into his Master. He wanted more than anything to cuddle back into his Master and hold onto him tightly, so that he was guaranteed to wake up if Master moved but that meant there was a greater chance he was going to pass out. He knew that if he stayed sitting up that his Master would know that he was trying to stay awake on purpose and he still wasn’t sure that the other man would be happy about that; especially given that he was planning on meeting with his parents once Blaine was asleep. “Yes, thank-you Master.”

Sebastian’s heart broke a little when Blaine whimpered as he pulled away. He hated that a brief second of no touch could bring Blaine so much heartache and pain. He deserved better than that, and
he wished he could give it to him. Sebastian wished more than anything he could take away the fears that plagued Blaine every second of the day. His only reassurance that he was doing something right was when Blaine seemed to visibly calm under his touches once Blaine’s sling was back in place. He could see the fight in his golden eyes, the spark of determination to stay awake and fight against the hold of sleep, but he could see Blaine’s need to be held as well.

Seeing that Blaine wasn’t going to be comfortable making the decision himself, Sebastian, turned onto his side holding an arm up in open invitation. “I’ll sing to you if you like.” He hummed the words softly with an open and easy smile, he wasn’t going to force Blaine into laying down with him, but he also wasn’t going to let Blaine hurt himself by staying sitting up like he was when he was clearly in pain and wanted to be close to him. He let his hand rest on Blaine’s hip, squeezing gently, “Or I can always tell you a story, anything of your choosing.” Smiling gently, “Please lay with me, Biche. I’d like to hold you.”

Blaine was still fighting with himself as he rolled onto his side and waited; Blaine could just curl right up into Master’s arms and forget that that horrible therapy session happened, just completely forget about it and Marco scaring him half to death and the day would be perfect. But he knew that the second he curled into Master it was just a matter of time before he fell asleep; especially if Master sang. But sitting up, having his arm hang like that even in a sling, was putting some unpleasant weight on his shoulder and the pain was enough of a factor to make Blaine’s mind up completely. He would just have to work to stay awake despite laying down. So, when Master asked him so nicely to lay down so he could hold him Blaine didn’t put up any resistance.

Laying down with Master was always so close to perfect that Blaine could taste how amazing it was; it was always made more amazing when he felt his Master’s arms gently wrap around him and pull him close so that more than the lines of their bodies were touching. Blaine’s head quickly found the spot it was looking for and pressed against his Master’s shoulder so that he could hear that steady deep thudding of the other man’s heart and that was lullaby enough to get Blaine to drop his guard; Master’s steady fingers brushing through his mess of curls was the final touch that caused Blaine to relax into the hold and it wasn’t long before the golden eyed boy was fighting with his own eyes as they started to droop of their own accord. Every time Blaine would find himself drifting off to sleep his whole body would twitch in an attempt to wake himself up; his hand in a white-knuckle grip on his Master’s shirt so that IF he did fall asleep, though now it was most likely looking like a ‘when’, he would most definitely wake if the man left him in the night. And, despite a valiant effort on Blaine’s part, the boy finally succumbed to sleep; the lullaby, the gentle touches and his Master’s heartbeat being the fatal trifecta against his fight to keep awake. Golden eyes shut finally but his grasp didn’t loosen in his sleep; even as his breathing evened out and the rest of his body relaxed completely.

Chapter End Notes
Sebastian was exhausted. It had been a long day, Blaine had had a rough go during his physical therapy session, and the fright Marco had given him when he’d walked in during their—moment—had put Blaine so on edge it had taken him forever to get the boy calm again. When Blaine finally laid down in his arms again Sebastian sighed happily, at least this way he knew he could coax the boy into sleeping. He put his good arm around Blaine, chuckling softly when the boy immediately wrapped around him until his head was settled over Sebastian’s heart. The first time he had woken up to Blaine this wrapped around him he’d been shocked and found it a little uncomfortable in some ways, but it had quickly become one of his favorite things. Blaine’s weight on top of his chest kept him grounded enough to fall asleep, and as he settled in to sleep Sebastian couldn’t help thinking maybe things were going to be okay. Once he was sure Blaine had fallen asleep he was careful to reach across and pressed the button to call Marco in with Blaine’s medicine. While Marco carefully administered the shot Sebastian hummed laying his head down, “I’ll meet with my parents in a few hours, I just need to rest my eyes.”

Marco didn’t fight Sebastian instead just grunted in agreement, Marco hadn’t even moved away before it seemed Sebastian passed out. Blaine wasn’t the only one who’d done a lot that day. He’d only been sleeping for a few hours when he felt a firm hand land on his shoulder, the touch causing him to jerk awake, his arm tightening reflexively around Blaine, shifting his body to roll them over and bodily shield Blaine, his first instinct being to cover him. “Oh for Christ’s sake, calm down son. No need to jump out of your skin.” Sebastian groaned as he registered his father’s voice, his eyes flying open when he heard his mother speak next, “Well what did you expect Andrew? You came at him out of nowhere.” Andrew Smythe rolled his eyes at his wife; she would try to coddle the boy. Andrew turned his attention back to the pair on the bed squeezing Sebastian’s shoulder shaking it when he saw his son’s eyes had closed. “Wake up, boy. We need to talk, now.” Sebastian’s confusion must have shown on his face, because all of a sudden he felt the hand tighten painfully on his shoulder shaking him again. “Stop! You’re going to wake him up.”

Sebastian hissed the words as he held Blaine close to try and keep him from being shaken too much. “Don’t worry; we had Marco slip him a sedative while you were sleeping. The boy shouldn’t wake up for another hour. We need to have a family discussion, Sebastian. It’s important.” Dawn tried to reassure her son before her husband ended up bruising his shoulder and shaking him out of the bed. For his part Sebastian wasn’t able to even form a coherent response before he was practically being lifted out of the bed by his shoulder. “Hey, okay stop.” Sebastian scowled as he managed to shove his dad’s hand off of him, even if Blaine was asleep he didn’t want to risk anything, so instead he carefully shifted Blaine over onto his pillow so Sebastian could slide out of the bed. He turned back towards the bed when he heard Blaine make a soft snuffling noise in his sleep; even though he knew Blaine wouldn’t wake up he settled his good hand against Blaine’s hair, “Shh, my good boy. I’ll be right back.”
When Sebastian turned back around his parents had already headed outside, sighing he followed them out into the hallway, closing the door behind himself. He was only half surprised to see Marco outside waiting beside his parents, he was glad to see the other man looking just as disgruntled and confused as he felt. What the hell was going on? “What’s up? I know you said he won’t wake up for a while, but I don’t like leaving him alone. His nightmares have a tendency to pull him out of even medicated sleep.” Sebastian sighed as he spoke; his tone clearly bored as he rubbed his good hand over his sore shoulder, the jostling from his Dad was making it act up, again. Instead of his father answering though it was his mother with a look of concern on her face, “*Sweetheart, we have some concerns, you’ve been hurt more than once with this case and we don’t feel comfortable with this arrangement any longer.*”

“*More importantly, I do not feel confident in your ability to handle this boy or the problems he presents.*” Andrew’s tone brooked no arguments; there was no emotion on his face or in his voice as he cut into his wife’s overly sentimental address. He motioned towards a stunned Marco, “*Frankly I didn’t think you were capable of handling this charge from the beginning. You’re just too green son, and this is a highly advanced situation. Combine in the worrisome notes from Marco and your mother’s concerns over your safety I think it’s time we stepped in. You’re off of this assignment, Sebastian.*” Sebastian wasn’t sure what was happening, it felt like his head was in a vacuum, none of this made any sense. So he’d gotten a little banged up, so the threat was still very real if Blaine’s dad ever got back into the center, what the hell did that matter? Thankfully he didn’t have to say anything, because before he knew what was happening Marco was stepping in front of him like the damn brick wall that he was, squaring off against the older Smythe.

“You-You’re taking my words out of context! You can’t just take Sebastian off of this assignment.” Sebastian shook his head, he was too stunned to come up with the appropriate words for the situation, but he did push aside Marco so he could toe off with his father himself. “There is no one here better equipped to protect this boy. No matter what you think.” His frown deepened when he heard his mother give a heavy sigh, “That’s the problem Sebastian, you’re talking about protecting the boy, not making him better. It’s time we kept you safe.” Sebastian shook his head cursing under his breath as he tried to find the appropriate words to fight this whole thing. His eyes nearly bugged out of his head when he caught sight of Marcus coming down the hallway, turning to stare at his father in disbelief his voice coming out strained, “What have you done?”

“At your mother’s request I’ve decided to reassign caregivers. She believes you have what it takes to help rehabilitate these boys, whereas I don’t. So, to placate her I’m giving you another chance. You’ll be working with Derek, he is mostly subdued, a very mild case and presents no outside physical threats or challenges. Something that will be more at your skill level.” Andrew made it no secret how little he believed in his son’s ability to handle the work he did. The only reason he even pushed aside Marco so he could toe off with his father himself. “There is no one here better equipped to protect this boy. No matter what you think.” His frown deepened when he heard his mother give a heavy sigh, “*Marcus is older and more capable of handling these types of cases. His experience will correct the short term damage this causes. In the long run, it’s for the best. My decision is final, Marco. You will escort Sebastian to his new charge and then resume your post here.*” Andrew didn’t bother sticking around to see that his orders were followed, he ran this facility and his word was law within these walls. Sebastian sputtered inelegantly as he shook his head, “More experience?! Marcus may be older but his success rates don’t exactly scream anything encouraging. He has more boys in long term therapy and assistance programs than anyone at this institute!” Andrew merely shrugged, “*I have more faith in him than I do you.*” He waved off his wife’s arguments to the statement before
shrugging, clearly done with the conversation he turned and made his way back down the hallway, he had other things to attend to, lives to save, he couldn’t be bothered to keep cleaning up his son’s messes. Dawn Smythe sighed sadly, she could see the shock and…heartbreak in Sebastian’s eyes as he processed what had just happened. Stepping closer to him she cupped his cheek, “Sweetheart, please try to understand, I just want you to be safe. I’m not willing to risk your life any further. One day you’ll thank us for this. The boy will be in fine hands; Marcus is a seasoned worker and has had some successful cases here with us. You’ll see.”

Sebastian stood stunned, too outraged to even form words as his mother kissed his cheek and walked away. She just…walked away like they hadn’t just torn the only person he cared about from him. He didn’t snap out of his confusion until he saw Marcus moving to go into Blaine’s room. With a yell he moved to get between the older man and Blaine’s room—their room, “Bas! Stop this, stop.” Marco grabbed the boy around his waist before he could do any damage, physically dragging him down the hall. He let the boy yell obscenities at him, let him kick and swing at him all the way up to his new room. Marco held onto him until Bas had literally worn himself out, until the screaming and fighting stopped and gave way to Sebastian going limp. Once he was sure Sebastian wasn’t going to do anything stupid Marco let go of him. Sebastian surprised him by turning to look him in the eyes, swallowing once before he spoke, “Don’t…don’t leave him—okay?”

Marco nodded, putting a hand on Sebastian’s shoulder; he knew what he was being asked. He would be the last link Blaine had to Sebastian, the last thing he would have to seeing a familiar face. “I promise, Bas.” Sebastian nodded, he held himself together until Marco had walked away, once he could no longer see the man’s back. When Marco was gone Sebastian just crumpled, he had no fight left in him and simply slid to the ground, back against a figurative and literal wall. He bent his knees and let his head fall forward as the tears he’d held in check finally broke through. He cried until he could no longer breathe, until it felt like all he’d ever known were tears, cried at the loss of Blaine’s comforting presence and cried at the failure he’d become. Not to himself, he didn’t care that he’d failed himself, but he’d failed Blaine. He’d failed the boy who had no one in the world on his side, the boy who’d let him in, and now…because he wasn’t good enough Blaine would be hurt. He cried over the loss of the boy he loved.

Chapter End Notes

I know this one is hard, and the next one will be too. Sorry!! Feel free to leave us any feedback!
Can You Hear My Cries - Blaine

Chapter Notes

As I said yesterday, the previous chapter and this one are stand alone, self-paras. One for each of the boys. Yesterday's was Sebastian's, now here is Blaine's.

Our little golden eyed boy still can't quite catch a break, yet.

Possible Trigger Warnings----------
Nightmares of character death/murder, the act not played out but the mention of blood.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He was here, Blaine knew that his Master was here and that he was hurting and it was all his fault; he had let that monster of a man, his father, get past him again and he just knew he was hurting his Master. The pounding of Blaine’s feet echoed throughout the seemingly endless hallway as he ran from door to door, throwing open every door he passed and calling out for him. “Master?” His voice bounced off the unadorned walls and every empty room he found amped up the panic that was already building in Blaine’s chest. He couldn’t fail him, he just couldn’t. Blaine could feel the panic rising in his chest at every single empty room. Where was he keeping him? Where could he be? There, at the top of the stairs, was a door; THAT door. Of course he would keep Master there; that was that man’s favorite closet after all.

With each step he took up those stairs, Blaine felt as though he was stepping through quicksand; the sensation that he was being dragged and pulled away from his target. By the time he reached the top of the stairs he was absolutely frantic; and when the door didn’t open at his insistence he started clawing at it. By the time he gained any purchase with the door his fingers were raw and bleeding but Blaine didn’t care, the door swung open and he was running into the room. What he saw made him freeze dead; Master’s body was laying on the floor, eyes open but unseeing, mouth open but no breath found. And standing over him was that demon of a man with that smile that was more a baring of teeth; his hands dripping with his Master’s blood. Blaine had failed.

Blaine shot up to a seated position in the bed with an incoherent scream; his chest heaving as he fought to regain his bearings and fight with the constricting sling at the same time. Too many things were constricting him and he couldn’t breathe. Once the sling was off, his shoulder screaming in protest, Blaine just had to contend with the panic attack that came when he realized that his Master wasn’t there. Usually when the nightmares struck, as few between as they had become, Master would be there with his arms wrapped around him and a hand running through his hair. Bile rose in Blaine’s mouth as he realized that he was completely and utterly alone in their bed and glancing to the door showed Blaine that he wasn’t out there either; Master left the door cracked when he went out there and stayed where he could see him.

Something was wrong, Blaine just felt it; so he was quick to clamor off the bed, ignoring the protest from his arm as he used it to push himself off the bed, and rushed towards the door. With deft movements, Blaine through open the door and stumble backwards when he found himself standing in front of someone who wasn’t his Master; golden eyes wide with panic as he moved so that his arm was pressing against the wall, using it as a guide as he backed away from the stranger so he wouldn’t have to take his eyes from the man before him. This man was nothing like his Master. Where his
Master had a lean jaw, kind green eyes and smooth skin this man before him had almost the same hulking mass as Marco, though his shoulders were smaller, and his face was full of hard edges and stern.

It took Blaine a moment to realize that his lips were moving and he was actually speaking to Blaine; and it took him another moment to focus on what he was actually saying. “What are you doing out of your bed?” His voice wasn’t anything like his Master’s either; deeper and by far more gruff. He pressed further into their bedroom, causing Blaine to back even further and to shake even more. Where was Master? He just had to wait, Master would come and protect him; he had promised and Master always kept his promises if he was able to. “Can you speak?” Blaine just nodded before he dropped his gaze and his whole body tensed as it tried to close in on itself. Just then another shadow appeared in the room, this one Blaine recognized; Marco. “Marcus, that’s not how.” The man, Marcus, turned with a sharper look at Marco. “You know better than that, you call me Master or Sir. Do you understand?” “Fine, Sir. But that’s not how you should approach him.” Blaine sent a pleading look in Marco’s direction. He just wanted to know what was going on, where his Master was, who this terrifying man was and why he couldn’t get a full breath. “I will approach him how I see fit. You’re dismissed until I have need of you, get out. You,” those hard blue eyes were back on Blaine, causing him to cower even more against the wall. “get back in that bed, right now.”

Marco watched him as Blaine moved slowly and hesitantly back onto the bed and crawled up to the headboard where he pulled his knees up to his chest and fought to be as still and silent as he could; weeks of impressive progress being erased in mere seconds. Out of the corner of his eye, Blaine saw Marco look at him with a look he couldn’t figure out before he left. He watched this new man, Marcus, as best he could with his eyes cast down; he could only see the man’s legs as he approached the bed and grabbed Blaine’s sling and held it out to him. “You are to put this back on. Once that is done we’ll be hooking you back up to the IVs and you are to go back to sleep. Do you understand me?” It was all Blaine could do to keep his tears in check as he nodded once more. “M-master?” the golden eyed boy managed to ask softly. “No, I’m your Master now. Your previous one couldn’t handle you, so you were given to me. Now, sleep.” He almost barked the order once the sling was back in place and the IVs redone; the hulking man ignoring the flinching and the way the Blaine was shaking and just barely keeping from pulling away from him. “You have therapy in the morning, I’ll come and get you. You are not to move from that bed if you cannot sleep without my permission unless it is to use the bathroom.” And with that he walked back out of the room.

Sitting there against the headboard, knees pulled tight to his still sore chest, Blaine let out a silent sob once the door was closed. What had he done? What had he done that had been so bad that his Master had decided that he didn’t want him? Glancing around the room, Blaine realized that he was once again alone; no more comforting touches or soothing lullabies. The tears streamed down Blaine’s cheeks as he rocked and softly sung his Master’s lullaby. If that little lullaby was all he had left to comfort him in life, then it was all he would need.

Chapter End Notes

As always, feel free to leave us some love and thoughts. We love hearing what you all think about the story and our boys!
Please Don't Let Me Go Again - Part 1

Chapter Notes

Okay, just a few notes and warnings before we get into this chapter:

We are not medical professionals, though we strive to do the best we can. Please take that in stride as you read our story. This chapter holds some graphic and potentially upsetting depictions, so if you wish to skip that there is a chapter sum-up in the notes at the end of the chapter.

Please, feel free to leave us a comment, let us know what you’re thinking and/or feeling.

Triggers/Warnings:
Self-harm
Self-punishment
Blood
Mental and physical distress

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The last week had been nothing but a living hell for Blaine; physical therapy, long periods of time when he was alone or thrown into the common rooms with all the other boys, panic attacks, and the fear of reprimands all felt as though Blaine was living in a world of consistent punishments. Everything he tried to do he was told no; that he wasn’t doing it properly and that he shouldn’t be doing it. Marcus – his new master – would try to show him how to do it but then he would get frustrated that Blaine wasn’t doing things the way he wanted them done as quickly as he wanted them done, so he would just tell Blaine to stop and he would do it himself. And at night, Blaine would spend the nights laying awake, curled in a ball; most nights crying and other nights not. But always his mind would go over and over all the activities of the week before he had been given to this new Master.

Finally, early one morning, Blaine couldn’t think anymore; his head was so filled of every little thing he thought he had done wrong, had been told he did wrong and he just wanted to be properly punished so that the torture would end. He remembered how the cut the first night had been enough of a punishment for his Master and he could only hope that, if he did it again, it would be enough. And if anything, maybe it would be enough to bring his Master back or silence his thoughts. Blaine’s movements were mostly a blur to himself as he reached into the bedside trash and pulled out a piece of the broken mirror from the other day, he had had a panic attack in the shower and it had resulted with the shattered mirror and a punishment. Cradling the piece of glass close to his chest Blaine looked around the empty room, his new Master off somewhere, and took a breath. He knew this was going hurt but if it didn’t hurt it wasn’t a punishment. Biting his lip to silence the cry, Blaine dragged the piece of glass across the meat of his upper his forearm.

At first there was no pain, and Blaine was worried that he had somehow managed to screw that up as well but after a few seconds the pain was sharp and sudden; radiating from the spot and causing his entire arm to throb harshly as the blood began to well. He took a moment to gather his control and swallow down the bile that rose before he did the same to his other arm. Seeing all the blood though was enough to frighten Blaine and suddenly the boy just wanted to be somewhere safe, somewhere...
that he knew he could hide to ride out this punishment. So, despite the dizzy feeling that was starting to take over, which a combination of little to no food, no sleep and now pain, Blaine silently made his way through the halls and to the only place he knew; pushing the music room door open when he found it thankfully unlocked and then succinctly locking it behind himself. It was then, once he felt secure, that he let the strangled sob leave him and moved to curl up beneath the piano. He didn’t even pay attention to the small pool of blood that started to form beneath his arms as he closed his eyes and cried.

A week had not stilted Sebastian’s anger or his pain. If anything he’d felt himself falling into a spiraling black hole within himself. He’d holed up in his music room for the day, Derek was essentially self-sufficient in his therapy sessions and didn’t need him, and he wasn’t much use to anyone on his staff at the moment. He’d tried, Sebastian never quit anything, and he had to prove his father wrong, but all of this was starting to get to his head. However, sitting at his piano, in the one room that usually gave him such peace and comfort—Sebastian felt empty. He couldn’t play his music, couldn’t even turn on his radio, because everything that brought him comfort or happiness reminded him of Blaine. Reminded him he’d been such a failure that he’d hurt the boy that trusted him. He’d been sitting at the piano staring at the keys uselessly for well over an hour when one of the nurses came to get him. Apparently his new charge Derek had a break down in therapy and needed talking down. Hurrying off to take care of his charge Sebastian forgot to lock the room up behind him.

Marco was a stone’s throw away from killing his brother. Marcus didn’t listen to reason, refused to take guidance or admit when he was in over his head. He was bringing back a tray with the kid’s food on it, once again there was too much food on the tray and it wasn’t anything Blaine could actually keep down—but Marcus refused to listen, kept saying they were starving the kid. Marco had a feeling the dipshit hadn’t even read Sebastian’s notes, he loved his brother—he did, but the kid was being a bigger pain in his ass than Sebastian had ever been, and far more stubborn. He frowned when he saw his brother come tearing out of Blaine’s room like a bat out of hell, “What are you doing?” Marco growled, he swore if Marcus had gone too far and hurt Blaine in a punishment he was going to throttle his own brother. “He’s gone, set up a code. Looks like he hurt himself.” Marco’s blood ran cold, without waiting for a further explanation he shoved the tray at his brother before hurrying down the hall.

Sebastian was on the verge of tearing his own hair out. Derek had a minor freak out and then had promptly kicked Sebastian out of his room. Derek was at the stage of course where such instances were encouraged, it showed that the boy was progressing in his therapy, but it meant Sebastian had nothing to focus on other than his own thoughts. He was sighing into the cup of coffee he’d made himself, sitting in the chair stationed outside of Derek’s room to settle in on the off chance the kid needed him. When he heard heavy footsteps heading towards him he looked up, jumping up out of his chair as he saw Marco and the panicked look on his face. “Is he okay?! Marco, what is going on?” Sebastian, in his haste, dropped his mug of coffee as he grabbed onto Marco’s arm once he came to a skidding halt, Sebastian felt like his heart was about to rocket out of his own chest in sudden worry, “I don’t know Bas…he’s missing and there was blood.” His heart stopped trying to rocket out of his chest, instead it fell straight to the floor, leaving it and Marco in his wake he took off in a sprint. Blaine had to still be in the building, he had just been at the entrance to the building now five minutes ago and they would have told him. He’d break open every door if he had too.

He could hear them, whoever they were, as they passed by the door and shouts rang out. He just couldn’t find it in himself to leave his safe haven, even when he started hearing them calling out his name. Blaine actually curled tighter into himself as the voices got louder; a group of orderlies he thought, gathered just outside the door and discussing search areas. One of them, he wasn’t sure
Sebastian felt like his world was crumbling. He should have never left Blaine’s side; it was like the hospital all over again. He’d fucked up and now Blaine was paying the price. His first thought was to check the closet he’d found Blaine in the first time—but that thought was gone quickly. Blaine would never willingly put himself into one of those closets again, it took all of Sebastian’s coaxing (okay and bribing with kisses) just to get Blaine into the moderately small bathroom. Closets were a no-go for the boy these days, and no matter how horribly things had gone Sebastian couldn’t see Blaine going back there. When he made it to Blaine’s room, with Marco on his heels, he felt like his breath had been kicked out of his chest, there was blood all over the sheets and the glinting of the chunk of mirror seemed to be mocking him. He’d screwed things up, so badly. Jerking his head around when he heard a noise he growled, slamming Marcus into the wall, “What did you do to him?!” Marcus knew better than to fight with the boss’s kid, so he put his hands up shaking his head with a scowl, “I didn’t do shit, I wasn’t even in the fucking room, man.”

Sebastian saw red, “You—what?!” With a shout he pulled his hand back, balling his hand up in a fist, the slam only being stopped by Marco grabbing Sebastian’s wrist and pulling him off of his brother. “Enough! We’ve got to find the kid.” Marco shook Sebastian enough to get him to focus. Shaking Marco off of him Sebastian shook his head as he stalked out of the room, “No I am going to find him.” Stalking out of the room Sebastian started running through the possibilities, Blaine wouldn’t go in the closets, he’d go somewhere he felt safe. Clearly it wasn’t his room anymore, so where? The only place Sebastian could think of was his music room, but he doubted Blaine would have been in the mindset to go that far. Still, he found his feet carrying him towards the hall, stopping a group of orderlies to check on where they’d looked so far, he frowned. According to them they couldn’t check any of the rooms because they were all locked. His music room wasn’t locked… without another word he took off, leaving confused orderlies to mutter about how crazy the boss’s kid was. Sliding to a stop at his music room he tried turning the doorknob only to sag to his knees in relief. A locked door meant Blaine had gotten inside. “Biche… Biche it’s me, please let me know you’re in there. Make a noise for me, come on Biche, I know you can do it. Please make a noise for me.”

Blaine wasn’t sure when it had happened but he was sure he had started seeing and hearing things when she was laying on the floor next to him, running her fingers through his hair. “What are you doing down here, mi amore?” He knew that she had to be fake; he couldn’t feel her fingers as they ran through his hair or feel her breath on his face as she spoke. He just closed his eyes, tighter this time, and shook his head. “Y-you’re not real” he whispered trying to back away from her. But every inch he pulled away she saw her move with him. He could even hear his father’s voice as it screamed at him for some unseen wrong which caused him to cower. Couldn’t he just be safe for a little bit? But she stayed right there with him. “I promise, little one, you’ll be safe soon. I promise.” And then she was humming the lullaby along with him.

Golden eyes popped wide open when they heard the door knob move again; would they never give
up? Why did they care if some lowly little slave stayed locked away forever? When he heard his Master’s voice, however, he couldn’t stop the sob that came from him. Now even his mind was betraying him, a week of no sleep and barely eating had apparently taken it’s toll. Covering his head with his arms, feeling the stick of the blood in his hair, he curled as tightly around himself as he was able. “Not real, not here.” He whispered and his fingers pulled uselessly at his hair. “Not real, not here. Not real, not here.” He just kept repeating over and over. Couldn’t he just get a break, a small one; a few small measly moments where he didn’t hurt or cry or wasn’t scared. Was that too much for a slave to ask, really?

Sebastian’s heart could not take any more abuse. The second he heard Blaine’s sob Sebastian felt like letting out one of his own. Sure, he’d had a feeling Blaine was there, but hearing for sure was like a sudden weight lifting off his shoulders. In the same moment of relief though came the stab of pain, Blaine sounded so broken and he knew the boy was hurting and bleeding. He’d caused this, he might as well have taken the piece of mirror to his boy’s skin himself. Sliding his hand down the surface of the door he tried to quell his own need to cry, he had to be strong no matter how scared he felt in that moment. He was about to say something when he heard Blaine mumbling to himself, pressing his ear to the door he was able to just barely make out what he was saying and it broke him further. Sliding his fingers under the door as much as he could Sebastian tried to keep his voice soft and gentle, “Biche it’s me, if you’ll just open the door I can prove it….just open up for me, sweetheart.”

“You see this is why you got taken off this assignment. You have to be forceful with boys like this!” Sebastian scowled as Marcus came up behind him, and before he could stop the man he’d slammed a fist into the door causing the wood to shake under his palm, “Open this door, now!” Sebastian surged to his feet, shoving Marcus away from the door and managing to land a solid punch on his bony face before Marco was getting in the middle of them. Marco pushed Sebastian towards the room, “Go take care of the boy.” Even though Sebastian wanted to beat Marcus’ stupid face in he nodded, quickly unlocking the music room door, thank whatever heavens he hadn’t left his keys in there, before closing and locking it behind him. He had emergency supplies hidden in the room, so unless the damage was life threatening Sebastian could take care of Blaine on his own and try to help the boy back from the ledge he was on. “Biche…oh sweet boy, it’s okay…I’m here it’s going to be okay…” Sebastian put his anger at Marcus aside, letting the concern he felt for the boy to take over his face to keep from scaring Blaine. He knelt down onto the ground as he neared the piano, seeing the balled up form hiding underneath. He held out his hand as he lay flat on the ground, not touching him just yet but leaving his hand palm up in open invitation inches away, “Just take my hand, Biche…”

The door shook and that voice was back and it caused the door to rattle; that wasn’t something that his mind made up, it couldn’t have been. Blaine paled; he knew he had just been imagining his Master’s voice. Blaine also knew that it was only a matter of time before Marcus found him and just that thought made him sob out again. So lost was he in his fear that Blaine didn’t register the door opening, closing or the resounding click of the door locking again until he heard footsteps approaching him. And peaking an eye open, Blaine couldn’t tell who it was, only that they were kneeling down and that was enough to squeeze his eye shut again. If it was Marcus he didn’t want to see what was going to happen.

When he heard his Master’s voice, however, his eyes opened wide; brimming with tears. “Y-you’re not real. Please….p-please.” He sobbed as he cursed his own mind. When he saw the hand reach out to him he pulled back some more before stopping himself. Maybe if he just reached out and touched it the illusion would go away and he wouldn’t be plagued by them anymore. Hesitantly, Blaine
reached out and his finger tips brush the other man’s; an even more strangled sob coming from him when he realized that the man before him was real. His hand latched onto his Master’s once he realized he was in fact real, white knuckled and shaking. “I-I’m sorry! I w-was a bad boy and I-I’m sorry. Please do-don’t give me away again!”

Sebastian’s heart broke at Blaine’s pleas, he was so convinced Sebastian was just in his head—convinced he was trapped by fear. He had caused that. He had been such a horrible Master that he’d caused Blaine to fall apart to the point he couldn’t even trust the things that were right in front of him. This was all his fault. He would never forgive himself for breaking this boy—he was worse than Blaine’s father and he belonged in the deepest pits of hell for the damage he’d caused. His eyes squeezed shut when Blaine clutched at his hand like a lifeline, he shook his head adamantly, he refused to let Blaine blame himself for something that was his fault.

“No, no Biche. You’re not a bad boy, you’re my good sweet boy.” Sebastian kept his voice soft as he slid in closer, fitting himself under the piano and surrounding Blaine with his own body. He knew he needed to check on Blaine’s arms—if the fact his arm and shoulder now felt soaked in blood from the floor was any indication, Blaine needed attention. However first, he needed to take care of Blaine emotionally; the cuts seemed to have already slowed on the bleeding on their own, so they weren’t life threatening. He had a sneaking suspicion that Marcus hadn’t been meeting Blaine’s emotional needs, taking care of him physically was important of course, but Blaine had been through so many emotional traumas that neglecting that part of him could be deadly. Clearly. So Sebastian folded their arms between them so Blaine could continue to clutch at his hand his other arm wrapping around Blaine so he could hold him close, his fingers running through the back of Blaine’s hair. “I am not going to let them take you away again, I failed you before, but it won’t happen again. Never again, I swear, ma Bichette—my beautiful doe.”

If Blaine hadn’t been certain that the man in front of him wasn’t an image his mind made up by a soft touch he definitely was when he felt himself being wrapped in his Master’s body. At that touch, the soft wrapping of arms and being pulled in close against his chest Blaine let himself just break down completely; sobbing and using his other hand to curl into his Master’s shirt as he buried his head into the strong chest beneath the fabric. Between sobs all he could get out was stammering apologies and begging with his Master to keep him.

Eventually Blaine’s sobs started to subside as he grew even more light headed; leaning back he looked up at Master, skin paler than normal. “M-master, I d-don’t feel good.” He kept his voice soft, though he didn’t have much more energy in him to raise his voice; besides, Blaine didn’t want anyone else coming in and taking his Master away from him, he didn’t have the energy to fight anyone off at the moment and he wasn’t sure he would be able to protect Master like this. “H-He told me…and I wa-was bad…I thought if- if I punished myself…”

Sebastian held Blaine close as the sobs racked the younger boy, he could feel them vibrating through his chest nearly shaking him in their force. For once he let his own emotions take over for a few minutes, letting his own tears fall into Blaine’s slightly too shaggy curls. He buried his face into the dark soft hair letting himself cry, all week he’d felt like a shell, like there was a vital organ missing and he was struggling just to move. Here, curled around the crying boy, Sebastian finally felt whole again. He was never letting Blaine out of his sight again, no matter what threats and fights he had to get into in order to keep them together. He would fight the world to keep his boy safe and in his arms. When Blaine leaned back away from him Sebastian’s poor heart felt like it might as well just take an extended vacation it stopped so fast—Blaine was frightenedly pale and Sebastian knew he
“I know, Biche, Master’s going to take care of you now.” Running his hand through Blaine’s hair soothingly he pressed his lips to Blaine’s forehead, speaking soft but in a gentle authoritative voice, “I’m going to move you somewhere more comfortable and get your arms cleaned up. Just hold onto my shirt, I’ll do the rest.” Sebastian moved carefully, keeping his arms wrapped around Blaine he helped move them out from under the piano, lifting Blaine up off the floor so he didn’t pull him through the slight puddle of blood on the floor. Standing up he held onto Blaine, moving him into a bridal carry to support his weight against his chest. He wanted more than anything to set Blaine down so he could get his things, but he knew the boy wouldn’t want to be without touch so he moved as quick as possible. He spoke softly to keep Blaine alert and distracted, “Master’s told you Biche, you’re never bad. You’re my good boy.” Moving around the room he grabbed the emergency kit stashed away before carrying Blaine towards one of the large armchairs, leaning down he settled Blaine in the chair before kneeling and setting the kit on the floor before he covered Blaine’s hands with his own looking up at him, “It’s going to sting, Biche, but I need to clean your arms up—will you let me see them?”

Blaine felt like he was floating as his Master wrapped him tightly in his arms and lifted him off the cold floor. For a moment Blaine let his eyes close and, as his head pressed against his Master’s chest, he listened to the soothing sounds of the other man’s heartbeat; frantic as it was for the moment. If he kept his eyes closed Blaine could imagine that none of the last week had happened and that they were just spending another day in the music room. He could pretend that that he hadn’t been a horrible slave, so bad that his Master was taken from him and he was given to a man that, short of physical cruelty, could rival some of the more angry Masters his father had given him over to for ‘fun time’. He could pretend that his arms weren’t bleeding, though that was his own doing and as a punishment he shouldn’t really pretend they weren’t there, and that he wasn’t light headed and exhausted.

When he felt the cushion of the chair beneath him, Blaine let his eyes open; though his gaze remained in his lap as Master’s hands covered his own and green eyes came into his field of vision. He didn’t want to look at Master because he didn’t feel like he was worthy of it; he knew he was going to have to work to regain that respect from his Master but that was something that Blaine would do happily over and over and over again. He nodded slightly when Master asked him to see them; unfolding his hands from the fabric of Master’s sleeves where they had fallen and slowly turned them over. He couldn’t stop the wince that happened when the skin shifted a bit at the wound site but overall he managed to keep quiet about the pain; after all, it was his punishment.

The weight of Blaine resting against his chest had been the closest thing to bliss Sebastian had known all week. Just that simple motion of Blaine’s head resting over his heart helped calm him down again—solidified his belief that this right here was where he was supposed to be. When he felt Blaine’s fingers uncurling from his sleeves he looked down, gently guiding Blaine’s hands until his wrists were upright. He let out a slow sigh as he brushed his thumbs over Blaine’s palm. After the last cut Blaine had gotten, Sebastian had been sure to ask the on site doctors for a refresher on the basics. It was a good thing he did. He knew Blaine had to be hurting, the gashes weren’t life threatening but the amount of blood he’d lost was still troubling. He needed to get Blaine patched up quickly, hope he could get the boy to eat some soup, and then let him rest. Blaine would be weak and lightheaded for some time, but Sebastian was going to take care of him.

“You’re not to do this to yourself again, Biche.” Sebastian gave him a pointed look before he opened up the kit on the floor. He was as gentle as possible while he worked to clean the dried blood off of Blaine’s arms, tending to the cuts before wrapping first one arm with padding and bandages then
moving on to the next one. Once he’d settled the second adhesive in place Sebastian grabbed the bloody bandages he’d used to clean up and stem the last of the blood flow, he moved the items away before he took Blaine’s hands backwards. He settled his own palms against Blaine’s hands, threading his fingers with Blaine’s before lifting his hands up gently and brushing a light kiss over the bandages on each arm. “There, that’s better, yes?” Humming softly he brushed his cheek along Blaine’s knuckles, “You’ll feel a bit lightheaded for a while, but we’ll check the bandages later and see how they look. I don’t think you’ll need stitches but I will check them just in case and decide later if anything needs to be done other than keeping them clean and covered.” He hummed softly pressing another light kiss to one of Blaine’s palms before looking up at him earnestly, “Biche you said he told you something…what did he say that made you so upset? Master wants to make things better now.”

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Summary:

A week after being ripped away from each other, the boys aren’t doing so well. Blaine is not progressing with Marcus, the hulking man's short patience and demand for perfection in such short time have him on edge and putting himself down mentally. On top of that Blaine has been unable to truly sleep through the entire week, only barely drifting in and out of sleep through the night while humming his Master's lullaby. Both men blame themselves for this forces separation. Sebastian has spent the week beating himself up while doing what is needed to help his new charge, who doesn't need much in terms of a Master.

Blaine finally breaks a bit, mentally, and thinks that self-punishment will help make everything better, however it doesn't help. He ends up running out of his room while Marcus is out getting him a meal and ends up hiding in the music room, which Sebastian had been in and left unlocked because he had to go take care of his charge when he threw a fit. Marcus finds Blaine's room empty and has Marco set up a code to search the facility to find him. Marco tells Sebastian. Sebastian ends up finding Blaine, who is having a mental breakdown and thinking he's hallucinating, in the Music Room and helps get him patched up. He orders Blaine to never punish himself like that again and is working to calm him down when the chapter comes to an end.
Master’s order was firm but it was the hard look that he gave him that made Blaine squirm in the chair a bit before he nodded. That was as direct an order as he had ever heard from his Master; though it confused him a bit as the cut from the closet had been considered appropriate punishment. Blaine just didn’t know and truthfully, at this point, he didn’t care; he had his Master back and he would do anything asked of him if it meant that he could stay with him. He even tried his hardest to not flinch or move as his Master cleaned each cut one right after the other; though what he wanted to do was curl back up on Master’s chest and sleep for the first time in several days. When Master was finally finished, and Blaine had stayed as still as possible, he couldn’t stop the very slight blush that colored his cheeks at the small kisses and nodded once more at Master’s game plan.

Master’s next question, however, caused what little blush there was on his cheeks to vanish in a matter of mere seconds and he shook his head, eyes pointedly closed so that Master wouldn’t see how wide they would be or the fear that rolled through them. He couldn’t tell his Master, then Marcus would get angry and start telling Blaine that he couldn’t do anything right again. He’d tell his Master that Blaine was a bad slave and that he was incapable of doing anything and his Master wouldn’t want him anymore. Blaine’s breathing picked up at the thought that he could very well be left alone again, without his Master, without anyone. That scared Blaine to the point that, not only had his breathing picked up, he started to shake ever so slightly too. Instead bit his lip and adamantly continued shaking his head over and over again; ignoring the lightheaded feeling that made the world spin.

Sebastian was always so mindful to never take away Blaine’s freedom of choice and free will. Normally he would never forbid Blaine from doing something, it was up to him to learn and shape himself based off his successes and mistakes. However Sebastian could not sit by with the possibility that Blaine might do this again and seriously injure himself or have it become life threatening. He shuddered to think what might have happened if he hadn’t figured out the boy was hiding in his music room, if he did it again while no one could find him. So while he felt some guilt regarding his strict demand that Blaine never hurt himself like that again, he felt safer knowing the boy would do whatever it took in order to obey his order. In the end it would be for Blaine’s own well being. Sebastian frowned when Blaine suddenly shut down on him, more than that, he looked terrified even with his eyes closed.

“Shhh, shh, Biche.” Sebastian’s voice was soft and as soothing as possible. He squeezed Blaine’s hands gently before he got up on his feet. He wanted to know what had happened to scare his boy so much, what Marcus had done to bring Blaine to this point. First though he needed Blaine to calm down, he didn’t want Blaine to re injure himself or make himself pass out by shaking his head so much. He let go of Blaine’s hands long enough to slide his arms under the boy, turning them so he could sit on the armchair himself and arrange Blaine across his lap. Wrapping his arms around Blaine he held the boy close, running his hand along Blaine’s spine in what he hoped would be a soothing motion, “It’s okay, Master is here and he’s going to take care of you and protect you. It’s going to be alright.”

When Blaine felt his Master stand, his entire body tensed and his grip on the other man’s hands tightened as tight as they were able to; Blaine’s mind rocketing into overdrive. He was leaving!
Blaine had fucked up again; Master had asked him a simple question, one question, and he had refused an answer. Blaine had just told himself that he would do anything required to keep Master happy and to stay with him and he had already disobeyed him. He didn’t deserve such a kind person as this for a Master and Blaine knew that it served him right if his Master up and left him for Marcus to come and collect. After all, that’s what was done with disobedient slaves, wasn’t it? They were given to Masters that could discipline them and would order them in how they were to act and present themselves. More often than naught those slaves were never seen from again; they never made it out of ‘The Labyrinth’, as the slaves called them. A full body shudder ran through Blaine as he thought about them; he had been lucky enough to make it out of there but not before watching several slaves be made examples of.

The cry that rose from him when Master dropped his hand caught in his throat when he felt Master’s arms underneath him; lifting him up with complete ease and settling into the chair that Blaine had been in not five seconds before. It took the golden eyed boy several long moments of just being held to realize that the man holding him wasn’t just leaving him to his own destruction at the hands of Marcus or whatever other Master wanted him. It took him several longer moments, bordering on closer to an hour, for Blaine to relax into his Master’s arms; head tucking into the hollow of his shoulder, just over his heart, and listening to the heartbeat that resounded there. Slowly even Blaine’s own heart started to slow and to match the one he was listening to. He wasn’t leaving, Blaine allowed himself to sink even more into his Master’s soothing touches with that thought; his eyes drooping as he found himself in a sort of limbo between sleep and wakefulness, on hand clutching at Master’s shirt while the other mindlessly made soothing mindless patterns in the hair at the base of Master’s scalp. In that limbo Blaine angled his head up just slightly and caught the green eyes. “I’m sorry, Master.” He whispered, as if he was terrified someone other than they would hear.

Sebastian did everything he could to try and calm Blaine down. His guilt started compounding when he realized that thanks to him Blaine was scared again. He should have known to tell Blaine he was standing, should have verbally walked him through his movements as he did them so Blaine wouldn’t come to the wrong conclusion. He knew to always talk Blaine through the things he was doing, but he was so focused inwards, so busy letting his own guilt and pain eat at him that he hadn’t put Blaine first. He just kept screwing things up. Once he had Blaine on his lap he worked to try and calm him down again, comfort him in the best way he could. He knew Blaine needed touch, needed to remember that he was there, that he was real. Sebastian didn’t know everything that went on in Blaine’s head, but he knew that touch and physical presence was fastest way to help Blaine see that he was real and he was going to take care of him.

He ran his hands along Blaine’s back and sides, hands stroking over his arms, constantly moving and touching, coaxing the tension from the boy’s frame. After an hour he could feel the fear start draining out of him, piece by piece, until he was curling into his chest. Once Blaine had finally curled into him, his hand playing with Sebastian’s hair, Sebastian hummed softly, leaning back in the chair so that Blaine was in a more relaxed position. The weight of him pressing into Sebastian’s chest was like a balm to the worst of his nerves and when Blaine finally tipped his head up to look at him he smiled tenderly. He was so in love with this boy, so determined to protect him from the world—he’d never let Blaine down again. “I know you are, sweet boy.” Sebastian kept his voice soft and gentle, following Blaine’s lead of whispering to do the same. He half purred the words as he nudged their noses together, curling a hand behind Blaine’s head to run his fingers through his curls. “Master isn’t angry or upset with you, not even a little. I know how hard you’ve tried, Biche, I know how good you are.”

Blaine offered just the weakest of smiles, just the corner of upturned lips, at the contact; soft brushing
of noses causing his nose to wrinkle adorably before he allowed the full weight of his head to fall back and rest heavily in Master’s strong hands; though he did shake his head a bit, not enough to cause his vision to swim but still enough to be noticeable for his Master. It wasn’t that he wanted to tell Master he was wrong, he would never tell Master he was wrong, but Blaine didn’t believe it. He knew that somehow he had been bad and that had caused this last week of hell to descend upon them. Even if Master said he wasn’t angry or upset, Blaine knew he hadn’t been good; or rather, good enough at the very least. If he had to spend the rest of his life on his knees and head bowed before his Master to prove that he could be good then that was what he would do; especially if it meant that Blaine wasn’t given back over to Marcus.

Blaine’s grip started to fractionally loosen from his Master’s shirt as his body managed to relax even further; eyes closing briefly as he started to drift off to sleep, snuggling subconsciously down into his Master’s chest and arms. With a swift jerk he popped his eyes wide open again and his grip retightened. If he went to sleep there was a chance that this would all be a dream and he would wake back up to find himself either back on the floor, bleeding and hallucinating, or he would be back with Marcus and if Blaine were being honest he wouldn’t know which one of those possibilities terrified him more. So instead he’d keep himself awake and clinging to his Master. It was a challenge though and soon enough Blaine’s body was involuntarily twitching as he fought to keep awake. So focused on Master’s heartbeat and staying awake was he that only slightly jumped when he heard a soft knocking at the door followed by Marco’s deep voice. “Sebas-Master? Is everything okay in there?”

Sebastian never wanted to move from this place. From the ability to just hold onto Blaine, feel the weight of him and know that he was safe. He could feel the stress and pain literally melt away from his frame, and nothing made him happier in that moment than feeling Blaine begin snuggling down in his arms, his body curling in on itself in sleep instead of pain or fear. He massaged the back of Blaine’s neck with a soft touch, not enough to keep him awake, but help him work towards falling asleep. He chuckled softly when Blaine jerked to stay awake, before the sound died in his throat. He shouldn’t laugh, not when he knew Blaine’s fight to stay alert was his fault. Blaine needed sleep to regain his strength, but it would be like when the boy first came to him. Every night had been a test of wills and fear, Blaine was too scared to close his eyes while Sebastian had tried every trick in the book to get him through the night. Feeling Blaine struggle in his arms he knew they’d moved backwards into that space again, and he just hoped he could work him through it again.

Sebastian continued to massage Blaine’s neck, his other hand settling on Blaine’s back so his arm was wrapped around Blaine’s trim waist holding him close. He didn’t say anything, not even in response to Blaine’s insistence that he wasn’t good. Blaine had to be shown how good he was, it would take time, not words. He hummed Blaine’s lullaby under his breath, just loud enough for the vibrations in his chest to be felt, but not loud enough for true sounds. He’d just let his head rest against the soft black curls he’d missed so much, jolting just a little when he heard Marco through the door. Resting a hand against the back of Blaine’s head to keep him pressed to his chest he sighed, he wanted reality to stay outside their safe room, “Give me a moment, Marco.” The fingers resting against Blaine’s back began stroking against the boy’s skin, scratching gently through the fabric as he dropped to a whisper again, “Are you ready to go back to our room, ma Bichette?”

The vibrations in Master’s chest weren’t helping in the effort to stay awake; in fact it was absolutely hindering it. Even despite Marco’s voice calling through the door and the initial jump that it caused, Blaine still found himself letting master’s fingers gently coax him along into sleep. He did tense, however, when Master mentioned their room; just about every muscle jumping to tension and he just
blinked those golden eyes as he nuzzled closer into his Master.

Ready to go back to their room? Their room….did Master mean the room that Marcus had left him in? Blaine knew without a doubt that he didn’t want to go back into that room but he also knew that if his Master asked it of him, he wasn’t going to disobey him. So, instead of saying anything, because Master seemed able to read him like an absolute book, Blaine just nuzzled closer into Master and tried to match his rampant heart beat to that of the man’s beneath him. If that was what Master wanted, that was what Master would get. Subconsciously Blaine did tighten his grasp on the soft fabric of Master’s shirt as he fought to remain calm.

Sebastian held him close and continued to stroke Blaine’s back as he hummed quietly, he knew it was somewhat of a dirty trick to get Blaine to sleep, but he would always do what had to be done. Pressing a kiss to Blaine’s head he rocked the boy gently as he took in Blaine’s reaction. It was his job as Blaine’s Master to know what he needed, to read the signs and the little hitches of breath, the way his breathing expanded or shortened. More than that, it was something instinctual when he was around Blaine. It seemed like a no-brainer for Sebastian, because every time Blaine moved or a shift occurred it seemed like he became an open book waiting for Sebastian to interpret and react accordingly. How no one else seemed to slip into the same role he couldn’t understand, it felt like breathing to react to Blaine’s every need. He didn’t need Blaine to say a word when he began clinging to Sebastian’s shirt, nearly forcing himself into Sebastian’s ribcage from the force of his clinging. “Okay, it’s okay.” Sebastian held Blaine to him before picking his head up to call out, “Marco, I’m going to let you in, but you come in alone.” Sebastian pressed a kiss to Blaine’s temple before whispering softly, “Just hold on to me, Biche.”

Once he was sure Blaine had a hold on him he stood and walked to the door holding on to Blaine, he managed to unlock the door while holding Blaine up so Marco could slip into the room and close the door locking it behind himself. Once the man was inside Sebastian walked back towards the armchair, settling himself and Blaine in it with a sigh, he was a strong guy with plenty of stamina, but after so much stress and even with as light as Blaine was—all the carrying, Sebastian felt exhausted. “Marco, Biche and I are going to stay in this room for the night, I’ll need pillows and blankets, have the kitchen make the usual soup and bring extra fruit as well so we’ll have it for later once he is feeling better.” Marco nodded, his frame drooping in relief as Sebastian ticked off his orders, grateful because he knew it meant Sebastian was going to fight to keep Blaine safe. “I want you to have that room cleared out. I’m moving him into my old rooms, I’ll take care of him there once he is feeling a little more alert. Let the medical staff know he isn’t in serious danger and I can tend to the injuries myself, but bring another kit with the food. The key is on top of the piano.” Marco wanted to ask about what Sebastian planned to do about his parents, but thought better of it, he’d figure that out when he came back, the boys needed food first and so left to dole out the instructions Sebastian had given him.

With the gentle coaxing and soothing touches Blaine was lucky to still be awake at all; possibly the only thing keeping him up at that moment was the fear that it was all a dream and that he knew Marco was just on the other side of their safe havens door. Golden eyes opened a bit more as his Master called out to Marco. As long as Master wasn’t leaving him again Blaine was knew that he would be fine and safe; he always felt safe when his Master was around. The only other person he felt comfortable enough around to even look up was Marco; and the big man had tried so hard over the last week to try and make Blaine’s life bearable. He had been the only solace that Blaine had in everything, the only link he had left to his Master and Blaine was sure that Marco was the reason he was still alive. With Master’s order, Blaine wrapped an arm around Master’s neck as his other hand kept it’s grasp on the fabric and his head leaned in against the other man’s neck.
Sleepy golden eyes were open just enough to see Marco slip into the room before Master was closing and locking the door tightly behind him. Once Blaine was sure that it was just Marco in the room, and not Marcus, he turned his head and let his forehead press into his Master’s neck and his eyes closed. This way he could hear and feel the steady thud of his Master’s heartbeat as well as feel the strength in his arms as he held him. Plus he could overhear the conversation and know what was going on. Blaine listened in and out for keywords like ‘apart’ and ‘Marcus’ and anything else that would tell Blaine if he was being given back to the tall brooding man. If that was the case Blaine wasn’t sure that he’d survive that. He did hear Master mention bedding and food. While he still wasn’t sure about the whole sleeping ordeal, Blaine knew that if Master kept up with the gentle touches and movements that it wasn’t going to be long before he was out cold; and he just prayed to whoever was listening that this wasn’t a dream. Plus he figured that Master couldn’t be too comfortable in the chair so the blankets were going to be nice. Food on the other hand, Blaine wrinkled his nose against the expanse of neck at the idea of eating. He hadn’t had much over the last week even though Marcus kept trying to force big platters on him; claiming that he was too thin. If Master insisted Blaine would do his best to get something down, he just hoped it would be enough for Master to be happy.

It took longer than Marco had wanted to gather a tray of food and find a free orderly to fetch blankets and pillows as well as the kit but Marco got it all done and by the time he arrived back at the locked door with the tray everything else had already been deposited. When Sebastian opened the door Marco pulled everything inside and then locked the door behind him; stopping when he saw Blaine all but passed out in Sebastian’s arms. How Bas’ parents couldn’t see that these two were meant to help each other, had bonded so closely, was beyond Marco. Anyone of the staff could see that there was something different about this pairing; something special. With a shake of his head and a grin sent Sebastian’s way, Marco brought the tray over to the table next to the chair; dropping off the first aid kit next to the other one as well. “How is he?” He asked when he noticed Blaine’s eyes finally droop shut.

Chapter End Notes

As usual, thank you for reading! Feel free to leave us feedback, we're always happy to hear what you are all thinking about our boys.
Sebastian muttered a quiet thanks to Marco as he hurried to carry out his instructions. He’d felt Blaine’s frown and instant reaction to the orders for food to be brought in. He knew Blaine didn’t want to eat, and in all likely hood would be asleep before anything made it to the room, but it was worth a shot. He went back to humming softly as he ran his hand along Blaine’s back, he could feel the fight draining out of him, and he was glad. His boy was always so eager to please, eager to be good, and he never saw how good he already was. Blaine fought so hard, and Sebastian just wanted to shield him from ever having to fight again. He settled his lips against Blaine’s temple as he quietly sang to the boy, he’d never stop singing if that’s what Blaine wanted. When he felt Blaine finally slip into sleep he sighed in gratefulness, continuing to brush his lips against Blaine’s temple. The younger boy wasn’t the only one who needed to have that physical touch and comfort.

Sebastian had no idea what had been happening to Blaine in the week they’d been apart, and that killed him. He could feel his eyes burning with the need to cry at that thought. He’d promised Blaine over and over again that he’d never leave him alone, that he’d keep him safe and take care of him. It was his responsibility to take care of Blaine, and he couldn’t stamp out the angry pit in his stomach anytime he thought of someone else touching Blaine in any way. He’d started drifting off himself when Marco came in, humming a faint response when Marco set the food down and put the blankets and pillow on the couch to his side. “He’s exhausted, but he will be okay even if it kills me.”

Sebastian shook his head some when Marco held his arms out to take Blaine so Sebastian could get up, instead he wrapped his arms tighter around the boy as if by holding onto him he could keep his parents and everyone else away from them both. “What happened to him, Marco?”

Marco stood just staring at the pair of them for a minute and couldn’t help but wonder how they were going to stand up against Sebastian’s parents. For the moment, however, Sebastian wanted to know what the hell had gone on to bring the kid to this point. Since Bas didn’t want to let go of the kid, which he could understand, Marco pulled over the arm chair; freezing when the scraping noise caused Blaine to whine in his sleep. Once the kid settled again, Marco finished turning the chair and took a seat. This was one conversation that he wasn’t completely ready to have with Sebastian but thankfully the other man was still holding the sleeping Blaine so Sebastian could get up, instead he wrapped his arms tighter around the boy as if by holding onto him he could keep his parents and everyone else away from them both. “What happened to him, Marco?”

“Market Bas. His heart is in the right place but cases like Blaine’s aren’t his forte. He was heavy handed and insisted that the kid didn’t need someone around him all the time.” He ran his hand through his hair as he did his best to put everything that had happened that week into words; and prayed that Bas didn’t end up beating the shit out of Marcus. His brother was a hard ass but he still loved him. “Marcus just didn’t read your notes. As much as he’s trying to help these kids he’s still a stubborn ass and his way is the right way. That means doing what he thinks the boys need. Add on top of it all that Marcus doesn’t have much patience for high level cases and you’ve got
disaster written all over it. He’d order the kid to do something then when he didn’t do it to Marcus’ specifications he’d try to show him. It usually ended with him telling Blaine he was doing it wrong or that he was bad at it and he’d punish him by leaving him in his room alone for the day. He wouldn’t even let me go in other then to bring him food; which I’m not sure how much the kid ate, Bas. It just all around wasn’t a good match.”

Sebastian tensed at the sudden noise from the chair moving, tightening his grip on Blaine when the boy whined and wiggled around on his lap. He hummed softly as he ran a hand through Blaine’s hair, shushing him softly. He looked up once Marco was seated and Blaine seemed to relax again. He knew he could have gone ahead and put Blaine on the sofa, let him get out of his cramped and curled up position into one that would be more comfortable, but Sebastian just wasn’t ready to let go of him yet. Plus he had a feeling holding Blaine on his lap was going to be the only sure-fire way he could keep himself calmed down enough to not go tearing after Marcus. He grunted softly at Marco’s first statement, he did know Marcus—he knew him all too well which had made him a nervous wreck all week. Of course his fears being confirmed by Marco now was hardly a cause for comfort.

“I told them…” Sebastian groaned out the words before shaking his head and turned his attention back to Blaine when he started getting upset. Sebastian brushed his lips along Blaine’s forehead as he hugged him close, ”Shh, I have you.” He continued murmuring soft comforts until the tense line between Blaine’s eyebrows disappeared. When he’d finally relaxed again Sebastian looked over at his friend, “So, basically your brother is an incompetent ass and might have done irreparable damage to a boy that trusted us to help him.” He huffed shaking his head, running his fingers slowly through Blaine’s hair as he let himself get lost in thought, he may never be able to bring Blaine back from the pain and damage Marcus had caused. But he’d damn well try as much as he was able. “Make sure Marcus stays out of my sight. For a long, long time. Because if I see him, I will beat your brother to a bloody mess. I know, I know—he’s your brother and he tried and yadda yadda, but I don’t give a shit. His version of trying isn’t good enough, not when it comes to Blaine.”

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Hallways; it’s always the stupid hallways. The thudding of feet echoed down the hallway behind Blaine as he ran. He had no idea what he was running from, or rather who, but the panic that was coursing through Blaine and urging him to run faster. If he could manage to keep out of the grasp of whoever was behind him and find someplace to hide he would be fine; would have to be. He could hide and then his Master would find him; Master would save him, he promised. Blaine felt the fingers of whatever creature was behind him just brush the back of his neck, causing he boy to scream out before the hand clutched around his neck; pulling him to a dead stop. Blaine shuddered and gasped in his sleep, his hand scratching at his throat as he dreamed. “No, per favore! Per favore, mi dispiace ero male! Mi dispiace! MI DISPIACE!” Blaine’s back arched as he worked to try and drag in a labored breath. “Non riesco a respirare, per favore! PER FAVORE! PADRONE!”

When the kid started screaming in Bas’ arms it scared the shit out of Marco, it just started so suddenly that it took him a moment to understand what the hell was going on. When he finally realized what was going on he was on his knees by the couch, pulling open the med pack to find something, anything, that could help the kid. He had seen Blaine go through nightmares any time during the week that he wasn’t sedated but none of them had been this severe. “He’s been having nightmares any time he hasn’t been sedated, but they haven’t been this bad Bas. I have a sedative here but I really don’t like giving them to the kid. He keeps building up a resistance to them, damn kid needs a higher dose than normal. Fix it, Bas.”

Sebastian could feel the tension beginning to mount up in Blaine’s frame, his shoulders tensing under
Sebastian’s arm as he talked to Marco. If he’d been in the right frame of mind he might have seen it coming, he might have known that Blaine needed to be pulled out of his sleep before he got too hurt. As it was his heart nearly skidded right out of his chest when Blaine started yelling. He didn’t need to know Italian to know he was begging, begging for something, to someone—was he remembering his old life? Was he calling for him to help save him from the things he’d been forced through? “Shit, Biche…” Sebastian was nearly the recipient of a black eye when Blaine’s head jerked back as he arched and kept screaming, kept yelling out those words, kept begging someone for something.

“No, no sedatives.” Sebastian barked the words out, scowling at the fact that Blaine had been having nightmares all week, and Marcus the idiot had done nothing to ease them. “Move.” He struggled to stand with Blaine still panicking in his arms, laying the boy down on the couch once Marco was out of the way. Without a second though he laid down over Blaine, keeping his weight up off of Blaine so he wouldn’t get the caged in effect, instead he kept his body surrounds Blaine’s so that he’d feel him around him. “Come on ma Bichette, I know you can hear me. Open those eyes, beautiful, you’re safe, I have you and I’m not going to let anyone hurt you. Master is here to take care of everything.” Sebastian leaned down to talk soft but firmly into Blaine’s ear, a hand circling up to run through Blaine’s hair. “Master is going to keep you safe from everything, I promise no one is going to hurt you ever again. Come back to me, Biche.”

No matter how much Blaine kicked and screamed and scratched at the flesh trap holding him in place it didn’t move. He had to get away, had to fight, because he could hear his Master calling him; hear that voice he trusted so much beckoning him and he wanted more than anything to get there. That same voice seemed to distract the being behind the pressure at his throat and that was enough for Blaine to wrench himself away. If he could follow Master’s voice he could find him and he’d be safe and then he could breathe again. “Master, help” he cried as he tripped, thankfully regaining his footing before they could get him and hurling himself headlong down the light at the end of the hallway. Marco caught Blaine gasp and tensed; he knew that Bas had dealt with this before but it unnerved him that someone could get to this point this quickly. Not only that but he felt utterly useless just sitting there watching as Bas comforted the kid. Thankfully, however, it looked like Bas had control of the situation for the moment.

Gold eyes screamed open with blaring panic, hands pushing weakly at his Master’s arms; for a moment Blaine thought it was them, that he hadn’t woken up and that they had somehow managed to catch him again. “Please!” he gasped before the panic cleared from those golden eyes and those shaking hands that were pushing at his arms were wrapped in a death grip on them. “M-Mast-Master” He gasped as he pulled at his Master’s arms; pulling at him so that he could feel Master’s weight more on top of him. This was one instance where Blaine needed to feel his weight, wanted to feel him surrounding him so that he knew his Master completely had him. Blaine even went so far as to tuck his head underneath his Master’s chin so that, from anywhere else in the room, people wouldn’t be able to see him. “I cou-couldn’t breathe. He-he was-- I couldn’t br-breathe.” He muttered as he buried his face in his Master’s chest, tears soaking into the fabric of Master’s shirt.

Sebastian kept whispering softly into Blaine’s ear as his eyes moved behind closed lids, his body fighting the call to wake up. Kept telling him he was there, telling him to come back to him, promising safety and comfort and every little thing he knew Blaine needed. Blaine’s nightmares had never been this intense, had never left Blaine this trapped in his own head that moving him physically couldn’t even rouse him. He wanted to demand the truth from Marco, wanted to know exactly how long Marcus left Blaine sobbing in fear in the night, how often Blaine had called out for help desperate and scared enough to admit a weakness as he saw it—and how many times he was denied the comfort and understanding he’d needed. When Blaine’s eyes flew open Sebastian pulled
up and away from him, he could feel the pushing at his arms as Blaine’s panic continued to flow through him. He didn’t blame the boy, his adrenaline was still racing through him.

Just like that though Blaine was pulling on him, desperately clawing at his arms until Sebastian was pretty sure he might actually have bruises later. “I know, I know, Master’s here, I’m right here.” Sebastian let Blaine tug him where he wanted until he was laying on top of the boy, tangling their legs together as he let his weight press Blaine into the cushions of the couch. He wrapped his arms over Blaine’s head, his fingers tangling in Blaine’s hair as he tucked his head into the circle of his arms so that he was literally covering Blaine and hiding him from the room. For the moment he didn’t care that Marco was in the room, his only focus was on the boy scared and trembling beneath him. “You couldn’t breathe? Was someone hurting you, Biche?” Sebastian didn’t expect answers, but he knew that Blaine was still panicking and trying to fall back into reality. He made sure not to talk down at Blaine, he wasn’t a child, but he was careful to keep his voice soft and concerned, “Can you breathe now, sweet boy? What can Master do to help, hmm?”

Seeing that Bas had the kid, Marco moved back a bit more; taking his seat once more, though admittedly he was sitting on the edge of it just in case either of the pair needed something or anything. He could just make out a curl here and a flash of tan skin there beneath Sebastian and he knew the kid just wanted to hide. He hadn’t gotten the chance to tell Bas just how bad the nightmares were; that he would hear Blaine screaming at night and Marcus would stand in the way of him going into the room to soothe him; telling him that all Blaine wanted was attention and that he’d be fine come morning. Looking at what he could see of the kid, he knew that he wouldn’t be fine without the help of the man holding him. The panic that had been surging through Blaine, the pure surge of adrenaline that he was dealing with, started to fade when he heard the frantic beating of his Master’s heart beneath his head. It was at a cadence so like his own but still so strong that it could do nothing BUT start him down the road to calming down; though that didn’t say much as the boy was still shaking and slightly wide eyed in panic. He could feel his Master all around him and the safety he felt allowed him the leeway to sob for just a little bit.

Could he breathe now? That was a simple enough question but the question was could he actually? Blaine took a moment to sort out his panic stricken mind and to finally assess himself. He was awake, though the last thing he remembered was fighting sleep with everything he had, and all he could see was the expanse of his Master’s fabric clad chest. The only reason he knew that they weren’t alone in the room was that he had heard Marco move from the floor to the chair once more; and the only reason he knew it was Marco was because he remembered Master letting the wall of a man into the music room. Taking first a small experimental breath, Blaine found that he had no trouble breathing so he dragged in an even deeper, albeit ever so slightly shaky, breath; filling his lungs to capacity several times just because he could, each breath steadier than the last. Closing those golden eyes, Blaine nodded his head just enough for his Master to feel it through his shirt and he hid into him. “I-I’m okay, Master. I’m sorry.”

Sebastian’s sole focus remained on Blaine, he purposefully positioned his limbs all around Blaine so that he was hidden from view. Blaine had only ever had one other night where his dreams had been this bad, and that time Sebastian had sat most of the night with a blanket over their heads to reassure Blaine that no one could see him, no one would get to him. So Sebastian knew that Blaine needed that reassurance again, needed to be able to let himself go without the fear of someone else seeing or shaming him for it. When Blaine began sobbing into his shirt Sebastian tightened his body around the other boy, helping to muffle their sound against his chest as he buried his face into Blaine’s hair just above his ear. He knew that Blaine was comfortable with Marco these days, but he didn’t want him to feel uncomfortable about having broken down in front of him.
“It’s okay, you can cry sweet boy, I’ve got you.” He murmured the words softly into Blaine’s ear as he sobbed, running his fingers through the curls as he tugged softly, nuzzling his cheek along Blaine’s temple. He hummed soft encouragements as Blaine struggled to take a breath, he knew that Blaine thought he was still trapped in that nightmare, still unable to fill his lungs, the fear clouding his judgment and logic. So he kept encouraging him softly, “Nice and slow, Biche, that’s it.” He whispered soft praises as Blaine pulled air into his lungs, working through the realization that he could breathe, and helped him get his bearings again. He smiled with a soft hum as Blaine nodded and continued hiding his face into his chest, “You’re okay, Biche, I promise. Master will always take care of you.” He hummed the words before shifting down enough to nudge their noses together, “You have nothing to say sorry for, Biche, you were scared—I have always told you to let me know when you’re scared, you did the right thing. My good boy.” He hummed the words soft and low letting Blaine hide in his chest again as he settled his cheek against Blaine’s temple, “I’ll be right here, you can go back to sleep, I’ll keep the bad dreams away.”

Slowly but surely the tremors stopped, brushed away by soft caresses along his arms and through his hair, and Blaine’s breathing began to start evening out once more; eyes eventually blinking clear of the panic and absolute terror that had clouded them. He could still feel the residual effects of the nightmare, heart coming down from its rapid pace and the lightening tremor to each breath, but he could also feel the tears drying on his cheeks as he pressed closer into the cocoon that his Master had formed around him. In any other circumstances the feeling of being trapped and encased would have just worked to amp up the panic but, for this moment in time, Blaine wanted to just hide himself in his Master; he didn’t want to admit that he couldn’t handle a nightmare. He had to prove to his Master that he was strong and that he was capable; admitting to such weaknesses and failures would be detrimental to such things. On top of everything, Blaine could still feel exhaustion pulling him down and the break down he just had against Master’s chest didn’t help matters at all. It took him another half an hour of being coaxed and soothed and encouraged before Blaine’s head rested heavily against his Master’s arms and his eyes started to drift shut. “D-don’t let—let me—go” He managed to get out as he snuggled closed and slipped back into sleep; hand still grasping at his Master’s shirt.

Chapter End Notes

“No, per favore! Per favore, mi dispiace ero male! Mi dispiace! MI DISPIACE!”

**No Please! Please, I'm sorry I was bad! I'm sorry! I'M SORRY!**

“Non riesco a respirare, per favore! PER FAVORE! PADrone!”

*** I cannot breathe, please! PLEASE! MASTER!**

Please note these were translated with the help of google translate, so if there is something incorrect it is unintentional. Thank you!
Marco would always be amazed when he watched Bas working with Blaine. The kid, who was an enigma to the rest of the world, seemed to open right up for Sebastian and Bas in turn seemed to be able to read him like no one else could. Marcus had refused to listen to him when he told his brother that he needed to read the notes Bas had taken, refused to believe that such a strong bond had formed between the pair in such a short amount of time. Well, Marco saw the results of that negligence right before his eyes. If he had to, Marco would stand between these two and the Smythes just to keep them together. Marco had a feeling that Blaine wouldn’t thrive with anyone but Sebastian and he didn’t want to chance that something more fatal happened because they were trying to keep them apart. Once he was sure that Blaine was back out, Marco held up his hands in surrender for the verbal assault he knew was coming. “Bas, before you even start, I tried to get Marcus to understand that he needed to handle Blaine’s night terrors. He just wouldn’t listen to me.”

Sebastian could feel Blaine’s heart rate beginning to slow as the adrenaline drained out of him. Could feel the moments tick by as the boy slowly let his muscles unclench and go pliant under him. He didn’t pressure Blaine into talking or even attempt to move, instead he kept his body locked around Blaine’s, shielding him and comforting him with just his presence. He knew that Blaine was scared he’d made himself look weak, scared he’d failed some unnamed test, but Sebastian was proud of him. He was proud because Blaine let himself come to Sebastian even though he was scared, proud that even though he felt weak and confused, despite his eagerness to prove himself and his strength, he’d admitted needing help. Maybe not in words, but in his actions, by moving Sebastian where he’d needed him and letting himself be vulnerable, that was what made Blaine strong. He shushed the boy gently as he finally let his head rest in the cradle of Sebastian’s arm, pressing a kiss against Blaine’s forehead, “Shhh, no, no I won’t ever let you go, Biche.” Sebastian hummed softly as he ran his fingers through Blaine’s hair to help coax him into sleeping.

Sebastian hummed softly, singing Blaine’s lullaby—either to Blaine or himself he couldn’t be positive, as he held Blaine. When Marco spoke he was pulled back into the reality of the situation, the fact they weren’t alone and the fact that someone had caused Blaine to crash into this point. All of a sudden his anger came roaring back, shoulders tensing noticeably, “Marco, I’d advise you to stop talking for a moment.” Sebastian half growled the words as he squeezed his eyes shut. He wanted to hurt someone, wanted to kill Marcus. Because of that man’s stupidity Blaine had gotten hurt, seriously hurt with almost deadly results. And he wasn’t just talking about the cuts he’d given himself. The mental damage done could quite possibly ruin everything. He gave himself a few minutes to tuck his face against Blaine’s neck willing himself to calm down, but every time he remembered what had happened his anger came back in full force. With a huff he shook his head, “I’m not apologizing for snapping, but you’re not the one I’m pissed off at right now.” Sighing as he pressed his cheek against the top of Blaine’s head, “I do think that for his own safety, and Blaine’s mental well being, Marcus needs to be relieved of his duties for a few weeks and take an extended vacation.”

Marco expected the snap from Bas, hell he even knew that his friend didn’t really mean anything by it, that it was just the stress and the anxiety from the last week having built up on him, but that didn’t mean it didn’t hurt. So, giving Bas the ‘moment’ he needed, Marco sat back in the chair with crossed legs and arms; eyebrow raised as he waited for the obviously pissed off man on the couch before him.
to calm the hell down enough to actually consider talking. He understood that his brother fucked up and he was probably going to end up being the one to beat the crap out of the little shit later, but right now he couldn’t do anything but concentrate on Bas and the kid. The same kid that snuffled in his sleep and whose grip convulsed a bit on Bas’ shirt.

“I’ll have a conversation with your parents, that’s really all I can do. I can try and get him to go on paid leave, that might get him to agree to it without a fight but someone’s going to have to take over with Derek; I mean, since I’m guessing you aren’t leaving the kid again.” Grabbing the spare pillow off of the floor he tucked it behind his head; in preparation for the next bit of conversation.

“Speaking of your parents…” He knew that the Smythes were going to put up a fight when it came to Sebastian taking care of the kid again but he also knew that there was no way he would let them be pulled apart again. “What’s the game plan, Bas? You know full well they’re going to try and get you to go back to taking care of Derek.”

Sebastian felt some guilt towards snapping at Marco. No matter their personal disagreements and the times he’d wanted to kill the older man, he did respect him. Marco was a good friend and a valuable ally to have in his corner in any discussion or argument. The man was loyal to a fault and despite their personal opinions and the occasional need to assert their own dominating personalities, they were brothers of sort. But he knew that Marco would understand, Blaine was a part of Sebastian, his to protect and nurture, to love—and for an entire week he’d failed that need. It wasn’t only slaves and submissives that were chained to their instincts and needs, a Master like Sebastian had a need to protect and care for their charges. Sebastian snorted softly at the comment as he ran his fingers through Blaine’s hair, “No, I’m not leaving his side again.”

He hummed faintly as he thought the situation over, “Suggest to them that Marcus hasn’t had time off in a while. I know he hasn’t taken time off in about three rotations, go to them about being concerned he may be overworking himself. Father can’t stand when an employee strings themselves out, says it makes them sloppy.” He groaned softly before shaking his head, because really he had no clue how he was going to get his parents to see that this was the only way things had to be.

Humming faintly as he played with Blaine’s hair when he started snuffling and whining in his sleep, staying quiet until the touches soothed away the sudden nightmare. “We come up with a shuffle plan. Some of the last batch of boys should be moving out of therapy care and onto their independent stretches, Andrew would be a good fit to Derek until the doctors phase him out of needing supervision.”

Marco thought it over before he himself nodded; it was true, his brother hadn’t taken any vacation time in the last three years because he thought that any time he took for himself was time taken away from a kid that could use his help. Marcus really did want to help the boys to the best of his ability but maybe he was getting just a little bit run down. Marco breathed a little easier when he saw Blaine settle back into a dreamless sleep; he had to hand it to the kid, he was living with some serious demons and it was a miracle that he was still fighting to live. Had everything that happened to this kid happen to a lesser man Marco was convinced that they wouldn’t still be alive. The kid was a fighter, even if he didn’t see it himself. “The next problem there is is can we convince Marcus to take the vacation without putting up a fight? I don’t want him to lose his job, Bas. He’s an ass but he means well with-“ The loud commotion at the music room door caused Marco to jump out of his chair mid-sentence and moving to see what it was; he could hear Blaine startle awake as he found himself standing between Bas’ parents and the two on the couch. This was not going to be a pretty meeting if Andrew’s face was anything to go by.

Blaine had been wavering in and out of sleep when he heard the door open; just the sheer noise
caused him to jolt awake and cling to his Master. “Master!” He sees the hulking mass that is Marco blocking his view of the intruders just before he finds himself getting tucked in close to his Master’s side. Golden eyes hid behind eyelids as his entire body tensed and he tried to make himself as small and unnoticeable as possible to whomever it was that had intruded on the last place he considered himself safe. His last sanctuary had just been taken from him and the only solace he could find was in the Master that was currently holding him tightly. It was like a switch went off in Blaine’s head and he just started shutting himself down; going numb.

Sebastian never stopped holding Blaine close, keeping his fingers running through the boy’s hair gently as he and Marco talked. The movements were likely as much for Blaine as they were for Sebastian. He needed that constant reassurance that Blaine really was there curled up into his chest, that the hand gripping at his shirt holding him in place belonged to the boy he’d give his life for. He snorted at Marco’s concern for his brother, he frankly didn’t care if the man lost his job or not, while he knew rationally it wasn’t Marcus’s fault he was still the easiest target for his rage at the moment. But he wasn’t actually cruel enough to cost the guy his job, maybe just get him kicked out on leave for a few weeks. He didn’t get the chance before suddenly there was a slamming at the door seconds before it was thrown open and slammed into a wall. Sebastian instinctively covered Blaine’s head wanting to hide him from whatever was happening. “I’m here, Biche.”

He whispered the words softly when Blaine called out to him, holding him close he scowled as he heard his father’s voice. “Sebastian Smythe I am tired of these games. I should have you escorted off of the premises completely for the hell you’ve caused today.” He huffed at that, because sure it was all his fault that his stupidity had caused Blaine to break down. “Enough of this boy, get your ass off of that couch and let Marcus do his job, you have a charge to handle, although clearly you’re not doing a very good job of it.” Sebastian scowled as his anger started boiling over, how dare his father come into his private room where he was correcting the problem he had caused, how dare he insinuate that he was incapable of doing his job in front of the boy in question. “Stay here, Biche, I will be right back.” He whispered the words firmly, before he untangled himself from Blaine, managing to pry his grip out of the front of his shirt as he stood up. “I want you out of this room,” Sebastian’s words were a harsh growl as he stood up straight, chin tipped down with his eyes narrowed. He all but stalked around the couch to square off with his father, “This boy is my charge and I will not let you, Marcus or his father step in the way of that again. If you have a problem with that I don’t really care. This is no longer your decision, because your ineptitude nearly cost a boy his life. Now get out of this room before I toss you out myself.”

Sebastian’s voice never went above a normal talking level, but the power behind it might as well have been him shouting at the top of his lungs. His commanding and domineering presence pouring off of him in waves as his hands balled up into fists. “You little ingrate, you can’t speak to me that way.” Andrew Smythe sputtered indigantly, but Sebastian just gave a humorless laugh arching an eyebrow as his anger ticked higher, “I just did. Now get out.” Sebastian was literally vibrating with anger as he spoke.

It was all Marco could do to make sure that he was nearby when Sebastian stood up against his father; he didn’t stand in front of him, because that would defeat everything but he was sure to stand close enough that he could pull them apart if he was forced to. “This is not the time nor the place for this discussion.” With a glance behind them, Marco saw Blaine was perched in the corner of the couch looking a strange mixture of confused, scared and oddly enough angry. He couldn’t worry about that right that moment though; he had to focus his attention on Sebastian and his father.

“Sebastian’s right, Blaine is his charge and taking them away from each other nearly killed the kid. You pull them apart again and he very well may die this time.” And he didn’t mean only literally, because they could prevent that, but emotionally it would end him.
When he had to let go of his Master, Blaine had to work to suppress the unimaginable panic that rose sharply in his chest. Master said he would be right back and Blaine trusted him to stay true to his word but the voice belonging to that intruder sounded terrifying and angry. And on top of that the fact that Master was visibly vibrating with anger as he stood before it. Getting up from the couch, Blaine rounded it and saw the tall thin vibrating man that looked so like his Master glaring daggers at him. This didn’t bode well; and they mentioned Marcus. A shudder ran through Blaine’s body before he was running to press himself into his Master’s back. Master had told him to stay, but he couldn’t. He wouldn’t let Master go again, he couldn’t. When the man in front of them moved aggressively towards Master, however, Blaine did the only thing he could think of to keep Master safe; he stood in front of him, back pressing against his Master’s chest, and did his best to hold the other man’s imposing gaze. He wasn’t going to let this man hurt his Master.

Sebastian knew he had to stay calm, knew he needed to reign it in before he did something he’d regret and scare Blaine too much. But his dad made that kind of common sense completely fly out the window. He nodded at Marco’s insistence, “I am not willing to jeopardize his safety to placate your ego. You made a bad call and you know it.” He held his ground even as he felt Blaine’s arms suddenly loop around him from behind, settling his hands over Blaine’s arms he could feel his own anger start to drain away, Blaine always helped center him with his touches. Knowing Blaine was there, that the boy needed him was all he needed to stand firm on the matter. “How dare you question my judgment, I know better than you—” Andrew’s rage carried him forward a few steps before he stopped short at the sight of Blaine literally throwing himself in front of Sebastian. It wasn’t the first time a slave reacted thusly, thinking they had to give their lives for their master’s, but it was the first time one was stubborn enough to meet his eyes and not cower.

Sebastian instinctively wrapped an arm over Blaine’s shoulder and down across his chest to hold him back against his chest. He didn’t know what Blaine had running through his head but he was going to make sure he stayed in place and didn’t do something foolish. “Fine, if you’re willing to risk his life then I am washing my hands of this entire matter.” Andrew sneered throwing a hand up to wave them off, he was hardly done with the matter but he’d have to address the situation when his little attack dogs weren’t around. When he turned away to walk out of the room still muttering to himself Sebastian glanced at Marco, “Follow him out and make sure no one else comes in.” Marco nodded, before grinning at Blaine, “You did good, kid.” Marco followed Andrew out of the room, closing the door firmly behind himself.

Even Blaine didn’t know what the hell he was thinking as he stood there in front of the intimidating man; fighting against every single instinct he had that was screaming for him to cower and hide, to fall to his knees before the man and beg for his forgiveness for such insolence. But he fought that instinct, fought against everything he had been taught and everything that had been bred into him over the last eighteen years to stand in front of this man to protect his Master. When Blaine felt his Master’s arms wrap around him he pressed his back even firmer against the other man’s chest and held his ground. With Master’s strength Blaine knew that he could stay fast. And stand fast he did until that awful man was out of the room; Marco following quickly afterwards.

It was then that Blaine let himself sag in his Master’s arms; hands clinging onto Master’s arms as he did so. The pure adrenaline that his body had been running off of completely running out on him and making his legs give out. It was then that he realized he had in fact disobeyed Master. In the midst of everything happening, Blaine had completely disregarded Master’s order to stay put and that had his blood running cold. “I’m sorry, Master. I know you—” He turned his head and buried his face into his Master’s sleeves. He understood that if
there was to be some kind of punishment for his actions that it would be warranted. “I’m sorry.” He offered once more before resigning himself to whatever his Master would dish out; even though his heart was hammering away in his chest.

Sebastian could feel Blaine sag into his body as the adrenaline ran out, leaving the boy shaking and clinging to him. He didn’t fault the boy for the reaction, Sebastian himself felt weak kneed and overwhelmed by the confrontation, he couldn’t imagine what Blaine had to be feeling after all of the ups and downs of the week. When Blaine started earnestly apologizing and burying his face into Sebastian’s sleeve Sebastian held him close. Sure, he wasn’t expressly happy that Blaine had put himself in what he’d perceived to be harm’s way. Sebastian knew he wasn’t in danger—his dad may have taken a swing or two at him before but it was hardly a dangerous situation, but the fact Blaine had seen it that way and reacted as strongly as he had was both enraging and at the same time touching. He didn’t want Blaine ever putting himself in danger’s way, but the fact Blaine had wanted to save him spoke volumes.

“You’re not going to be punished, Biche.” Sebastian hummed as his shoulders dropped, the tension and anger draining out of him. He had no right to be angry with Blaine, and he was suddenly too tired to be tense or frustrated that the boy hadn’t even considered how dangerous things might have been for himself. “You were only doing what you thought was best, you were trying to protect Master.” He pressed a kiss to Blaine’s temple before he wrapped his arms around the boy, turning him around to tuck Blaine into his chest. He tucked his own face against Blaine’s neck, just needing to be close and breathe the other boy in—otherwise his father’s words would start eating at him. “I want you to be careful, Biche, I wouldn’t know what to do without you.” He mumbled the words softly against Blaine’s neck before he sighed.

Feeling the tension leak out of his Master was like a blessing; even more so were the first words that Master hummed to him. He knew he probably shouldn’t be pleased to hear that he wasn’t going to be punished but he was; all Blaine wanted was to have protected his Master and make sure that the foreboding man focused that anger on him instead of Master. When Master turned him in his arms golden eyes searched out hesitantly for even just a glimpse at the very same emerald eyes that always held the compassion that Blaine sought. He caught them just before he found himself being pulled in tightly and he felt the other man pressing close into his neck. That, right there, felt like nothing else in the world mattered but the two of them; a feeling that made Blaine blush and offer a little secret smile of his own.

As easily as Master could read him, Blaine had quickly learned the different expressions that Master gave with just a single breath. Blaine had no idea what the last week was like for his Master, or the weeks before that if he was being truthful, but he could tell from just the sigh that Master gave that he had been stressed almost as much as Blaine refused to openly admit that he was. That sigh told Blaine that his Master hadn’t been sleeping as much as he needed and that, even though he was still standing, he was exhausted on top of everything else. With just that little information, Blaine slowly worked his way to lead them both back over to the couch; praying with every panicked beat of his heart that Marco would be able to guard the door. If he could just get Master to lay back out on the couch or if they could set up a make-shift bed on the floor, Blaine was sure that they could get each other to sleep. He just had to figure out how to get them to that point.

Sebastian always worked to be as professional as possible with his charges. He always worked hard to be the strong resilient Master that a boy like Blaine needed. But episodes with his father always left him shaking and spent, his father liked to push every button he had and even if he hadn’t been
exhausted and spent it would have drained him. When Blaine let him curl around him Sebastian honestly could have wept over it. He felt so tired and exhausted in that moment, all of the stress and problems of that week—the sleepless nights, the worry all of it came crushing back into him. Sebastian never wanted to move from this space, never wanted to lose this comfort he’d found curled into the smaller boy. Blaine may not have seen himself as strong, but in that moment Blaine was the strength he needed to get through.

He let Blaine slowly work them through the room, following his guidance and letting Blaine take control for a moment. It was nice to finally let someone else take the lead and help the stress go away, that’s all he needed in that moment. Once they were in front of the couch Sebastian hummed softly brushing a kiss against Blaine’s neck lightly. “Let’s get ready to sleep, Biche.” He hugged Blaine close before letting go of him long enough to get the blankets and pillows, as much as he wanted to stay close to Blaine he knew the couch would be too small to attempt sleep for them both without one of them rolling off and hurting themselves or one another. So he took the time to set up a bed of cushions on the floor making a pallet for them both before he tugged Blaine down onto the floor with him, wrapping the blanket around them both before curling his longer frame around Blaine’s, settling his cheek in Blaine’s hair, "I’m not letting you go ever again, Biche. That’s a promise, you are mine until the day you no longer want me.”

Chapter End Notes

Slowly but surely, we're finding our balance. We hope you enjoy today's update! Feel free to leave us your thoughts, we always love getting feedback on our boys!
Wallaby Way - Part 1

Chapter Notes

Sometimes a little break is necessary for the mind and soul. And what better break is there than the beach?

Two weeks, Blaine had been on his absolute best behavior for the last two weeks; not only just to prove to his Master that he could be but because Master had promised him a surprise if he was. And last night, as they snuggled into the bed, Master had told him that he had been so good that he was taking him somewhere for said surprise. While the initial thought of going somewhere had caused Blaine to tense up almost completely Master was sure to assuage that fear with gentle caresses and he told the shaggy haired boy that there wouldn’t be too many other people around where they were going. So Blaine let himself feel just a modicum of excitement and thrill. That little bit proved to be enough though that it had those gold eye popping wide awake at the crack of dawn; even after only a couple hours of sleep.

Unfortunately for Blaine, his Master was still out cold on the bed with his arm firmly wrapped around his smaller waist. It took some fancy maneuvering but Blaine managed to get into a sitting position with Master’s arms around his center as he turned on the television that was in their room and brought up the Netflix like they had done last night. He kept the volume low, almost non-existent, as he cycled through the random cartoons that Master had let him put on his queue. This hadn’t exactly become a pattern with the pair but it happened enough that Master even made sure that there was a glass of water and a bowl of fruit next to the bed so that, on the rare occasion that he did get up before him in hopes that he would eat. The boy leaned over a bit and plucked up a piece of pineapple to suck on as he waited as patiently as possible for his Master to wake up to start their day.

Sebastian was more than a little proud of Blaine over the last few weeks. He’d been working hard in his physical therapy, listening to the doctors and following their instructions, plus he’d been listening to Sebastian more and actually asking for help (sparingly) when he needed it. More than once he’d woken up to Blaine hesitantly nudging his hand, looking up at him with wide scared golden eyes, he rarely said anything during those instances but Sebastian always knew what it was for. Blaine was still struggling with accepting he was really back to take care of him, and in the middle of the night when the room was dark Blaine struggled to hold onto what was reality and what was in his head. To reward Blaine for all of his hard work Sebastian had made arrangements to take Blaine to a nearby beach—it would give Blaine a chance to be out in the world, slowly integrate himself into society, but at the same time he could manage the amount of people that would be near Blaine.

Sebastian was always careful to make sure he slept light, curling himself around Blaine in a way that would insure that he’d wake up if Blaine did. However some nights he was too worn down and exhausted for any of that to matter. He’d taken steps to ensure that Blaine wouldn’t suffer for it, he’d taught him how to use Netflix (an experience that had been too cute for words when Blaine’s eyes lit up at his first episode of Scooby Doo), made sure there was a bowl of fruit just in case Blaine felt up to eating, and most importantly had let Blaine know it was okay to wake him up if needed. Blaine rarely did that last one though. He hummed sleepily as slowly the noise of the TV started breaking through to him, snuffling as he was still lost in sleep, nuzzling his face into Blaine’s hip as he
Blaine had somehow found himself wrapped up in yet another episode of Ducktales, having finished off what Netflix had available for Scooby Doo episodes, so when his Master moved a little against him he couldn’t help but jump slightly in excitement; the piece of pineapple quickly getting shoved completely in his mouth as he wiggled with excitement. It took a quick glance to the clock for Blaine to realize that he had been watching cartoons for almost two hours and that could partially be the reason for his restlessness. He hated waking Master up, for anything, but he knew that the sooner Master got up the sooner they could go and enjoy the surprise. So when he felt the other man snuggle in closer and saw the way his eyes shifted beneath his eyelids Blaine knew that he was close enough to waking up that he wouldn’t be disturbing him if he just helped him along a bit. And that thought made Blaine smile brightly, if a little mischievously.

It took a little wiggling and some quick movements but in a matter of seconds Blaine found himself sitting cross legged firmly on his Master’s hips and thighs as the man was laying on his back; Blaine’s chest pressing against the other’s as he leaned forward. There was only a breath of hesitation in him as he blinked down at his Master; who he was certain was going to either be incredibly angry about this or confused, Blaine still wasn’t one hundred percent certain on that one. When green eyes were looking back at him, and before Master could come to any conclusion about their circumstances, Blaine plucked up his courage and leaned in to press a tiny kiss to the tip of the other man’s nose and offered him a half formed, wonder filled, and bashful, smile all the while chewing on his lip. At this point he wasn’t so sure what he wanted to say, if anything at all, so Blaine just blinked a few more times at his Master as he waited for him to decide whether or not he was angry. Though Blaine did hope that, if Master was angry, he wouldn’t be angry enough to take today away from them.

Sebastian genuinely couldn’t tell if he was still dreaming or if he’d woken up. Sure, his dreams tended to be more realistic, he could usually tell the difference; but when the subject of those dreams was sitting on top of him and in his space, he was allowed some confusion. The touch on his chest wasn’t much, it was barely a brush of contact, but the weight of Blaine in his lap was something he’d become intimately familiar with over the weeks, and he knew sometimes his imagination liked to taunt him with that fact. This was no dream though, he knew that even as he finally blinked his eyes open slowly, but still seeing Blaine’s face leaning in to his own—an inquisitive and mischievous look in his eyes, threw him off and helped shock him awake. He stayed still though, waiting to see what Blaine had up his sleeve, and was pleasantly surprised when he pressed a quick peck to his nose.

The action was so swift, and he looked so full of excitement, that Sebastian couldn’t help a sleepy laugh, his eyes crinkling up in confused delight at the action. “Well good mornin’ to me…” Sebastian mumbled the words, his voice still scratchy from sleep, but he was smiling all the same up at Blaine. He gave Blaine a curious look, lifting an eyebrow as he ran his hands along the boy’s sides, “Although, if you’re going to wake someone up, you should really go for it.” He mumbled the words with a teasing tone, “Like this,” Grinning he leaned up to press a full kiss on Blaine’s lips, keeping it soft and chaste, before he let his head fall back on the pillow with a chuckle, “I take it someone wants me to stop being lazy and take him on his surprise trip, hmm?”

Blaine couldn’t stop the squirming that occurred when Master’s fingers trailed along his sides; they had proven to be overly sensitive to touch and as a result he ended up almost giggling and squirming at the tickling sensation every time. Master seemed to like it though, probably because every time he managed to get a chuckle or giggle out of Blaine he would blush like crazy and that would always
seem to bring a smile to his Master’s face. And, much like the times beforehand, when the giggle erupted from Blaine he couldn’t stop the blush that colored his cheeks; the same blush that only darkened at the chaste kiss and that was accompanied by a brilliant smile.

Shifting his hips, Blaine slid further down his Master’s hips and thighs so that when he leaned forward again he could rest his chin on his hands as they rested on the other man’s sternum; making a mental note that that was how he would wake Master up if he ever woke him up again. Blaine was more than excited about going on their trip, even if he was still a good deal scared about the whole thing as well, however he was happy to stay just sitting on top of his Master for a little while; as long as he wasn’t hurting him. He did have to shift his weight a bit though when he reached over to the table for another piece of fruit, a strawberry, just brushing against the other man’s lips. “Breakfast, Master?”

Sebastian made it no secret how much he enjoyed making Blaine giggle and laugh. He was constantly brushing Blaine’s sides, any time the boy started looking too morose, or anytime he wasn’t expecting a touch Sebastian would trace his fingers along Blaine’s side just to catch him off guard. It was a selfish act on the one hand, Blaine’s blushing laughter was quickly becoming his favorite sound, but at the same time Blaine was unknowingly becoming more accustomed to touch. When Blaine started giggling at his touch he grinned, okay so most of his reasoning for the touches were to get the boy to make that sound, he just loved it so much. He had to repress the instant groan that wanted to come out when Blaine fucking wiggled his way down his body—god the innocent thing was a turn on, but also really frustrating when Blaine did things like that and didn’t realize how closely he was playing with fire.

He raised his eyebrows as Blaine kept shifting around on him before resting on his chest again. When he felt the piece of strawberry brush against his lip he smiled, Blaine had learned quickly that Sebastian had a personal preference for the strawberry pieces and as a result continually saved those until last. Humming he nodded at Blaine’s question, settling his hands on the small of Blaine’s back in a relaxed motion as he opened his mouth taking the piece of fruit from his fingers—letting his teeth drag gently along the pads of Blaine’s fingers, before he settled back on the pillow taking his time eating. He grinned playfully as he rubbed his fingers through the material of Blaine’s shirt along the small of his back, “As much as I want to keep cuddling, I can practically feel you bouncing out of your skin in excitement. Why don’t you go change into the shorts I set out in the bathroom and I’ll go see if we’re good to go.” Smiling he pressed a kiss to Blaine’s cheek.

The little touches and bites that he was receiving from Master were just enough to send the oddest sensation of shivers directly down Blaine’s spine, leaving him looking wide eyed and almost innocently down at the other. The small feelings like those were always the ones that created the most confusion in Blaine; but for once this confusion was delicious and a welcomed sensation, whatever it was. The small caresses to his back were another more than welcomed sensation as they always had the ability to calm and soothe him in those little movements. It was getting easier and easier for Blaine to seek out those little points of contact too; was finally starting to trust that Master was, indeed, still there and he wasn’t just imagining the man beneath him.

So, when Master suggested getting up and going to change Blaine gave just the slightest bit of hesitation before he wiggled into a better position where he could move and rolled off of his Master. He knew that, logically, Master was giving him the privacy he needed to change in peace but it still caused Blaine no end of distress when the other man wasn’t where he could see him at the very least. How could Blaine protect him if he couldn’t keep an eye on him? It also didn’t help matters that his own mind was still constantly playing tricks on him; even if he didn’t openly admit to those tricks.
He did have one thing to breathe a sigh of relief over; it had been a good couple of days since he had seen her. With a shake of his head to clear his thoughts Blaine let the excitement from earlier crop back up; he wasn’t letting anything ruin this day. So, with a hop he was off the bed and in the bathroom.

Sebastian would have been more than happy to stay just like they were, more than happy to keep Blaine right on top of him (even with his godforsaken wiggling) and continue being fed pieces of fruit while trying to get Blaine to giggle and blush like he was. He knew that Blaine probably wouldn’t have minded that kind of attention, he’d begun getting more comfortable with touches and caresses these days, but he’d been so excited about the surprise that Sebastian knew he couldn’t take that away. Besides, he could wish and long for the ability to keep Blaine all to himself as much as he wanted, but the fact of the matter was that he had to start helping Blaine integrate himself around strangers. As much as he wished he could, he couldn’t be selfish forever in that way. Eventually he had to share Blaine with the world and it was time to start those baby steps.

Once Blaine had rolled off of him Sebastian worked to cool his body off, those innocent wiggles, blushing and looks had wreaked havoc on Sebastian’s system. After Blaine had made his way into the bathroom Sebastian got up with a soft groan, he knew Blaine never did any of it on purpose, but it didn’t make life any easier. He quickly changed into his own clothes, he was glad he’d made the decision to have Blaine moved into his rooms, it meant everything he needed was at his fingertips. Poking his head out into the hall he checked in with Marco to make sure everything was good to go, the older man would go with them, but he’d leave them alone once they got to the spot he was taking Blaine too. After everything was taken care of he ran a hand through his hair trying to get some control back into the light locks, “You ready, Biche?”

The door closing behind him caused Blaine to stop and shudder; he still had a hard time dealing with the smaller spaces. It had taken quite a few tricks and bribes from Master to get him even willing to go into the bathroom on his own; he could only imagine how uncomfortable that whole ordeal had made the other man. Seeing the shorts draped on top of the sink, however, tamped down any panic that was rising in his chest and replaced it with delicious excitement and energy; he was quick to change at that point, tying the shorts off just as his Master was calling out in the other room. Pulling on the added black muscle shirt that was laid out for him as well, Blaine tossed open the door and ran a hand through his curls; anxious fingers running over the still pink scar and short curls that covered the plate in his head. It had become a new nervous habit of his.

When he noticed that he was rubbing at his scar again, Blaine let his hand fall and looked down at what he was wearing; the confusion was clear on his face as it mixed perfectly with the thrill that was there. He wasn’t completely sure where they were going but he was excited to be going outside. Blaine’s eyes got even wider as he took in the appearance of the man before him; seeing his Master always caused his heart to pound a little faster and made Blaine feel so light that he was worried he would float away. He had to even shake his head in order to refocus. “Ready!” He bounced excitedly on the balls of his feet.

Sebastian knew he was asking a lot of Blaine to trust him. More so than usual, that was for sure. Rather than just trusting him within the safe haven of the institute he was asking Blaine to trust him on an unknown trip outside of the safe walls. He didn’t take the responsibility lightly, but he knew it was for the best, and he knew that in the end Blaine would love it. He’d never intentionally take Blaine somewhere he didn’t think the boy could gain from. He’d changed quickly into his outfit, nothing more than simple red swimming trunks with blue siding and a plain gray muscle tee. He
didn’t bother with being particularly stylish when going to the beach, he had a feeling he’d spend most of the time stretched on the sand anyways. This trip was as much a means of relaxation for himself as it was an excursion for Blaine.

When the boy stepped out of the bathroom he let himself smile and take him in in an indulgent fashion. Blaine’s arms were deliciously distracting and it took Blaine bouncing towards him to snap him out of it. Chuckling he grinned at the boy, pressing a kiss to the scar peaking through Blaine’s still growing in curls, “Good, then let’s get going before Marco leaves us here and takes your trip for himself!” He widened his eyes playfully before grabbing the backpack with their towels and other things in it and slinging it over his shoulder, he lead Blaine out of the room muttering a good morning to Marco with a smile. The pair shared a secret grin at Blaine’s obvious excitement before they made their way through the building. Sebastian kept his hand on Blaine’s back to keep him close and help keep him out of the path of anyone else until they were outside, through the pass coded doors and check points and in the backseat of the non-descript jeep they kept for such excursions. “Buckle up, Biche.”

At the other man’s words Blaine’s eyes nearly bugged out of his head; his bottom lip jutted out in a pout. After a second of pouting he was taking off after him and skidding out into the hallway to shoot Marco a scathing pout that quickly turned to a shy smile. Walking through the hallways was getting easier for him, which he was thankful for, but he was still uneasy enough that he still stayed pretty much pressed against his Master’s side. He had managed to come a long way, at least with the orderlies that would scurry around their floor, but that didn’t mean that he one hundred percent trusted them; even now he was still uneasy that Orderly Paul would make some kind of return so he was still widely weary. Blaine did breathe just the smallest sigh of relief when he had finally climbed into the back of the jeep with its shaded windows; bouncing around in his seat until told to buckle up. Even with the buckle snapped in place, Blaine managed to get his legs tucked underneath him so that he was practically kneeling on the seat as he looked out the window.

As small of a thing as it might have sounded, Blaine would have been just as excited to drive in circles around the city as he was to be going anywhere. While he was sure he wasn’t yet ready for large crowds and the pulse of the city, he did miss being outside; the only good moments he remembered having at his father’s house were all outside in the yard when he could sneak away. Oddly enough, within the confines of the jeep with his Master beside him and Marco in the front seat, Blaine felt completely at ease; even going so far as to stare alternately out his window, the windshield and his Master’s window with such excitement that it actually caused his body to tremor. Once they were out of the city and there wasn’t a whole lot for Blaine to see out of the car windows he turned and curled as into his Master as the seatbelt would allow; his head pillowing into it’s usual spot on the other man’s chest as he spoke. “Where are we going, Master?”

Sebastian had to bite back a bark of laughter at Blaine’s little pout in Marco’s direction. The urge made stronger at the confused look the older man gave them both before walking them outside. It was always a test seeing how Blaine would behave around the older man, he’d become increasingly comfortable with Marco around, and Sebastian was glad. He’d been worried the boy would resent Marco for the Marcus ordeal, but instead the boy seemed to open up sparingly around him. Once Blaine was in the jeep Sebastian had to fight not to laugh all over again, he was excitable as a puppy and nearly bouncing himself off the seat. Sebastian was glad he’d insisted on the seatbelt or Blaine might have wound up on the floor.

“Somewhere very special.” Sebastian hummed softly as he wrapped an arm around Blaine’s shoulders once the boy settled into leaning against him. He ran his fingers through the loose curls covering Blaine’s head, some shaggier than the rest. He left it at that for a few more minutes before
nudging his nose against Blaine’s temple as they got closer and the beach came into view, “We’re going to the beach, somewhere we can play and relax and have some good old fun.” Sebastian grinned as a few minutes later Marco was parking the jeep in a little lot with a few other cars, unbuckling them both as he grabbed the backpack with their things in it, “Ready?”

Blaine hummed happily and his eyes closed of their own accord when he felt the other man’s fingers brush through his hair; a shy smile playing across his lips. This was everything perfect in the world, in this man’s arms, listening to his heartbeat as they drove to what he trusted was an amazing surprise, he couldn’t help but feel like he was on top of the world. At the light nudge of his Master’s nose he lifted his head and a delightful little noise, almost an impatient noise, came from Blaine when he saw the beach coming into view. All the sand and water and open space to just get lost in? That had his heart spiraling out of control as he laughed with excitement. The only pause that came from him was when they pulled into the parking spot; Blaine was sure he saw his father’s car but when he focused on it he realized it was the wrong color. That man would not be here to ruin their day. Blaine was so excited that he was bouncing to get out of the car, causing the jeep to bounce so bad that to an onlooker it would look like nefarious activities were going on. “Please?” He whined in excitement.

When his Master finally opened the door and climbed out Blaine was hot on his heels; scrambling out of the car and quickly latching himself onto his Master’s arm pretty much the second his feet hit the ground. While he was still ridiculously excited about their outing this was a whole new level of exposure for Blaine and he still held a level of insecurity that had him almost wanting to crawl into his Master’s side whenever he saw people he didn’t know; like the ones he saw walking on the beach before them. Though that level of anxiety wasn’t nearly as bad as it could have been because there were truly just a few sparse people there with them. The water was what caught Blaine’s attention though; sparkling and the waves lapping at the shore. Sure he didn’t know how to swim but that wasn’t going to stop him from pulling Master into the water with him. He did manage to pull his gaze away from that water to look up at the man he clung to so desperately; looking for some kind of guidance as to what he was supposed to do.
Sebastian could practically feel the nervous energy vibrating out of Blaine. The mix of happiness, nerves and anticipation making the boy curled into him literally shaking with every passing moment. He ran a hand along Blaine’s dark hair in an attempt to keep him from literally bolting out of the jeep the second it was parked. As it was he nearly bowled Sebastian over when he jumped out of the vehicle. Swinging his bag onto his back he looped an arm loosely around Blaine’s waist as he steered him towards the sand. Marco would be nearby, just in case, but they’d already agreed that today was all about Blaine and Sebastian—Marco would keep an eye out, but he’d mostly stay out of sight taking his own day off along with them.

Sebastian walked with Blaine slowly along the sand, he didn’t keep Blaine away from the people dotting the beach in a few places, the point of the outing was to get Blaine comfortable with others. He did however keep his arm around Blaine’s waist so he knew he was there if it became too overwhelming, but the nice thing about this particular beach was that it was largely unused except by small groups of families with young children. Once they found a largely deserted space Sebastian set his bag on the sand, with a grin he turned to Blaine, “Alright, let’s get some sunscreen on you so you don’t burn. Then we can head out into the water for a bit.” He leaned down, fishing the bottle of sunscreen from the bag; his own skin was just pale enough that he’d likely go home burnt no matter how much he applied to himself unlike Blaine’s already naturally tan skin, “Shirt off, Biche.”

Blaine was so distracted by everything going on that he didn’t even notice Marco, the giant hulk of a man, disappearing off somewhere behind them. He was too busy kicking off his sandals and picking them up so he could feel the sand beneath his feet and tensing just a bit every time a person or couple walked by. He could feel his Master along his side, so Blaine wasn’t too worried but he still wasn’t a huge fan of strangers. The sand was hot beneath his feet but that didn’t seem to bother the boy as he kicked some up with a chuckle every time he took a step. The weather was beautiful, not a cloud in the sky, and Blaine was with his Master; his chest felt like it was going to explode with excitement. When they came to a stop at a deserted stretch of beach there was a quizzical look to Blaine’s eyes.

Sunscreen? What was that? He tilted his head as he watched his Master fish around in the backpack and pull out a tube that was as bright as the sun itself. “Sunscreen?” He asked as he peeled off the muscle shirt and folded it up neatly before hugging it to his chest. It wasn’t that Blaine was self-conscious about his body exactly, it was more that he hated the scars that were permanent reminders of a life he hoped he had left behind for good. Taking a deep breath was really all he needed to hand over the shirt to his Master and looking up at the man expectantly. He was nearly buzzing out of his skin at the idea of playing in the water with his Master, so he desperately hoped that whatever needed to happen with the sunscreen was quick; otherwise he might actually just run off to the water and then Master would either have to chase him or order him back. Either way, Blaine would be sure to get into the water before that happened.

Sebastian couldn’t blame Blaine for his excitement; he always felt the same rush anytime he was around the beach. He’d never been much of a beach goer when he was growing up, but he loved the concept of it. Loved the ability of being able to soak up the sun and play or sleep, enjoy the outdoors while at the same time letting the body relax. Although he had to admit a large amount of his own excitement was from the energy he was drawing off of Blaine. Seeing Blaine’s confusion he chuckled softly before nodding. “Yes, sunscreen, it will keep your skin from getting red and burning—I don’t want you to blister or hurt from being in the sun all day. Remember the burns from that
shower? Sometimes the sun can do that too if we don’t protect your skin, and this lotion will do that for us.”

He smiled when Blaine almost shyly handed over the shirt, Sebastian tucked it into the backpack before stepping in close to Blaine. He took a moment to lean in and press a few soft brushing kisses to a few of Blaine’s scars. He knew Blaine was uncomfortable with the scars and Sebastian was going to start working on getting him comfortable with his body. Once he was done pressing light kisses on his skin, Sebastian opened the sunscreen and got to work rubbing the lotion into his already warm soft skin, working it in thoroughly along his shoulders, arm and back before moving onto his chest, neck and face. Once he’d made sure Blaine was covered and the lotion had worked in completely he held the bottle out to the boy, “Get my back for me? Just like I did for your chest and arms, you saw how I worked it in, how much you need—you can put a little more on me if you want too because my skin is a little more sensitive than yours. Once you get my back I’ll let you head to the water’s edge while I finish up.”

The memory of the burns from the shower were enough to have even Blaine’s tanned skin paling quickly followed by the rapid shake of his head at the idea of getting more burns like those. They had been a bane of his existence for their duration and he was adamant that that was an experience he was not going to experience again. So Blaine tried his best to stand as still as possible when he felt his Master’s hands brushing over every single patch of skin that was visible on his upper body; the fight to keep from squirming and laughing was enough to keep his eyes squeezed shut. When the man moved to his front, Blaine wasn’t sure what it was he was feeling. He could hear his own heart pounding in his ears but the majority of that he could attribute to the excitement of where they were. A bright smile crested his face as he reached out and took the bottle from his Master and squirted out perhaps just a bit too much onto his hands before he pressed ever so slightly hesitant hands against the warm skin of his Master’s back.

Blaine just let his hands trace lightly over the muscles that corded throughout the other man’s back for a moment of exploration and wonder before he remembered the task he had been given and he started working the lotion into the skin of his Master’s back; his thumbs working just slightly harder into some of the knots he felt beneath the man’s skin. His hands even travelled down each of the other man’s arms after grabbing some more lotion from the bottle. When he came back around to the front of the man he grinned and pressed a kiss to the expanse of chest that was before him, holding the bottle out to him as he bounced on the balls of his feet. When the bottle had transferred back to his Master and he got the go ahead Blaine took off running to the water; laughing and jumping into the edge and causing splashes to come up around him.

Sebastian’s eyes slid closed as he relaxed his shoulders under Blaine’s somewhat inquisitive hands. He knew that Blaine was hardly doing it to rile him up, but it was happening none-the-less. At the same time the attention Blaine paid to his back was exquisite and he could feel the knots along his spine finally working themselves loose with the hard press of Blaine’s thumbs digging into the muscle. The warmth flooding through him had very little to do with the bright rays of the sun in that space and time. As excited as Blaine was to get in the water Sebastian could stay just like this for the rest of the day and be content, but he knew that wasn’t what the younger boy wanted. With a smile he took the sunscreen from him and waved him ahead to the water, “Just don’t go in past where the water level hits your knees. I’ll be down in a minute.”

He was distracted for a moment, simply watching Blaine as he excitedly ran down to the water’s edge. He doubted Blaine knew how to swim, but that was okay, this stretch of beach was known for its mild tide and easy currents. Even though he trusted Blaine not to do anything foolish he knew the boy’s patience was stringing itself thin, so he made quick work of covering his face and chest with
the sunscreen before putting it away. He set out their towels to claim their spot on the sand before he made his way down the bank and wrapped an arm around Blaine’s waist with a playful smile, “Let’s play.” Pressing a kiss to Blaine’s temple he led him into the water before letting Blaine take over and do what he wanted.

The water was a lot colder then Blaine had anticipated and he spent a few seconds dancing from foot to foot before he adjusted to it. It was oddly freeing, though, standing in front of something so big and unrestrained and knowing that at least there was something in the world that couldn’t be enslaved. That thought in and of itself caused another small smile to grace Blaine’s features; if he could, some day he would be like the water before him. He leaned into his Master’s arm when he felt it wrap around his waist and smiled up at him. This was the most relaxed that Blaine had seen the other man in, well, quite frankly ever and if this is what made his Master happy then Blaine was going to go out of his way to make sure they could have more beach days. The idea of play had golden eyes blinking as they looked from his Master out to the world around them. There was no one around to see them, and that meant that Blaine didn’t have to be scared.

There was so much that Blaine wanted to do and even with his inability to actually swim, he was going to be sure that he got out as far as he could in the water. So, Blaine took his Master’s hand and started tugging him out into the water; managing to trip over his own feet when the water was about hip height and causing a splash that doused the other man. When Blaine managed to resurface he was grinning like a cat and laughing at what looked like a drowned rat standing next to him. He had to bite his lip to quell that laughter and did his best to look innocent; blinking large eyes and just pouting out his lip to the man before him. “I’m sorry, Master. I tripped.” Slowly but surely a grin replaced that innocent look and he reached down and splashed more water at the other man.

Sebastian’s heart felt light and like it was seconds away from beating out of his chest. Blaine was so excited and his happiness just bowled over him. His open eyed enthusiasm was something Sebastian would never forget, the bright smile and wide eyed wonderment was an earth shattering experience. In the few months he’d been working with Blaine he’d never seen the boy able to act like the young man he was. He’d never gotten to be a part of the unadulterated joy that came from being truly happy, from being free spirited and relaxed in your own skin. And now for today he could, for the first time he could help Blaine be free and happy, help the boy learn how to be a young man, help him recapture that lost innocence.

He sputtered a little inelegantly as the wave of water washed over him, the sickly sweet salt water dripping down his face and off a dropped open jaw. He knew Blaine hadn’t intentionally doused him with the water, but it didn’t change the sudden shocking cold wet that had washed over his head and left him soaked. He blinked in somewhat shock as Blaine’s apologetic grin turned into something decidedly less innocent seconds before he was splashed, this time with purpose. He started laughing as his lips quirked into a smirk, “Oh, so that’s how it’s going to be, huh?” Smirking he lowered himself into the water, circling Blaine slowly in the water almost as if he was stalking the boy like a predator might stalk its prey. He paused only a second before he surged forward, splashing Blaine as he tackled the boy into the water, careful not to push him all the way under so he wouldn’t choke on the water.

Glee filled golden eyes smiled up at the taller man as Blaine shrugged at the question; it couldn’t really be a question when he had just proven that that was, in fact, how it was going to be. No question about it. Those same eyes narrowed as he watched his Master circle him like the other man was some kind of predator and he was the prey. Anyone else and Blaine would have been terrified by that look but coming from his Master, the amazing man that made Blaine feel the wonderful
things in life, he just managed to blush. A yelp of surprise came from Blaine as he was tackled into the water but it was quickly replaced with laughter as he managed to slide out of his Master’s grasp and jump onto his back. Without really thinking, Blaine wrapped his arms around the other man’s neck and his legs around his waist and held on; planting a loud and laughter filled kiss onto his Master’s cheek as he held on.

Clinging onto his Master as he was, it struck Blaine that it had only been a handful of weeks ago that he wouldn’t have even so much as thought of touching this man without cringing. Had he really come so far that he was opening up so much to him? The thought terrified and excited him, caused his heart to thud painfully loudly in his chest; it pounded so hard in fact that he was sure his Master could feel it against his back. He felt light and giddy, and not all of that attributed to being at the beach, and it struck Blaine that what he was feeling was love; and it struck him hard enough that it had him pressing his face into the shoulder of the very same man that was causing the feeling in him to try and hide his smile. Blaine remembered in fine detail the last person he had loved that had loved him back; she was his angel and that love had taken her away from him. He only hoped that his feelings for his Master didn’t cause the man any danger or pain.

Sebastian’s laugh could be heard up and down the beach as Blaine slithered up his back like a little monkey. It pleased him more than he could say that Blaine willingly wrapped himself around Sebastian, and pleased him even more when he pressed a smacking kiss to his cheek. It was reassuring to have Blaine so willing to be close, helped comfort Sebastian in knowing that things would and could be okay for them as a pair. He laughed as Blaine suddenly started nuzzling his face into the expanse of his shoulder, he felt lighter than air at Blaine’s readiness to be affectionate and as playful as he was being. Sebastian had been scared they’d have mountains to climb when it came to helping Blaine be more affectionately comfortable, knowing things were okay already had the last of Sebastian’s stress rolling off of his shoulders.

“Hold onto me, sweet boy.” Sebastian smiled before he shifted Blaine’s arm enough to playfully bite at his forearm. He helped hoist Blaine up on his back a little more, bracing his arms under Blaine’s butt to keep him in place. Grinning he moved down into the water until the waves were crashing up over their shoulders, he moved out a little farther so they were in deeper water, until he could stand up and still have the water be at their shoulders. He grinned turning his head enough to see Blaine, letting the waves push and move them along before he planted a soft smacking kiss on Blaine’s lips. “Want to see something incredible?” Grinning he nuzzled his nose against Blaine’s cheek before moving along for a moment and grinning suddenly looking into the water, “Look, do you see them? The fish, look how pretty they are.”

Those gold eyes closed even tighter, smile growing even wider against the expanse of skin beneath his head, when he heard and felt his Master’s laugh; that laughter that was so uncommon always made Blaine’s heart swell at least three sizes. Any other situation and Blaine wouldn’t have even thought about being even remotely close to someone, but his Master was special and Blaine wanted, no needed, to have some form of contact with him just to feel grounded; lest he find that he was dreaming everything and reality would catch up to him. Blaine could feel the tension finally leaking out of his Master’s shoulders and it gave no end to his joy. He had caused that, Blaine had done something right and he could feel the results. It made his eyes water just briefly and he was thankful that he was already soaked so no one would know the difference.

A full shudder ran through Blaine’s body when he felt other’s teeth press into the skin of his arm; goose bumps rising quickly over the exposed flesh. His breath caught in his chest when he felt himself being hitched higher and as they moved further into the water, deeper into the water, Blaine’s
arms might have tightened. He was sure that Master knew he didn’t know how to swim, sure that the man he just realized he loved wouldn’t do anything to harm him; but that didn’t stop him from being just a little bit scared. Despite that fear though Blaine heard the wonder in his Master’s voice and, when he looked himself, he did in fact see a few beautiful fish swimming around them. Without thinking, Blaine tried to reach over his Master’s shoulder to see if he could pet the fish but he slipped and found himself held against the other man’s chest and the fish giving him and the splash he just made a bit wider of a birth. “Oops.” He giggled.

Sebastian looped an arm up behind his head, running his fingers into the thick hair at the back of Blaine’s head, scratching his nails gently against the boys scalp. He could feel the joy and excitement running through Blaine’s frame and knowing he’d help give that to Blaine brought him an unending sense of happiness and peace. This was the first time they’d been able to just enjoy each other’s company, no strings attached other than making each other happy, enjoying the sun and life. He could feel the quick spike of fear in the way Blaine started clinging a little tighter. He wasn’t going to let Blaine fall under or get hurt, but the fact he held on tighter, trusting him to keep him safe made him smile to himself.

He threw his head back with a full bodied laugh as Blaine literally fell into his arms. Keeping the boy held up and out of the water he grinned, “You sure you didn’t do that on purpose?” He teased easily as he nuzzled their noses together before shifting him up so Blaine could wrap his legs around his waist, this time from the front. Humming he leaned back some in the water, almost floating as he let Blaine use him to float and stay above the water. He started slowly making his way to slightly shallower water, letting the waves push and pull them along. He kept one arm around Blaine’s waist, letting the other float along the top of the water with a grin up at the other boy. “Enjoying your surprise so far?”

The giggle faded to a soft embarrassed chuckle that was quickly accompanied by a deep blush. “No, I just wanted to see if I could pet them.” The same smile brightened up on his face again at the brush of noses and he happily wrapped his legs around his Master’s waist, doing his best not to wiggle too much so the half-hard situation he found himself in wouldn’t be so obvious; as it was Blaine’s pulse was already skyrocketed, he didn’t need to add THAT on top of everything. The muscles in Blaine’s shoulders tightened just a bit when his Master leaned away from him but it was a fleeting tenseness and it dissolved into that same look of wonder as he watched his Master completely at ease in the water. There was just a pure graceful ease to him as he let the water take him; truthfully Blaine was envious. He couldn’t help but bite his lip and wondered if his Master would teach him how to swim. The grinned on his Master’s face was enough to distract Blaine from that wonder to the question at hand. Was he enjoying the surprise? Blaine grinned and made a small splash at him. “Thank-you, Master. You-you didn’t have to bring me here. It’s beautiful and- and…..” Blaine couldn’t put into words what it meant to him that his Master would think to bring him out here, that the other man would think he had been good enough to deserve such a wondrous reward; so he did the only thing he could think to convey how he felt. He smiled and wrapped his arms loosely around his Master’s neck and leaned forward to kiss the tip of his nose.

Sebastian knew the affect he was having on the younger boy; Blaine wasn’t exactly able to hide it from him when he was pressed right against him. His own body reacted instantly; it had been a long time since he’d any kind of release or full contact, their one intense make-out session and all they’d had between that and now were spontaneous kisses. Add those teases along with the close proximity and amount of time they spent on each other in some way or another…his body reacted instantly to
almost any type of touch these days. But he was also getting very good at tamping down those reactions and holding back, so he just grinned instead laughing softly. “You can’t pet the fish, sweet boy, they’re going to be too fast for you to reach.” He smiled as Blaine relaxed against him and let him guide them through the water along the push of the waves, “I can teach you to swim with them, if you want?”

When Blaine tried to put his thoughts into words Sebastian felt his heart swell. He’d been able to do that, he was responsible for putting that look of joy and happiness on Blaine’s face, he was responsible for Blaine finally getting to feel free. Laughing softly he scrunched his nose up automatically at the gentle kiss to the end of it, “Oh Biche, of course. You’ve been so good and worked so hard with your doctors. Master told you, I will always take care of you and reward you when you’re my good boy. I love putting that smile on your face.”

A look of utter confusion crossed Blaine’s face. “But the guys on that Tanked show, they pet the fish sometimes.” His eyes lit up as he looked around searching in complete and utter excitement. “Oooh, how about a shark! Can I pet a shark?” He bounced as best he could while he was wrapped and pressed against his Master. The ones he had seen on Netflix had only been a few feet long and they looked so soft; he actually wondered if there was any way he could talk his Master into letting them get one. He giggled at the very idea; where would they even put a tank big enough to put a shark…..and could Blaine get in the tank with them? Master was willing to teach him to swim? Then he could swim with his shark! “Please?” he asked as he wiggled excitedly.

Blaine’s hammering heart nearly stopped dead when his Master called him a ‘good boy’, his lip trapped between his teeth and a crooked smile resulting from it. He had tried so hard, he had wanted to be as good as he possibly could be for his Master. His Master. His…The tilt to Blaine’s head was almost drastic as he took in the man before him. This was his Master, but Blaine saw the vague tightness that appeared at the corners of his eyes whenever he called him Master. “M-Master?” A very slight tremor ran through his body as he tried to gather himself. He didn’t want to anger the other man with his questions, not with such a beautiful day on the line, but now he was curious. “What’s your n-name?” his voice was soft as his gaze followed his hands as they traveled along the other man’s chest. Master knew his name, Blaine was curious as to what his name was and he remembered Master saying ‘when you are ready to ask for my real name you have permission to do so.’
Wallaby Way - Part 3

Listening to Blaine’s confusion over why he couldn’t pet a fish like the men on their show had was an actual treat. Blaine was finally starting to talk and interact with him more, slowly learning that conversation was encouraged and not something he could be punished for. “That’s because the fish on that show were in small spaces, here in the ocean they can get away.” He chuckled at the mention of a shark, Sebastian had been very careful to not let Blaine watch any of the shark documentaries on the discovery channel because he didn’t want to scare the boy, but he could see that he might have gotten himself in trouble with that. “No, I don’t think we’ll be finding any sharks for you to pet, sweetheart. Ocean sharks…they’re usually a great deal bigger than on that show. We want to avoid them here.”

He nodded with an easy smile as Blaine’s eyes seemed to grow impossibly wider at the question of his learning to swim, “Of course. We’ll start slow.” Smiling he started leading them back to where they’d both be able to touch the sandy floor of the ocean. When he stood up and helped Blaine unwrapped his legs from his waist he paused. Sebastian knew the signs of when Blaine had something on his mind, so he waited patiently as the boy struggled with his own sense of right and wrong. He kept his hands lightly on Blaine’s hips as the hands traced his chest—reminding himself that Blaine was only touching him like that to distract himself and that he shouldn’t get too lost in it. His eyes widened a split second before his lips turned up into a warm almost secret smile, the kind he only ever gave to Blaine. “Sebastian.” His name slipped out quickly without any hesitation before he shook his head a little, blushing, “It’s a bit of a mouthful so…people usually just shorten it to call me whatever nickname they like.”

Though he didn’t say anything more on the matter of sharks and petting one, there was still a look of determination about Blaine that was a rarely seen from him. He had somehow gotten it stuck in his head that he was eventually going to pet a shark; if that meant at some point he had to catch one for himself and pet it then so be it. For now, he’d nod his understanding to his Master and let the topic drop. Blaine could be a very patient boy when he needed to be; had been trained to wait and be patient. When he felt the sand beneath his feet again, Blaine felt a thrill of exhilaration and the usual anxiety that came with him learning something new; ever since Marcus he had a harder time learning new things as he would always push himself too hard and beat himself up if he didn’t get it perfect on the first go around.

Sebastian. His Master’s name was Sebastian. Golden eyes widened at the realization that Master had told him his name willingly and not only that but he was blushing as well. He never saw his Master blushing and Blaine thought it was one of the most beautiful things he had ever seen. “Beautiful” He murmured before he himself blushed and bit his lip. “Sebastian.” He tried the word out, letting it roll over his tongue and marveling in how amazing it felt; how natural it felt. When the name sunk in he couldn’t help but giggle just slightly. The inquisitive look, that unnaturally arched eyebrow, sent his way from the other man caused the giggle to evolve into a chuckle before he found himself getting poked lightly in the side. It caused a yelp of surprise and another chuckle but he did explain. “Say ‘darling it’s better, down where it’s wetter’”

Sebastian knew that look on Blaine’s face, he often wore it when Sebastian told him it was time to stop watching cartoons on Netflix and time to sleep. That look usually saw him waking up an hour later to Blaine sneaking another episode in. Not that he’d ever actually gotten mad at Blaine but he knew that look. That look that said Blaine’s very rare, but very stubborn rebellious streak was making itself known. The one that told Sebastian he’d be revisiting this conversation soon, and he
wasn’t sure if it would be a good visit or not considering Blaine seemed determined to pet a shark of all things. Sebastian lifted up his eyebrows curiously, he just barely heard the murmured comment over his name before he smiled at the way Blaine said his name, like it was some kind of blessing. He supposed in some respects between the two of them sharing a name was a bit like bestowing a gift, but it still made him grin just a little. “I’m glad you like it, then.”

When Blaine suddenly got a case of the giggles Sebastian couldn’t help being curious about the reaction, hearing Blaine speak his eyebrows lifted seconds before he started laughing. The Little Mermaid had become one of Blaine’s favorite movies; of course he would make that connection. He hesitated a split second before surging in close leaning in to whisper in Blaine’s ear with an exaggerated drawl to his words, “Darling it’s better down where it’s wetter.” He grinned as he nipped at Blaine’s earlobe playfully as he grabbed Blaine around the waist, without warning he tossed Blaine through the waves towards the shallow water so he wouldn’t panic when he hit the water. With a laugh he started swimming towards Blaine before splashing him playfully, “Come on you, let’s start the swimming lesson.” He grinned as he stood up in the water holding his hands out.

The laughter caught almost immediately in his throat when he found himself suddenly face to shoulder with his Master, his Sebastian, and his own knees threatening to give out at the feel of the other man’s breath brushing his ear; his entire body betraying him when he felt the teeth brushing at his earlobe. He said it, his Ma- his Sebastian actually said it. It had been a spur of the moment request that he hadn’t expected the man to actually fulfill and he did. That feeling of absolute lightness only continued for a moment before he found himself being tossed through the air and landing in a flailing splash in the water. His heart was thudding loudly as his pulse screamed in his ears, on the verge of utter panic, when he realized that it was shallow enough for him to stand in; he still came up sputtering a bit but nothing that wasn’t expected.

When he did surface he found himself under the line of splash fire which resulted in him splashing water back at the other; smiling away. When his Master stood, however, the smile dimmed at the daunting idea of learning how to swim. He wanted to, really did want to, but he was so worried that he wouldn’t get it right fast enough. What if he disappointed his Master and that was the end of gorgeous trips to the beach? Biting his lip a bit harder, Blaine took his Sebastian’s offered hands and stood himself. He would just have to work as hard as he had ever worked to make sure that everything today stayed as perfect as it had already started proving it was. “A-alright.”

Sebastian hadn’t been able to resist getting into Blaine’s space the way he had. He just loved being able to bring out those reactions, the hidden shudders and the dilating pupils that Blaine couldn’t hide. It meant that even if Blaine didn’t understand the reactions, he still felt those reactions, still wanted him on some level. And that was a reassurance as he struggled through knowing he had to keep those sexual experiences slow, short and far in-between. Hearing the excited laughter and continuous happiness coming from Blaine helped put Sebastian at ease, he’d worried he might have over stepped his boundaries, or overwhelmed Blaine in some ways, but knowing that Blaine was enjoying himself was worth all of it. Sebastian let out his own happy laugh as Blaine automatically splashed back at him, Blaine was slowly learning to be more spontaneous like that, not afraid to follow his natural tendencies and it made Sebastian’s heart soar.

He could see the sudden anxiety and fear in Blaine’s eyes as he mentioned teaching him how to swim. Smiling in encouragement as Blaine hesitantly took his hand, Sebastian tugged him in closer, pressing a kiss to Blaine’s temple, “Don’t worry, Biche, I’m going to be right here and help you.” Sebastian smiled nuzzling his nose to Blaine’s soaked curls before he started drawing him back to where the water would come up to Blaine’s chest. “Ok, now first we’re going to work on floating…” Sebastian murmured softly before placing both of his arms behind Blaine’s back, one
arm looping around his waist and lifting him up in the water, “Lift up your legs and lean back into my arms, like you would lay in a bed, you’ll lay along the top of the water, just relax your body. My arms are going to be right under you helping you stay up, alright?”

“I’m going to be right here…” Those words almost always made Blaine smile. The boy had no doubt in his mind that he would be right there; while he still had a few nightmares that left him feeling panicked and alone when he woke up. Usually when he woke from those dreams he would find himself wrapped in his Master’s arms, fingers carding through his curls, just telling him that he was there, that he wasn’t going to leave him again. While those nights usually ended with Blaine watching mindless shows on Netflix with his Ma- his Sebastian drifting in and out of sleep while he held him tightly. Those in between moments, where his Master’s eyes were shut and he could feel him relax against him, were when Blaine loved to let himself touch; feeling just how soft the other’s hair was and taking in every feature. Those were moments when he knew he wasn’t alone.

He knew that he had to listen to the other man if he wanted to actually accomplish the task of learning how to swim, but knowing that and having his body listen were two different things. Blaine trusted the other man explicitly but he didn’t trust himself to do what was needed; so much so that his shoulders were stiff as rocks as he tried in vain to do as he was asked. As if by some kind of magic, or just the fact that his Master knew him so well, Blaine’s body started instantly relaxing when he felt the gentle press of fingers on his skin and when his body realized that he wasn’t in fact going to end up submerged so bad that he wouldn’t be able to surface again. It was then that his body finally relaxed into the water.

Sebastian knew it was a terrifying concept, knew that trusting in him to not let anything happen during the swimming lesson was hard for Blaine. The younger boy was constantly struggling to be some bizarre concept of ‘the best’ and no matter how much Sebastian coaxed and complimented Blaine was always convinced he wasn’t learning fast enough. He knew part of that was the idea Blaine had of slaves being unable to make mistakes, the idea that he would fail no matter how perfectly he performed. The rest of it of course came from the damage Marcus had done, weeks later and Sebastian was still struggling to get Blaine to believe he wouldn’t leave while the boy was asleep. He didn’t blame Blaine for his hesitancy or the constant questioning; he knew it took a lot of faith from Blaine to finally lean back against his hands.

He hummed soft encouragement and little praises as Blaine laid in the water, after a few moments he could feel the tension and stiffness drain out of the boy’s frame. “Good, you’re doing so good, Biche, I’ve got you.” He smiled helping guide Blaine through the water lazily, getting him used to the movement of the water and how light he’d feel as the water supported his body weight. After a few minutes he slowly began moving his hands—pulling a finger away at a time so that Blaine wouldn’t even notice, before finally pulling his hands away completely, “Just stay relaxed, that’s good…breath nice and slow, Biche…” He kept up a steady stream of talking as he let Blaine just float before grinning, “Well, would you look at that, you’re floating all by yourself.”

The water was oddly relaxing, at least as relaxing as it could be when he found himself trying to float and not let the fear of being consumed by the water get him. Because Blaine knew, he just knew, that it wasn’t the water itself that would kill him but the fear and panic that would crop up and kill him; the water was just the neutral bystander in this situation. He just had to remember to breathe and he had to remember that his Master, his Sebastian, had him and wouldn’t let anything bad happen to him. The man was his rock, his anchor, and his stability; Blaine couldn’t live without him. Those very golden eyes shut and he allowed himself to sink into the feeling of weightlessness and the serenity that came from being in such light beauty.
That weightlessness was so effective that Blaine didn’t even feel when each individual finger pulled away. Had he been paying his usual close attention Blaine would have been able to read Sebastian’s intent; the man was always like an open book to him. But as it was he was so pleasantly distracted that he barely even noticed that his Master had said anything, at least until what he heard really sunk in completely. Once the words bubbled to understanding Blaine involuntarily flailed, the lack of safety net had the panic grabbing hold of him again. He only submerged for a moment or two before he found his feet and came shooting back out of the water. Blaine did his absolute best to pout at the other man but the smile that was tugging at the corner of his mouth couldn’t be hidden for very long. So, instead of pouting for long, Blaine surged forward and tackled the other man so that he lost his balance and they both fell under the water for a few brief seconds; only to come up laughing.

Sebastian knew what would happen, it happened with any first time swimmer, undeniably at some point the panic and fear would set back in. Of course that panic would result in someone sinking or floating. He knew that Blaine’s first reaction once he knew he was no longer being held would result in him going under the gentle waves. For a few short moments Sebastian could simply watch Blaine float serenely—he couldn’t hold in his own joy at seeing the look of utter peace on Blaine’s face as he floated in the water. Of course he could see the second Blaine’s realization kicked in, more than that he saw the second the panic flooded Blaine’s system. Instead of following his advice and breathing slow and deep Blaine floundered and almost immediately went under the waves. He barely went under an inch, the tip of his nose could nearly poke out of the water, but Sebastian knew that would be enough to cause a larger panic instinct. Sebastian wasn’t worried though, he could see Blaine’s instincts kick in quickly and seconds later his feet were planted and he was shooting upwards.

Sebastian tried not to laugh, he really did, it wasn’t funny of course—Blaine could have been seriously hurt or pulled water into his lungs and freaked him out more than he could expel on his own. But the expression on Blaine’s face when he came shooting out of the water was so hilarious he had to bite on his own lip to trap the laughter inside. His eyes widened as Blaine suddenly jumped at him knocking him back into the water with a hard laugh, he made sure to take Blaine down with him though. When they came up laughing Sebastian wrapped his arms around Blaine’s waist so they could drift and float again, “Think you’re real cute and funny, don’t you?”

Spontaneity was never really Blaine’s strong suit; such urges were stomped out of him when he was young. But the laughter and smile that he saw on his Ma- his Sebastian’s face was reward enough to break him a little out of his usually tentative and reserved state. As the water around them settled so did Blaine’s laughter; leaning forward he let his head rest against the other man’s shoulder as his legs wrapped around the other’s waist once again. He felt comfortable there, safe and happy and light. He wished it was possible for them to just stay here; here where he was determined to pet fish and a shark, here where he could trust the other man to teach him how to swim or even float before Blaine panicked and caused himself to sink. Did he think he was funny or cute? Why would Master ask that one? Blaine just tilted his head ever so slightly and looked confused at the other man. “No.” he said in all seriousness.

He didn’t exactly give Sebastian a chance to react to his monosyllabic sentence however as Blaine caught a school of fish swimming just past them; and he was determined that he was going to pet them. So he unlocked his legs from around Sebastian’s waist and, using his feet planted on the other man’s thighs, basically jumped off of him. The resounding splash was loud and obnoxious and large, all in all pretty comical, and it left Blaine flailing just ever so slightly in water that was up to his chin with him on tip toes. He realized pretty quickly that he hadn’t thought that plan out all the way.
Thankfully, before panic could really claim him, he felt arms wrap around his waist and hoist him up so he wasn’t struggling to stay above water. He cast a shy smile over his shoulder as he blushed at the other man. “I almost pet one.” He said almost sulkily but that didn’t stop the glee that shone from his eyes.

Sebastian wanted to stay this way forever, stay right here in this moment where Blaine was so open and relaxed that it took his breath away. If he had known that all Blaine needed to open up and crack that shell of his was a trip to the beach he would have done this days ago. Of course he knew it was more than just the beach, it was that Blaine was finally ready for these moments, finally opening up enough to let himself enjoy the little things like trying to float. Or acting somewhat like a clinging monkey, not that Sebastian was going to complain about it anytime soon. Sebastian’s eyebrows furrowed in confused at Blaine’s look. Why did he react so seriously to it—and then it clicked. Blaine didn’t understand the playful sarcastic tone behind his words. Sebastian’s confusion came back in spades when all of a sudden Blaine scrambled off of his waist, launching himself up and out of the water a good few feet away.

Sebastian wasn’t sure when the last time he’d wanted to laugh this often was, but Blaine just kept being adorable and leaving Sebastian no choice but to coo and laugh at his antics. He could tell Blaine had over shot himself just a little, and while he wasn’t under the water the wrong wave could make him panic and loose his footing. Chuckling he swam over, wrapping both arms snug around Blaine’s waist and drawing him back until his back was pressed into Sebastian’s chest, he cooed softly at how sulky Blaine came across, “You were very close, sweetheart. Next time you’ll get the fish, I’m sure of it.” Sebastian chuckled softly, pressing a kiss to Blaine’s forehead, “Here, I’ll help you.” Sebastian smiled as he moved them through the water slowly, holding Blaine’s hand under the water once the water had stilled some and another school of fish swam by.

As his heartbeat settled back down into an acceptable rate he allowed himself to lean back against the man behind him, eyes closing so he could just focus on the solid mass of flesh that was pressed so sweetly against his back and the feel of his Master’s hands around his own. When he finally did crack his eyes open again he turned his head and smiled shyly at the other man. He had so much energy and excitement still coursing through him that he was having a hard time staying still and calm as the fish swam around them. He did his best, he really did, but the second he felt the first fish brush against his hand he practically started bouncing beneath Sebastian’s hands. “It’s slimy!” he couldn’t help but bounce when he turned in his Master’s arms, wrapping his own arms around Sebastian’s neck. “Thank-you!”

Before he even realized that he was actually doing anything, Blaine had locked lips with the other man; partially giggling into the kiss. When he did finally realize what he was doing, instead of pulling away like that small part of his brain that had been trained told him to, he decided to listen to the smaller part that was exhilarated and pushed in closer; he even went so far as to wrap his legs back around Sebastian’s waist. He knew it was a bold move, bolder then he had ever had the courage to do, but there was something inside him that told him that it was okay to feel. What thrilled him even more was when he felt the arms around him tighten and pull him close; the feeling of being consumed by the man he- the man he loved was beyond perfect.

Sebastian could feel the excitement thrumming through Blaine’s frame with the way it was pressed against him. He could also tell that Blaine was having trouble focusing and staying still enough to let Sebastian help him find a fish to pet. He hummed softly trying to help Blaine focus on something else, giving him a chance to center himself long enough to let Sebastian guide him as quietly as
possible through the water. After managing to find a school of fish Sebastian wrapped his fingers firmly around Blaine’s hand, molding their hands together so he could guide it through the waves. Blaine probably only touched the fish for less than a second and suddenly he was jumping around in excitement, his inner child shining through too much for him to actually ‘pet’ the fish. Sebastian didn’t mind though, because in his excitement he found himself with an armful of happy, wet, warm and clingy boy; and Sebastian found himself very happy with that turn of events.

“You’re wel-…” Sebastian’s laughing reply was effectively cut off by Blaine’s mouth on his, Sebastian was so shocked for a second that he couldn’t even believe or process what was happening. Blaine usually shied away from such outward displays of affection, but here he was initiating it in an enthusiastic manner. He grunted softly when he suddenly felt Blaine’s legs wrapping around his waist for leverage, on instinct he wrapped his arms tight around Blaine, pressing their chests together as he tilted his head to deepen the slightly sloppy but enthusiastic kiss. He used the fact Blaine’s lips were parted in his lick into Blaine’s mouth, running his tongue along the roof of Blaine’s mouth before he latched onto Blaine’s lower lip sucking on it hungrily.
There was a moment of utter internal clarity in Blaine that had him marveling at how woefully inexperienced he was in anything that wasn’t being a slave. This was so far out of his usual comfort zone that he didn’t have a clue what to do and his brain was flying a mile a minute; at least until he felt the other man’s tongue lapping at his own. The whine that came from the shorter man was embarrassingly loud and perverse sounding but if he were being honest Blaine would have admitted that he didn’t care at that moment; he couldn’t care when he felt the drag of teeth pulling at his lower lip. His breath, which had kicked up in a matter of seconds, caught in his throat when he felt his Master’s fingers along his skin and when he could feel the steadily increasing thud of the other man’s heartbeat straight through their chests. With only minimal hesitancy, Blaine still trying to listen to that smaller voice, he tangled his fingers into the small soaked hairs at the base of his Master’s skull and tugged lightly on instinct; a shudder running down his spine at the groan that came from his Master- his Sebastian.

Blaine’s tongue chased after his Master’s, darting to lap at the wet cavern that was the other man’s mouth as he recommitted every single plane and edge and divot to memory; sucking lightly at the other’s tongue before nipping it softly. Blaine felt insecurity crop up in him, what if his Master- his Sebastian didn’t like what he was doing? The noises coming from the man he was giving his undivided attention to said that he was enjoying it to some degree but it only worked to just barely keep that insecurity in check. When Blaine pulled back to get a breath he was blushing like crazy and was smiling almost from ear to ear. “Sorry.” He said softly but the smile on his face belied that any attempt he made at sincerity; Blaine was anything but sorry. Out of the corner of his eyes, Blaine caught something small and black running down the beach; a puppy! “Puppy!!” He cried as he dislodged himself from his Master and was soon kneeling in the tide with an excited puppy licking at his face, paws placed firmly on Blaine’s chest as the pup whimpered in excitement.

Sebastian knew better, knew he should keep things slow and careful, and he definitely knew he shouldn’t be pushing Blaine so far. But like usual when it came to Blaine he just couldn’t seem to help himself. Blaine’s hungry groan only fueled Sebastian’s fires more; he could live off of that sound, off of every hitching breath and eager whimper. Blaine saw himself as inexperienced or self-conscious, but the raw natural inquisitive side of him, his eagerness to please and explore made him irresistible. The tug on his hair left him weak kneed and groaning with want, the way Blaine took charge as much as he could, the younger boy sucking and nipping at his tongue had Sebastian’s head spinning. He could barely bite back a whine as Blaine pulled away from him, although he did let out a soft whimper, leaning in to kiss Blaine’s neck, nuzzling and sucking at the sun soaked skin for a brief moment before Blaine’s apology clicked into his head.

Sebastian pulled back shaking his head with a chuckle, “It’s o-..” Once again Sebastian found himself unable to finish his statement before Blaine was off like a shot. Sebastian chuckled softly as the boy made fast friends with a puppy in the tide on the beach. Sighing Sebastian took a moment, dunking his head under the waves to try and get his head on straight and get the situation going on with his dick under control. Once Sebastian was sure he had everything under control he made his way back towards the beach, he moved lazily knowing Blaine wasn’t going anywhere. Once he reached the beach he waved towards Marco who he could see relaxing a ways down the sand, spotting the man that obviously owned the puppy he went over to talk to him for a minute. Once he’d finished talking to the man he made his way back to Blaine, squatting down in the water beside the pair with a smile, “Hey Biche, I talked to the owner of the puppy here and he’s gonna let you play with her for a while, okay? Just be careful, I’m going to go lay down on our towels over there
for a bit so I want you to not go out in the water any further than up to your waistband—understand?"

The puppy was absolutely adorable as it wiggled excitedly and yip playfully at him; the black coat absolutely soaking wet as the two of them played tug-o-war over a piece of drift wood. When Blaine landed on his butt, his foot slipping on a piece of seaweed when the pup gave a vicious tug, he was laughing like crazy; though that was when he realized that he didn’t know where his Sebastian was so he was quick to turn and found him talking to a man a little ways down the beach. The small noise that fell from him as his eyes narrowed unsurely was almost pitiful and ended abruptly as the puppy started licking continuously at his face until he was laughing again. When his Master came back over he was smiling again and looking up at him excitedly; head nodding vigorously in understanding. Watching his Master go and lay down on their towels, Blaine couldn’t help but wonder whether or not he could ever get a puppy; but he’d worry about that later as the adorable puppy was demanding his undivided attention. About an hour later, after they had splashed around in the water and played fetch with a ball Blaine found in the sand and after the puppy had crashed in a pile on his chest for a quick nap, Marco came over to get her for her owner. Blaine was sad to see her go but he caught sight of his Master laying in direct sunlight and that drew all of his attention.

Blaine remembered what it felt like when his shoulders, arms and a good expanse of his back had burned from the shower, skin red and angry and even just the air hurt like sandpaper, and he didn’t wish that on his Master. When he made it over to the towels he saw that his Sebastian was laying on his stomach and had his eyes closed. Being as quiet as he could, in case he was asleep, Blaine rifled through the backpack until he found the bottle he was looking for; moving to straddle him, settling his weight on Sebastian’s hips. Blaine squirted some of the lotion in his hand before placing the bottle in the sand next to him and, after rubbing his hands together, started working the sun screen into the field of flesh before him. It didn’t take a genius to feel all the knots that had taken root in the other man’s back. Blaine knew how much it hurt when he had knots in his back so he decided to work each and every one out with the press of thumbs and soothing of fingers and palms. He mindlessly hummed their lullaby interwoven with bits and pieces of her piano song as he worked his way down Sebastian’s body; paying careful attention to every inch of flesh and even working down every appendage. Strong fingers slowly worked away the tension in Sebastian’s shoulders, down through the upper arm, over the forearm and giving special attention to each individual digit. Master was going to relax if Blaine had to make him.

Sebastian would normally never let Blaine out of his sight, even to ‘rest his eyes’, even while sleeping he kept Blaine close. However Blaine had to learn to be free and be comfortable with a longer leash so to speak. Plus, Blaine’s excitement over the puppy ensured him that the younger man would likely not be running off and getting himself in trouble. There was always Marco lurking close by, keeping an eye out for any interlopers and Blaine himself to make sure he didn’t get into any trouble. So when Blaine nodded and agreed with his rules Sebastian smiled and pressed a quick kiss to Blaine’s forehead before making his way to their towels. For the first twenty minutes or so Sebastian sat on his towel, alternating his attention between Blaine’s antics with the puppy and the case files of Mr. Anderson’s upcoming court dates. Soon they would never have to deal with Blaine’s father again, Sebastian had no doubt a judge would side wholly with the institute in saying Blaine’s father should stay locked away for good. But he still wanted to be prepared for anything that might come out in court.

After a while Sebastian felt his eyes growing heavy and so he put the paperwork away, careful to hide it in a secret pocket at the bottom of the bag under all of their things so no one would come across it. Checking on Blaine once more with a fond smile Sebastian stretched and laid out on his
stomach, he hadn’t meant to fall asleep like he did, but between general exhaustion and the sun, Blaine’s laughter ringing out in his ears from down the beach he ended up slipping into a light sleep. He wasn’t sure how long he’d been sleeping before he felt someone settling on his hips, the weight was a comforting one though so he didn’t get freaked out—something about it was so familiar he couldn’t be bothered to open his eyes. A soft groan left his parted lips as he felt a firm weight pressing into the tight knots in his back, his toes literally curling over the pressure in the sore stress-points in his back. Sebastian let himself melt into the towel trying to relax his body as Blaine touched and pressed along his bare skin, soft groans falling from his lips as Blaine pressed particularly sore spots. “Feels s’good….”

Every groan and moan and breath that came from the man beneath him caused a wealth of reactions from Blaine’s body. It wasn’t that he didn’t have any control over himself, honest, but at this point it had a mind of its own. He wasn’t even sure what it was that was riling him up; whether it was the firm muscles beneath his fingers or the sinful noises that were the product of the way his fingers worked into those muscles, or even just the fact that he could see the small smile tugging at the corner of his Sebastian’s lips. That was the smile that his Sebastian didn’t share with anyone else, Blaine noticed; that was the smile that Blaine was special enough to see. Stopping for a moment, Blaine arched his back and stretched while he managed to stifle his yawn. It seemed the sun and excitement had taken its toll on him as well and that was enough to regain control over his own body. After a few more passes of his hands over Sebastian’s skin Blaine slid off of him, practically curling into him as he used the dip in the other man’s back as a pillow while he closed his eyes to just soak up the sun.

Looking down at his watch as he walked, Marco realized that his walk around the ‘perimeter’, read as a walk along the beach while keeping an eye out, had taken him about an hour and a half; that half was spent talking with the owner of the pup that the kid had been playing with. He discovered that the man actually trained guard dogs and that he actually had brought the little girl to the beach to evaluate her but had ended up just enjoying her antics with Blaine from afar. Marco had actually gotten his number and was going to bring up the idea of a guard dog to Bas when they had a few moments. He hadn’t intended for his walk to take that long but he knew he needed to make his way back to check on the boys. Sure enough, when he got back to them he found the pair of them passed out in the sun. With a roll of his eyes he leaned down and nudged Bas’ shoulder, keeping his voice quiet. “Bas, come on. Wake up. You’re going to have one hell of a Blaine shaped tan line if you stay out in the sun like this any longer.” Marco barely managed to keep his laughter in when Blaine moved just slightly and, sure enough, he could see a faint tan line where the kid’s head had been. “Scratch that, you do have one.”

Sebastian knew that they should move, that he should open his eyes and move them into the shade, but Blaine’s hands pressing into the muscles of his spine had him too lax and comfortable to do anything but lay there and take it. He didn’t mean to fall back asleep, but he couldn’t remember the last time he’d felt so relaxed and taken care of. For the first time in a long time everything felt so perfect that Sebastian felt like he didn’t have to take charge, felt like he could finally just close his eyes and rest. Resting seemed like such a foreign concept that it took him by some surprise until it happened. Sebastian simply drifted off to sleep, feeling content and safe, warm and loved under Blaine’s weight and constant pressure on his back. Somewhere in the back of his mind he felt the weight shift on his back and guessed the boy had decided to lay down on him instead. Sleepily he hummed, too lost in his exhaustion to bother trying to rearrange them—he’d do so in a minute…he only needed a minute.

He had no idea how long he’d been asleep before he felt a nudge on his shoulder and Marco’s
laughter filled voice in his ear. “Go ‘way.” Sebastian mumbled sleepily before huffing as he squinted his eyes open with a groan. With Marco’s help he managed to get up and move Blaine off of his back without waking the boy up. Sebastian sat cross-legged on the towel, Blaine almost instantly curling around his waist in his sleep, shaking his head some Sebastian grabbed their shirts from the backpack. “You know, I hate both of you.” Marco raised a curious eyebrow, still trying not to laugh at the sleepy pair, “You both tanned and I swear I just got whiter.” Marco had to cover his mouth to stifle his laughter as Sebastian’s near childish pout as he carefully wrestled a sleepy Blaine into his muscle shirt to get him covered up.

Somewhere in the back of Blaine’s mind he did hear the talking and joking but he was so warm and comfortable that he really didn’t want to fully rise to wakefulness. It wasn’t until he felt hands moving him that he even started attempting to wake up; someone was trying to separate him and his Master, his Sebastian, and he couldn’t allow that. He snuffled just a bit in that between limbo he found himself in when he was finally moved; reaching out to grasp at the other man before he wrapped himself firmly around Sebastian’s waist. No one was taking that man away from him again, not without a serious fight. When he felt his shirt getting tugged over his head he finally cracked open his eyes and tried to help; though that didn’t stop the faint whine that came from him being disrupted from a rare moment of sound sleep. And once his shirt was firmly in place again Blaine let himself wrap back around his Master’s waist and nuzzled close into Sebastian’s hip.

The whole time that the kid was ‘helping’ out, Marco had to keep his hand firmly over his mouth; else he would have busted out laughing and rolling around on the sand. The kid was absolutely wiped out after spending the morning and a good chunk of the afternoon running around all over the beach and out in the water. The fun part was going to come when they had to get him into the jeep; if he was still passed out Marco could lift him no problem so long as they could get him off of Bastian but if he was just barely awake he was going to cling to Bas like a leech. Once the kid had settled back down he sat down on the sand next to Bas, looking out towards the water. “He seems to have completely exhausted himself, huh? It was good to finally see him relaxing and acting his age.”

Sebastian was having a difficult time not laughing himself. Blaine was like a tiny clinging monkey in his half-sleep state. Of course he knew most of that came from Blaine’s fear that Sebastian would leave him again, but it didn’t make it any less adorable when every time Sebastian shifted Blaine immediately snuffled and whined, wrapping his arms tighter around Sebastian’s waist. Once he’d managed to get Blaine’s shirt on him he struggled into his own shirt, glaring at Marco when the man started snickering at having to help him get the material on over Blaine’s hold. Once he’d finally gotten himself situated he let a hand rest in Blaine’s soft hair, running his fingers through the boy’s hair to keep him relaxed. He laughed softly shaking his head at Marco, “The kid is kind of like a damn energizer bunny, once he goes he doesn’t stop.” Sebastian chuckled as Blaine half pulled himself into Sebastian’s lap in his sleep. “It is nice though, I’ve never seen him looking so happy.”

Marco made a noise of agreement as the pair sat for a moment, they had to head back to the institute soon but Sebastian didn’t want to leave. Blaine was happy here, at ease, and he didn’t want to lose the happy free spirit they’d found in the boy today. “Grab our bags and stuff? I can carry him.” Marco nodded in agreement before gathering the boys’ things, Sebastian for his part had the task of hoisting up a nearly dead-weight heavy Blaine. “C’mon Biche, on your feet…” He mumbled softly as he managed to get Blaine’s arms up around his shoulders where he would have better leverage to get them up. With Marco’s help and a grumbling whining Blaine trying to make his limbs work as best he could, “That’s it, you’ve got it.” Huffing softly he managed to hoist Blaine up in his arms, following Marco over the sand back towards the car.
When Blaine felt someone trying to move him again he started to get angry; he had just fallen back into that wonderful calm sleep, or so it felt, and now he was getting jarred and pulled and it was starting to get on the younger boy’s nerves. That is, it was getting on his nerves until he heard his Master’s voice mumbled softly into his ears; Sebastian’s voice cooled any anger that had cropped up and woke him enough to wrap his arms around his neck. Even going so far as to nuzzle into Sebastian’s neck with a growling whine when he found that his limbs weren’t working as he wanted them to; the whines falling into a sigh of relief when he found himself held close against the other man’s chest. He didn’t even care where they were going so long as he could pass back out in his Sebastian’s arms; and wake back up in them as well. Once he was situated in the car, pretty much in the other man’s lap, and as buckled as he was going to get, Blaine managed to fall back asleep.

Marco knew that Bas had the kid, that he would throw himself to the ground before he let Blaine fall, but that didn’t stop him from worrying; Bas’ shoulder had only been taken out of the sling a week ago and he wasn’t supposed to be pushing it too far. He had even offered to carry the kid but Bas had turned him down. So, instead of arguing he just grabbed the bags and made his way to the car; tossing the bags into the back before climbing into the driver’s seat himself. The institute wasn’t too far but it was just enough time for Marco to talk to Sebastian; and since he had him locked into the car with the kid firmly planted on him, he couldn’t just walk away. Marco did make sure that he was on the main street before he cast a glance at the two in the back in the rear view mirror; assuring himself that Blaine was passed out still. “So, the case is next month? Or month and a half? What are the chances that he’ll get off?”

Sebastian knew he was supposed to be careful, his shoulder wasn’t even close to being ready for full scale use yet; the doctors had more or less expressly forbid heavy lifting. But when it came to Blaine, he really didn’t care. He knew he could trust Marco, knew that he was the one person from the institute that they could both trust, but he never gave up his hold on Blaine. Under any situations he would never let go of Blaine even if it was just to preserve the use of his shoulder and get the younger boy loaded up in the car. Once they were situated he let his cheek rest against Blaine’s curls when his first instinct was to curl into Sebastian’s shoulders.

He glanced up as Marco spoke, he couldn’t help snorting before he shook his head. The older man had been cornering him for days trying to get him to talk about the prospects of the case and what was going to happen, so far he’d managed to keep brushing off the attempts. He hadn’t been above even using Blaine as a shield to get it to stop, he didn’t want to talk about the case anymore than he wanted it to actually take place, but he knew they eventually had to discuss things. “The likelihood of him getting off is next to none. It would take a blind man to over look the sheer neglect, not to mention abuse and lasting effects those abuses will have. Any judge in his right mind will know better.” He sighed as he brushed his hand along Blaine’s hair rocking him gently, “The date is in exactly sixty-two days. I want to have someone look into the whereabouts of that orderly, check nothing fishy is going on.”

“You’re right. No judge in their right mind would let that man go. He’s done horrible things and no one should ever let this man go. However, that didn’t stop them from setting a bail for him and I wouldn’t be surprised if he had bribed someone to set it low enough for that scumbag of a child to let him out.” Marco hated that he was the one to bring it up but he wanted to be prepared; more-so he wanted Sebastian to be prepared. “You need to try and plan for every possible outcome. If it means you and the kid have to go into hiding so that monster can’t get to him then that’s what we’ll do. Oh, here” Reaching into his pocket, Marco handed back the man on the beaches’ business card. “I don’t know if you thought of it, but maybe getting a guard dog isn’t such a bad idea?”
Snuffling just slightly, Blaine nuzzled his face deeper into Sebastian’s shoulder as he slowly woke up. He had been in and out for several moments, catching snippets here and there of conversation between his Master and the man in the driver’s seat. Eventually he did finally crack his eyes open to look out the window at the passing scenery; careful to keep as still and quiet and steady as he could so he wouldn’t disrupt the two talking. He did finally tense when he realized who they were talking about; his father. When he felt his Master’s fingers running through his hair he finally lifted his head to look at him. “He’s not going to hurt you again. I won’t let him.” He mumbled softly as his hand laced itself into Sebastian’s hand.

Sebastian tried not to let himself get worked up or angry at the idea that a judge might get paid off in the process they were going through. It seemed despicable that someone could really endanger the life of a boy, one who’d already been broken so much, just for extra cash in their pockets. He knew men like that existed of course, but it didn’t mean he had to like it. “I’ve already got a safe house in the works. Just in case.” Sebastian didn’t want to have to move Blaine into a safe house, that would mean uplifting him from the only stability he had. Would mean taking him somewhere unknown with only him for a familiar face as not even Marco would be allowed to know their location. It was a complete last resort. “Guard dog?” He furrowed his eyebrows before leaning up to take the card.

Sebastian hadn’t thought about a guard dog, but when Marco mentioned it it seemed so obvious. It was hardly a difficult decision by any means. Blaine would benefit from a dog, giving him a strong sense of responsibility and purpose as well as having something that would be able to keep him safe no matter what. It was a smart move. When Blaine started snuffling and moving against him he settled back into the seat, squeezing Blaine’s hand gently before lifting their joined hands and pressing a kiss to his knuckles, “He will never hurt either of us, sweet boy.” He cuddled him close humming softly, “I will keep you safe no matter what, Biche.”
After their trip to the beach Sebastian had thought it best the pair try to get some rest and take it easy for a while. They were both still recovering from their injuries in different capacities, although Blaine was further along in the process since Sebastian kept over working his shoulder. After getting Blaine cleaned off and free of the sand and sea water they’d spent the remaining few hours of the evening simply relaxing. Sebastian had brought up their Netflix account and he’d let Blaine pick what he wanted to watch, unsurprisingly he’d gone straight for his new favorite fish show. While Blaine watched the show Sebastian, for the most part, watched Blaine. He’d spent the time holding the other boy, stroking his hair and just enjoying the peace of the day, it had been weeks since either of them had gotten to legitimately relax and just be themselves.

After getting Blaine to eat a late dinner, shocking them both when he ate everything he was given and asked for more afterwards, Sebastian all but sprawled out on the bed. His shoulder was starting to throb some so he took half a pain pill just to ease the ache in the muscle. He trusted Blaine to be responsible and not get up to any serious monkey business, not that that was ever an actual issue when it came to the younger boy, and so Sebastian curled up on the bed. He propped his sore arm up with a pillow as he fought to keep his eyes open for Blaine, but once the other boy started playing with his hair he almost instantly fell asleep.

By the time they had made it back to the facility Blaine had managed to wake up enough to walk in on his own; he knew that he shouldn’t have let Sebastian carry him to begin with but he had been half asleep and the day had been so relaxing that he hadn’t been thinking correctly. After a quick shower, when they were both changed into a pair of sweats, curled up on the bed and excitedly watched more Tanked with Sebastian; humming softly as he curled into his Master and those soft touches. When dinner came Blaine just couldn’t seem to eat his fill; though he left some popcorn and fruit for later. Even as he watched the show Blaine kept an eye on his Sebastian. He knew that his Master was hurting and, when he took part of the pain med, that he would be out like a light in only a matter of time; shorter still once Blaine started to mindlessly play with the hairs at the base of Sebastian’s skull.”

After about three hours of Tanked Blaine started to get fidgety and restless; but he didn’t want to wake Sebastian up. Eventually he started just fidgeting with the blanket; pulling it up and making a tent with it and then using the sheet to make it even bigger. That’s when it struck him; he could keep himself busy by making a blanket fort all around their rooms and it was something quiet to do so he wouldn’t wake the other man. The only thing he did have to do is find more blankets. He knew that there were a few more blankets in the closet in their room but he knew he’d need more. As quietly as he possibly could he made his way to the door and cracked it open. The momentary shocked look on Marco’s face almost caused him to close the door again before the other man spoke. “What do you need, kiddo? Does Master know you’re up?” He bit his lip a bit before shaking his head. “Master’s asleep and I can’t can’t sleep. Do we have anymore blankets?” “Sure thing, I’ll have some more brought up” And within five minutes Blaine had more blankets then he needed and a blanket fort that spread all the way across their rooms and he was curled up at the end of their bed watching a
few more episodes of Tanked.

Sebastian didn’t care about the pain in his shoulder; he would have gladly suffered worse pain if it meant he could continue putting that smile on Blaine’s face. The smile that had made Blaine’s entire face transform in a single day, the unadulterated joy that had shone in his bright eyes long after they’d put on clean sweatpants and settled down for the evening. All of it made the pain worth it. He fought to stay awake as long as possible, he made it a point to not fall asleep before Blaine too often, but it had been known to happen from time to time. Either that or Blaine would wake up before him and he still refused to do as Sebastian said and wake him up. While he appreciated that sentiment it always left Sebastian feeling a bit guilty that Blaine was left to entertain himself while he slept. The only thing that had helped him feel less guilty in the end was knowing that Blaine had started watching Netflix and learning how to entertain himself.

He didn’t know how long he was out for the count, he tried not to take pain medication often because he had very little tolerance for its affects, but he had a feeling it was longer than the quick shut eye he’d meant to grab. His head felt increasingly groggy as he tried to force his way into waking up, with a soft groan he lifted one hand to rub at his face. With a half labored huff Sebastian rubbed a fist against his eyes, his other arm sweeping out over the bed to the spot where Blaine usually curled up to sleep. Frowning when he didn’t find anything Sebastian blearily cracked open his eyes his forehead wrinkling in confusion as he looked up where the ceiling usually was…only to see a blanket. “Bi-…Biche?”

He was proud of himself, definitely proud of himself. Not only had he managed to build a massive, full room, blanket fort but he also managed to do so quiet enough that he didn’t wake up his Sebastian; his normally light sleeper, wake up if Blaine moved, Sebastian. Blaine loved his Master but he wasn’t sure the man was sleeping enough and it worried him sometimes. It had even taken some fancy footwork to manage to reach up to the headboard over his Master’s head and not jar the man awake; but he did it. And if Blaine were being honest he thought it was a pretty awesome blanket fort. He had even managed to make a few different ‘rooms’ in it with the extra blankets that he had. All in all, this was a massive blanket fort that anyone could be proud of. The combination of achievement and warmth and having Sebastian there in the fort with him, albeit passed out, gave Blaine such a sense of safety that he allowed himself to relax again.

He even allowed himself to get so sucked into that episode of Tanked that he didn’t feel the bed shifting just slightly when his Master was waking himself up. So, needless to say, when he heard his Master’s voice calling out to him, it caused him to jump bad enough that he actually slid right off the end of the bed with a loud thud. He was quick to pop his head back up to peer over the mattress however with his cheeks blazing in an embarrassing blush at the fact that he fell. “I um- is it too loud? I’m sorry, Master. I can- I can turn it down. Or even off!” he rushed to say. When he noticed Sebastian was looking around at the blankets he blushed further anducked his head; pleading silently for the other man not to be angry at him for the mess he just realized he made with the blankets. “I was- I didn’t want to wake you up and I- and I got bored. I just- I wanted to…. Finally he sighed and bit his lip before just giving his simple answer. “I built a blanket fort.”

Sebastian couldn’t get his mind wrapped around what was going on. In his defense he was still mostly asleep, and his mind was mostly addled by his medication. His first thought was that he couldn’t even believe something like this had been constructed around him, literally over him, and yet he hadn’t even flinched. He knew his medicine had gotten the best of him for that fact alone, he usually woke up at the slightest movement—and yet Blaine had managed to construct some kind of
massive fort around him without him knowing. On some levels that worried Sebastian, if something had happened while he’d been out like that…he’d have to be better, somehow just work through the pain better. He couldn’t risk this kind of knockout again. When he heard the soft thump at the end of the bed his brows furrowed and he lifted his head to look in the direction it had come from. He arched his eyebrow up in a curious look as Blaine looked up at him from the edge of the bed, cheeks blazing.

“Too loud…?” Sebastian blinked for a second before shaking his head, he honestly hadn’t even realized that Blaine was watching something, although he probably should have guessed that’s what the other boy was doing. “Oh, no no it’s fine Biche…that, I didn’t wake up because of that.” He shook his head as he slowly sat up wiping at his eyes as he tried to wake himself up more. “I…I can see that.” Sebastian chuckled softly at Blaine’s proud and hesitant admission. He could see the pride in Blaine’s eyes, but he could also see that Blaine was worried at how he would react, and while Sebastian still didn’t understand where the impulse had come from or what was going on, he couldn’t break Blaine’s heart. He smiled, although it still came across sleepy, as he shook his head in slight awe and if he was honest—more than a little pride. “This is incredible. You did it all by yourself?”

The small sleepy smile and the brief words of praise were really all Blaine needed to make the scared undertone in his large golden eyes disappear to be replaced by mirth and a large, proud smile to overtake his features. He bristled with a little more pride as he looked around at his homemade safe haven before looking back at the man on the bed. “I- I had to ask for- I asked Marco for more blankets. He- he got me too many but I used as many as I could and made rooms and everything!” It seemed that, in his excitement, his words were coming so fast that his mind wasn’t actually keeping up with the sentences he wanted to form. In his bubbling excitement Blaine clamored onto the bed and pretty much into his Master’s lap; an arm looping around Sebastian’s waist and fingers toying innocently with the waistband of his Master’s sweats.

“You- you almost woke up a few times but I- I made sure that I- that when you started to snuffle and make noise that I came over and- and I played with your hair or I even- I just laid down and cuddle in until you were happy again.” He pillowsed his head into his Master’s good shoulder and snuggled in a little bit closer. “I couldn’t sleep.” He managed to stifle the yawn that cropped up like a sneak attack on him. He wasn’t tired, per say, but this was where his body was the most comfortable and able to relax the most. He managed to rub his eyes just a little bit before sitting back just a bit to smile shyly up at Sebastian. “I dropped the corner of a blanket on your nose and I thought you were going to wake up but you made just an unhappy noise before scratching at it and going back to sleep. It was adorable.” He just managed to stifle his giggle. “So, you- you like it?”

Sebastian was trying to keep up with Blaine’s excitement, he looked so happy and like Sebastian had just told him he was the smartest person in the world. Sebastian would have done and said anything to keep that look of pride on Blaine’s face. It was the same bright light he got in his eyes whenever he got something ‘right’ in therapy or when the doctors cleared him as healing appropriately. It was the happy smile of someone who felt like they were good enough to be praised. “You went to Marco and asked for them all by yourself?” Sebastian couldn’t hide his surprise as he lifted his eyebrows, it wasn’t that Blaine wasn’t able to do it—Blaine was increasingly comfortable around the big man, but he almost never did. “That’s very impressive in and of itself, Biche, good for you.” Sebastian smiled proudly, chuckling and grinning the smile that caused lines to crinkle the sides of his eyes as he caught Blaine when he launched himself into his lap excitedly. He shifted a little when Blaine started playing with the waistband of his pants, a habit he’d started developing over the last few days, “Oh?”

Sebastian arched his eyebrow with a playful little grin as he settled his arms loosely around Blaine’s
frame, he slid one hand just under the material of Blaine’s shirt to let his fingers brush along Blaine’s warm skin—mimicking the movement of Blaine’s fingers along his waistband. “Am I really that easy to get to fall asleep? I should probably work on that.” Sebastian chuckled softly as Blaine cuddled in nice and close, “Adorable, huh? Pretty sure that’s your title, sweet boy; I’ll just leave that one to you.” He smiled as Blaine giggled, the sound muffled in his shoulder. He didn’t know how he felt about being called adorable, but he’d never turn down compliments from the younger man. It left him feeling just a little proud. “Like it?” Sebastian grinned a little, brushing light scattered kisses along Blaine’s cheek and the tip of his nose. “I think it’s brilliant.”

The previously bubbling energy that had Blaine bouncing all over the room as quietly as possible was slowly starting to calm down now that he was in his Master’s arms; though the energy high that had hit him upside the head a few hours ago had surprised him initially he was a little sad to see it disappearing. He blushed softly when he felt Sebastian’s fingers along his back even humming just a little bit at the warmth that radiated from just that small touch. Blaine couldn’t help but bristle with even more pride just knowing that his Master liked it; even more laughter falling from him at the kisses, though this time the laughter bubbling from him was soft and almost shy. Plucking up his courage he leaned in close and pecked Sebastian on the lips before sliding off of his lap and tugging on his hand. “Want me to show you?” The pitch of his voice that spoke of his excitement.

Without even really waiting for an answer from Sebastian he is tugging him down off the end of the bed and giving him a hand held tour throughout the safe haven he had built for the two of them. He had put a lot of work into the fort and he took pride in showing it off to his Master. He lead him through the different rooms, six in all, and explained how he had come up with the layout for each room. Eventually they ended almost right where they started; at the foot of the bed. “….and I thought I had worked it out so that I could see the screen while laying at the end of the bed but I put this blanket in the way and I can’t get it down because the whole thing will collapse.” He shrugged and smiled at Sebastian, stifling yet another yawn as he crawled back into the other man’s lap. “I can- can take it down if you’d like and clean up?”

Sebastian laughed warm and soft as Blaine squirmed and wiggled around in his lap. The heat spreading through him as Blaine leaned in to kiss him. It was nothing more than a quick brush of lips, barely lasting long enough to even constitute as a full fledged kiss. But the warmth and love he felt at the gesture knocked the air right out of Sebastian’s lungs. Blinking as Blaine bounded off of his lap, practically vibrating in excitement Sebastian chuckled softly, “I’d love that, Biche. Show me what you’ve made.” Sebastian dutifully let himself be pulled along through the six little rooms, holding aside blanket flaps and being careful not to pull on anything. He kept himself leaning down so he didn’t mistakenly rip right through the top of the blanket fort, Blaine had underestimated the height just a little a bit, but in his defense Sebastian was quite a bit taller.

He could see how excited Blaine was to show him all of his work, with every new room they walked into Blaine literally started shaking with pride and happiness. Sebastian was completely entranced. “It’s brilliant, Biche, really.” He chuckled softly as they rounded back to the foot of the bed, “And you came up with this all…all on your own, clever boy.” Sebastian grinned, kissing Blaine’s forehead to show he was happy and proud, not disapproving of what he’d constructed in their room. Hearing Blaine mention that it had been his intention for them to be able to see the TV from the foot of the bed he hummed softly glancing around at the blankets, “Here…” With a careful tweak he managed to tuck the blanket so it draped to let them be able to see the screen but so it kept the same look Blaine had created. “There we go.” He sat on the bed again to see if they’d be able to see now, grinning as Blaine crawled back into his lap immediately he chuckled shaking his head, “Take it down? Don’t be silly, we’re keeping this up for a while, we can have some movie.
marathons, enjoy this incredible space together.” Sebastian could feel Blaine fighting sleep as he settled on his lap, so he eased back until he was reclining against the headboard with Blaine curled up on him, humming he ran a hand through Blaine’s soft hair.

Golden eyes watched in amazement as Sebastian fixed the problem sheet with ease and with a little bit of embarrassment; embarrassed that he hadn’t thought of that on his own in the first place. Something so simple as tucking the blanket in in just the right way was something he should have thought of himself; but that’s why Sebastian was the Master, he knew what to do and how to make everything better. It gave Blaine such an overwhelming sense of calm and safety. While this thought set his mind back into the Slave/Submissive mentality, it was in a good way; and if Blaine was being honest with himself it was in a way that he was slowly starting to miss. But he wouldn’t dream of saying anything to his Master, he didn’t want him to be upset with him. The thought of movie marathons in his blanket fort with his Master had him perking right back up, however. “Wha-what kind of movies? I’m almost done with Tanked, and that’s not a movie. Are there shark movies?” He asked as he forced his eyes even wider.

Blaine could feel sleep tugging at the fringe of his consciousness and it caused him to pout ever so slightly; he was more than happy to stay up and watch movies while snuggling with his Sebastian. He didn’t want to sleep anymore. When he felt his Master lean back and start humming Blaine nearly jumped out of his skin to sit back up in the other man’s lap; still able to hold onto him and touch him but not leaning back at all and therefore less likely to pass out. The only downside was there sitting there as he was he wasn’t able to listen to his Master’s heartbeat pounding rhythmically beneath his head or even feel it there as well. He could hear Sebastian still humming softly but he couldn’t feel the vibrations anymore and that was both a good thing and a bad. He knew that those wondrous vibrations would coax him to sleep almost instantly so he knew he needed to stay away from them for the moment. Glancing back at the television. “Do you- Can we start now? What movie do you want to watch first?” he asked in hopes of getting away with staying up despite the late hour.

Sebastian could almost feel Blaine’s submissive side as it took over in his mind, that desire to be taken care of, the knowledge that someone else was taking charge and leading the way for him, and Sebastian could feel Blaine’s need for that like it was a palpable entity in the room. It was a subtle shift in his demeanor as Sebastian sat on the bed with Blaine curled up on his lap. That was the tricky task that Sebastian was charged with, he had to be able to gauge when Blaine needed him to take charge and be the Master his mind and body needed versus the times when Blaine needed to learn independence. It was a thin line. “There are one or two…but some of them are a little scary and I’m not sure you’d like them much.” Sebastian wanted to get Blaine off of his shark kick, but at the same time he didn’t want to completely damage the boy by showing him a movie like Jaws or a documentary on how Great Whites leap out of the water to attack their prey. “There is an animated movie about fish that has sharks in it if you’d like to watch that one tonight.”

Sebastian chuckled as Blaine fought him and remained stubborn in his fight to stay awake, while he wanted Blaine to sleep, he would play the game for a bit. It was the line he had to tread, let Blaine make his own decision to stay awake, but he’d pull the Master card to determine what they would do. “Alright then, queue up ‘Finding Nemo’ then, I’m going to have Marco bring a bowl of fruit for us then we’ll watch the movie. After that you’re sleeping, agreed?” Sebastian may have posed it as a question, but it was clear from the arch of his eyebrow and the tone of his voice that he wasn’t playing around with this matter. Blaine needed sleep, but he was willing to indulge the boy for a little while longer. Pressing a quick kiss to Blaine’s cheek he got up and maneuvered his way through the fort to poke his head out and send off for something for them to snack on.
Movies that were scary? That caused Blaine to cock his head to the side just slightly. How could movies about sharks be scary at all? He made a mental note to go through the movies available on Netflix at some point and see what there was; probably do it the next time Master took a pain pill so that he didn’t wake him up. That would be his new nightly goal. Blaine could feel the change that seeped over his Sebastian; changing him from just his Sebastian, the man he loved, to his Master Sebastian, also the man he loved. Just the small crackle of energy that came off of the gentle order was enough to sooth the itch that Blaine hadn’t wanted to admit was cropping up. He nodded as quickly as possible before he moved to the television and was searching for the movie that his Master had added to their queue not that long ago. Once that was set to play he clamored back up onto the bed and waited for his Master anxiously.

Marco wasn’t sure what was going on in the room, especially after the kid had asked for a ton more blankets, but he was sure that the kid wasn’t up to no good; at least not on an epic level. Minor mischief was fine, even encouraged every now and then, and to see him taking charge of anything, even if it was just asking for more blankets, was a good thing. Though it did pique his interest just a bit. When Sebastian popped his head out, Marco managed to look past him briefly and saw the mess of blankets all over the rooms. “What can I get for you, Bas? The kid said you were passed out when he popped his head out a couple hours ago. What the hell is going on in there?”

Sebastian chuckled softly at Marco’s question, he closed the door enough so it would still be open a crack in case Blaine needed him. Before answering Marco he grabbed a passing kitchen worker and told them to bring up a bowl of the fruits kept on hand for Blaine, when the girl nodded he motioned for Marco to give him the case file they kept for Blaine where they wrote down his progress and moods for the therapists. Humming softly as he wrote up what he’d woken up too along with Blaine’s sudden need for a dominant again. “He’s being young.” Sebastian laughed softly, the warm smile that usually only came out around Blaine pulling on his lips as he continued writing. “He decided to build us a very extravagant blanket fort, and is trying to keep awake past his usual curfew.” He chuckled softly as he shook his head with a grin, looking up at the older man as he finished jotting down his notes, “I give him an hour before he falls asleep sitting up.”

Marco chuckled at the assessment, part of him wanted to check on Bas and see if his shoulder was okay—it wasn’t like him to willingly take medication while he was on the clock with the boy as wired up as he was, but Bas looked so happy and relaxed so he’d leave it alone for now. When Bas handed him the file again and took the fruit that had been brought up Marco shook his head at the ridiculous grin on the younger man’s face as he slipped back inside, stubbornly keeping Marco from seeing the tent. Sebastian closed the door behind him before he made his way through the maze of blankets until he was at the bed where Blaine was waiting for him. Smiling he handed Blaine the bowl of fruit, “Eat if you’re hungry, Biche.” He murmured the gentle-not-quite-command as he pulled himself up onto the bed, grabbing the remote and starting the movie for them.

He could hear the talking at the door and knew that his Master was talking with the hulk of a man that was their protector, Marco; Blaine managed to suppress the soft shudder that ran down his spine as he thought about the man. He was feeling much more comfortable around the man but there was still a very small part of his mind that linked Marco and Marcus together and that was not a pleasant link for Blaine. He still woke up soaking wet on rare occasions and did his best to calm himself down. Master appeared to be proud of the progress that he was making and he didn’t want it to look like he was having any kind of setbacks. He was getting much better at hiding the fact that he was having nightmares still, especially the last couple of nights; he was even working at controlling his breathing. But the more they piled up on him the more he felt out of control, even as tentative a control as he had, and he just wanted someone else to take control of it for a little bit. He could think
about that later.
Blaine didn’t realize he was rocking in place until Sebastian walked back in and handed him the bowl of fruit before climbing back onto the bed with him. He wasn’t completely hungry but he knew he could eat; just the amount of fruit in the bowl made him pause. There was quite a bit but it resparked a game he enjoyed playing. Moving carefully up the bed, so as not to spill any of the fruit, Blaine settled himself in his Master’s lap; back pressed firmly against the other man’s chest as he reclined into him and popped a few pieces of fruit into his mouth. For a few moments Blaine actually watched the movie but then he started plucking out pieces of fruit he knew that Sebastian would like and holding them up to the other man’s lips. And once the piece was eaten he’d turn his head and place soft alternating kisses and nips to his Master’s neck; a coy smile tugging at his own lips through his game.

To Sebastian’s credit he saw a lot more than Blaine thought he did. With the exception of one or two nights he almost always knew when Blaine woke up from nightmares, knew just how long it took the younger boy to calm down and feel better, knew that certain things still sent his pulse skyrocketing until he could barely contain his shaking. However Sebastian had made a decision to let Blaine work on those instances himself, he had to test Blaine and see if the boy was willing to ask for help. Soon he knew he would have to intervene and help Blaine through the nightmares, help ease the pain Blaine was reliving—but he had to see if Blaine was ready to open up to him yet. He still knew next to nothing about what had happened with Marcus, Marco wouldn’t even tell him, so he knew it would be a chore to get it out of a tight lipped Blaine.

Sebastian saw the reaction the bowl of fruit had on Blaine, he’d slowly been getting better at eating more, but it was still a bit of a process some nights. A process filled with gentle prodding and plenty of soft touches and when needed the extra encouragement, some well placed kisses. Sebastian’s grin was wide as he let Blaine use him as a personal seat, settling his arms loosely around Blaine’s waist he let his cheek rest against Blaine’s soft curls as they watched the movie. Sebastian’s eyebrows arched upwards as Blaine offered the first piece of fruit, however he dutifully ate the piece without a word, only mildly surprised when Blaine kissed his neck. He was mildly surprised because it wasn’t unusual for Blaine to kiss him once he ate, but he was surprised when Blaine followed the next piece with a playful nip, alternating between kiss and nip completely throwing Sebastian off guard. He couldn’t deny that Blaine was beginning to get him worked up, and he had a feeling Blaine knew what he was doing…so he figured he could have a little fun of his own. The next piece of fruit brought to his lips Sebastian actually opened up enough to draw Blaine’s finger tips in, dragging his teeth lightly against his fingers followed by sucking on Blaine’s fingers ever so slightly—more a hint than actually doing anything, in the guise of catching the juice of the fruit off his skin. As he paid attention to Blaine’s fingers he let his hands run, palm flat and fingers splayed over Blaine’s abdomen, fingers teasing just under the material of his shirt.

Blaine didn’t know the extent to which he was affecting his Master but he did know that he was affecting him in what he perceived as a positive way; especially if what he felt against his back when
he shifted just a bit was anything to say about it. He couldn’t help the soft strangled noise that tore from him at the soft brush of teeth on his finger; turning into a whine as he watched wide eyes while his Master sucked at his fingers. He was a wash of sensations as his breathing hitched ever so slightly in his chest when he felt Sebastian’s hand move along his abdomen, causing a shudder to run through his body. Licking his lips, Blaine knew he started this game and that he could very well finish it if he just let himself follow his own instincts. So follow them he did. Turning slowly, after placing the bowl back onto the bed, Blaine’s free hand moved to Sebastian’s thigh to ‘steady’ himself; his thumb brushing along the inner seam of his sweats.

The slight turn of his head was all that Blaine needed to gain access to his Master’s neck; and all the encouragement he needed to lave attention to the exposed expanse of pale skin. With a sly grin Blaine shifted his hips back against his Master in a seemingly innocent movement, pressing himself more firmly against Sebastian’s chest and started paying serious attention to the other man’s neck, nippling and sucking softly first at the tender skin beneath Sebastian’s ear and then achingly slowly working his way along his jaw. He wasn’t sure exactly what it was he was doing but Blaine knew that he liked these things and that Masters that had borrowed him before had enjoyed such things so he just adapted that training here. His fingers pressing in just slightly as his hand slid a bit further up Sebastian’s thigh.

Sebastian doubted Blaine knew just how completely on edge he could make in with only a few simple movements. It felt like his entire body was on fire just listening to the hitching whine he’d caused. That was the truly maddening part, Blaine had him so enthralled he wound up getting worked up over the playful tease Sebastian himself had done. Not that he felt he could be blamed; Blaine was a compelling boy and so innocently attractive. The newly tanned skin was always so warm to the touch and the constant press of his body kept Sebastian in an almost constant state of need. Sebastian was of course a professional though, he kept his cool—and the shower had become his new best friend. But with Blaine pressing back against him now, a strong grip high on his thigh, Sebastian couldn’t be blamed for the way his blood rushed south at a dizzying speed.

Sebastian whined softly when Blaine settled in to give his neck attention, he tipped his head back and to the side, his eyes falling closed as he let himself enjoy this moment. He knew he should be the one taking care of Blaine, he shouldn’t let Blaine get carried away or do things only because he thought it was his job to please his Master. All those doubts flew through his head, and were quickly drowned out when he felt Blaine’s hips press back into him. Whether or not Blaine had done it on purpose no longer mattered, Sebastian wrapped his arms tight around Blaine, dragging him flush against him as his hips shifted up to get a little relief. The muscles of his thighs clenching and flexing under the press of Blaine’s hand, Sebastian slid his hand under Blaine’s shirt, fingers scratching and pressing into the warm skin of his lower abdomen. He used that leverage to keep Blaine’s hips pressed back against his own, he submitted to the sucking kisses and nips moving across his jaw before turning his head to catch Blaine’s lips with his own, drawing his tongue along the seam of Blaine’s lips.

He was in heaven, just feasting on the Adonis made flesh and warm beneath his lips was enough to send Blaine’s heart beating through his sternum; add in the strong arms slithering beneath his shirt and tightly around his waist, pulling him flush against the taut muscles and almost rigid hips, and Blaine was almost certain his heart would explode straight out of his chest and land on the floor like an offering to the man that held him. He had done this intimate thing so many times before but never had he felt like THIS about or during it. He felt light and weak, strong and energized, and loved all at the same time; it was thrilling. His hand on Sebastian’s leg tightened as his hips rolled to press even more firmly against the man behind him with a moan at the constant contact.
Blaine’s lips opened obediently, eagerly even, the very instant he felt his Master’s tongue brushing them; a happy sigh escaping before his mouth was claimed. And claimed it was; his tongue met with his Sebastian’s, pushing back and forth before finally being dominated. There was this clawing need building in his chest to let the other man take control, to let him dominate him in the best way possible, and no matter how hard Blaine stomped on it it remained. Instead of focusing on that, however, he allowed his free arm leeway to reach up and his fingers to tangle into the soft hair that he loved so much; tugging just slightly and earning himself a throaty groan as the man ravaged his mouth. His hand on his Master’s thigh was slowly massaging it’s way further up, pressing softly at the hip joint.

Sebastian felt like his entire body was lighting on fire from within. It was like a switch had been flipped, because one moment he’d been sure and firm against the idea of letting them get carried away—they were supposed to be watching a movie and he was supposed to be getting Blaine to sleep. However, now, now Sebastian could barely even breathe right, let alone put a stop to this. This was the singularly most sensually exquisite torture Sebastian felt he might have ever endured. He was sure he could have moved them along, shifted the dynamic, pushed faster and made it less of a torturous moment for them both. But he found he didn’t want that, didn’t want to break this moment they’d built together, the sudden fire burning between them both. Sebastian could feel his skin tingling with electricity, with want and need. When Blaine opened his mouth to his requesting probe Sebastian didn’t hesitate, he immediately dove in, searching and coaxing more from the kiss. Sebastian knew he was being greedy, but he found he no longer cared and more than that, it didn’t matter. The eager acceptance with which Blaine let him in, the hungry way Blaine reacted to him gave him all the encouraging he needed. Sebastian ran his tongue along Blaine’s, tracing the back of his teeth before drawing Blaine’s tongue into his own mouth. He reached up with one hand to lock into the hair at the back of Blaine’s head, not forceful but guiding. He kept Blaine’s head where he needed it, tilting it so that he could control the kiss, bring it deep and command more from the other boy. When he felt Blaine’s hand tighten and begin to creep ever so slowly higher Sebastian decided it was time to take control and exert a little power into the situation. “Touch me, Biche, I need you to touch me.” Sebastian gripped Blaine’s hair again diving in to kiss him soundly, literally sucking on Blaine’s tongue to taunt him into doing as he said, covering Blaine’s hand with his own—not pushing, but guiding his hand up his leg towards where he was aching for relief.

Blaine just kept melting into the searing passion that he could feel radiating from the other man, his tongue moving with only the briefest moment of uncertainty as he wanted Master to enjoy this just as much as he was. That uncertainty was washed away the second he felt long fingers thread into his hair, angling his head as it was needed with a level of gentle control that would have made his eyes water with love had he not already been rising to his Master’s coaxing command. Blaine let himself completely surrender to Sebastian, let him take the lead and show him what he wanted; he was eager to learn what he could do to make his Master melt at his touch. If he could drive the other man to dizzying heights like he brought Blaine then he would do everything in his power to do so. When Sebastian’s hand covered his own and lead him towards his ultimate goal Blaine allowed a small smile as his hand moved to cover Sebastian through his sweats.

Pulling back just a bit was enough for Blaine to break the kiss, allowing him to change his position so that his chest was pushed against the other man’s before his lips were moving firmly along his jaw and down his neck; one hand tugging at the hem of his Master’s shirt up as the other slid teasingly softly along the hard length hidden by fabric. Blaine’s entire body felt like it was vibrating with the pure electricity that came from his Sebastian’s touch; even more so when he acquiesced to his non-
verbal request and the shirt came off. With a quick questioning look and a small dose of courage, Blaine’s lips started the slow, taunting journey down the chiseled chest and leaving small nips along the way; lavishing soft attention to each nipple along the way. He knew that he could spend all day mapping the planes of muscle that was his Master’s chest but when he reached the waistband of his Master’s sweats he looked up through thick lashes at Sebastian, darkened golden eyes seeking permission from hooded emerald. “Please, Master?” His voice was breathy and excited as he pleaded.

Sebastian felt almost drunk, like all of his senses were heightened to the point they were nearly dulled. Every brush and touch, the subtle shift of bodies and the little moans vibrating in his mouth, felt so incredible it became almost an out of body experience. He felt like he was watching all of these things happen, but at the same time it felt so incredible that he knew nothing else could ever feel this good. He knew instinctively no one else could make him feel this good, this right. It felt right to take control over the situation, feeling Blaine melt into the change only served to fan Sebastian’s desire until he was nearly dizzy from it all. Blaine surrendered so prettily, it was a different kind of surrender, one where his melted into every touch and movement but he didn’t become passive. Sebastian would have felt like he was taking advantage had Blaine simply gone limp and let him take from him, but to feel Blaine’s tongue returning each pass, to feel the muscles ripple along his arms and abdomen as he shifted into a better position, that was enough to let Sebastian know he was doing the right thing.

When Blaine started tugging at the hem of his shirt Sebastian couldn’t deny the silent request, not that he really wanted too. He was still on a high from how amazing it had felt to have their chests pressed together at the beach hours before, he wanted more of that touch. With a grunt he tugged his shirt up and off over his head, tossing it aside as he leaned back against the headboard of their bed. Sebastian tightened his grip on Blaine’s shoulders groaning softly as he felt the kisses move down his neck and across his chest, his nails scratching into Blaine’s skin as he teased over his nipples.

“Fuck…yes, okay…yes.” Sebastian only had the slightest hesitation at Blaine’s request, but when he looked up at him with those burning golden eyes Sebastian knew he was lost.

Golden eyes rolled back into his head temporarily as he felt the drag of nails along his skin, the sensation causing a shiver to run rampant down his spine. For a moment he felt the hesitation in the frame beneath him but when those eyes, the same eyes that seemingly peered into his soul, looked down at him his own reservations and hesitation flew out the window. Those eyes undid him; Blaine just hoped he could return the favor. With the permission he was seeking Blaine ran his tongue smoothly along the line of Sebastian’s sweats before gently taking hold of the hem and starting the achingly slow task of pulling them down; kissing and sucking at every new sliver of pale flesh that he exposed. It struck Blaine that this was something he had wanted for a long time now and now that it was within his grasp he felt like he couldn’t breathe he was so excited. It was an audible gasp when he caught full sight of his Sebastian.

Blaine’s tongue darted out over his bottom lip, dragging it in between his teeth just to release it and deftly licked a strip up Sebastian’s shaft, using the vein as a direct map. The muffled noise that came from his Master at his tasting caused a hum to come from Blaine himself. With a languorous swirl of his tongue around Sebastian’s head, Blaine allowed himself to sink slowly down until he felt him brushing against the back of his throat. Rounded fingernails trailed down a pale stomach until his hands came to rest on his hips, pressing them firmly into the mattress to keep him still as he started up a slow yet relentless rhythm; tongue tracing every contour on the up suck and a vibrating hum every time he felt him hit the back of his throat.
The eagerness emanating from Blaine had Sebastian nearly shaking in anticipation. Blaine was acting as though he was being given a special treat, something special—the quick run of his tongue along his waistband had the muscles of his stomach quivering as he let his head fall back against the wall above the headboard. All too soon it felt like his skin was burning him alive, but Blaine’s mouth and tongue were a pleasurable mix of soothing and burning. When Blaine started tugging the waistband of his sweats Sebastian obediently lifted his hips to help with the process, Blaine’s soft gasp as he got the material far enough down to see him was a definite stroke to Sebastian’s ego.

He couldn’t quite help chuckling with a soft grin before the sound was immediately cut off when Blaine started running a firm lick up along his aching erection. Sebastian didn’t want to consider exactly how Blaine knew what he was doing, didn’t want to think about how this could all just be his way of being a ‘good boy’, instead he let himself get lost in just how good it felt. He actually embarrassed himself a little by whimpering softly the first time he slid back to Blaine’s throat, the warm tight heat around him nearly making him lose complete control. It had been so long, and Blaine felt so good…Sebastian was shaking as Blaine started his slow rhythm; he knew Blaine was intentionally torturing him so he slid his fingers through Blaine’s hair again, his other hand falling to his shoulder. His legs fell open further, silently encouraging Blaine to settle in closer, gripping Blaine’s hair a little tighter as he fought to keep his hips still—although he rocked up a little at the scratch of nails on his stomach, “Faster, Biche.”

Blaine let himself get lost in the slow up and down motions, his tongue tracing light patterns and his teeth dragging just ever so slightly over the tender skin, that and he moaned loudly around Sebastian when he felt his Master’s fingers tighten in his hair; the slight tug causing his throat to convulse around the hard flesh that was his Master, sucking harder. He took special note of the reaction he got when he dragged his nails over Sebastian’s stomach. Blaine’s own hips rutted slightly against the bed at the command and just the thought of having his Master fuck his mouth. Releasing the other man’s hips Blaine took a moment to actually consider that he was technically ignoring the direct command before he was dragging his nails down Sebastian’s stomach; relaxing his throat while trying to suck harder as those delicious hips moved beneath him.

He didn’t want to think on how many times he himself had been used for such things as this, but the thoughts reared their ugly head for the briefest of moments before he was able to fight them down. Those times were world apart from this moment here and now. In this moment, he wasn’t being forced, he wasn’t being man handled so that he was doing exactly as he should and he wasn’t being caned if he did something a Master didn’t enjoy; or if that was something that Master enjoyed in turn. Instead here, with his heart beating excitedly within his chest and the mattress offering some solace of touch that he wanted, Blaine acquiesced to his Sebastian’s gentle command and sped up his actions as his fingers continued their relentless traveling over the other’s lower abdomen.

Sebastian couldn’t hold back a surprised shout as Blaine’s throat tightened reflexively around him, he quickly muffled the noise in one of his arms. He lifted his hand from Blaine’s shoulder in order to hold onto the headboard behind him for some kind of semblance of stability and balance. He got lost in the way Blaine moved on him, the rhythmic motions only disrupted by the addition of teeth and tongue leaving Sebastian’s toes curling as heat began pooling hot and fast in his stomach. Seeing Blaine’s hips rutting down into the mattress, looking so young and needy like he couldn’t restrain himself because he just needed relief so badly…it left Sebastian speechless with desire and need. The need to teach and touch, the need to show Blaine just how good he could make things for him. “Close…”
Sebastian grunted the word as he tried to keep control of his own body and not just fuck up into Blaine’s mouth like some wanton user. Once he no longer had Blaine holding him in place the battle became that much more difficult, but Sebastian wouldn’t let himself be like the men that had come before him. He wouldn’t abuse or harm Blaine during sex just for his own pleasure; he would be as good to Blaine as Blaine was being to him. But as Blaine ran his nails over his abdomen Sebastian couldn’t hold back the subtle rolling of his hips, not enough to overwhelm Blaine but enough that Sebastian had to close his eyes against the intense pleasure that coursed through him. “F-Fuck!” Sebastian muffled the groan against his arm as he met Blaine’s sped up movement with an upward thrust of his hips, his body bowing up off the mattress as he came with a muffled moan of ‘Biche’.

Hearing the needy lilt to Sebastian’s voice, knowing that it was him that put it there, caused Blaine’s own desire and excitement to skyrocket. He was causing his Master to climb to that edge, the precipice that balanced so closely between la piccola morte and utter desolation; that Blaine held which way he fell in his hands was a heady feeling. The feeling of power that he held with just the flick of his tongue made Blaine dizzy. It was a power that Blaine refused to abuse; he knew how horrible a feeling it was to be left completely bereft of completion first hand and he had no wish to leave this beautiful man that took care of him feeling as such. That one simple word brought Blaine surging back to the moment and he glorious task at hand. He wanted more than anything to be the reason that his Master lost that iron clad control and to see if he tasted as good as Blaine imagined he tasted.

When Sebastian’s hips really started moving in response to his actions Blaine moaned in encouragement, even sliding his nails down the inside of Sebastian’s thigh to encourage him to really move. That was one thing that Blaine knew he did really well; he knew when to pull back to give his Master more leeway to really move and yet still keep suction with both in and out thrusts. However, when Blaine saw the muscles in Sebastian’s stomach start to tense and saw that he was biting even deeper into his arm then before, he knew that his Master really was so close it was almost torture for himself as well. With a quick slide of his fingers he was trailing nails gently over his balls and sinking down so deeply that he was swallowing around him to work around his gag reflex. And then he got his wish as he swallowed and swallowed; he could only describe the taste as purely his Sebastian, purely his Master. Once Sebastian was spent and twitching in his mouth Blaine pulled off; kneeling between his Master’s legs, hands palm down on his thighs, he caught Sebastian’s eyes and slowly, still feeling emboldened, deliberately, licked his lips and moaned. “Mmmmmm.”
Chapter Summary

Things continue to heat up between our boys.

In the back of his mind Sebastian wondered if he should feel embarrassed by how quickly undone he was by Blaine. It felt like all the boy had to do was breath on him and he’d come apart at the seams. But he found he didn’t care, not with Blaine taking such good care of him, urging him on and coaxing him towards what his body so desperately craved. As Blaine swallowed around him and he finally came undone Sebastian had to bite into his own arm to keep from making noise, the relief felt almost as amazing as the orgasm itself. When he got to the point of over sensitivity and had to shift away from Blaine he let his eyes close in order to collect himself. However when he felt Blaine kneeling on his knees between his legs he opened his eyes just in time to see Blaine’s little taunt.

Sebastian wasn’t sure where Blaine’s sudden minx-like nature had come from, but he was so far from complaining he might as well have been the one on his knees. Narrowing his eyes as he felt his body already trying to get going again, Sebastian lifted a hand crooking a finger in a ‘come here’ motion with an almost devilish grin. When Blaine had shuffled in close enough Sebastian reached out and pulled him in against his chest with a fist tangling in Blaine’s shirt. Without hesitating he latched onto Blaine’s mouth, his tongue delving in immediately to taste himself on Blaine’s tongue. He found himself getting distracted in his search, sucking on Blaine’s tongue with slow deliberation as he started pulling Blaine’s shirt up to expose his chest. He pulled them apart only long enough to raise a questioning eyebrow before tugging the boy’s shirt off when he gave his permission. Tossing the article of clothing aside Sebastian pulled him in again, this time latching onto Blaine’s neck as he rolled them over, settling his hips against Blaine’s. He kept his chest up off of Blaine, not wanting to overwhelm him with too much weight. He hummed against Blaine’s skin as he sucked and nipped along the warm tan skin of his throat up to his ear, tracing the shell of his ear with his tongue before whispering, “I’m going to take such good care of you Biche…make you feel so good.”

Yes, he taunted; Blaine knew he shouldn’t have taunted his Master, not in the state that he was in, but having seen the man under him come completely undone beneath him, in him, was a boost and a half to Blaine’s confidence. Seeing the way his muscles rolled and the way his eyes dilated, shot a pulse throughout Blaine’s entire body; he knew he had done something right. His sly grin only got bigger as he shuffled forward on his knees just close enough before he was being dragged in and claimed. A whine echoed into his Master’s mouth as his tongue pushed a little tentatively at first and then hungrily back against the other man’s.

Tasting him as he tasted himself, feeling his hands as they travelled down his chest and tugged at his shirt made him squirm; a quick nod had his shirt being discarded and found Blaine laid out on the mattress, hips pinned and successfully preventing him from rolling his hips anywhere but against his Sebastian. This level of attention from his Master, from any Master, with this much care to his needs or even his body was more than Blaine ever expected. For his part, his nails were trailing over Sebastian’s skin and finger tangling into his hair as that talented mouth made its way over his body. He even whimpered as softly as he could possibly keep it at Sebastian’s words. “Master, please…” He just wanted to feel the other man, feel him as much as he could.
Sebastian’s lips quirked into a slow crooked grin as Blaine’s nails dug into his skin, scrabbling to keep him close. He brushed his lips along the shell of Blaine’s ear, grazing his teeth down to his earlobe, nibbling there almost playfully as he waited for the response he knew Blaine would give him. He hummed as Blaine shifted and tried to move his hips only to find himself held in place by Sebastian’s own body. Grinning he started to move down Blaine’s body, pausing to work a biting kiss into the crook of Blaine’s neck, licking along his skin as he moved over his chest. Now that he’d been granted permission to touch and kiss, to explore and taste the body that had taunted him for so long—Sebastian wasn’t even sure where to begin. He wanted it all. He wanted to map out every plane, every little dip and freckle, every place that drove Blaine crazy.

Sebastian took his time exploring Blaine’s skin, paying dutiful attention to each nipple in turn as his hands stroked along his skin, down to his legs kneading and dragging his nails through the sweats. “Use your words, Biche.” He murmured the words into the dip of Blaine’s abdomen just above his navel where his stomach muscles got a little softer. Sebastian knew that Blaine had never been shown how special he was, had never gotten to experience what it was like to be worshiped head to toe by someone. Those other Masters had only ever used him, and Sebastian was determined to make this the experience that showed Blaine how beautiful he was, how treasured. “Let Master take care you now. My beautiful boy.” Sebastian’s voice remained soft as he let his teeth drag over Blaine’s happy trail down to his waist band pulling on the sweatpants’ with his teeth as he glanced up with still bright eyes in silent question.

Blaine was lost, that was the only way to describe what he was feeling. His skin was far too hot, he felt like he was burning up and every brush of lips, lap of tongue and firm press of teeth was both a balm and a torment. For every searing press of lips his Master’s breath would tease him with cool brushes. He was convinced he had to be coming down with something if the way his body temperature had skyrocketed and the way he felt dizzy and lightheaded had anything to say about it. Perhaps he was coming down with pneumonia again; that caused its own shudder before it was pushed straight out of his head on the whimper that came from him on a particularly welcomed nip along his naval. He was using all his concentration he had to not just explode right on the spot, how did Sebastian expect him to use his words for something he had no words for? A guttural moan was just about all he could manage; and even that was muffled as he sunk his teeth into his lip.

When he finally got some semblance of control over his breathing, brought it down from panting gasps to shuddering breaths, his vision cleared and he locked eyes with the vision of a man laving attention onto him. With a moan and a nod Blaine lifted his hips just enough to help assist in the teasing slide of his sweats. A shiver ran through his body again; this kind of attention was new and thrilling and had him filled with a kind of nervous excitement. He knew what he was supposed to do when the roles were reversed but he had never imagined that anyone would want to do that for him. On the night when Masters used him to their content and left him locked up he would just spend the night breathing and trying to think about anything but the problem he had. Now he was here with someone that, if that look was read correctly, wanted to do the things he usually did. That caused Blaine’s heart to jump into his throat as his fingers tangled into Sebastian’s hair.

Sebastian knew asking Blaine to use his words was a tall order, and his own assumptions were proven right with each whimper and tense pant as he explored each patch of skin on his slow move down Blaine’s body. He had never been given the chance to receive his own pleasure, Masters rarely thought of such things, only interested in their own gain, and it was remarkable that Blaine was even allowing him this rare gift. He’d half worried Blaine’s slave tendencies would rear their heads and have him pushing Sebastian away because it wasn’t ‘right’ or the ‘way things were’ like he’d done
on various issues before. Hearing the muffled groan after he bit down on a particularly fleshy soft part of Blaine’s tummy Sebastian grinned to himself and playfully nuzzled the spot. Blaine may not have gotten to explore how wonderful he could feel at the hands of someone else, but Sebastian was going to show him. Each moan and subtle wiggle only served to egg him on further, to keep taking, exploring, touching.

When Blaine silently agreed Sebastian barely contained his near gleeful grin as he tugged Blaine’s sweats down further with his teeth, reaching up to trace his fingers along the exposed skin as he went. Once Blaine was fully revealed to him Sebastian let out a sigh—god, he was beautiful…with a hum he shifted up to nuzzle and press kisses into the crease of his thighs, pushing the pants off of Blaine’s legs with his hands before discarding the garment with a careless toss. He ran his hands slowly back up Blaine’s legs, fingers probing and scratching with his nails gently as he traced the muscles of his legs right up to his thighs. Caressing Blaine’s thighs he laved attention on the tantalizing dip of Blaine’s hip bone, biting at the thin skin into the sharp V of his hip bone before sucking on the spot, hard. He knew Blaine’s waist band usually fell across the spot, and he was determined to leave a bruise right where Blaine would feel it the next day while dressing, would remember how good he felt. Sebastian hummed in encouragement as Blaine’s fingers tangled into his hair, pressing kisses into his skin as he inched his way closer to Blaine’s cock only to pass over it completely with a devilish grin and lavé the same attention with his mouth to Blaine’s other hip, all the while his hands caressed and stroked higher up his thighs, stopping just short of his goal before working back down again in an endless pattern of up and down.

Any thought about pushing this man, this beautiful and perfect man of a Master, away went out of his mind when he saw those eyes staring up at him. It didn’t matter how unworthy Blaine felt, how much he knew that he didn’t deserve to be treated with such kindness and love, when he saw everything that was shining from those stunning green eyes. More to the point, what he saw in those eyes almost made his heart stop and his eyes water. No one had ever looked at him that way and Blaine knew that he was completely lost to him; that he wouldn’t ever be able to deny this man a thing. If his heart hadn’t already been about to combust where it was he was sure that just that look would have been enough to do so. That look alone caused Blaine to melt into putty in Sebastian’s hands; those teasing and taunting hands that felt like they were everywhere on his body, leaving trails of heat spreading across his skin.

For a second, once his sweats were tossed aside, Blaine felt oddly exposed; it wasn’t like he had never been naked in front of his Sebastian, but he felt completely vulnerable and exposed right that second. But once more those thoughts of insecurity and worthlessness were pushed away by gentle scratches and a wandering mouth as his own hand tightened in his Master’s hair just fractionally and his back formed a soft arch off of the bed as his body swayed and longed with aching need. Somewhere in his mind Blaine knew that this was his Master trying to show him that he was good but it felt like a slow form of delicious torture. The teasing was causing a renewed tension to build deep in his stomach and inadvertently he tugged his Master’s hair even harder. “M-Master….fuck….please…” Had he been in his right mind, Blaine would have blushed profusely at the fact that he swore but at that moment he just didn’t care.

Sebastian could feel the momentary hesitation running through Blaine’s frame once he’d finally gotten the sweats off of him. This wasn’t like the times Sebastian had helped him change or the few times he’d helped him bathe—some of Blaine’s injuries had left him more dependent than he’d probably been comfortable with. Sebastian couldn’t help but lose himself in just really seeing Blaine for the first time, seeing the way his skin glowed and his eyes literally shone—the want and pleasure was there of course, his pupils dilated until they were nearly blown…but behind that was the utter
love and adoration he felt towards Sebastian and it took away his ability to breath completely. The moment Blaine submitted back into his touches and his caresses Sebastian found himself getting lost in sensation all over again.

The way Blaine submitted to him was enough to have Sebastian’s body desperately trying to get hard all over again. Every time Blaine tightened his hold in his hair he groaned in encouragement, he loved the quick spike of almost but not quite pain. “I’ve got you, Biche, I’ll take such good care of you.” He kept his lips brushing Blaine’s skin as he spoke, inching his way to where Blaine needed him so badly. He pressed a few hot, wet, open mouthed kisses down Blaine’s shaft until he reached the head, tongue flicking out just to tease at the slit before he hummed. “You can come whenever you’re ready Biche…” Sebastian wanted to say not to call him Master, he didn’t want Blaine confusing him for any other Master—confusing this for anything other than the care and love it was, but he couldn’t demand that from him not when he was so raw and exposed. By the time Blaine was cursing at him Sebastian took pity on him and ended his teasing, fingers pressing into the dip of his hips as he sunk his mouth down around Blaine, pressing his tongue along the thick vein running underneath. He wasn’t able to take Blaine to the back of his throat as easily as Blaine had been, it’d been a while since he’d done this, so he had to work his way up, bobbing his head slowly humming around him as he relaxed his throat, slowly taking more into his mouth with each pass.
He absolutely couldn’t breathe; starbursts exploded before his eyes even as he squeezed them shut and pressed his head into the mattress. If just the smallest touch of Sebastian’s lips to him caused a reaction this severe, Blaine wasn’t sure how long he would maintain control of himself with more. And it was like a splash of glorious cold water across his overheated, even searing, body when Sebastian’s words actually registered through his passion addled mind. He was given permission to let himself go? If he had been in his right state of mind and truly thought about it, he would have remembered that it had been years since his body had had that release. And even then it had been on accident and he had been beaten for it. He was so used to being in tight control that he wasn’t even sure he knew how to let himself go like that anymore.

His voice choked off, a strangled breath caught in his chest, and his back arched sharply right off the bed when he was engulfed in Sebastian’s mouth; it was a full minute before he managed to drag in a gasp of air and that was only because his body was ready to quit on him if he didn’t get oxygen. When his eyes finally managed to open, the sight he saw was pushing him even further towards utter explosion; causing every muscle in his abdomen to tighten almost dangerously. He was so busy concentrating on not thrusting his hips harshly into his Master’s mouth that his release hit him like a freight train of surprise; it was the humming that had done him in. A cry of “Sebastian!” slipped past his lips, louder than he had intended but he couldn’t care about how loud he was when he could feel coming for the first time in years and it was straight down his Master’s pretty throat. For a few seconds everything went black for Blaine as his body slumped back against the bed.

In the back of his mind Sebastian was minorly concerned Blaine was going to pull something if he didn’t just let himself go. Even after being given permission Blaine’s body was tight as a piano string and Sebastian would swear he could see every taut line of muscle from his shoulders down to the thighs on either side of him. Sebastian’s only warning before Blaine came was the subtle twitch of the weight in his mouth, with a stronger hum he pulled up just enough so he wouldn’t choke before eagerly swallowing everything Blaine had to give. With one hand circled around the parts of Blaine he couldn’t reach with his mouth Sebastian slowly worked Blaine through his orgasm, drawing it out and milking everything he could until Blaine was spent and twitching in sensitivity against his tongue. Sebastian wanted more, Blaine tasted as good as sin, a stronger and headier version of the same musky taste of his skin, a taste Sebastian would greedily live off of for the rest of his life if possible. When Sebastian processed that it had been his name Blaine had said when he came his first thought was that he was glad he’d locked the door to their room and hoped the blankets served to muffle the soft exclamation, the second was that he had never been so in love.

Pulling off of him Sebastian spent a few moments cleaning Blaine off, selfishly wanting every last drop and not wanting any of him to go to waste, cleaning him off with small light kitten licks so as not to make the sensitivity worse. Glancing up he couldn’t help but feel his chest swell with undeniable pride. Sebastian was only a man, he knew he was good in bed but to literally reduce someone to such ecstasy as Blaine currently was—spent and passed out from exertion and release, it was a little more than a small pat on the back that was for sure. Of course the rational part of his brain knew it was because it had probably been the first time Blaine had been allowed an orgasm in a very long time, but his ego was still receiving a healthy stroking. He worked his way back up Blaine’s body until he was settled on top of him again, his hips fitting snugly in the cradle of Blaine’s own as he went to work pressing kisses and sucking tenderly on the warm skin of his neck. He kept their position so that Blaine’s thighs bracketed his hips, giving Blaine the ability to feel Sebastian’s weight and control—but not feel controlled or restricted in his movements. “God…I love you so, my
Biche.” Sebastian’s words were barely more than a breath against Blaine’s neck as he trailed kisses up along the column of it, he mostly said them for himself as he was counting on Blaine still being too far gone in his post-orgasm haze to hear him.

He was floating, light as air, cushioned in downy darkness; this was the first time in so long that Blaine felt absolute and utter relaxation. And for once he wasn’t afraid of the darkness; he couldn’t be when all around him he felt nothing but love and care and tenderness, something he hadn’t felt since she was still alive. While he was comfortable in this beautiful darkness, there was something calling him back to awareness; each tender lick and kiss pulling him back to his reality, back to his Sebastian. Sebastian. The man had become the center of his world. He wasn’t just a Master to Blaine, he was love personified. To Blaine, Sebastian was everything that was right and good in this world. He was constantly showing the scared and frightened little boy within Blaine that it was okay to have hope and to smile; constantly reassuring him that, no matter what, he was there and would protect him to the best of his ability. Though, Blaine knew that if it came down to it he would willingly give his life for the man he felt so strongly for. The man he loved.

The love swelling in his chest, coupled with the soft physical coaxing that was coming from Sebastian were working well to bring Blaine back around to awareness; that coupled with the delicious weight he felt keeping him pressed into the mattress. As his head rolled just a bit to the side to give Sebastian better access to his neck Blaine caught the gently breathed words and his heart almost literally stopped in his chest. All Blaine ever expected from the man upon him was control and some measure of care, it had blown his mind that this perfect man was willing to be even remotely tender with him, to take care of his needs and give him attention; but to know, truly know, that his love for Sebastian wasn’t unrequited caused tears to well in his eyes. Blaine felt love so acutely that any doubt he had about anything at that moment flew straight out the window. Slowly he allowed his hands, now heavy with relaxation, to glide over Sebastian’s arms and shoulders until at least one hand curled tenderly into the other man’s hair and brilliant, clear, golden eyes opened. “I love you too, my Sebastian.” He breathed just as softly, so as not to break this spell of calm that seemed to have fallen around them. In that moment, calling him Master didn’t feel right; not nearly as right as feeling the weight of his true name on his tongue as he offered his hushed confession.

Sebastian lost track of time as he held onto Blaine, pressing kisses into his neck and brushing his lips along every patch of skin directly in front of him as though it would never be enough. Could never be enough. He knew in his heart he didn’t deserve the love and trust this sweet boy gave him, knew that his temper and past would eventually catch up to them—eventually Blaine would lose the rose colored view he had of him, and when that day came Sebastian would lose the best part of himself. He would lose Blaine. The rational side of his brain, the one that suspiciously sounded like his father, pointed out that Blaine was latching onto him, loving him, because Sebastian was all he knew of his new life. Sebastian was still the savior and the protector in Blaine’s eyes, and one day when he no longer needed protecting, when he’d finally broken free of the shackles of his old life he wouldn’t need Sebastian’s love any longer. It was a dark cloud within Sebastian’s head, a stark reminder that they were living in a fantasy world of their own creating, and one day reality would intrude and Blaine would see the truth of it all.

Until that day Sebastian would love Blaine, hell he would love Blaine past that day—he knew he would love Blaine until the day he died. And for as long as Blaine would have him, for as long as Blaine would let him be there, hold him close and love him in return he knew he would do everything in his power to show Blaine how happy he could be. How treasured he was. Just hearing his name from Blaine’s lips, hearing the soft caress of it was like a balm to his suddenly dark thoughts, the sudden pain that had lanced through him. Blaine said his name like it was a gift, like he
was the something precious in Blaine’s life, and that was all he needed to pull him back from that brink he’d fallen towards. With teary green eyes he simply smiled, pressing sweet chaste kiss along Blaine’s cheek before finally reaching his lips, brushing their lips together as he spoke softly, “I love you.” His lips tipped into a soft smile as he let the words sink in, let them dispel the cloud his own brain had created as he pressed another kiss to Blaine’s lips, hands framing Blaine’s face, “I promise to remind you how loved you are every single day, promise to show you how special and beautiful you are, I promise I will always take care of you.”

When there was something amiss with his Sebastian, Blaine felt it as acutely as he felt his own heartbeat. It didn’t matter what small smiles or caresses his Master gave him to try and dissuade him from seeing the pain and fear that lurked deep in his eyes; Blaine saw it. He was so attuned to the man above him that the pain he saw he held as his own. He felt it take hold in his chest like a winter’s vice grip, sending shocks of frigid fear and hurt throughout his entire body. And the fact that this was what he saw in those welled green eyes caused the resolve in Blaine to harden and his arms to wrap even more firmly around the taller man; hand tightening in Sebastian’s hair and the other coming to cup his cheek before he pulled him into an uncharacteristically claiming kiss. He wanted to show this man just what he meant to him. The gasp that came from Sebastian was just enough of an access that Blaine’s tongue darted into the other man’s, mapping every crevice and dancing firmly over the other’s tongue; pouring every ounce of love and happiness into that very kiss.

When he pulled back, just far enough to keep their noses touching, golden eyes opened once more and shone with the very light he felt whenever he was around Sebastian. “I love you too.” Blaine reached up as gently as he could and took one of Sebastian’s hands into his own and placed it firmly on his chest, where his heart was beating soundly. His other arm wrapped securely around Sebastian’s shoulders and his legs wrapped snugly around his hips and he pulled him down, close; so that their bodies were pressed firmly together. One would have been unable to tell where on body ended and the other started if it wasn’t for the stark contrast of skin tones. But Blaine held him, and held him close; as if he could protect the man from everything else in the world as he protects him. “Do you feel that?” He pressed Sebastian’s hand more firmly into his own chest. “That beating? I promise to remind you every day that that sometimes unsteady thrum is just for you. I love you. Forever. Please don’t ever doubt that.”

The claiming kiss Blaine pressed on him sent a fire straight down his spine, body curling around Blaine compulsively as he let out a breathless gasp, fingers scrambling to tangle into the soft curls of Blaine’s hair. His first instinct was to take over the kiss, to teach Blaine what to do—how to explore and learn a partner through a soul searing kiss. But just as quickly he realized Blaine was doing just fine all on his own, instead of taking over he nearly melted into the kiss, his entire body warming under the attention and love conveyed through the action. When Blaine pulled away Sebastian shamelessly whined and chased his lips for more, he would always want more—there was no such thing as ‘enough’ when it came to Blaine.

The only thing stopping him from diving in to kiss Blaine again, to just lose himself in this boy that made him feel stronger than he was, this boy that showed him the man he could be—was the determination and adoration shining in his molten gold eyes. Nudging his nose gently against Blaine’s he felt himself falling, those eyes had the power to completely floor and disarm him every time, and combined with the firm hold and his whispered words Sebastian couldn’t deny him. It was a peculiar experience to be held so tightly by Blaine, it wasn’t unusual for Blaine to cling to him, but this was different. This time Blaine was shielding him, letting Sebastian cling to Blaine. “When did you get so wise and strong on me?” Sebastian murmured the words with a smile that could only be described as loving as he ducked his head to press a kiss to the skin over Blaine’s heart before
pressing his hand over the spot again, tucking his face close to Blaine’s neck breathing him in slow and deep. The tension literally rolling off of him as he curled deeper into Blaine’s warm embrace, looping his free arm up and under the pillow cradling Blaine’s head to hold onto him, keeping their hands locked over Blaine’s heart. “I trust you, I trust you with every single part of me.”

As he held his Sebastian, when he was done talking, Blaine could feel the full bodied blush start at the top of his head and work its way swiftly down to his toes. He just shook his head what little bit he could while not bumping his chin into Sebastian’s head. “George just lucky I guess.” He said with a soft chuckle even though he was embarrassed that that had even come out of his mouth. Leave it to his bumbling stupidity to actually quote ‘George of the Jungle’ while they were both laying stark naked on the bed and having what Blaine honestly felt to be a heartfelt moment. The smile that broke his face into two at the small kiss to his chest however washed away the embarrassment and Blaine could feel that love in him bloom even more vibrantly.

As he felt his Sebastian snuggle even closer in, Blaine had to work to stifle his yawn; his fingers mindlessly playing with the hair at the base of his Sebastian’s skull like they always absently did when he was tired. Now that they were both sated and virtually encased in the cocoon that Blaine had built around them, the boy’s hyper streak was officially gone. The only thing that was really keeping his eyes open and him awake was that Sebastian needed him and if that meant Blaine had to forgo sleep forever he would gladly do it. With a small shy smile Blaine pressed his cheek into Sebastian’s hair and started softly humming the lullaby, their lullaby. Golden eyes closed as he basked in just being /them/; thumb brushing softly over Sebastian’s knuckles.

Sebastian couldn’t even begin to deny how much that silly quote filled his heart to the bursting point. Blaine was acting so young and carefree…he had done that, he had given Blaine the freedom and security to make silly jokes, to giggle and smile. Sebastian smiled as he tipped his head up high enough to be able to see his beautiful boy, see his bashful blushing as he started smiling. “No, I’m the one who was lucky.” Sebastian smiled as he ran his thumb over Blaine’s heart, squeezing their intertwined fingers as he dotted kisses into Blaine’s shoulder back up to his warm throat. “So incredibly lucky, you make me feel like the luckiest man in the world, you know that?” Sebastian hummed softly as he nuzzled back and forth nudging his nose along up into the crook of his jaw.

When he felt Blaine starting to struggle to stay awake and with him, Sebastian simply smiled to himself in contentment. This was all he’d wanted in life, without ever even knowing it. This safety, this sincere and warm love, it wrapped around him like a blanket and made him realize that Blaine truly was what he had been missing all along. Humming softly he reached down to grab their usual blanket, although the blanket fort was doing a good job at keeping them wrapped in warmth, he threw the material around them before tucking his face into the crook of Blaine’s neck once again. “Sleep, my sweet Biche.” Pressing a kiss to his neck he let his eyes close with a happy hum, “We’ll keep our little blanket fort up for a few days, enjoy some time together. But for now, sleep.” Sebastian’s voice went soft as he started slipping under himself, still curled tight into Blaine’s strong, warm embrace.
The peace and quiet of the previous days sadly comes to a bit of an end. Biche has to face the memories of his past if he’s to keep himself from the clutches of his father. Unfortunately, the standard therapy practices don’t always work for all the boys.

Sebastian would have been more than happy to keep them hidden away from the world, safe in their blanket fort. Those few days were some of the best Sebastian could ever remember, full of laughs and gentle caresses, sweet kisses and love. Sebastian let Blaine pick their movies and their activities, taught him to play games and just be a young man. Of course all too soon they had to go back to the reality of their situation. After a few days they had to take the blankets down, folding them for the nurses to take away, although Sebastian did slip a few blankets away under their bed so Blaine could make a mini-tent whenever he needed. While Blaine was in their bathroom getting ready for the day Sebastian propped open the door to their room to talk to Marco and find out what the plans were for the week. He knew the trial against Blaine’s father was fast approaching, and even though he knew they had a sound case against the man he couldn’t help feel dread in his stomach.

“You know what the Doc needs, right?” Marco didn’t waste any time once he saw Sebastian in the doorway, they’d only have a minute before Blaine came out of the bathroom anyways. The younger man sighed before running a hand over his face, of course he knew, and he was hardly happy about it. So far Blaine had only sat through one therapy session with the on-site doctor assigned to his case, and from the notes he’d received apparently Blaine had stayed silent the entire time. If the lawyers were right, and they usually were, they’d need at least taped testimony from Blaine if they really wanted to keep his father locked away. And that wasn’t going to be an easy feat. Glancing up when he heard Blaine coming out of the bathroom he put a soft smile on his face, “Hey, Biche, you ready for your sit down with Dr. Cia?”

That morning, Blaine wanted anything but to wake up; he knew that he had to go sit in that strange, intimidating room with the woman that just kept probing him with questions. He would have given anything to go back a few days, wrap himself back into Sebastian’s arms and stay tucked in their little safe haven. He hated this, hated having to go and have this doctor try and drag up the littlest memories that he had worked so hard to suppress. The first meeting earlier in the week hadn’t gone over well at all in Blaine’s eyes. He had spent the entire hour and a half absolutely silent and trying to make himself as small as possible on the insipid couch; trying so hard to just ignore her probing. Staring into the mirror of bathroom it took all of Blaine’s courage to drag in a deep breath and open the door. He couldn’t hide in the bathroom all day, no matter what he wanted.

When he finally came out of the bathroom he had a moment of panic, not seeing his Master right off the bat wasn’t reassuring. Hearing the sound of his voice coming from the doorway, however, helped stem that panic. He painted his own small smile on his face before he shrugged and let himself latch onto Sebastian’s arm; fingers playing with the fabric of his Master’s sleeve. He cast a quick glance longingly back towards the bed before dropping his gaze to his feet. He hated this feeling, this utter feeling of uncertainty and panic that just the idea of seeing this woman brought; the lack of control that permeated the situation. “If it’ll please you, Master.”
Sebastian could easily see through the small painted smile on Blaine’s face. He knew how difficult
the therapy session had been earlier in the week, knew that the sheer fact Sebastian hadn’t been
allowed in the room had given the boy no small dose of anxiety. Adding in the subjects they’d been
discussing Sebastian counted it as a miracle Blaine had still reacted to him afterwards. He’d been
scared Blaine would block him again, but so far he’d still reacted the way he always had, if only a
little quieter. Seeing Blaine look towards the bed while clinging to his arm Sebastian hummed softly
under his breath, “It would, Biche, very much so.” He lifted his free arm up to cup the side of
Blaine’s neck in a soft caress before glancing speculatively at Marco, “Give us a minute, we’ll meet
you at the end of the hall.”

Marco gave Sebastian a funny look before nodding, even he could read the kid well enough to know
Blaine was about to burst out of his skin with anxiety. Sebastian was silent, merely stroking Blaine’s
neck and the line of his jaw until Marco had gone a ways down the hall, far enough that he knew
they wouldn’t be seen. In a fluid motion he had Blaine pressed into the wall, blocking him with his
own body, moving to keep him crowded in against the wall so that all he could feel was Sebastian,
tipping Blaine’s head back with a firm hand under the boy’s chin as he leaned in close with their
noses brushing as he spoke softly, his words firm. “You can do this, my sweet boy, you are stronger
than you know. I am going to be right outside of that room the entire time, but I need you to try for
me. I know it’s hard, and I know you don’t want to talk, but I need you to give the doctor a chance
for me.” He ran his thumbs along the line of Blaine’s jaw before pressing a quick kiss to his lips, “If
you need me, for any reason at all, you’re to do as I’ve said—say Master, call out to me and I will be
by your side in an instant. Always.”

Big golden doe eyes watched as Sebastian told Marco, the wall of a man, to give them a minute; and
he watched like a hawk as the man walked away down the hallway. He wasn’t sure what was going
on, usually Marco didn’t let either of them out of his sight if the door was open, but he was pleased
that the man was out of eyesight when he found himself securely pinned to the wall. The feeling of
safety that instantly flooded him as he was pressed so sweetly to the wall by his Master was one he
welcomed; just the weight of the other man against him was all he needed for his anxiety level to
come down significantly, even if only for a few brief moments. Blaine nearly even cried with the
sincerity that he felt coming from him as their noses nudged gently.

It was a fight for Blaine to maintain some semblance of control over the tears that started threatening
to overtake him as his Master spoke. While he would never call Sebastian on it, it was almost as if
the other man wasn’t playing fair. He knew that all he had to do to get Blaine to do something was
ask him to do it for him. Blaine was sure that Sebastian knew that he would do anything he
absolutely could to do what Sebastian wanted, even if that meant going through hell or high water.
His Master wanted him to go to therapy and try; so Blaine would do just that. His train of thought
completely derailed for a few brief seconds as he found himself the recipient of a short firm kiss;
even found him whining just a bit as those lips pulled away from him. Couldn’t they just stay here
and do that the rest of the day? What was so important about him seeing this doctor? Despite his
riotous thoughts, however, Blaine nodded; his grip tightening on Sebastian’s shirt. “Yes, Master.”

It was easy to feel the tension literally drain away from Blaine’s small frame as he was pushed back
into the wall. Sebastian hadn’t been certain it was the best course of action but he’d followed his gut
and taken a risk, for once it seemed to pay off. Sebastian had seen Blaine struggling with his
submissive side ever since that first session, and now he had to wonder if that’s what was keeping
him so on edge—not feeling the hand of a dominant to guide him and take the uncertainty away from
him. Sebastian would never say he was being manipulative in his actions, that wasn’t his intention as
he pressed close and tight to the younger boy, keeping their noses brushing so he was all Blaine would feel for those few moments, letting him find that comfort he needed to ground him.

“I would never ask you to do it unless I knew you were capable of it.” Sebastian needed to get through to Blaine how much he believed in him—even if the boy didn’t see his own strength yet. He would in time. He couldn’t help a grin at the soft whine Blaine let out when he pulled away from the kiss, pressing another quick peck he murmured quietly against Blaine’s lips, “Be a good boy and you can have all the kisses you want later.” It was equal parts incentive—appealing to the good behavior and rewards-will-come section of Blaine’s submissive state, but it also gave him a directive to follow without completely controlling him. Simply, be good. Giving him a small private smile, the smile only Blaine saw, Sebastian pulled away with his hand settling into the small of Blaine’s back as he guided him out of the room.

This was what Blaine needed, even if he didn’t want to admit it; he needed to feel like at least someone was in control, that he didn’t have to worry because someone else had taken the reigns and that all he had to do was exist. It brought his world back into the focus that he hadn’t realized he had lost in the last few days. The weight and press, the feeling of being engulfed by the man before him just gave him direction. Where was this feeling when he was locked in that room with Doctor Cia? Where was this feeling of peace and control when he was curled up on the empty couch? In that room, that dark intimidating room, Blaine felt nothing but alone and, oddly, angry. This woman that he didn’t know was trying to pull out memories that were doing nothing but just making him feel uncomfortable and upset; and that was just the one visit.

Taking a deep breath was about all Blaine could do before he nodded. His Sebastian, his beautiful Master, wanted him to be a good boy and he was even giving him amazing incentive to do so. Blaine would do anything for his Master to begin with but if there was a chance for kisses and caresses that just made everything that much better. Unfortunately, even with Sebastian’s hand on his back, the walk down the facility halls just brought that anxiety level higher and higher. He was practically shaking when they made it to the door; short Dr. Cia standing in the doorway with her big smile and dark eyes. “Welcome back, Blaine.” He hated hearing that name, it caused his brow to furrow and anger to form in the pit of his stomach. She wasn’t special enough to call him that. He hadn’t told her that was his name. “Come on in, Sebastian, you know the drill.” Blaine’s head and gaze stayed down, jaw clenched, as he was ushered into the room.

He could feel how uncomfortable Blaine was, and they hadn’t even left their room yet. He could feel the anxiety pushing through the brief moment of calm he’d been able to provide and Sebastian wanted to take it all away. He wanted to keep Blaine from feeling any of that anxiety or pressure, but he couldn’t. Not if he wanted to help show Blaine that he had the strength and ability to get better. When they finally left the bedroom Sebastian was careful to continue caressing the small of Blaine’s back, he knew the brief touch and contact wasn’t likely to subdue the fear pulsing through him, but it was the best he could do. Following Marco through the halls up until they reached the office, Sebastian didn’t miss how Blaine stiffened at the informal use of his name. Sebastian felt a quick spike of anger and protective need surge through him, he had little to do with this side of Blaine’s recovery—he rarely interacted with the Doctor on any of his cases, but he found himself wanting to strangle the small woman on principle.

When she addressed him as Sebastian he narrowed his eyes further, she was the only one in the facility that never followed the rule of ‘Master’ and even if Sebastian didn’t enjoy the name it did serve a purpose. “Biche,” Sebastian stopped him just long enough to brush a hand through the boy’s hair, tugging almost playfully to get him to drop a wall or two for him, “You know my rules, if you say ‘Red’ the questions will stop and the doctor will come get me so I can come and get you
immediately; and if you say ‘Master’ I will be in there in an instant.” Once Blaine was taken into the room he heaved a wearied sigh, grunting absently as Marco handed him a cup of coffee—the older man knew better than to say anything to him yet.

Forty-five minutes. That’s how long Blaine had been sitting curled up on the couch while Dr. Cia talked at him. It was always questions about his—that man, and ‘what was it like growing up with him’ and asking for detailed descriptions of a typical day in the Anderson home. She kept insisting on asking about things that Blaine wasn’t even sure how she knew about them; how anyone but him would know about them. How would anyone else know about the room under the stairs with the canes and whip; the secret drawer in his bathroom where he kept the sleepy shots. She even asked about the cross in the attic; when she asked about that cross Blaine visibly paled. No one knew what that was really for; no one knew that Blaine had been ordered to make that cross himself, to carry it up to the attic before he was chained to it and whipped and caned mercilessly.

She asked that question and now here they were; Blaine was curled in so tight onto the couch that his knuckles were turning white as he gripped his legs and he was muttering softly. “R-red. Red.” But his words weren’t more than a whisper and she didn’t seem to be making out what he was saying. Terrified golden eyes watched her as she got up from her chair and made her way towards him. He watched in panic driven slow motion as she reached out to touch him. No, no! No, touch equals pain! Please what did I do?! For a second, he didn’t see Dr Cia reaching for him; it was him. And before he knew what he was doing, Blaine was throwing himself over the couch and shaking his head vehemently. “No! Red! RED! Master!” he screamed as he fell to his knees in the corner of the room, tears pouring down his cheeks even though beneath he felt rage boiling in the pit of his stomach. “Please, Sebastian!” He whimpered.

Sebastian felt his blood run cold when he heard a thud come from inside the room, closely followed by Blaine yelling. Marco and Sebastian both were up and out of their folding chairs like they’d been lit on fire, flinging the door open to get inside the room. “Sebastian you know you can’t be in here!” Dr. Cia’s voice was shrill as she tried to regain control of her office. “Watch me.” He growled as he pushed past her before spotting Blaine kneeling in the corner. He felt his heart break as he heard the whimpers of his name, hurrying across the room Sebastian dropped to his knees in front of Blaine, “Biche, it’s okay—Master’s here, it’s done.” Sebastian kept his voice firm, mindful to keep himself taller than Blaine even while on his knees, as he put his hands on either side of Blaine’s neck, “I’m going to take care of you sweet boy, but you need to breath—can you control your breathing for me? In and out, slowly.”

The tremor that ran down his spine, the terror and anger coursing through his body, had his heart racing and his breathing erratic; and it only got worse when he saw a pair of feet approaching him.
Just as he was about to press himself as low to the ground as possible, going so far as to gravel at his Master’s feet, the other man kneeled down and grasp him on either side of his neck; golden eyes slammed shut. He had done it now; he had been commanded to do one thing, one simple thing, and he had fucked up royally. He didn’t deserve to even be granted the other man’s touch but if he pulled away he would be defying his Master again. And, truthfully, that small bit of contact was the only thing that was keeping those awful memories at bay; the only thing keeping him grounded.

Breathing? Sebastian was asking him to focus on his breathing; he heard that over the thrumming of his pulse. Squeezing his eyes tightly allowed Blaine to focus on the small bit of contact, that anchor, and that in turn allowed him to focus on the slowly steadying rhythm of his breathing; in fact it even allowed him to concentrate on matching his pulse with the one he felt thrumming through Sebastian’s fingertips. Slowly, breath by breath, the fog of terror lifted until it was manageable and Blaine could open his eyes again; though he still kept his gaze cast downward. “Sebastian! I assure you, he’s fine, clearly he was just facing a hard memory. Thank-you for your assistance but I do have the situation under control, I must ask you to leave my office so that Blaine and I can finish our session. Sebastian? Go!” He could hear that woman practically shrieking at his Master but with his anchor there with him he didn’t have to care; Master would take care of it, of him, just like he promised.

Sebastian could feel the fear and upset racing through Blaine and rolling off of him in waves like it was a tangible thing. What clenched in his gut in an uncomfortable sensation was the fact that when he touched him Blaine immediately curled in on himself. He could see the fear his presence was causing the boy all over again, it was like all the breakthroughs they’d made the last few weeks were for naught as Blaine trembled under his touch. The self loathing was written clear as day across Blaine’s beautiful face and Sebastian worried he’d pull away completely; worried he’d been pushed too far. He watched as Blaine slowly started focusing, pressing his thumbs in firm strokes and circles into the junction just under Blaine’s jaw, giving him a point of contact to focus on as he struggled through his haze. “That’s it, beautiful, you’re doing so good.” Sebastian kept murmuring soft praises, keeping up a stream of gentle talking to bring Blaine back to him; he kept his own panic tamped down completely giving off the outward air of confidence and strength he knew Blaine needed.

When Blaine finally opened his eyes Sebastian let the tension in his frame relax subtly. “There’s my boy.” He whispered softly, his voice warm as he pressed a kiss to Blaine’s forehead, resting his cheek against Blaine’s temple he dropped his voice so only the boy would hear, “I’m proud of you Biche, you’ve done exactly what Master asked so please do not be scared, I’m not angry with you.” He nuzzled his cheek against Blaine’s temple trying to convey all his love in that one simple motion before he pulled back with an annoyed sigh at the Doctor’s shrill, obscenely loud badgering. “Yes clearly, that was all it was.” His voice dripped sarcasm, and possibly a little disdain over the woman’s callousness—although he knew she was just doing her job this was his Blaine she was taking care of. Turning back to the boy he used his thumbs under Blaine’s chin to bring him to look up at him so he could get better feel for the emotions hidden in those golden eyes, “Do you want Master to stay with you while you finish your session, Biche—you will have to do exactly as Master says if I do…or we can leave, we’ll try again another day. I won’t be angry with you either way, but you must pick one.” Sebastian knew giving Blaine a choice would bring back his anxiety, but if he wanted the doctor to let them leave she’d have to hear it from Blaine himself.

The submissive part of Blaine’s brain, the part that was currently holding the reigns, was submerged in a wash of confusion at the tenderness in his Master’s voice and touch; sure there was a firm undertone that allowed the panic to continue it’s slow subside but he still didn’t understand really. Meanwhile the small part of Blaine’s brain that had started to grow and that learned what being loved is like was working in over time to try and regain control. He knew that his Sebastian wouldn’t hurt
him, knew that his Sebastian would take care of him and wouldn’t let any harm come to him if he was able. When he felt his Sebastian press against his head, Blaine felt some of the remaining tension start to ebb. He wanted more than anything to just go and hide in their music room, ideally beneath the piano but he knew that that wasn’t something Sebastian would allow him to do again. His body tensed when he felt his head being lifted, his eyes initially looking anywhere but at the green eyes peering back at him before finally capitulating.

Pick?! The anxiety flared back to life in Blaine’s body, blatantly obvious to the rest of the room by the way his brow wrinkled and his lip was clenched between his teeth. He didn’t want to be here, he never wanted to come back to this place; but Sebastian had asked him to try and Blaine wanted his Master to be happy. Maybe if Blaine stayed and tried harder then Sebastian would forgive him for the snap just now. Maybe he could do this if Sebastian was with him. Blaine’s only fear about Sebastian staying was that his Master could order him to answer the questions; it had taken all of his willpower to just sit on the couch quietly while the woman asked him those horrid questions, he wasn’t sure he could actually answer those questions and retain his sanity without serious help. But he wanted to make Sebastian happy. “I-I can try. Please, Master, I can t-t-try harder.” His voice wasn’t much louder than a whisper as he basically begged to make him happy.

Watching the golden eyes he loved so dearly cloud over, the fear and battle inside Blaine’s head causing him to lose focus in front of him. Sebastian wanted to bundle Blaine close and cradle him close, keep him protected from the world so that no one could harm him again. He didn’t want to force Blaine to discuss the things that scared him, didn’t want to push Blaine so far he couldn’t find his way back from those dark places—but he knew he had too. When Blaine spoke, practically begging him to let him try again, begging him to give him the chance to be better, be stronger, Sebastian nodded. Pressing a quick kiss to Blaine’s temple he brushed his fingers along Blaine’s throat, stroking the line of his jaw briefly, “As you wish, Biche.” Getting up off the floor Bas glanced around to figure out the way the office was set up, Blaine needed the ability to let himself go, to go under and forget having to be strong, and Sebastian had to help him find that space.

“Stand up.” He ignored Dr. Cia’s indignant sputter at his tone, Blaine didn’t need him to coddle or carry him from place to place—he might want that, but it wasn’t what he needed, what he needed was for Sebastian to take all the weight from his shoulders. He needed a Master. Once Blaine was up on his feet he murmured a soft, but still firm, ‘good boy’ before gently settling a hand on the small of Blaine’s back to guide him around the couch. With a thoughtful hum he grabbed a pillow from off the uncomfortable looking couch, placing it on the floor before sitting on the couch, placing his feet on either side of the pillow; he gave Blaine a targeted look. “Kneel on the pillow, Biche, facing the doctor’s chair. You’re going to lean back so that you can feel me during Dr. Cia’s questions, after each question I want you to silently count to ten—if you can’t answer the question, or are unwilling, you will shake your head and the doctor will move on.”

When his Master nodded and stood, brief kiss and fingers trailing, Blaine let out a silent sigh of relief; he could show Sebastian, prove to him, that he was really a good boy and that he could try just like Sebastian wanted. The instant his Master’s command left his mouth Blaine was on his feet; hands folded neatly before him and head bowed as he waited patiently. He could feel his submissive side taking a firmer grasp of the reigns, causing the tension in his body to drain the instant he gave himself over to the other man’s control. Letting his Master take control, telling him what to do and how to act, he could do that. With swift, finite movements Blaine took to his appointed place; he noted that Sebastian had been kind and offered him a pillow to kneel on instead of just the hardwood floor but that thought was only secondary. With a small shift, Blaine was sitting back on his heels so that the length of his sides were pressed against his Master’s legs; hands resting palms down on his thighs
and eyes cast down to the floor as he waited without another thought in the world. Slipping soundlessly back into the darkspace they had worked so hard to get him out of.

Dr. Cia took her chair across from them in a huff. “Sebastian, this is highly irregular. There is no need for the boy to be kneeling like that on the floor, it doesn’t look comfortable at all.” Blaine could hear her huff once more before resigning. Whatever look his Master had given her must have been enough to quiet her right down; just thinking about it caused a shudder to run down Blaine’s spine. Before he could continue on that thought though, Dr. Cia was back to asking those insistent questions about the attic and cross. Every question causing a spike of fear to momentarily flare within him before the soothing feeling of Master’s leg on his side helped push it back down and he could shake his head. By the end of the session, Blaine had effectively not answered a single question and he could tell that the good doctor was a little upset about that one. “Blaine, I know it’s hard but you have to answer some of these questions. It’s important.” And when she didn’t receive a response from him of any kind it seemed she turned her attention to his Master. “Sebastian, the police, lawyers and jury are all expecting some kind of statement from him. If you want his father convicted then you need his statement. Without Blaine’s testimony there is no case and his father will regain custody of him.”
Warning: This chapter and the majority of the 'Doctor's Orders' sub-chapters will hold descriptions of what was done to our Golden Eyed boy. They aren't pretty things. The doctor's questions (really anything she says) are in italics, so if anything read the question and judge whether or not you want to read Biche's response.

Once they leave the dr's office, after this session anyway, there's an uplifting reward.

It would probably never be something Sebastian was entirely comfortable, the ease with which he could fall into the Master role. Everyone said it made him good at his job, made everything easier in the long run, but in truth Sebastian hated it. The very thought of controlling somebody’s movements and actions, was uncomfortable to him on every level, it was so different from the concept of caring for and assisting the needs of someone else, catering to a submissive. It made him want to stop everything that was happening in the room, this ease with which Blaine immediately submitted to him just because he’d slipped on that mask of a master once more. But he knew Blaine needed it, needed him. His own comforts and beliefs didn’t matter, not when it came to caring for his sweet boy. Once Blaine was on his knees on the pillow Sebastian shifted his legs enough to let Blaine feel him, be reminded he didn’t have to do this alone, not anymore. When Dr. Cia questioned the arrangement he said nothing, leveling the woman with a patented Smythe glare until she moved on.

Listening to the doctor ask her questions Sebastian wanted to stop her—how could she not see the tension and pain pouring off of Blaine? Even in Blaine’s darkspace it was clear the questions were causing him more tension than the darkspace could counter. After every question, Sebastian pressed his legs closer to his sides, reaffirming the knowledge that he was there. When Dr. Cia turned on him after getting no response from Blaine, Sebastian stiffened sitting up straighter, “Clearly your tactics aren’t working, maybe now you’ll actually listen to my suggestions.” Sebastian nearly growled the words as he settled a hand on the back of Blaine’s neck, giving him something to focus on other than the doctor's harsh criticisms. “Start by addressing him with the name he prefers. He isn’t going to respond to any other name, not with you. Start small and work up, ask specific questions that don’t require him to go against his past teaching.” Sebastian explained it slowly as if talking to a child before leaning in close to Blaine so he’d feel him along his back, “Biche, can you tell the doctor how often your old Master gave you food?”

Though the questions pulled at the corners of his consciousness that only lightly lingered in darkspace, Blaine was able to passively sit while the woman offered up her opinions and demands before turning her attention to the man that was so nicely keeping him anchored by the firm hand pressed to the back of his neck as his eyes remained glued to the floor. The touch wasn’t one of pain or punishment, just a steady reassuring presence that he was there and that he wasn’t going anywhere. The very touch that Blaine needed right that moment; the very same touch that had helped him get through the tougher parts of the last twenty or so minutes. So content was he in his darkspace that Blaine hadn’t even noticed that they had already run over their time.

The only thing that showed any registration that Blaine felt Sebastian press into him was that he blinked a few times and a very soft blush moved over his cheeks. The questions was a simple one,
which Blaine was remarkably relieved about, and as he thought about it he realized that it didn’t in fact cause him to go against anything he had been taught to answer such a simple question. And, even though it was his Master that asked him the question, Blaine took his breath as he leaned back ever so slightly against Sebastian; bringing the contact into a much firmer reality. When he answered his voice was even and emotionless, just as he had been trained, and his gaze never wavered from its spot on the floor. “My old Master allowed me to eat only when he deemed me worthy of such ‘luxuries’. On average I was granted permission to eat twice a week.” “I understand that, but asking such small questions is going to take more time than we already have and I have the District Attorney on my case about getting his testimony ready. They need it in a month, Sebastian.”

Sebastian, almost absentmindedly, stroked his fingers along the base of Blaine’s skull and along his neck, he ran fingers through the bottom of Blaine’s hair in silent reward to answering his question. He was careful to not do anything that might pull Blaine too far out of his head space, but to keep him relaxed and comfortable, taken care of. “Doctor, for a smart woman you’re an idiot.” Sebastian drawled the words in annoyed impatience as he glanced up at the tiny woman. “Use your head, he just told you he ate maybe twice a week if he was good—which that alone is a mark of neglect even by Master-Slave guidelines. If you can’t ask and evaluate the small answers you’re never going to gain his trust or willingness to answer the big ones.” Sebastian thought it was painfully obvious, then again like anything regarding Blaine and his safety he was often struck dumb by how oblivious other people were to how to care for the boy. “He just said he was allowed to eat when deemed worthy. Follow that.”

When Cia just stared at him somewhat blankly Sebastian heaved a sigh, really it wasn’t that difficult. Stroking Blaine’s neck again as he pushed back into him, he motioned towards Cia’s notepad and after grabbing it he quickly scribbled a few (what he saw as basic) follow up questions to help get the doctor on the right track. Handing the pad back to her he raised an eyebrow in a silent challenge, daring her to fight with him more. When she sighed, the sound coming out like defeat, Sebastian grinned a little triumphantly. “Blaine…Biche, you mentioned needing to be worthy for food, how often did your old Master consider you as bad or punish you?” Sebastian of course knew the answer for the most part, but the question was more a formality to give the doctor the ability to follow up and ask for an example of a punishment.

For all that Blaine was concerned, the pair talking over his head could have been nothing more than idle buzzing. It didn’t matter to Blaine that the pair was talking right over his head about him or that they were discussing the best way to get answers out of him. He was deep enough in the blinding darkness that was his darkspace that he would answer just about anything if the question was phrased right and it didn’t cause him to break any of the rules that his old Master had beaten into him. He sat patiently, being as good a boy as he could, as they discussed him and how to ask him what they wanted; he was even doing his best to make sure that he didn’t move overly much by spacing out his breaths and even then keeping them as shallow as he could. Nothing came from him until something was asked of him.

When the doctor addressed him, called his name, Blaine’s attention was instantly brought into sharp focus on to her. While she wasn’t his Master she was above him, she was more, and his Master wanted him to try and answer her questions and try he would. Once her question was asked, Blaine closed his eyes and counted softly from one to ten and then opened them again; being sure to keep his gaze down as he answered, his voice still unemotional and disjointed sounding. “Master would inform me of my bad behavior several times a day and I would receive a punishment at least three times a day.” He could hear the slight intake of breath echo through the room but he wasn’t sure who it had come from; a small part of his mind was curious as to who had made it but he was slipping
The admission wasn’t shocking to Sebastian, he’d guessed as much over their weeks together—had started to piece together that Blaine had rarely known anything other than punishment from his past Master. The shocked gasp from the doctor meant nothing to him, other than that once again no one had bothered reading his notes and personal accounts of Blaine’s nightmares and nightly mumblings. He was glad Blaine was too under to notice the shock and pitying look Cia was giving him, if there was one thing he knew without question: it was that Blaine did not handle pity well. While the doctor quickly made her notes Sebastian ran his hands through the back part of Blaine’s hair, tangling the curls around his fingers gently. He knew the doctor was anxious to get more answers, but Sebastian could feel Blaine slipping further and further away and that was not what he wanted. They’d made too much progress in Blaine’s ability to cope with stress and change, the darkspace was meant for relief—not a complete escape.

“That’s enough for today doctor.” When she sputtered Sebastian gave her the same glare from earlier, “My word is final. Next time maybe you’ll listen to me from the beginning and not waste any of our time again.” Glancing towards the door where Marco had been waiting—he could see a lingering look of shock even in his eyes at Blaine’s answer, Sebastian nodded towards the doctor silently asking for help. Marco shook himself off before going to escort the doctor out of her office, ignoring her protests about progress and breakthroughs. Once they were out of the room Sebastian slid his hand over Blaine’s heart, arm encircling Blaine’s shoulders from behind as he nuzzled his cheek against Blaine’s with a soft hum, “Come back to me, Biche. You did so good for me—my good, sweet boy. You’re done today, it’s over.”

The cold numbness of darkspace was pulling at him, it would be so easy for Blaine to just let go and slip back into what he had only ever known before this place but the soft fingers threaded through the curls at the base of his skull kept pulling him back to just this side of feeling. On top of that, the small spacial awareness part of Blaine’s mind was registering that there was some movement going on from the woman in front of him and yet another person; steel toed boots coming into view that he distantly registered as the hulking mass that was Marco. Once the woman was out of the room, however, Blaine was plunged into silence that, even though it only lasted a few brief seconds, felt like forever. And then he was being wrapped so tightly against his Master’s chest.

The contact initially surprised Blaine, causing his downcast eyes to widen fractionally and his heart to start beating frantically out of his chest. Had he done something wrong? He had tried, he had tried so hard and answered the questions; but maybe Master was still angry about the earlier break. He wanted to plead, to beg for him not to be upset because tried. He just couldn’t tolerate the idea of her touching him right that moment and had been scared. The more rational part of Blaine’s brain was starting to fight back now and it was slowly winning; if the way his hand slowly came up to grasp at the encircling arm. “Please don’t be mad, Master. I tried.” He kept his voice so soft as his eyes filled with tears. “I tried. I’m sorry, I tried.” Slowly his body lost the rigid posture and started to sag into Sebastian’s arms, allowing the other man to just hold him.

Sebastian could feel Blaine trying to pull in on himself, could feel him trying to fight against the alluring draw of darkspace and he was so proud of him for fighting against that temptation. He felt the dramatic spike in Blaine’s heart rate as he pulled himself back into awareness, his body stiffening in Sebastian’s arms until his back was as stiff as a board. Shushing Blaine gently as he ran his thumb in soothing circles against his chest, nuzzling his cheek against Blaine’s temple as Blaine begged him. “Oh, sweet boy, no. No, I'm not mad.” Sebastian murmured softly, his voice warm and just
above a whisper as he tucked Blaine’s lax body close against his chest. He could feel Blaine practically clawing at his arm, clinging to him like a lifeline, and it tore at him that his boy thought he was angry with him, that he thought he’d done badly.

“I’m so proud of you, Biche.” Sebastian murmured softly before pressing a kiss to his temple, then cheek, brushing his lips along Blaine’s warm skin. He knew Blaine needed constant reassurance and touch to remember that he was there for him. “You did so good for Master, of course I’m not mad, beautiful.” As he spoke he carefully slid off of the couch onto the ground behind Blaine, shifting them so that he was kneeling as well—knees on either side of Blaine’s own, hugging him close as he curled his body around Blaine’s so that he could feel him. Wrapping his free arm around Blaine’s waist he hugged him close, pressing light kisses along Blaine’s cheek, jaw, neck and shoulder.

As the blessed embrace that was darkspace started to fade it tore a pained whimper from Blaine; he knew that he was being called back from that sweet oblivion and that the last thing Sebastian wanted would be for Blaine to stay there but it felt safe and he didn’t have to worry about anything when he was there. But, whimper aside, Blaine still slowly rose from that space and he allowed himself to be held and rocked and shown that he is loved and he is okay. When Sebastian initially slip behind him and held him even tighter, Blaine barely even registered it; just the slight way his head slowly fell back against Sebastian’s shoulder was the only recognition he gave. As he came more into himself Blaine was aware of the tears streaming down his cheeks and he eventually turned in Sebastian’s arms to hide in the other man’s chest.

Blaine wasn’t sure how long they sat there, or how long he had his face buried in Sebastian’s chest while he cried, but it didn’t matter to him. It felt like he was curled there for hours crying; a good cathartic cry that helped clear the last weeks’ tension and pain. He wanted so much to just curl up and disappear for just a few moments; he didn’t want to delve into the past anymore, couldn’t they see that it didn’t matter? The man had already done what damage he could do to Blaine there wasn’t possibly anything else he could do short of killing him; and he’d come close to that several times. Blaine wanted it all to be over and done with and he knew that that wasn’t likely to happen. And it just made him cry further and clutch tighter to Sebastian.

The pain radiating from Blaine tore at Sebastian like a knife in his gut. He’d sworn to keep Blaine safe, promised him love and care, promised he’d never hurt him; and yet here he was once again, holding a sobbing boy in his arms as the world crashed in waves around him. Of course it was illogical to think Blaine would never hurt again, and even though Blaine didn’t see it yet—getting through these moments, talking about his past, would help Blaine come to a better place in his head in the future. There would be a day, when they didn’t fear Blaine’s father would return, days when they could take a walk down the street and Blaine wouldn’t be scared of every person they met. But for now, they had to take small steps, they had to push through those bad memories to help Blaine come to terms with the truth—none of what happened to him was his fault. One day Blaine would know he was a good person, a good person whom the world had tossed aside and allowed bad things to happen.

When Blaine slowly turned himself in Sebastian’s arms before burrowing into his chest, Sebastian tightened his arms around the boy. “Shhh, I’ve got you, Biche. You’re done with the doctor today. You did so good, so good for me.” Sebastian murmured soft praises as he kissed his temple and nuzzled his hairline, he held onto him tightly in order to help Blaine feel covered and held. He said nothing as Blaine cried himself out, simply hummed softly, hands stroking along the line of his spine in broad firm strokes, constantly touching and rocking him gently in his arms. As he felt the sobs begin to fade from his boy Sebastian kissed his cheek, using long fingers to wipe away the tears on his cheeks, “Better?”
Slowly, achingly slowly, Blaine cried himself dry; eventually the sobs started to subside and he was able to finally focus on just the feeling of Sebastian holding onto him. He was able to feel the firm strokes, the gentle rocking and the soft brush of fingers wiping away stale tears; bringing a soft smile to his face. Better was such a broad question, was he better? For the moment he felt lighter, safe in his Sebastian’s strong arms and beyond exhausted; it would seem crying one’s eyes out took more energy than he had thought. For one more brief moment Blaine let himself remain engulfed in his Master’s embrace before finally nodding and pulling back just far enough to look up at his Sebastian of his own free will; albeit his eyes were shy and hesitant at first.

“Yes. Can we—we please get up and go h-home? Y-you’re going to hurt yourself, M-Master, if you stay kneeling like that.” His voice was stronger than it had been before, some of the life and emotions had returned to his words. He waited for Sebastian to stand first, taking a second to marvel at the man that had kept his promise to stay with him and always be there for him, before he accepted the hand that was held out to him and rose stiffly from the floor; his body angry from sitting as he hadn’t sat for a while now. Blaine wanted to know if he had tried hard enough, but he wasn’t sure if he would get in trouble for asking; there was the slightest waver in his voice. “I’ll try harder, next time, Master.” He just barely managed to suppress the shudder that ran down his spine at the thought of having to come back to that dreadful office.

Running his hands through Blaine’s hair Sebastian hummed softly, the sound low and vibrating in his chest more than making any actual noise as Blaine started relaxing in his arms. He could feel the exhaustion starting to run its course through Blaine’s small frame, he’d been through a lot for the day and he could tell that the younger boy was ready to hide away in their room. When Blaine looked up at him Sebastian smiled softly, nodding just a little before pressing a quick kiss to his lips—a soft chaste brush before he nudged their noses together gently. “Of course we can go back to our room now, we’re done for today.” Sebastian smiled before chuckling softly, Blaine’s first comment would be about his own comfort. “I’m fine, sweet boy, you don’t have to worry about me. It’s my complete honor to be the one worrying after and taking care of you.”

Sebastian stood up slowly before holding a hand out, unable to help an almost cocky grin as Blaine stared up at him speechless for a moment before taking his hand and pulling himself up on his feet. He wrapped an arm around Blaine’s waist, hugging him close as he saw the look of discomfort and pain on Blaine’s face as he stood up. “I’ll massage your legs once we’re back to our room, Biche.” Sebastian murmured softly before guiding him out of the room, he kept his arm wrapped around Blaine in order to keep him close while they walked. Sebastian rubbed his hand against the small of Blaine’s back with a soft smile, “Oh sweet boy, you did perfectly today—you asked for help when you needed it and let Master be there for you, there is absolutely nothing more I could ask for from you today, Biche. I know you tried, you did so good.” Sebastian kissed Blaine’s temple before they stopped outside of their room, Sebastian’s lips quirking into a grin when Marco nodded at him, “And, to show you how proud I am…I got you a little surprise. Go in and say hello…”

Being pulled in tightly to Sebastian’s side and feeling the soft caresses pulled a relieved sigh from Blaine and he closed his eyes as he was led through the halls; resting his head gently against the shoulder that belonged to the arm that held him so tightly. Here he could breathe, relax, and the second they stepped out of the door, he knew that everything was going to be okay again. Those golden eyes stayed carefully hidden beneath his eye lids, head pressed against that shoulder, as they made their way down the corridors. They had walked these corridors so much in the time that he had gotten there that he could picture in his head exactly where they were in the building. It was a trick that had come in handy on more than one occasion in his past when he hadn’t had full use of his
eyes. With a shudder he repressed those memories and just focused on the feeling of his Sebastian next to him, holding him.

When they stopped outside the door, Blaine opened his eyes and looked around a bit confused; usually Sebastian would just lead him straight into the room and the door would shut behind them, effectively shutting out the rest of the world. Why would he stop outside? Blaine hadn’t heard anyone call for his Master, hadn’t heard Marco tell them to wait, so why were they still standing outside the room. Before Blaine could truly work himself into any form of a panic, Sebastian was smiling down at him and speaking. A surprise? Say hello? What kind of surprise would Blaine need to say hello to? He had never been given a surprise before and he had no idea how to react. So he hesitantly opened the door and stopped, frozen, when he saw what was sitting so patiently on their bed. Before he moved further into the room, Blaine cast a quick glance to Sebastian, seeking reassurance; and with that reassurance he was slowly moving towards the beautiful beast on the bed. The dog was beautiful with fur that looked as soft as silk and big brown eyes as it watched Blaine move forward, and it was at least half the size of Blaine. When he finally reached out and let his fingers run through the dark fur that was when Blaine let go; wrapping his arms around the patient dog’s neck and pressing his face into the fur and smiling shyly when the dog turned and licked what could be seen of his face happily.

Sebastian loved how easily Blaine could tuck himself in close to his body. It was comforting to him, comforting to feel that strength and warm body pressed into his. He knew Blaine was small for his age and it was something that he would probably always have to compensate for. Years of stunting, punishments and malnourishment would leave Blaine consistently smaller than other boys his age. However there was a hidden strength in that small frame, and every day he was growing stronger. Blaine may never be the tallest boy, but his strength was already something to be admired, and Sebastian couldn’t wait to see what would come of him when he was finally healthy. When Blaine hesitated Sebastian simply grinned, he wanted to put a real smile on Blaine’s face and nothing helped someone feel more like a kid than a dog. Plus there was the added bonus that this particular Bernese Mountain dog was a trained guard and therapy dog—he would be the perfect companion to help Blaine feel more comfortable with adventuring outside of their room.

When Blaine seemed to hesitate, rocking between going into the room and towards the dog and staying by him Sebastian chuckled softly. Nodding as he murmured a soft ‘go ahead’ Sebastian grinned as he leaned a shoulder against the doorjamb, giving Blaine the time to approach the dog on his own. “You did good, kid.” Marco grumbled with a grin as he poked his head around the doorjamb in order to watch Blaine hug the dog he’d brought in while Blaine was in his therapy session. Sebastian had pulled a lot of strings with his father to clear the permits needed to get Blaine a guard dog, especially while he was still in the facility walls. But as far as Sebastian was concerned the compromises and promises he’d made would be worth it. With a soft huff Sebastian pushed at Marco’s shoulder before grinning and walking into the room and closing the door behind him, “Well, what do you think?”

Blaine hadn’t heard Sebastian walk into the room behind him nor did he hear the door close behind him either; he was too busy letting himself get lost in the feeling of the way the dog’s fur brushed against his face and the warmth that was radiating off of him. Blaine actually hadn’t realized he was cold until he was hugging the panting heating blanket. When his Master asked him what he thought he had to work to pull his face out of the pile of fur and to give him a small smile. “He’s for me?” He had never been given anything so amazing and it made Blaine’s heart feel like it was going to explode out of his chest. Every time he thought he finally had his Master completely understood the man would turn around and surprise him, make his heart swell and he would discover that he
actually could love the man more than he already did.

He was all for Blaine? Master went out of his way and got him this beautiful creature that Blaine was certain he didn’t actually deserve. That smile broadened as the dog’s tail started wagging more and he started licking with more vigor at Blaine’s face, even nudging his arm with his nose to get Blaine to pet him; that resulted in a bubble of small laughter to come from Blaine before he let go of the dog and practically launched himself at Sebastian. He couldn’t believe that his Master had done this. His arms wrapped firmly around Sebastian’s waist and buried his head into the other man’s chest. “He’s beautiful. Thank you, Master.” He was embarrassed that there were tears in his eyes again, so he made sure his face was hidden. There was such kindness and love in the gesture that was the gift he was being given that, after the last hour or so, Blaine was still convinced he didn’t deserve; but Master was happy, he could tell by the smile he was wearing before Blaine tackled him, and that was what was important. And the happy puppy that was nudging at his hip helped too.

Witnessing the joy Blaine held over the dog was something truly remarkable. He knew that Blaine had never been given gifts or attention like this, had never been given the surprise joy of a present simply because someone loved them and wanted to make them smile. And at its core that’s what this dog was. Yes, the dog was largely for Blaine’s safety—and Sebastian had promised his father that Blaine would be his last charge. Of course, making that promise hadn’t been hard, the hard ones had followed that promise—but in the end he’d managed to work out a compromise that his father could live with. The dog would be a guard dog, a companion to help Blaine feel more at ease when they were apart, but it was also a dog for the sheer sake of making Blaine happy. “He’s all yours, you’ll have to take good care of him; take him on walks, feed him twice a day, play with him. Think you can do that?”

Sebastian smiled as Blaine all but launched himself around Sebastian’s waist. That right there was reason enough for him to jump through hoops and bring the dog in for Blaine. Blaine needed to be able to feel that comforting presence attached to a new sense of responsibility that would give him purpose. “Of course, Biche.” Sebastian smiled tenderly, pressing a kiss to his forehead as he hugged him in close, “I would do absolutely anything to put that beautiful smile on your face.” Sebastian murmured softly as he hugged Blaine close with a hand running through Blaine’s hair—laughing when he felt the nudge at their legs from the dog. “Looks like I’ll have to share your attention from now on then,” Sebastian snorted suddenly wondering if the surprise was going to be worth losing Blaine’s attention and affection before he let go of Blaine with a hum, “You’ll need to name him.”

“I-I promise. He’ll be the happiest puppy ever. Can we-“ Blaine bit his lip as he rethinked about asking his last question. He wanted to know if they could take him to the beach with them, if he could take and play in the sand and water with him but he remembered that Sebastian had said that their beach was a rewards and a good slave never asked for rewards; that only ever led to punishments. Instead he shook his head and changed the question. “W-where can I walk him?” He asked a little unsure. Walking him meant that he had to leave their rooms and he wasn’t really keen on the idea but the dog depended on him and Blaine wasn’t going to let him suffer because he was scared. He let a hand drop down to scratch at the dog’s ear as it sat happily at their side. “What do I feed him?” Glancing around the room he noted that there was a set of bowls off to the side already set up on a mat and one was already filled to the brim with water.

Closing his eyes, Blaine turned his head into Sebastian’s hand as it continued running through his hair; marveling at the touch as it kept him grounded and calm. He did smile up at Sebastian though when he heard him snort. “But I-I love you. That’s not going to change.” And he leaned forward to press a soft kiss to the part of Sebastian’s neck that he could reach before settling back down onto his
heels. “I get to name him?” The excitement that flared to life in Blaine’s eyes was brilliant; he had never thought about naming another creature. Looking down at the dog he couldn’t help but feel like this was his second good luck charm, his new friend, that this dog was a new start on life for Blaine himself. For whatever reason it made him think about the movie they had watched just a few nights before, curled up on the bed and his favorite character from it. “Binx. Can we name him Binx?”
Sebastian tilted his head in curious interest when Blaine started a question only to cut himself off. Blaine had started being better about voicing his questions, asking for things and letting Sebastian in to his mind. It had been reassuring to know Blaine was more open to asking for help or finding the answers to his questions, so to have Blaine redirecting himself mid-sentence was a bit unusual. Sebastian frowned gently before following Blaine’s new train of questioning, “There are a few enclosed gardens here that you can take him to play and stretch his legs. A few times a week we’ll take him on longer walks outside the facility as well.” Sebastian followed Blaine’s look towards the new bowls before settling a hand on Blaine’s back as he motioned with his other hand towards the cabinet in the corner. “His food is in there, as well as special treats you can give him for good behavior, there are also a few toys in there that his trainers provided but we can always get others over time.”

With the soft press of lips to his neck Sebastian’s eyes slid shut for a moment, a brief sigh sliding past his lips as he murmured softly, “I know, Biche. Just as I love you.” When Blaine’s eyes widened in excitement over the chance to name the dog Sebastian chuckled softly, kissing his cheek, “Of course you get to name the dog, he’s yours.” Sebastian hummed the words softly before he walked over to sit on the edge of the bed and stretching his legs, rotating his shoulder some as Blaine thought about what to name the dog. He smiled a little wider as Blaine came up with one, ever since he’d shown Blaine the movie days ago it had become one of his favorites, in fact they’d watched it twice in one day. “I think Binx is the perfect name.”

Blaine had completely forgotten about the enclosed gardens that stood mostly unused on the grounds; he vaguely recalled Sebastian telling him about them on one of the times he had tried to get Blaine to step out of his comfort zone and explore a bit more of the grounds but he hadn’t been in a good enough place to actively agree to going out to them. That made him stop for a moment; had he really grown so brave in the short time that he had spent here with Sebastian? That very idea both terrified and warmed him; Blaine hadn’t thought he would ever get ‘better’, if better really was the word he was looking for. He made a mental note to ask Sebastian to take him and Binx down to one of the gardens so that they could all enjoy some time in the sun. With a nod, he made his own way over to the bed; he had seen the way Sebastian had rolled his shoulder and he knew that his Master tended to ignore taking care of it. So he crawled up onto the bed and kneeled behind Sebastian as his fingers worked into the muscles there; calling Binx up onto the bed to lay down next to them.

Stopping for a moment, Blaine flopped back onto the bed and grabbed the warming oil that he had found tucked away in the nightstand drawer not long ago; he wasn’t stupid, he knew what it could be used for but that didn’t matter right then. Sitting back up he tugged at the hem of Sebastian’s shirt. “Off…..please?” He hastened to turn it into a request, he didn’t want it to seem like he was making a demand. “Please let me make your shoulder feel better?” As much as Blaine wanted to curl up and cuddle he wanted Sebastian to be comfortable and he knew that this would help relax him as well. Cuddling could come afterwards. He tugged a little more insistently at the shirt hem. Truthfully Blaine didn’t care what type of touch he got so long as he got the touch at all. “Please, let me make you feel good, Master?” He nuzzled his neck with his nose.

Sebastian’s pride in Blaine’s progress was unmistakable, he knew the doctors and his father didn’t see it, but he did. For the therapists like Dr. Cia, Blaine wouldn’t be progressing positively until he was recounting the things he’d gone through, until he could work through his past demons and come to terms with his new life. But the true markings of success were the little everyday changes. There
were days when Blaine felt comfortable enough in his own skin to wake Sebastian up in the middle of the night because of a bad dream—or simply because he couldn’t sleep. Or days when Blaine made the conscious decision to eat a little more without being asked, the act of picking a movie to watch or rearranging their limbs and pillows when curled up on the bed so that he was comfortable. These things seemed small, seemed insignificant, but to Sebastian they represented hallmark achievements. Sebastian hadn’t meant to let on that his shoulder had a kink in it, it was more of a reflexive stretch, but of course Blaine always seemed to know exactly when he was hiding things.

“Mmm, what are you getting up to?” Sebastian murmured, his eyes dipping closed as Blaine’s fingers worked into the muscle of his shoulder before suddenly disappearing. He snorted softly as Binx obediently jumped up on the bed sprawling out beside Blaine before getting distracted by the tugging on his shirt. He grinned before tugging his shirt up and over his head, tossing it over onto his side of the bed to pull back on later, “I like you getting a little pushy on me, it’s very attractive.” Sebastian half murmured the words with a playful grin, he knew Blaine wasn’t comfortable with being demanding, but he wanted to make sure Blaine knew that those moments and those instincts were encouraged with him. He sighed at the nuzzling to his neck, leaning back into Blaine’s warmth with a hum, “You always make me feel good, beautiful.”

Despite what the small smile that Blaine pressed into the smooth skin of Sebastian’s neck might have appeared to portray he really couldn’t have agreed less with his Master for once. Blaine knew full well that he was anything but attractive or beautiful but he also knew better then to outright argue with anything his Master said. Instead he pressed a soft kiss to the skin, shook his head just the slightest bit and then pulled back a bit. Popping the tab on the oil, Blaine poured a small amount into his hand, capping and tossing the oil onto the bed, before rubbing his hands together and starting to work the rapidly warming oil into the taut muscles of Sebastian’s shoulder; letting his mind wander as he paid careful attention to the muscles that he knew were hurting the other man the most.

Master liked it when he was pushy, when he was assertive? Could Blaine do that for him? Could Blaine actually demand something of another person? He knew that of anyone in the entire world Sebastian was the only one that he could even try to be assertive with and get away with it. He didn’t have to worry about the threat of a punishment or reprimand because he voiced what he wanted. As he thought, Blaine’s hands continued traveling along the expanse of exposed back before him. Could he even try to tell this beautiful man, his Master, what to do? A shudder ran through Blaine, causing his nails to curl and scratch just slightly at that very same skin, raking them across his shoulders and down his back. Gold eyes went wide with shock when he realized what he had done.

It seemed so simple, a faint smile, a soft curve of lips pressing against his neck. It seemed like something almost insignificant, but the gesture had Sebastian’s eyes closing against an onslaught of happy tears. It seemed so small in the grand scheme of things a tiny gesture that by most people, would go unnoticed, but for Sebastian it was sweeter than the most passionate kiss or embrace. Only months before Blaine couldn’t even look at him, and now he was pressing sweet kisses to his neck, worrying over sore muscles and being so kind and loving that it stole Sebastian’s breath away. He knew his shoulder was getting worse, not better, from his constant stress on it. If he didn’t start taking care of the torn muscle he’d be put back in an immobilizer sling and he didn’t want that at all. He, ultimately or fortunately depending on how you looked at it, had never been very good at taking things easy when it came to Blaine.

Sebastian let his head drop forward as he relaxed back into Blaine’s touch, lost in his own thoughts. He was supposed to be caring for Blaine, helping to take care of him, comfort him after his darkspace episode in the doctor’s office, but Blaine’s hands were utterly distracting. When he felt the scratching of blunt nails raking against his skin Sebastian couldn’t repress the full bodied shudder
and groan of pleasure the sensation caused. He dropped his hands down to settle on Blaine’s legs on the bed, fingers gripping into the muscle there as he slowly circled his head up, shoulders rolling under Blaine’s hands. “Mmm, alright, alright no getting carried away, I promised cuddles.”

For a split, terrifying second, Blaine honestly thought that his Master was going to be beyond angry with him for the scratches; he hadn’t been paying close enough attention to what he had been doing, had actually been lost in his thoughts, and he screwed up. For that terrifying moment his submissive side seized a hold of him and reminded him that he was nothing more than a servant to do his Master’s bidding and this was not that. His internal turmoil stretched even farther when he felt Sebastian’s hands on his legs. The rational part of Blaine’s mind took the touch for the soothing grace that it was; while the submissive side knew what touches of punishment, like those, always hurt the worst and leave the marks that no one would see unless they actively asked. That small submissive part of his brain had his entire body singing as it was waiting for the inevitable.

That submissive part of his brain was pulled to a screeching halt when Sebastian’s words sunk in. Cuddles weren’t punishment. The rational side of Blaine’s mind surged forward and took this moment regain control. “S-sorry. I wasn’t paying attention” He murmured before he moved back a bit to give Sebastian room to move; noting that Binx even managed to crawl up along the bed with him as well. Absent minded Blaine’s hand reached down to tangle in the soft fur while he waited. Cuddles sounded spectacular and right that moment they were everything that Blaine needed. It struck him that the therapy session must have bothered him more than he had originally thought because he hadn’t had to struggle with his submissive self for so long it seemed and now here it was raging back to life within him; it wasn’t a feeling that he was incredibly happy about. He just held out a hand to Sebastian almost in pleading for cuddles with the man. “Please?”

Sebastian could feel the fear and submissive need rolling off of Blaine; he could practically smell it like a pheromone rippling out of the other boy’s every pore. He didn’t even need to turn his head to see Blaine, he could feel it rippling along his back, it was the same sensation he’d felt the first day Blaine had been brought to him. It wasn’t as strong as then, it was clear Blaine was fighting with himself, fighting with whether he was going to give in to his fear or be stronger than the demons in his head. Sebastian stayed as still as possible, hardly daring to breathe, as he waited for Blaine to make his choice. “It’s quite alright, Biche.” He murmured softly, being careful to keep his voice soft and warm, letting the tone of his words hold more weight than the words themselves. Blaine needed to be able to believe him when he said he wasn’t angry, when he said everything would be alright.

When he felt Blaine moving back on the bed, the tell-tale shifting sounding muffled due to the scrambling of the dogs paws along the sheets right alongside Blaine. It seemed Binx had already gotten completely fixated on Blaine, which was exactly what Sebastian wanted. When he glanced over his shoulder to see Blaine up by the head of the bed, hand tangling in Binx’s fur with gentle petting before a hand was being held out to him. With a warm smile Sebastian moved back on the bed, taking Blaine’s hand in his and curling it to press against his chest so that the back of Blaine’s hand was pressed against his bare-chest over his heart. “I’ve got you, Biche.” Sebastian decided to go without his shirt as he pulled Blaine in close while he got comfortable laying out on the bed, he knew how important touch and being able to feel were to help pull the boy out of the spiraling he’d started tipping towards. Once Blaine was settled against him he left their hands tangled together between them, his other hand in Blaine’s hair with soft pulls, “Master is so proud of you, you know that? You did so good for me, my brave boy.”

The second that hand wrapped around his own, his Master’s hand warm and soothing, Blaine knew he would be alright. Sebastian was being so careful to stay gentle and soothing and that rational side
of Blaine’s brain anchored onto that gentleness and used it to push his submissive side back into the gilded box he had started to build for it. He sighed with absolute contentment when he was pulled in close to Sebastian, his head pillowed right into the join of his Master’s shoulder. He could even feel Binx as the dog stretched out behind him, pressing his entire furry body along Blaine’s so that his heat was radiating into the golden eyed boy’s cold body; nose nuzzling into Blaine’s shoulders. He could get used to the feeling of warmth radiating completely around him.

Those same golden eyes closed so that he could focus all his attention on the touch feel tug of his Master’s fingers. Letting the softness of his touch and the ever so gentle tug of his curls soothe away any nerves that he had lingering from the day’s therapy session. Sebastian said he had him and Blaine believed him a hundred percent. He knew that his Sebastian wouldn’t let anything happen to him and he could just stop and relax into his arms. He had already let himself relax back to the point where he smiled just softly at Sebastian’s words; accepting the gentle praise before he buried his face into Sebastian’s neck. He loved getting that praise from Sebastian, it always made his heart soar like crazy and just caused him to feel even more loved; leading to him nuzzling in closer to the other man, even hooking a leg over one of Sebastian’s just so he could touch more.

Sebastian felt the tension leak out of his own frame as Blaine let himself be wrapped up by him. He knew it had taken a lot out of Blaine to be in that therapy session, and even with the illusioned safety of darkspace, Blaine was still dealing with subjects his own brain had conditioned him to avoid. That was the struggle they faced though, all of the people trying to help the boy in his arms, that was what made the work they did so damned difficult. Blaine’s body had created a safety mechanism, a survival instinct to immediately shut down when certain words, memories or touches came at him. Sure, it had helped him survive years of horrible torture and neglect, but now that he was safe those same mechanisms that had kept him alive were putting him in danger. If they couldn’t get Blaine to open up not only would they be blocked in getting him into a normal and happy life style, they risked being unable to legally keep him from his father.

As Sebastian held him close, shifting to allow Blaine to nuzzle in closer until they were tangled together, he let his mind wander. He wanted to help Blaine and take care of him, but he didn’t want to scar him and push him so far and fast he shut down completely. Sebastian personally hated using Blaine’s darkspace to get him to open up, while it gave Blaine security and a shield to hide behind, it also made him vulnerable and the repercussions of letting his submissive side take over could be dangerous. Nuzzling his lips against Blaine’s temple and hair he tucked his head down against Blaine’s so his lips were pressing into his forehead, simply holding him as his thumb ran over Blaine’s knuckles and his other hand toyed mindlessly with his hair, “You know I’m always going to keep you safe and take care of you, no matter what…right? I will never let anyone hurt you, love, I swear.”

He was so comfortable this way, with his head pillowed on Sebastian’s shoulder, face pressed into the other man’s neck, and Blaine wished every day could be as peaceful as that moment. “I know. I trust you.” He kept his voice soft and sweet, lips brushing softly against the skin of Sebastian’s neck as he spoke. He did, he truly trusted his Master but that didn’t mean he trusted that woman. She tried to touch him, she tried to get him to think about things that he had tucked away deep in his mind; things he had been told he had no need to think on. He felt the wash of fur before he felt the weight of Binx’s head resting on top of his own, pinning Sebastian’s hand into Blaine’s curls as he whined softly. The noise was enough to distract Blaine from his own thoughts and allowed him to turn his attention to Sebastian and Binx.

“Thank you for Binx. He’s the best gift I’ve ever gotten.” He really was floored by Sebastian’s
gesture. In all his life Blaine had never expected to get something as beautiful and loving as the dog that was currently using him as a pillow. He couldn’t wait to take him out to the gardens and to the Beach. Angling his head just a bit to look up at Sebastian, Blaine offered a small smile. “Do you think – maybe – next time we go to the beach that we can bring Binx? I want to let him play in the water. Do you think you could teach him how to swim as well? Do you think that he knows how to swim already?” All these questions were burning through Blaine’s mind even as he was yawning into Sebastian’s shoulder. “Can we stay like this and watch movies for the night? Please?”

“Good.” Sebastian murmured softly against Blaine’s forehead. He loved the feeling of Blaine’s lips brushing against his skin, even with it being a non-sexual contact it left Sebastian feeling warm all over. It made him feel loved in a way he’d truly never thought he’d ever have, love and intimacy weren’t things Sebastian had even seen for himself. He worked so much he’d always just contented himself to having one night stands and keeping the world at arm’s length—he’d seen the results of the worst in people, and he’d never been able to see himself opening up to anyone after that. Blaine had changed all of that, though. With Blaine he had felt himself falling, falling so hard and fast that he’d had no chance to stop it. He’d been hooked by Blaine from the start, only neither of them had realized it until now. When Binx pushed his head against Blaine’s, trapping his hand in place he chuckled softly, twisting his fingers enough to scratch at the pup for a moment.

“Of course, Biche. You’ve done so well for me, worked so hard and been so strong, I wanted you to know how proud I was and give you a friend to lean on.” Sebastian pressed a kiss to Blaine’s forehead, “Binx is a pet but he’s also a guard dog, he is going to go everywhere you go—this way, no matter what, you will always have someone looking out for you.” He smiled when Blaine looked up at him with his request, Sebastian got the feeling this was what he’d been about to ask earlier before stopping himself, and the fact Blaine was asking it now meant he was feeling more himself. “He will go to the beach with us the next trip we take, I don’t know if he can swim, but dogs learn quickly and I’m sure he’d love to play in the water all day with you.” Sebastian smiled as Blaine yawned against him, the warm air skating across his bare skin, “Of course we can, love, why don’t you pick us out a movie, hmm?”

Trying to get up to turn on the movie was a chore in and of itself as he realized he was effectively pinned to Sebastian by Binx. Any other situation and Blaine would have absolutely freaked out by the sensation but he just couldn’t here. He was pressed softly into Sebastian’s frame with steady thrum of Binx’s heartbeat thudding against his back; it was soothing in a way. He couldn’t stop the slight giggle that came from him when he tried to get up again and Binx rolled onto his back; the dog nearly as long as he was. “I’m stuck.” He managed to say before he wiggled out from under the dog, scratching at his ear before leaning over Sebastian and turning on the tv and the dvd player; the movie picking up from where it had left off the last time with music starting up. “…little children, I’ll take thee away, into my garden of magic.”

They had only watched the same movie at least once a day for almost the last week and it still made Blaine smile whenever he heard that song. The second he heard it he flopped down across Sebastian’s chest and watched intently; humming along with the music and smiling even brighter when he felt Sebastian’s hand playing with his curls again and Binx pushing against his legs for touch. When that scene was over, Blaine turned to face Sebastian with a small shy smile on his face. “We can watch a different movie, if you want?” He knew that while he could sit here and watch this movie over and over again that Sebastian was likely getting bored with it. “You said there were shark movies. Do you want to watch one of those?” While he loved this movie, Blaine had a feeling that he wasn’t going to last very long; especially if the way his head felt absolutely comfortable against Sebastian’s stomach felt.
Sebastian laughed as Blaine wriggled around only to find himself sandwiched between his chest and Binx’s body weight. The dog wasn’t full grown yet, but he was large in comparison to Blaine’s frame. When the dog whined at Blaine’s movement Sebastian smirked, reaching around Blaine to scruff the dog’s head playfully, flopping his ears a little to entertain the thing while Blaine tried to get up. “Somebody really likes you.” When Blaine sat up he chuckled as Binx instantly scooted into the warm vacant spot, huffing out air as he put his head on Sebastian’s arm. He chuckled as Blaine immediately put on Hocus Pocus, he hummed along with the song as Blaine flopped back on him—his air escaping in a soft ‘oof’ at the gesture. With a soft sigh he settled his hand in Blaine’s hair, grinning as Binx scooted down his chest until he was half laying on him and Blaine both.

They had been watching the movie almost constantly since Blaine found it—but in all honesty Sebastian could rewatch it as often as Blaine wanted. He loved the movie, but more importantly he knew how much Blaine loved it. He could never deny Blaine the chance to watch a movie that put that kind of happiness on his face. “This movie is fine, love, you made a good choice.” Sebastian smiled softly as he ran a hand through Blaine’s dark curls, tugging gently as Blaine settled his head on his stomach. Sebastian was careful not breathe too deeply or make any sudden moves so as to not disturb Blaine’s rest. He could feel the boy fighting sleep and knew it wouldn’t be long before he was fast asleep from the stresses of the day.
Chapter Summary

Another therapy session where Blaine is forced to walk further down his memories with the help of his darkspace.

~~Warnings~~
There is talk about past punishments and tortures that Blaine has endured. Talk about his scars and how he received them.

Two days. Staring at himself in the mirror, Binx pressed against his leg, he sighed. It had been two days since his last therapy appointment and Blaine would have been more than happy to just forgo the sessions all together. But Sebastian had told him that they needed to go so go Blaine would. The only saving grace to everything was that Sebastian had promised that not only would he be allowed to bring Binx into the session with him but that he would be there too; so Blaine wouldn’t have to go through that all alone. He pushed a hand through his mess of curls, and noted that they’d actually grown to the point of being shaggy looking, before looking down at Binx. “Too bad we can’t just go back out to the garden and spend the d-day there, huh?” He asked the dog, getting a head tilt from him in response. “Maybe if I’m good Sebastian will let us go back there.” He mused softly.

He couldn’t help but smile a little wider when he thought about the last two days; every day Sebastian would bring him and Binx down to one of the facility’s closed in gardens and let them run around without a care in the world. Initially Blaine had been worried that Binx would jump the fence but Sebastian was quick to reassure him that that wouldn’t happen; it helped that Binx showed no further interest in the fence after an initial sniff. Blaine just wished they were going back there instead of down the dreaded hallway. Eventually he realized that he couldn’t just hide in the bathroom all day, that his Master would get worried about him and come in after him so he just took a deep breath and looked down at Binx. “C-Come on, you’ll get to meet Dr. Cia today; unfortunately.” He scratched his ear, earning him a dopey tongue loll of a smile from the dog, before he was opening the door and giving Sebastian a weak smile.

The past few days for Sebastian had been like a glimpse of the life he could give Blaine. It strengthened his resolve to do whatever it took to get Blaine free of the shackles in his own mind, the demons of his past and the man so adamant to get him back. Seeing Blaine play in the gardens, playing fetch, wrestling with Binx, and exhausting himself so thoroughly Sebastian had actually had to carry him back inside the first day…it was like watching Blaine on the beach for the first time all over again. He was free to be young and playful, to be happy. Sebastian didn’t get to see it that often, the true show of joy, it was different from the calm happiness he expressed during movies or when given a kiss or a soft touch. It spoke of promise, the promise that Blaine wasn’t lost completely, that there was still a chance to save him. Sebastian was grateful for that, but it made it that much harder to see him hurting on these therapy days.

When Blaine finally came out of the bathroom Sebastian looked up from the notepad he’d been scribbling his notes for Dr. Cia with a soft smile. “There’s my Biche.” With a gentle look he stopped
jotting his notes, tucking the notepad under one arm as he stood—he pressed a quick kiss to Blaine’s temple as he rubbed a hand against the back of Blaine’s neck. “You’re strong enough for this, love, I promise. Binx and I will be by your side the entire time.” He squeezed the back of Blaine’s neck again before he settled himself into Master-mode, drawing himself up taller, shoulders back and chin down like it was a mask he could hide behind. “Come or we’ll be late.”

Blaine could feel the change come over Sebastian without even looking at him; the very air in the room felt as though it was snapping with electricity that was simply rolling off of him. That very presence caused the inevitable change in Blaine; golden eyes fell to stare at his shoes, hands hanging limply at his side as his shoulders fell. He could still feel the press of Sebastian’s hand at his neck and Binx at his thigh but it all seemed muted as his attention sharpened to focus solely on anything Sebastian could want. If that meant being lead down the hallway of doom as he currently was then that was what he would do. He allowed that muted feeling to consume him just enough that by the time they reached the office he was happily in darkspace.

Blaine made sure to keep his eyes down as he waited for his Master to tell him what he wanted; nodding quickly when he was told to take the pillow and kneel as he had last time. He wasn’t sure exactly which pillow his Master was talking about but he grabbed the exact same one he had used last session; he remembered the small stitch fraying on the corner. He was quick to kneel exactly as he had the last time and waited patiently for his Master and the doctor to join him. He did note happily that Binx had followed him in, staying pressed firmly against him, and was wrapped securely around his knees as they waited.

Sebastian didn’t waste his energy hating many things in his life, as far as he was concerned hating something was a waste of good energy that could be focused on something better. Something that made a body feel good. Short of Blaine’s father there was really only one thing Sebastian truly hated, having to slip into the mode of being Master once more. He could dominate someone easily, taking command of a room, being the focus of attention without a word—that was something he was comfortable with, but becoming a Master was something entirely different. He became something that, yes, Blaine needed, but instinctively it was also something Blaine feared. He was no longer Sebastian, the man that loved him; he was Master, the man charged with caring for him and taking care of his every move, controlling his every move and breath.

While Blaine scurried to put a pillow on the floor at his instructions, kneeling down obediently head bowed with small soft breathing—Binx settling in protectively around his legs, Sebastian smiled just a little. “Good boy.” He put his hand against the back of Blaine’s head for a moment before handing the notepad he’d brought off to Dr. Cia with a silent nod. With a sigh he settled onto the couch once again, his legs on either side of Blaine, settling his hand so that his fingers were brushing the back of Blaine’s neck in a soft caress. “So,...Biche, I’m glad to see you again.” Dr. Cia paused in case Blaine wanted to reply before glancing at the notes Sebastian had given her, “Well, let’s start with how you are. How have you been sleeping?”

That little bit of contact was enough to cause Blaine’s eyes to shut for a few brief seconds and his body to relax into its position. He may have wanted to be anywhere but in that office but just knowing that he had his Master there right behind him, and actually surrounding him on all but one side, he felt as safe as he knew he was going to be. Binx even nudged his nose against Blaine’s hand as it rested against his thigh. His Master had told him early in the morning that he would be allowed to pet Binx throughout the therapy visit without asking permission and he was thankful for that; so he threaded his fingers gently through the fur at the top of the dog’s head. The soft fur beneath his fingers bringing out a cleansing, though shallow, breath.
When the doctor took her seat across from him, Blaine tensed just slightly; his fingers curling further into Binx’s fur. It was only his third visit to the see this woman and already he wanted nothing to do with her. In her he saw nothing but anxiety, pain, fear and sadness; he was sure that the woman was pleasant enough for the rest of the world but for him, she was nothing but negative associations; all her questions about his past only feeding that association. When she spoke to him he didn’t see the need to actually answer her; she hadn’t asked him a question and Master wasn’t prodding him to exchange pleasantries with her so he felt it best to just stay silent. He couldn’t stay silent, however, when she finally asked him a question; and oddly enough he had to bite his tongue as he counted to ten so that he didn’t snap at her with sarcasm. Master probably wouldn’t like that. “I’ve been sleeping the same as usual, Ma’am.”

Sebastian watched carefully as Blaine settled into his kneeling position, hand settling on Binx like a lifeline, he’d purposefully given express permission for that before any of this had started. He knew how much the dog meant to him, and if petting the dog could help give Blaine the focus to talk, then Sebastian would allow it without hesitation. "Some nights I lay awake, others I have nightmares, Ma’am" When Blaine spoke soft, just above a whisper, his voice a little detached but as honest as he knew how to be, Sebastian hummed softly, brushing his fingers against the back of Blaine’s neck as a soft reward. “Can you tell me what happens in your nightmares?” “……sometimes she’s there. She always ends up cold.”

Dr. Cia paused in her writing, glancing up with a frown that was mirrored on Sebastian’s face—he didn’t know who Blaine was talking about either, he had his suspicion, but he didn’t know for sure. “She?” Sebastian was just as anxious to hear the answer as the doctor was, his fingers stroking the column of the boy’s neck slowly, as if he could coax the answers from him. “…she.” Sebastian knew immediately the doctor was going to slam into a wall with this line of questioning, Blaine just wasn’t ready yet. So, to stop the oncoming outburst before it could happen he subtly shook his head at her, letting her know she needed to move on to something else. “And, can you tell me a little about why you don’t sleep other nights? Is there something keeping you awake?”

The questions started out simple enough, Blaine didn’t have to really think about them at all and he could just focus mostly on the soft touches he was experiencing; Binx’s fur beneath his fingers, his Master’s legs pressing in nice and firmly on either side of him and his Master’s fingers playing lightly with the curls at his neck. Unfortunately she was starting to ask him questions that required him to properly pay closer attention to her rather than his safety net. “The same as usual meaning what exactly?” Blaine resisted the urge to roll his eyes at the doctor, his submissive side smacking him upside the back of the head. “Some nights I lay awake, others I have nightmares, Ma’am”. He was sure to keep his voice soft and low. “Can you tell me what happens in your nightmares?” //Count to ten. Count to ten like Master told you! Master wants you to answer these questions so you will show him you can be a good boy and answer them!!!// A nearly imperceptible shudder ran down Blaine’s spine as he thought about his most recent nightmares. “……sometimes she’s there. She always ends up cold.”

Most nights he dreamt of his dark angel, and most nights she ended up blue on the floor, frozen in her spot with sightless eyes staring. “She?” While he could feel Master’s fingers soothing down his neck, he just couldn’t bring it in himself to elaborate in the way that he knew the doctor wanted. “…she.” Blaine sat there, waiting for some kind of repercussion, waiting for a blow or a strike; making himself minutely smaller as he rolled his shoulders down and lowering his head further. His
submissive side was at a complete loss when no such punishment came but instead just another question. “And, can you tell me a little about why you don’t sleep other nights? Is there something keeping you awake?” He wasn’t supposed to tell anyone when he was scared, he wasn’t supposed to be scared; he wasn’t supposed to be anything but perfect. So he answered it as best he could. “If it would please you, Ma’am, if I don’t sleep I can’t dream.” He nearly stopped breathing when she almost immediately asked her next question. “Is it because of her? Does she scare you?”

Sebastian kept running his fingers along Blaine’s neck, keeping that constant touch and brush of skin. Listening to the doctor’s questions and the pause and scratch of her pen on the paper was often the only sound in the room. Sebastian stayed silent through the entire exchange, it wasn’t his place to speak within this room—that was the deal he had with Dr. Cia after all, his presence was only meant to serve one purpose: keeping Blaine calm and within his darkspace enough to begin talking and being open. That didn’t mean he wasn’t chomping at the bit to interject, he wanted to intervene and get in the middle of the conversation, wanted to take over and take the pain and stress away from the boy at his feet—but he couldn’t do that. Blaine needed to work through this at his own pace, and at his own time.

However, he could tell that Cia had found a line of questioning that she wanted to stick to, and the further down the line she pushed Blaine into answering the stiffer and more high strung Blaine’s frame started to get. He could feel the moment Blaine froze up, when he started panicking and locking down—only answering because he forced the single word out. When Dr. Cia began latching on to asking multiple questions at once Sebastian knew she was pushing too hard, too fast and overwhelming Blaine. “Doctor.” He interrupted the string of questioning with a single word, his voice low and firm as he settled a hand fully against Blaine’s neck in reassurance. When Dr. Cia gritted her teeth he worried they’d have it out again, but she simply nodded, “Alright, let’s skip those. Biche, what scares you about your nightmares?”

He could have sworn he was spiraling out of control, his body rigid and his shallow breaths all just starting to amp up that anxiety when Binx gave the softest of whimpers and nuzzled his hand and he felt his Master’s hand more solidly against the back of his neck. His subconscious clung to those touches like they were the only thing anchoring him to the world. Even just the single spoken word from his Master anchored him to the here and now. When the doctor spoke again, his body wasn’t as tense as it had been just moments before. What scared him the most about his nightmares? The battle that was waging in his head was of epic proportions; his submissive screaming at him to just answer the question without hesitation while the part of him that had grown more determined and independent wanted nothing to do with those questions. Eventually his submissive side took hold completely, darkspace closed in a bit more, and he slipped into that happy numb space; answering questions without any emotion or hesitation anymore.

“Everything. We’re chased down the stairs and the angel is encouraging me to run faster but I turn for one second and when I look back she’s cold on the floor, staring without seeing, and I’m being chased by this dark monster. Sometimes he gets me and it hurts, it burns like acid. Other times I’m trapped in darkness; in the closet.” “Is the burning something that happened often when you were awake?” “Yes.” “And the closet darkness, was that common?” “Yes.” “Okay…can you tell me a specific time or, a reason you were burned?” “I spoke out of turn, once. My tongue was swollen for a week.” It was the simplest burn to explain, and one that didn’t require him to show any scars that still lingered and littered his body. Somewhere in his mind he was happy for darkspace, it was an escape; the fur under his fingers helping that escape. “Your Master made you drink something that made your tongue swell?” “No.” “What happened to your tongue, then?” “My punishment was to hold a glowing red stone in my mouth until it was cool to the touch.” Without realizing, Blaine ran
his tongue over the softly scarred gums behind his teeth. “And how often were you punished that way?” “I lost count of that particular punishment.”

For the first time in all his working with ex-slaves Sebastian was grateful for darkspace. Putting Blaine in that mindset hurt, and it tore at him, but listening to him speak—hearing the answers and the emotionless voice behind them, he was grateful for it. Listening to Blaine, really listening and being forced to not say anything, having to be careful not to startle Blaine out of his darkspace… Sebastian felt like he was choking. When Blaine said he’d been made to hold hot coals in his mouth he felt physically sick and all he wanted was to wrap Blaine up in his arms and hold him close. Remind him he was safe and he’d never be hurt that way again. When Blaine said he couldn’t even give a number for how many times he’d been burned…Sebastian had to physically hold himself back. He could tell he wasn’t the only one struggling with this piece of information either, Dr. Cia looked visibly pale and they both knew without a doubt that Blaine’s story—as bad as they’d thought it was…it was so much worse.

“How many times did that happen?” “I lost count after the twenty-third time.” “And when was that?” “Nine years ago, I believe.” “And it continued happening over the nine years?” “Yes.” “Were you burned in other ways for your punishments?” “Yes” “Can you tell me how?” “Cigar burns, boiling water, lighters, fire places, hot skewers.” “Can you tell me about the fire places?” “One of my services were to clean the coals out of a fire place to shut them down for the night.” “Okay, and how did you clean them out?” “With my hands.” “Were you given gloves?” “No.” “I see, and how often did you clean the fireplace?” “Twice a week. More if other Masters and their slaves were visiting.” “For how many years?” “As far back as I can remember.”

Sebastian was ready for this session to be over, he’d never felt so sick to his stomach so ready to go out and kill a man, before in his life. It took ever effort he had, every ounce of will in his possession to not storm out, instead to simply keep his touches gently, fingers running through Blaine’s hair. “Biche, this is very important…do you have scars from these punishments and chores that you can show me?”

There were several points during the doctor’s rapid fire questions where Blaine was pulled ever so slowly deeper into his darkspace. But for all the darkspace in the world, Blaine couldn’t escape the memories that danced across his mind at each question. The fuzzy numbness couldn’t stop him from reliving the coals on his tongue or the red hot fire poker being laid across the back of his neck; singeing the hair and causing the scar that hid just beneath his hairline that Master’s fingers were grazing over ever so softly. He was reliving having to clean the fireplaces with his own hands and learning that if he cleaned them quickly enough with just his fingertips then he could get minimal damage; resulting in the calloused pads that now adorned his fingers. “For how many years?” “As far back as I can remember.” When she didn’t ask him another question for a few blissfully silent seconds Blaine let himself hope that it was over. He was wrong.

“Biche, this is very important…do you have scars from these punishments and chores that you can show me?” Of course he had scars, he had more scars then he could count but he wasn’t supposed to talk about them. And he sure as hell wasn’t supposed to show them to anyone. His breath caught in his chest as he started shaking just slightly beneath his Master’s hand. He didn’t even register the fact that Binx had sat up next to him and was whining consistently as he nudged his cold nose into Blaine’s cheek. “Yes…b-but I can’t…..I’m not allowed to show them.” He felt like the world was closing in on him and he was getting dizzy as a whirlwind of memories slammed into him. “Biche, I need to see them, can you do that for me?” Blaine was sure he was going to pass out, his chest felt
so tight that he couldn’t drag in a simple breath and the world was spinning around him. ”P-please don’t make me.” Darkspace, it seemed, was effectively disintegrated.
Warning:

In this chapter, our golden eyed boy sinks into darkspace again, but this time to openly talk about what it is that he went through, growing up.

Sebastian could feel Blaine reaching that breaking point, could feel the tension beginning to build up in him like a pressure cooker. He didn’t know how much further Dr. Cia would be able to push the issue, but he also knew how vitally important the issue was. They’d made progress, Cia now had accounts of abuse spanning years, but to really make a charge stick they’d have to be able to prove the claims. Show that Blaine had been abused beyond the acceptable bounds of “slave”. Sebastian had seen the scars, he’d seen Blaine naked countless times between changing bandages and getting him showered, their little adventure in Blaine’s blanket tent…of course Sebastian had seen the scars. However he’d never once pushed Blaine into talking about them never pushed him into showing them and upsetting him.

When Blaine started shaking, his voice dropping just above a whimper as the careful darkspace he’d created around himself fell apart Sebastian knew he had to step in. He slid off the couch to settle on his knees behind Blaine, keeping himself taller than the boy so he wouldn’t panic before he slid a firm arm over his shoulder, crossing his chest to press against Blaine’s heart, fingers splayed. “Shhh, Biche, breath, it’s alright, you’re safe here…Master is right here.” Sebastian’s voice was still in that careful, soft slow Master voice as he spoke in Blaine’s ear before, with careful movements, he picked up one of Blaine’s hands to press against Sebastian’s heart. Making it so their arms were tangled and they were pressed together from hip to shoulder in the process. “Feel that? Remember what it means…I will always protect, take care of and love you…this is important for us to keep you safe, the doctor needs to see the scars so she can make sure your old Master will never come near you again…but if you don’t want too, if you’re scared Biche it’s alright. Just say the word and I will take you from this room and you, Binx and I will go back to our room. No one is going to force you to do anything you don’t want to.”

He couldn’t breathe, his lungs were refusing to open and his mind was at war with itself. He felt arms wrap around him, felt them but for the first few moments the touch wasn’t registering. Slowly but surely, his Master’s voice broke through the panicked fog that had clouded his mind; slowly he felt the steady thrum of his Master’s heart beating beneath his hand and the feel of his breath across his cheek as he spoke. It was as if his own body was slowly recognizing the touch and press of Sebastian around it, knowing that they were safe where they were. Eventually his breathing started matching his Master’s, the steady constant in and out, rise and fall of his chest matching his Master’s perfectly. “Biche, this is your Master now, this is the only person you have to listen to. If he tells you I need to see them then he is giving you permission to show me. You need to listen to him. You need to show me.”

He had no idea if it was her tone, the way she was commanding him or the way he was coming back down; perhaps it was even the fact that his submissive side was fighting him so hard to take over and it was echoing what she herself was saying but Blaine was pushed back into darkspace so quickly
that he fell straight into it without any resistance. That fuzzy numbness consumed him and his eyes lost any emotion or spark of life that they had grown to hold. He stayed there, staying stock still before his gaze lowered again and he dropped his own hand from his Master’s chest. “If it is Master’s wish, I’ll do it. Does Master wish to see all of them or just a certain number?” His voice was utterly dead as he pulled his shirt up and over his head; working a bit to get it off even with Sebastian’s hands still on him. His hands stilling momentarily at the button of his jeans, waiting to see if his Master wanted to see them all or not.

Holding Blaine close against his chest Sebastian continued to murmur softly in his ear, he could feel Blaine struggling to fall out of or into darkspace all over again. Blaine’s instincts were telling him to go one way while Sebastian was coaxing him towards another and the confusion it caused within him. When Blaine finally began pressing back against him Sebastian mentally sighed, the fact he was able to trust him and his body was able to instinctually recognize him as a support and safety net was reassuring. He glanced up when Dr. Cia spoke, his breath catching in the silence that followed as he literally felt Blaine slip away from him again. Sebastian knew logically speaking that the darkspace was necessary, that it was the only way Blaine felt safe, but physically feeling his walls drop away until he was more a shell of the boy he loved rather than his Blaine…it tore at him.

Sebastian didn’t know how to answer that, he wanted to protect Blaine even still, even as he was in his own protective state Sebastian wanted to intervene. However looking at Dr. Cia he knew what had to be done, they needed the full extent, Cia needed to be able to present it to the lawyers and DA’s for processing. “Show me all of them.” Sebastian had to force the words out as he slowly moved back up onto the couch, taking Blaine’s shirt from him as he pulled it off. He felt like he was going to be sick.

When his Master finally pulled away and took his seat back on the couch, Blaine rose stiffly and slowly from his pillow and removed his pants as well; keeping his boxers on purely because he could just lower the band to show the few scars that littered his hips without taking them off completely. Not that he cared about modesty at the moment, not with the black fog of darkspace claiming him; not when he’d shut down so effectively. He stood there for a moment, just breathing soft breaths before he knelt back down onto the pillow with his hands placed firmly on his thighs. He heard Dr. Cia talking over his head, he assumed it was to his Master but he kept his gaze down and his body rigid. “I need to be able to touch him without him freaking out on me.” When she got no response she stood and walked closer to his Master, causing Blaine’s body to tense even more. “Sebastian, is he going to freak out if I try to touch him again?” “I’m the only person that can touch him.” "Then tell him to let me touch him. We need to document each scar, I can’t do that without touching him and right now you don’t look like you could handle it.” "Fine. Biche...Dr. Cia is going to touch you to examine your scars, I want you to focus only on me-- if at any point it's too much say 'Red' and she will stop until you feel more comfortable. Take as much time as you need, just remember to focus only on me and keep a hand on Binx." "Thank you"

The only affirmation that he gave that he had heard and understood his Master’s words was a barely perceptible nod; though he did shift just slightly on his pillow so that his downcast eyes could keep focus on his Master’s feet before him and his hand threaded back into the fur of Binx’s neck. His body jerked only once when Dr. Cia initially touched him but then it remained tense as she went over each one and asked him about them all; starting at his head and working her way down. The scar from the new plate in his head, the scar from the red hot iron at the base of his skull, the scar from surgery to reconstruct his collar bone, the several cigar burns, the various other burns, the miss healed fractures, the long scar along his hip from a butcher knife, every other small scar and then the self inflicted injuries as well. Each one’s story was carefully documented along with a picture taken
and numbered. There were several times along that Blaine actually stopped breathing but darkspace pulled him in just that much further every time; keeping his body tense but not letting him voice when it was too much. Eventually, after an eternity, it was over.

“Thank you.” Sebastian wasn’t even sure if he’d heard the doctor say that or if it was just in his head. He hated that she’d been able to peg his emotional turmoil so well. Hated that she’d been able to spot how close to the edge he was. He was supposed to be the strong one, he was supposed to be able to handle anything that came at them—otherwise how was he supposed to be the protective support Blaine needed? It shouldn’t matter that Blaine was in his darkspace, it shouldn’t affect him that Blaine could literally look right through him and not even process who he was because of it, the details of his punishments shouldn’t leave Sebastian sick to his stomach in rage. All of those things made him weak, made him toxic in the Master role, he had to be in complete control and continuously be at the top of his game for the safety of Blaine’s well being. But all he could think about was how weak he was, how he was proving his father right—he was failing.

Sebastian forced himself to focus on every story, every memory and explanation Blaine went through. Everyone felt like a knife deep in his own gut, and while Blaine was wrapped in that safe space in his own mind Sebastian was painfully present and aware. During the more difficult moments, the ones where Blaine seemed on the verge of losing his safe composure, Sebastian settled his hand over Blaine’s on Binx’s neck. The dog rested its head on his knee, bringing Blaine’s arm closer so he could brush his fingers along the inside of Blaine’s wrist in constant contact and support. “Alright, thank you Biche, that will be all for today. Thank you for talking to me.” Dr. Cia looked as visibly shaken as Sebastian felt as she finished her last note, nodding at Sebastian before she left the office without having to be asked. Sebastian stood up slowly, keeping his movements slow so as not to spook Blaine, cupping the younger boy’s jaw, “Come back to me now, Biche, you did so well, I’m so proud of you.”

If he could have, Blaine was sure he would have let himself sink further and further into oblivion; would have happily stayed numb and vacant because then even his memories couldn’t hurt him. But he knew he couldn’t. There were others that relied on him and he needed to get back to them. He heard the doctor say her thanks and then heard her leave before he felt his Master moving achingly slowly towards him. “Come back to me now, Biche, you did so well, I’m so proud of you.” He could feel the tension radiating off of his Master from the simple touch to his jaw. He blinked several times when his chin was brought up and his eyes locked with Sebastian’s. He saw some kind of pain rolling through those green eyes and just as suddenly as darkspace was thrust upon him it was gone under the roll of love he felt for the man that belonged to those green eyes. Every muscle in his body screaming with exhaustion at the sudden thrusts in and out of his darkspace, but he didn’t let that matter. What mattered was the green eyed man in front of him.

Wrapping his arms around Sebastian’s neck, Blaine nuzzled his face close into the other man’s neck. Here was where he was safe, with Sebastian’s arms wrapped around him; he still had all those memories flying around in his head but at the moment he didn’t care. His Sebastian was upset and that was fundamentally wrong; and not just from a slaves point of view, this was the man he loved and he would be damned if he let something he said or did upset him. “I love you, Sebastian.” He muttered into his neck. It wasn’t that often that he used the other man’s name and it was even rarer that he used it so shortly after being tossed in and out of darkspace. He wanted to say something to soothe the turmoil of emotions he felt coming from the other man but all he could think to say was “I don’t like when she calls me ‘Biche’.”
Sebastian was only momentarily stunned when Blaine immediately pressed into him and wrapped his arms tight around his neck. However even in his stunned state he immediately slid his arms around Blaine’s bare waist, settling his arms around him—palm slipping up along Blaine’s spine to settle with splayed fingers just under his shoulder blades. He didn’t know what prompted the tight hold, but he was grateful for the comforting weight of Blaine against him, the way it felt to have him clinging to his neck and holding onto him the same way he needed to hold onto Blaine. Hearing his name that way from Blaine, so soon after all the pain and fear he’d just gone through, it was like a precious gift and he would have done anything to keep them safe and warm in that moment; keep them loved and tucked away from the world. “And I you, Biche.” He whispered softly into Blaine’s soft curls, pressing a kiss to the top of his head as he hugged Blaine close, pressing his fingers into the muscles of Blaine’s back for a moment.

He didn’t mean for it to happen, but he actually chuckled at Blaine’s comment, burying his face against Blaine’s hair for a moment. “I’m not a big fan of her saying it either.” He mumbled softly, kissing Blaine’s forehead, “We’ll come up with another way for her to address you.” He kept his voice soft as he ran his hands back down Blaine’s back before pulling away slowly, “Alright, let’s get you dressed and then what do you say to building a small blanket fort with those extra blankets, hmm? Then the three of us can just relax some.” He pressed a quick kiss to Blaine’s lips before he picked up Blaine’s clothes, helping him get dressed. He redid Blaine’s pants for him, sliding his fingers from the button to tug gently on the belt loops, “Ready to get out of here?”

With his head resting so sweetly against Sebastian’s shoulder, hearing the heartbeat echoing there and feeling the soft run of his fingers over his skin, Blaine didn’t want to move; it was that same stroking however that reminded Blaine that he was in nothing but his boxers. And Sebastian’s mention of it caused the faintest of blushes to spread over his body before he was pulling his shirt on. He was thankful for Sebastian’s help, when it came to his jeans; he had been kneeling long enough that his knees protested much more movement. The prospect of the blanket fort and relaxing was enticing enough that he didn’t care how many complaints the joints lodged, he was going to make them work. He just wanted to hide away and curl up with his Sebastian and Binx.

That reminded him. Leaning back down, Blaine wrapped his arms around the dog’s neck and buried his face in his fur; inhaling the earthy scent of puppy and nature. In such a short time he had come to associate that smell with safety and love, just as he did whenever Sebastian held him tight and he caught scent of his Master’s body wash. “Can we take him to the gardens later? He’s been a good boy…” He asked as he lifted his gaze to look up at Sebastian; finally standing and tucking himself close into his Master’s side so they could make their way down the hallway. “He deserves to stretch his legs and needs the fresh air.” He said softly. He didn’t wish to speak out of turn but he was told that Binx was his responsibility and that meant he had to care for him, and Binx needed time outside. While he waited for some kind of answer, Blaine looped his own fingers through Sebastian’s belt loops and walked with him. Head tucked closely to Sebastian’s heart and hand threaded softly into the fur of Binx’s head as he walked against Blaine’s thigh.

When he heard Blaine’s request to go outside with Binx later Sebastian hummed faintly. He was proud of Blaine, even with his own pain and fear his first thought was on something other than himself. Sebastian had seen the pain Blaine was experiencing in his legs, and he knew that kneeling for that long had to have locked up his joints and was going to make being comfortable hard. “I think taking Binx outside for a bit is a great idea, in fact…we’ll go outside and get some fresh air first. Then we’ll settle in for the night.” Sebastian brushed his fingers along the side of Blaine’s neck before he let his hand rest against the small of his back, fingers brushing at his back through the material as he lead him through the halls. They stopped at their room long enough for Sebastian to
grab a few of Binx’s toys—a rope toy, a few balls and the like that would allow Blaine and Binx to run and stretch their legs together.

Sebastian smiled as Blaine’s fingers tugged on his belt loops and held himself close, pressing a kiss to the top of his head as they walked. Reaching the garden door Sebastian keyed in the pass code that unlocked the door, holding the door open and waving Blaine ahead of him outside. He had to make sure no one came through the door behind them, enclosed gardens or not—they were only accessible for certain level boys when they were able to be trusted on their own with that kind of freedom. Once Blaine had stepped outside Sebastian pulled the door closed behind them, running a hand through his hair as he handed Blaine the toys for Binx, “Here, love, you both need to stretch your legs. You were very good for me today.” Sebastian pressed a kiss to the corner of Blaine’s lips before he settled himself under a tree in the garden, content to just let Blaine enjoy himself.

The excitement that came over Binx when they grabbed the toys from their room was enough that it even started to pull a smile from Blaine as well. The dog’s exuberance was always infectious to Blaine and by the time they finally got out to the garden he was bouncing just a bit on the balls of his feet. Sure, the memories were there, right beneath the surface boiling away, and the pressing exhaustion of such an emotional rollercoaster but for the moment he was happy to just be out in the waning sun and running through the grass and throwing the balls for Binx to stretch and run to his heart’s content. Blaine loved coming to the gardens, they were so open despite the fact that they were enclosed and it was almost like they were tucked away in their own little world. It made him think of the movie The Secret Garden that he and Sebastian watched several nights ago; they were enclosed in this small piece of nirvana and Blaine found it almost impossible to not smile when he was out there.

After about an hour and a half, Blaine was starting to lose what energy he had managed to muster to play with Binx; he didn’t want to sleep, he knew that he probably wouldn’t be sleeping for a few days at this point, but he looking over at Sebastian under the tree, Blaine knew he wanted to curl up and disappear. So after throwing the ball one more time, Blaine walked up and basically flopped himself down on Sebastian’s lap; his head settling against Sebastian’s hips; fingers playing with the hem of his Master’s shirt as he laid there. He blinked several times and shook his head as if he was clearing out memories but beyond that Blaine was content to just sit there and watch the last rays of the day fade away behind the trees. He even smiled a bit more when he felt Binx run over and drop the ball beside them before he flopped down on top of Blaine while he was laying on top of Sebastian; effectively pinning Blaine once again between the two.

Sebastian made himself comfortable under the tree in the garden, there were plenty of them lining the walls of the enclosure, giving it the feel of being secluded from the world without feeling like you were trapped or being watched. He actually enjoyed spending time there, he’d bring a book or work and sit in the sun, enjoying the warmth and fresh air. Sitting in the garden gave him the same sense of escape that he managed to occasionally find in his music room, safe from the stresses of work—safe from the pain and heartache that surrounded his every interaction at work. Even before Blaine he struggled to get through it all, of course back then he kept himself fairly numb to it all, the work was still painful. Every day he interacted with young boys that had experienced the worst in the world and many of them were scared to even be in the same room as him. It got to a person eventually. It was that much harder with Blaine, because now it wasn’t only a matter of his job, it was his heart on the line.

While Blaine played with Binx, the pair both stretching their legs and shaking off their shared nerves and pain, Sebastian focused on catching up on paperwork. A large portion of his charge was essentially bookkeeping, keeping records of their own interactions and Blaine’s progress. It was also
paperwork getting Blaine’s future in the works, he had to work through the legal channels to help set up a savings account for the day Blaine was ready to leave the sanctuary of the facility and live outside of their walls. In the end, it was more than a little bit of a headache to be frank, but it was a headache Sebastian took seriously as it would start to shape Blaine’s future. He glanced over the rim of his reading glasses, ones he only wore when he was working for prolonged periods of time on reading or writing, “You know, I think you and Binx continually forget I’m not actually a mattress.” Sebastian grinned playfully, tapping the end of his pen to Blaine’s nose.

“We don’t forget, we just happen to know that you’re much more comfy than the mattress.” Blaine said matter of factly. It was true, if Blaine had an option of laying on Sebastian or on anything else he would always take Sebastian. Not only was he comfortable but when he laid on him Sebastian would hold him and wrap him in his arms and there was nothing better than the feeling of safety and love that would surround him. He smiled even more when he felt Binx nuzzle in closer to him. Even with the way the day had gone, the memories, the scars, that woman touching him, everything about where they were and how they were was just enough to help wash away some of the pain.

Blaine knew that when he saw that paperwork, and the small ‘v’ that formed between his eyes when Sebastian was concentrating really hard, that his Master was going to end up with a migraine if he didn’t put it away for the day. So, when he saw that forming he decided to make it disappear. His nose wrinkled and wiggled when it was tapped lightly by the pen. With a quick wiggle and a muster of energy he didn’t realize he still had, Blaine managed to get Binx off of him and with deft fingers he reached up and plucked those glasses carefully right off of Sebastian’s face. With a smile Blaine placed the glasses on his own face and took off running; Binx barking excitedly after him from his spot beneath the tree. He could hear Sebastian behind him and it caused him to laugh as he ran just that little bit faster. He was going to get Sebastian to smile and drop the paperwork for twenty seconds and smile.
His laughter at Blaine’s remark was full and warm, actually causing the outer edges of his eyes to crinkle in delight. Blaine spoke with such innocent excitement, as though lying on Sebastian was Blaine’s favorite thing and as though he couldn’t understand why Sebastian would question it. He spoke like it was common knowledge that Sebastian was softer than any type of actual bedding. “Well thank you, I’m glad you find me comfortable.” He smirked as he tapped Blaine’s nose again before chuckling when Binx huffed for attention. He reached over to scratch at Binx’s head not wanting the dog to feel left out of the attention Blaine was receiving. He blinked in sudden confusion when Blaine wiggled around in his lap, Binx scrambling closer to him as Blaine wiggled him off of his face. Glancing back over to Blaine he blinked in confusion again as his glasses were pulled off of his face. He only ever wore his glasses when he was working, and Blaine had only ever seen him in them maybe a total of three times, but they helped his vision enough that he had to blink to clear his eyes when they were removed.

“What…?” Sebastian laughed as Blaine slid the glasses on his own face before suddenly taking off across the grassy enclosure. “Hey!” The word was more of a barked out laugh as he watched Blaine take off with wide eyes, he sat in stunned silence for just a moment before hopping up, setting his paperwork down under the weight of a rock so it wouldn’t blow away as he took off after him. He gave Blaine the satisfaction of running ahead of him for a few minutes, chasing him through the trees and ignoring the excited barks coming from Binx who was still settled happily under the tree where Sebastian had been moments before. When he did catch Blaine he grinned, catching Blaine around his waist before spinning him around and actually bringing him down onto the grass. Sebastian settled on his elbows and knees over Blaine, kissing him soundly with a grin, mumbling, “Caught you.” Sebastian’s smirk softened into a warm small smile, brushing his lips against the tip of Blaine’s nose, “You have something that belongs to me.”

He could hear Sebastian thundering behind him, even heard his laughter which just caused Blaine’s own laughter to echo through the trees as he pushed himself to run just that little bit faster; caused his short legs to move quicker. That laughter, the masculine tenor sound that rung out from behind him, caused Blaine’s heart to absolutely soar. It wasn’t often that he heard that full bodied laugh; usually he heard the soft chuckle that the rest of the world heard. He could hear him getting closer, he nearly tripped over a bed of flowers as he tried to evade his pursuer. This was a game he was enjoying, getting Sebastian up and moving, laughing and smiling; he made a mental note to do so again the next time they brought Binx out to the gardens.

When Sebastian’s arms wrapped around his waist, Blaine let out a high pitched peel of what could only be classified as a squeal mixed with laughter. His initial reaction was to fight, to try and get away to keep running but the second he was spun around his hands instantly went to grasped onto Sebastian’s strong arms and he found himself laying flat on his back in the grass, chest heaving as he tried to suck in the oxygen he found himself lacking after running, and being kissed soundly by
Sebastian. When Sebastian pulled back Blaine whined softly as he chased those lips. He just loved the feeling of being claimed by Sebastian. “Yes you did.” He breathed as he settled his head back to look up at his Master, his Sebastian, biting his lip when the other mentioned he had something that belonged to him. He tried to blink at him as innocently as possible through the lenses; which oddly made seeing up close ridiculously easier. “Oh um, and what’s that?”

Sebastian did feel ridiculously more light hearted as he chased after Blaine. It was as much the combination of Blaine’s own infectious laughter and playful spirit as it was the chance to get up and chase after him. For a few moments they weren’t Master and Slave in a fenced in garden of a rehabilitation facility; for just a few blissful minutes they were Sebastian and Blaine playing in a garden and enjoying their time together. Being able to let go, as short lived as it would be, was more than welcome in their hectic lives. The bright nearly shrill squeak that came from Blaine sent his heart racing, Blaine was so happy and he felt so perfect in that split second in his arms that Sebastian never wanted to let go of him again. He wanted to simply be joined at the hip, to keep him close to his chest, Blaine was a part of him and that moment of happy laughter made the horrible moments of that morning feel like a distant past.

He smiled as Blaine’s head settled back on the soft grass, Sebastian couldn’t help the ridiculously wide grin on his face as Blaine agreed that he’d been caught. Reaching up he lightly traced his fingers along the edge of Blaine’s jaw, nudging their noses together playfully. “I think you know what it is.” Sebastian smirked a little as he leaned in closer, leaving only a small space between them and letting their lips brush as he spoke softly, “You, Biche, have my heart.” He smiled tenderly nuzzling his nose into Blaine’s cheek before chuckling softly, “But, I want you to keep it safe for me. With you I know it’s in the best hands.” He hummed faintly, adding as an afterthought, “Although eventually I will need my reading glasses back.”

This kind of affection, this kind of soft and loving touch, that was what Blaine loved most about the other man. The very man that could stare down the brick wall that was Marco and whose voice could get so cold when he was so angry was the same man that could be so soft and loving with him. And the things he said were so often a level of care and attention that, after being the constant recipient of it for even their short amount of time together, it had Blaine just starting to believe that maybe, just maybe, he had been a good enough boy to have earned such love. Each and every gentle brush of fingers, soft nudge of nose, and consuming barrage of kisses left him feeling both confident and cared for, more human. Above all, Blaine felt like each of those soft confessions of feelings helped by acting as if they were a balm to soothe even the worst of his scars.

Golden eyes closed softly behind the lenses at Sebastian’s soothing touch. When they opened again, the boy’s eyes themselves seemingly wider because he wasn’t partially squinting, they were full of love and laughter and held glimmers of the innocent and excitable boy that still existed deep down within him. With a soft yet easy smile Blaine’s hands slid up along Sebastian’s arms and over the solid shoulders to fit snuggly at the back of his neck; fingers lacing gently into the hair at the base of his Master’s skull. He blushed sweetly at Sebastian’s words; his own happiness doubling because he knew that Sebastian would keep his heart as safe as Blaine would keep his. “I love you.” He said softly as he pressed a soft kiss to Sebastian’s lips before grinning again. “I happen to really like these though. They make my eyes not feel so tired.”

Sebastian didn’t have the opportunity to be loose or carefree very often, even when he was taking Blaine out on special trips into the gardens or music room, or down to the beach—he could never truly relax. His job was to be constantly hyper vigilant, he was always on edge to keep Blaine safe. That was above all his number one priority, Sebastian could never afford to let his guard down; the
last times he’d slipped up, albeit due to his own injuries and medication, Blaine had nearly lost his life. Sebastian could never forget that, he could never forget that he’d nearly lost Blaine because he wasn’t able to keep him safe; the he hadn’t been vigilant enough. Ever since then Sebastian never really let his walls down, he was incredibly careful to keep his walls in place and Blaine safe. “I love you too, Biche.” Sebastian smiled tenderly as Blaine wrapped his hands behind his neck, letting the weight of them pull his head down to rest their foreheads together.

He laughed softly, more a puff of air, against Blaine’s lips as he was pulled into the kiss, nipping at his lower lip affectionately. Blaine was the only person that would ever bring this side out of him, the only one who would ever be given this kind of affection from him. He swore, as he watched Blaine’s eyes light up, he swore he would always give Blaine the love and warmth he deserved. He would whisper words of love, give him all the care and affection he’d been denied all his life. He would love him, and show him that, no matter what happened. He tilted his head in speculative interest at Blaine’s comment, humming softly he nodded slowly. “Well in that case you can keep the glasses until we can get you a pair that fit your eyes better.” With a grin he rolled them over so Blaine would be laying on him, looping his arms lazily around Blaine’s tiny waist, “They look better on you anyways.”

Like this the world was a symphony of sensations for Blaine; the brush of lips, ghost of air across his face and just the feel of being surrounded and loved. He even laughed softly as he nudged his nose softly against Sebastian’s; only to feel the glasses shift awkwardly on his face which left him scrunching his nose and wiggling it until they settled in again. It was such an odd feeling, the glasses settling onto his face. “I was going to give them back, I promise. But if it means that you can’t do paperwork while I have them then I might be inclined to keep them.” Even if he couldn’t wear them all the time and he had to hide them, Blaine would be sure to do so if it meant that he got more of the carefree Sebastian he had right now.

Blaine did jump, startled slightly, when Sebastian rolled them over and he found himself laying flat on Sebastian’s chest with an ‘oomf’. He did shake his head a bit before settling in closely to Sebastian’s chest, letting his ear rest firmly there so that he could hear that steady and comforting thrum of Sebastian’s heartbeat. That sound, that precious sound, was one of the most important sounds in Blaine’s life and it soothed his heart. “No they don’t.” He said shyly. He’d be willing to fully admit to the world that Sebastian was by far absolutely stunning in the pair of black spectacles. With a sigh Blaine’s fingers started playing with the hem of his Sebastian’s shirt. “I don’t want to go back there again.” Blaine’s voice was not much more than a soft breath of air as he broached the subject. He was hesitant to do so, because to do so would break their blissful peace.

Sebastian chuckled softly at Blaine’s comment, the fact he was admitting he had taken the glasses to get him to stop working was a little shocking, and highly amusing. Blaine was usually so shy about admitting he wanted Sebastian’s attention, the admissions made through bumbling blushes and stuttered exclamations. Even then he very rarely got the words out and Sebastian would have to kiss and tease it out of him, of course those tactics usually made the admissions come out a little less like the tease Blaine intended. At its core Blaine was telling him he was working too much, telling him he was worried about him in his own way, and Sebastian was more touched than he could say. “So that’s what this is, huh? You don’t want me to get my work done or do you just want all my attention on you?” Sebastian teased lightly, nipping at Blaine’s lips so the boy would know he didn’t mind the distraction in the least.

“If you want my attention all you have to do is say so, love, I’m always more than happy to give you all the attention you’d like.” Sebastian smiled as Blaine settled onto his chest in his usual spot directly over his heart. With a soft hum he drew his fingers through Blaine’s hair, tugging gently at a few of
the shaggier curls that looped around his fingers naturally. With Blaine’s small quiet confession Sebastian felt his heart stutter, he knew Blaine hated going—and he knew Blaine never asked for straight out favors that could be perceived as him disobeying orders, but here he was doing exactly that. “Oh, Biche…” Sebastian sighed softly as he held Blaine against him, “I know you don’t like it, or the doctor very much, but I promise you won’t have to go back for a few more days. You did so well for me today, you’ve been so good.”

The blush that Blaine had acquired at Sebastian’s gentle teasing, because Blaine knew all he had to do was ask for the attention but he still felt oddly uncomfortable asking for anything remotely considered positive, faded amazingly quickly at his admission. He heard Sebastian’s heart stutter before just slightly speeding up in the span of a second even as he was continuously playing with his hair. Blaine hated that he was the cause for any stress that Sebastian was suffering, hated that he was the source of any kind of discomfort for his Master but he hadn’t kept his mouth shut. Mentally he was lashing himself; he should have known better then to open his mouth and voice something he desired.

All Blaine could do as he mentally berated himself over and over was bite his lip and shake his head ever so slightly. He hated this; not only was he causing Sebastian distress of any kind but he was also fighting with himself to keep his breathing as smoothly as he could and to keep the tears from streaming down his cheeks again. It seemed like every time they got out of those ridiculous appointments Blaine found himself breaking down on Sebastian and, as much as he loved being in Sebastian’s arms, he couldn’t imagine that his Master found any kind of joy in holding him as he showed just how broken and destroyed he really was. It made Blaine seriously wonder if maybe his Master would be better off without the hassle he brought to him; and if Blaine didn’t love him so much he wouldn’t have hesitated to end it all just to make things easier for him. Doing his best to keep everything in check, Blaine just nodded and pressed his face even more firmly into Sebastian’s chest; hiding his tears.

Sebastian could feel Blaine’s demeanor change subtly under his hands, his body stiffening as his muscles clenched up. With exploratory touches Sebastian brushed his fingers down the back of his neck and across the tops of his shoulders. He knew when Blaine was fighting to hold it all in, fighting not to get emotional or cry—he knew Blaine was trying to hold himself together and be ‘good’, but Sebastian wasn’t going to let him beat himself up like that. “Hey, hey…” Sebastian murmured softly as he shifted enough to sit up slowly, pulling Blaine up with him and carefully rearranging their limbs so Blaine was in his lap their chests pressed together with Blaine’s legs on either side of his hips. He kept his arms wrapped around Blaine, keeping him supported against him as he ducked his head to press quick light kisses to Blaine’s face.

“Everything is going to be okay, I promise, love.” Sebastian murmured soft and warm as he hugged Blaine close. “Thank you for telling me how you were feeling though, Biche, I appreciate that. You know I need you to always let me know how you’re feeling about these things.” When he saw Blaine continuing to try and hide his face Sebastian held him close, a hand tangled into the back of his hair, “I’ve got you. I promise you will never have to go in there alone, I will always be in that room with you and no matter what happens if it’s something you don’t want we leave immediately. No questions asked.” Sebastian rocked Blaine gently before he turned his head towards the tree whistling a short command, “Binx, here.” He tapped his hand to Blaine’s thigh shifting his arm out of the way when Binx trotted over, laying down and immediately tucking his head on Blaine’s thigh with a huff of air. Sebastian let his head rest against Blaine’s, “See, Binx and I will always be right here with you.”
Blaine nearly jumped when he felt Sebastian shift into a seated position, he would have clamored off of him for fear of making him uncomfortable but then his Master’s arms tightened around his waist even further and pulled him snuggly against his chest; he knew he wasn’t going anywhere, even if he had wanted to. His fragile control splintered just a little more every time Sebastian spoke; every word of thanks and encouragement, every word of love and reassurance, all of it just resolutely chipping away at the fragile hold that Blaine had over himself. With a quick movement Blaine was sure to remove Sebastian’s glasses before he pressed his face back into the hollow of Sebastian’s shoulder; he didn’t want to make the situation even worse by breaking the glasses in his neediness.

He wanted to tell Sebastian that he would rather die a thousand real deaths then go back in that room and relive all the deaths he had already experienced again; images that he could have sworn were nothing more than figments of his own twisted imagination but were so detailed and with a scar to match that he knew they had to be true. He would happily kneel on the floor before his Master in their bedroom and answer every single question he had if it meant he didn’t have to set foot back in that room or any like it. Instead Blaine held his tongue, bit it more like, and let his head press into the muscles of Sebastian’s shoulders while his hand threaded through the fur of Binx’s head. “What more could she want to know?” His voice was muffled just a bit by Sebastian’s shirt.

Sebastian held the boy close, keeping his arms low and snug around Blaine’s small trim waist. He could feel Blaine’s resolve slowly slipping away, the way his body clenched and relaxed reflexively as if Blaine was struggling to understand what he was feeling, as if he was trying to hold onto those walls he didn’t even understand having up. He hummed softly as he settled his cheek against Blaine’s temple, breathing deep and slow so Blaine could feel his chest moving as well as feel his warm breath against his skin. He wanted to take all of the turmoil away from Blaine, wanted to help him find some peace, but he knew that wouldn’t be easy. So he did what he could, holding Blaine close and keeping him tucked into him with a strong hold. He rubbed the small of Blaine’s back, slipping a hand under his shirt so Blaine would have that direct warm skin connection; he knew skin on skin would give Blaine something to focus on.

He sighed softly as Blaine whimpered into his shoulder, pressing his lips into Blaine’s skin as he rocked him gently, “Oh, Biche…” With a gentle sigh he moved a hand up to Blaine’s hair, brushing his fingers through the curly hair, “I know it’s hard for you, I can’t imagine the things you’ve been through or the pain in your past…and I know talking about it makes it worse for you right now, but I promise you it is for a purpose. We want to keep you safe, and this is how we have to do that.” Sebastian sighed kissing his cheek tenderly, as he hugged him close, “But we don’t go any further until you’re ready.” Sebastian ran his hands along Blaine’s back, nails scratching gently against his warm skin, pulling his head back enough to see Blaine, “Is it just talking about it that has you so upset, or is it the room? If sitting out here makes it easier then I can make that happen…I will do absolutely anything I can to help, I just need you to tell me what you need from me. You know I will always give you anything you need; I’ve told you that since day one.”

Blaine was a wash of confusion; he was aggravated because he had to dredge up those memories, terrified because it was becoming clear to himself just how broken he truly was and Sebastian deserved more than just some broken shell, and yet he felt safe and surrounded. Closing those golden eyes he was able to focus on the gentle brush of fingers and nails; listen to that soft voice. Sebastian always knew just what to do to keep him grounded, what needed to be done to calm him down and keep him that way; even when all Blaine’s submissive side wanted to do was pull in on itself and let him slowly fester away and die. This man, for whatever reason, loved him and there was a part of Blaine that found it hard to believe but those little touches and soft words of encouragement were always there to reassure him. He leaned a little more firmly into those touches, grounding himself.
For whatever reason, Blaine just didn’t feel like himself. He thought maybe he could attribute it to how broken the last couple hours had made him but he wasn’t sure. When Sebastian asked him a question, however, Blaine wasn’t sure he knew the answer. So, keeping his eyes pressed firmly shut and gathering what courage he could, he answered to the best of his ability. “No! No, please don’t bring her out here!” He nearly panicked at the very idea of bringing that horrid woman out there. This was their place of peace and quiet and outside. This place wasn’t tainted by his memories and he wasn’t afraid to be out here; he didn’t need to be in darkspace to be out here. Master had asked him what made him upset about it all. Was it the room? That dark, damp and intimidating room? Sure that was a big part of it but deep down, the root of the problems were his memories. “I don’t want to remember. I don’t want to remember how broken I am.”

Sebastian didn’t see his boy as broken, lost and scared, confused and trying to find his way out of the hell his life had become through no fault of his own—yes. But never broken, he didn’t believe Blaine had ever been broken, if he’d been broken he would have never have made it this far. Blaine never would have been able to trust him, believe in him and let him keep him safe. Blaine was stronger and more resilient than he believed, and Sebastian could see that strength, even though the younger boy never did. Sebastian loved this boy more than he’d ever be able to put into words, and he knew he’d do anything in his power to make sure Blaine knew that. Make sure that every single day he was reminded how loved and dearly treasured he was. Sebastian hummed speculatively as Blaine protested against having the doctor come outside with them. “Shh, shhh, okay, love. Okay, it’s okay.”

He kept his voice soft and warm as he continued running his hands along Blaine’s back. “She won’t come anywhere near our garden, I promise, love. This is our space, just like our bedroom and our music room. Nice and safe, tucked far away from everyone else.” Sebastian knew how sacred those particular rooms were for Blaine’s ability to hold onto his sanity, having those safe havens gave Blaine something to hold onto, gave him a safety zone to leave behind the rest of the world. Sebastian shook his head, holding Blaine ever closer as he rocked him gently, “Oh, love, you are not broken. You are so far from broken.” He peppered Blaine’s face with kisses, rubbing his back in a continuous motion, “You are strong, you’ve made it to me…don’t you see how special that makes you? You fought, fought so hard and you made it to me…you opened yourself up to me, became my good boy. My strong, beautiful boy.”

He hated this hot and cold he felt like he was running. One moment he would be fine and happy and the next he would be terrified and angry. He hated the very idea that anyone was seeing him like this; he had been commanded and beaten so that he knew, KNEW, that he wasn’t allowed to display feelings like this. This was how he knew he was broken. He seemed unable to follow any of the simple rules that had been the very basis for his existence for the past…..for every year of his life for as far back as he could remember. Blaine didn’t know how Sebastian couldn’t see the cracks in his foundation, the chips in his resolve, but it just made him love the other man even more. At this point in his life, Blaine knew that he wanted to spend the rest of his life with this man.

Blaine just felt so drained; between being tossed in and out of darkspace like a virtual ragdoll, running all over the garden for almost an hour with Binx and the emotional rollercoaster that Blaine seemed to be going on he was utterly exhausted. He simply had no more fight left in him so he just curled himself into Sebastian’s chest, his face nuzzled into the other man’s neck, and shook his head ever so slightly. It seemed that his Sebastian couldn’t see just how shattered and broken he was and it amazed Blaine that he could see such good still in him; because Blaine wasn’t sure that any of it existed anymore. His hand lazily brushed through Binx’s fur for a few seconds; just enjoying the
silence and being held so close and so lovingly.

Feeling the fight drain out of Blaine’s body, Sebastian hummed softly, rocking his body as gently as possible. He knew Blaine was exhausted, the stress of therapy and reliving his past memories was torture on the young boy’s mind and Sebastian didn’t blame him. The kinds of horrors and mental anguish Blaine had been through in his young life, reliving them was going to keep reopening those wounds until Blaine was left feeling raw and broken all over again. If there was any other way, any other chance for Sebastian to keep him safe, anyway for him to keep Blaine’s dad away while helping Blaine move forward with his life—he’d take it in a heartbeat. Even if he had to give his own life to do it, he would have done it, he would do literally anything to keep Blaine happy and safe. He continued humming softly as he ran a hand along Blaine’s back, fingers trailing his spine with soft caresses under his shirt, murmuring softly in French.

Sebastian kept them like that for a while, long enough that the sun was getting ready to set before he finally moved. “Alright, Biche, let’s go inside.” He whispered the words gently before he tipped Blaine’s head back with a finger under Blaine’s chin, brushing a quick kiss to his lips before giving him a small smile. “Wrap your legs tight around my waist, I’ve got you.” He patted Binx’s side to get the dog up and off their legs, once he was out of the way Sebastian got himself up on his feet with Blaine in his arms. He kept his arms hooked under Blaine to support his weight as he leaned down to pick up his glasses from the grass, “Binx, toys.” He motioned to the abandoned rope and chew toy in the yard, letting the dog retrieve his own things as he picked up his paperwork from under the tree, humming as he carried Blaine like it was nothing, heading back inside the facility with Binx running ahead of them.

He wanted to be done, just completely finished with everything that had happened. If he were to wake up and forget everything about his life up until he was brought to this facility then Blaine would be a happy man. Instead he had to deal with the incessant woman and the memories of his past every time she brought them up. She spoke often about him overcoming his past before he could move forward, but didn’t she get that Blaine was trying to move forward without his past holding him back. All the woman succeeded in doing in her prodding was to stir up nightmares he had thought gone. Each night after the sessions Blaine had been so worn out that he passed out almost immediately only to be awoken a few hours later shaking and sweating. He just resolved to not sleep anymore.

He should have fought when Sebastian stood with him still in his arms; he should have dropped his legs so that he could walk on his own and that Sebastian wouldn’t have to struggle and possibly hurt his shoulder again by trying to carry him. But Blaine was feeling selfish and just wrapped himself more tightly around his Master so as not to fall; though he was careful to try and put as little pressure on the other man’s bad shoulder as possible. He heard him call to Binx, even heard the dog scamper off to grab his toys before they were making their way back into the facility. Once the garden door closed behind them, however, Blaine let his legs drop to the ground and brought himself to stand tucked between Sebastian and Binx. “I don’t want you to hurt your shoulder again.” He mumbled softly, though he did try giving his Master a small smile.

Sebastian knew he pushed himself too far constantly. He knew that he was always at risk of making his shoulder flare up, hell he’d nearly passed out thanks to his ribs when he insisted he was fine before they’d healed. Sebastian Smythe didn’t just sit around and let injuries hold him down or back. So if Blaine needed to be held or carried to feel safe, to feel better after a fairly traumatizing therapy session then damn it he would carry him. It was literally the least he could do to help the boy, and he
was fine. His shoulder hadn’t been bothering him nearly as much since the beach and he knew he needed to get his strength back up anyways. Carrying Blaine wasn’t going to kill him. That’s what he kept telling himself even as his shoulder burned a little up until Blaine stood on his own inside the doorway.

He sighed softly, he wanted to argue but Blaine was smiling so sweetly up at him, his concern so endearing in its ability to wrap around his heart like a caress. “I’m fine, Biche, I promise I’m taking care of myself.” Sebastian ran a hand through Blaine’s hair before keeping his arm around the younger man and guiding him through the hallways. He chuckled when Binx barked at Marco as they reached the room, the dog didn’t like anyone but Blaine it seemed, but he tolerated Sebastian, Marco on the other hand usually got growled at. “Down, Binx, down.” Marco glared at him, so maybe Sebastian was still smirking, before Sebastian led Blaine into their room, Binx on their heels.

Blaine didn’t know why it wasn’t plain as day to every single person they walk by but he could tell by the way his Sebastian was holding himself that he was uncomfortable. His Master may tell him one thing but Blaine knew otherwise; his Sebastian was always trying to be big and strong for him, whom he loved, but he was always trying to push himself too far. The time that Sebastian nearly dropped because he was too stubborn to take it easy had caused nothing but a panic attack for him and Blaine spent the next several days after that attached to Sebastian’s hip; there was always some part of him that was connected to Sebastian. So when he slid down off of Sebastian, he was doing it because he had see the way he was favoring his other shoulder and he wanted to relieve that tension; and he made a mental note to rub that shoulder out for his Master at a later date as well. Even if all he wanted to do was be held and loved, he would wait to do so until they were safely in their little haven.

The usual smile that found it’s place on Blaine’s features when he saw Marco actually didn’t appear when they finally saw the man; Blaine had used the last of his energy to smile at Sebastian not more than a few moments ago so he was fresh out. “Sorry” He murmured softly to Marco as they got closer. He could tell that the other man understood by the quick nod and soft smile that he gave him before having to snap his attention to the mass of fur that was barking at him. “Here Binx” Blaine called out softly to the dog when his started barking at Marco at the same time that the other man did. He was still half dead on his feet, pressed into Sebastian’s side so he missed the glare that Marco had leveled at his Master. When Marco stopped Sebastian with a hand on his arm and asked for a moment, Blaine just nodded tiredly and crawled up onto the bed to curl up with Binx; though his eyes were trained on Sebastian’s back as he stood in the door. He couldn’t quite make out what they were talking about.

Marco watched the kids as he looked absolutely shattered; where there was usually some spark of energy and recognition in his eyes was nothing but tired and sadness. With a quick hand on Bas’ arm he cast a quick glance between the two. “Hey kid, do you mind if I speak with Master alone for a moment please?” He knew he didn’t have to ask but something about the way the kid looked just made Marco feel like being extra soft around him this time. He waited until he was curled up on the bed to turn to Sebastian. “How is he doing, Bas? How are you handling this? You aren’t usually in there with them.” He knew he was putting and that it wasn’t any of his business but he cared about Sebastian like an annoying little brother and the kid just burrowed himself into the heart of anyone that actually got the chance to see him warm up to them.

Sebastian knew Blaine saw through him more than anyone ever had, it was a little unsettling to be read so easily. He was used to being the one that could read people like an open book, usually he could see every thought, fear and idea flitting through the eyes of another person. However he was
never the one being read like a book, he wasn’t entirely sure how to handle this change. He was trying to understand how to be both strong and powerful, yet stay available for Blaine to understand his actions and behaviors. He was brought up short by Marco at the doorway, lifting his eyebrow at the request. He didn’t think it had anything to with Blaine’s father or else he would have been brought up to speed immediately, meaning Marco would have pulled him from the garden for it. Sebastian looked to Blaine to make sure he was okay with the change of plans, nodding to the younger boy when he curled up on the bed, Binx immediately settling beside him. “I’ll be right in, Biche.”

Using an arm to usher Marco out of the doorframe so that Blaine wouldn’t be able to see their faces, only Sebastian’s back, he wasn’t sure what their conversation was going to be but he didn’t want Blaine getting any further upset. Sebastian looked away from Marco as he tried to answer the question, “He’s…it’s rough on him, Marco. Today was too rough. I know it had to be done, but Cia’s got enough now with his scars, I’m making the decision to pull any further sessions until he’s ready and asks for them. I’m not putting him through that again.” Sebastian shook his head as he ran a hand over his face his voice growing a little ragged, “I know he’s slated for a group session soon, we’ll leave that on the boards, but I’m not going to force him or drag him down the hallway kicking and screaming. I’m not going to be another Master hurting and forcing him into things. I won’t.” Marco let Sebastian get his little speech out, it was clear he had thought long and hard on the matter, and this time wouldn’t be swayed.

“Alright, I’ll talk to the doc.” Marco was silent for a moment before he speared Sebastian with a look, “But none of that answered what I asked. How are you holding up, Bas?” Sebastian shook his head a little; to be honest he hadn’t even really considered how he was doing at all. His only concern was to focus on Blaine, and that’s where he’d keep his head. When he spoke his voice came out as a near silent whisper, “I don’t know.” He answered truthfully before simply shaking his head and heading back into the bedroom and closing the door.

Chapter End Notes

Due to complications beyond my control, it might be a while before I can post the next chapter. I have everything written up, it’s just not on my phone, but I’m in the hospital until further notice and that is going to hinder regular weekly updates.

But fear not, I promise I’ll return to regular updates as soon as possible. Thank you for your patience.
Cover Me - Part 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sleeping sleeping sleeping sleeping. Everyone was sleeping and try as he might Blaine was starting to get antsy. He hadn’t had nightmares in three days and that made him beyond happy; but the downside was that he had spent the past three nights wide awake watching whatever he could find on Netflix. And that in and of itself probably wasn’t the best of ideas because he had stumbled onto some not so friendly movies one night when he started snooping around once Sebastian had finally fallen asleep. He had stumbled onto a movie that he thought was going to be a documentary about sharks, what with a name like ‘Jaws’, but by the end of the movie he had decided he wanted nothing to do with those kinds of sharks. The movie had effectively terrified him. He was trying to be quiet and still because everyone was sleeping but he felt like he was going to vibrate right out of his own skin with how much energy he had.

Sitting at the end of the bed, legs crossed Indian style before him, Blaine looked around the room for something to do. He would have built another blanket fort except that Sebastian and himself had already made one and it was still up around them. Threading his fingers through Binx’s fur as he laid pressed against his hip; he would have played with Binx but there wasn’t that much room in the room for him to run around in and not knock things over. And Blaine would rather not have gotten into trouble because he broke something. No, he’d have to play with Binx later, when they could go back out to the garden. Turning his head at the small snuffling noise that came from behind him, Blaine smiled softly. Moving as carefully and slowly as he could, Blaine crawled back up the bed; even carefully moving to straddle Sebastian’s hips as he laid down on top of his Master. With his chest pressed against Sebastian’s Blaine let his eyes roam over the other man’s features and took in everything. On a whim Blaine leaned up and pressed a light kiss to the tip of Sebastian’s nose. The man was adorable and never slept enough for Blaine’s comfort; he was happy to see him sleeping.

Sebastian had fought sleep, he’d guessed at Blaine’s game plan after his talk with Marco when he came into the room only to find Blaine already searching through Netflix for the longest movies or series of shows they hadn’t watched yet. He didn’t want to sleep. Sebastian couldn’t blame him of course, he knew that Blaine was scared the memories would come back and play out as nightmares in his head and he’d be lost to them all over again. So those first few nights Sebastian kept himself awake, he discreetly drank cup after cup of coffee thanks to Marco, ignoring the suggestions from Cia that they sedate or give Blaine a sleeping agent to help. Unlike the doctors, Sebastian didn’t see this behavior as unusual or destructive, frightening and unhealthy—yes, but Blaine’s body would get through to him eventually. There was only so far he was willing to push Blaine, only so far he was willing to enforce his will onto the other boy and so he left Blaine to his own devices and worked to stay awake as much as possible. Even then he dozed off a few times.

He wasn’t sure how long he’d been out this time, he assumed he’d only been napping for a short while, when in reality he’d been solidly asleep for hours. It seemed his body had different plans for him in regards to how long he could stay awake entertaining and taking care of Blaine and after days of games in the gardens and multiple tents being put up and taken down in their room his body was ready for a reboot. For once Sebastian was blissfully dreamless in his sleep, his body shutting down fully, even his mind, to give him some reprieve from the stress of the last week in trying to care for Blaine. Somewhere in the distance he was aware of someone pressing down on his body, a soft feather light touch to his nose and a sense of complete peace. He let out a soft sigh, his lips quirking into a sleep filled small smile, his nose scrunching up after the light kiss as he let out a faint puff of air
in a laugh.

When he pulled back a bit, Blaine took everything into account he could as he looked over his Master; the chiseled cheekbones and jaw, the soft as down lips, and those eyes that, when asleep, lost all tension and caused his Master to look as young as he truly was. Blaine knew that Sebastian was almost constantly stressed and even without asking the golden eyed boy knew that he was the source of the majority of the other man’s stress. With a gentle shake of his head, Blaine pressed one more sweet kiss to the tip of Sebastian’s nose before propping himself up with his hands upon the mattress. He had spotted his Master’s half full cup of coffee and bit his lip to keep from chuckling softly. He had been sneaking sips of Sebastian’s coffee off and on for the last few days and had found that the drink, though bitter and harsh, seemed to energize him and had helped keep him awake for the past few nights. With careful movements, so as not to jar the bed and therefore wake his Master, Blaine reached over and plucked the cup up off of the nightstand.

In order to actually take a proper sip Blaine was forced to sit back on Sebastian’s hips; still moving slowly so as not to shock Sebastian awake. Once he was settled securely on his hips, Blaine brought the cup to his lips and took a tentative sip. Just as before the beige liquid was bitter and harsh against his throat but, as before, he received the same rush of energy that came with drinking the liquid. Closing his eyes, Blaine clutched the cup in both hands and held it close as he hummed and softly rocked back and forth before setting to work to take small sips; intent on finishing the cup. He knew that if he kept sneaking bits of Sebastian’s coffee that he would probably be able to stay up for another few days. His mind was whirling a hundred miles an hour as he thought of all the things he could do. He could make a new blanket fort, even ask Marco for more blankets, or he could watch another series on Netflix; he could even go out to the garden with Binx as often as his Sebastian would allow it or he could even ask Sebastian to bring them to the music room to play some more on the piano. There was so much that he could do if he didn’t sleep.

Sebastian was still clinging to sleep, to that blissful quiet space where he didn’t have to be in charge of anything. In sleep he wasn’t anyone’s Master, he wasn’t the go between for doctors and a scared boy, he didn’t have to prepare mountains of paperwork and legal hoops to keep someone safe and get a future set up for them. In sleep he didn’t have to hear his father’s voice in his ear telling him all the ways he was failing, poking holes in every thought or plan he had. Didn’t hear that voice telling him he was going to hurt Blaine, that voice saying Blaine would hurt him…in sleep none of that mattered. In sleep he could float along, blissfully free of the stress and worries that came with everyday tasks. Of course being asleep meant he was apart, at least mentally, from Blaine, but he knew the other boy was always nearby, always within reach of him. He loved Blaine, but he still longed for that blissful escape where even with Blaine…he didn’t have to pretend to be the strong person that knew everything. He could just be Sebastian.

Distantly he felt movement on him again, that same brush against his nose and the pressure on his chest moving and settling solidly against his hips. He sighed in his sleep, muscles twitching just a little in response to the changes, his body still clinging to those last remnants of sleep. Lazily, he murmured, voice thick and almost unintelligible, “Who said you could get up….?” He sighed, chest heaving at the sound as he sunk further into the mattress, head turning to nuzzle into the pillow with his cheek, “C’mere…you’re warm…” His voice trailed off again, the soft whisper fading away as his lips smacked quietly, making a soft snuffling noise as he fought against sleep while not fully wanting to wake up.

When Blaine heard Sebastian’s voice he started just a bit; while he wasn’t sure that his Master was going to stay sleeping through his advances, he had hoped he would. He knew that his Master
needed even more sleep then he was getting and he hadn’t meant to wake him, he just couldn’t help the fact that his Sebastian was absolutely beautiful. Once his heart was firmly back in his chest where it was supposed to be the whole time, Blaine offered a soft smile. He loved Sebastian’s sleepy voice; it was soft and gentle, so much more to it then when he was awake and there was a hard edge to it when he was speaking to anyone but himself and sometimes Marco. The sleepy voice was something that Blaine didn’t get to hear often and he cherished the moments when he did.

When Sebastian asked him to lay back down with him it brought a big smile to Blaine’s face; he was positively humming with energy but there was nothing in the world he would like better than to be wrapped in his Sebastian’s arms, except maybe getting soft kisses. For a few seconds he sat perfectly still, watching his Master as he nuzzled deeper into his pillow. “So beautiful.” He whispered softly before he downed the remainder of the coffee and placed the cup carefully back where he had found it. Once that was complete Blaine curled himself back into his Master’s body; his head resting on the pillow as their noses touched just the barest. With a smile, and his body still humming from the caffeine intake, he licked his lips, tasting the coffee that remained there, and then softly stole a kiss from his Master.

He lost a little time when his question petered out and the time it took Blaine to lay back on him. He wasn’t even sure if he was fully awake or fully asleep, lost somewhere in the haze between the two as time seemed to slip on by. Sebastian didn’t often let himself fully sleep, he had to be constantly aware of where Blaine was at all times, he had to know that he was the only one in the room at all times. However he often underestimated how hard that was on his body, sleeping only a few hours a night, if that, eventually caught up to him. Somewhere in the back of his mind he knew he needed to wake up, knew he was sleeping just a little too long, even if it had only been a few hours. He needed to get up and be there for Blaine. But he couldn’t seem to get his body to cooperate.

Sebastian’s lips quipped up in a small smile as he heard Blaine call him beautiful, even that soft voice seemed distant and dream like in and of itself, “Mmm…Beautiful?” He murmured softly before sighing, his face instantly lightening and relaxing in obvious comfort and relief as Blaine’s weight settled into his chest again. Feeling the pillow shift under his cheek and the warm breath mixing with his own and letting him know Blaine was on the pillow with him. He whined softly when Blaine pulled away from the kiss, pursing his lips a little as if asking for more before he licked his lips, “M’that’s where my coffees been going….hmm? Kiss me again….you taste good…” He chuckled, his voice still sleep heavy, face and body completely relaxed and warm from his sleepy haze.

Biting his lip was about all Blaine could do as he blinked his wide eyes at his Master’s still relaxed face. He had noticed the coffee going missing? It wasn’t like he had been taking a lot of it, just a sip here and a sip there was all and he hadn’t thought it was that blatantly obvious; it would seem that he hadn’t been as sneaky sneaky as he thought he had been. He was always careful to sneak a breath mint after taking a sip or to quickly run to brush his teeth saying something along the lines of wanting to get the bits of whatever recent meal they had had. He had completely forgotten to sneak the breath mint in his haste to curl back up on his Master.

He couldn’t help the very shy smile that tugged at his lips when he was told to kiss his Sebastian again; his beautiful and perfect Sebastian. “I only had a little bit…” He let his own voice trail off before he leaned back in and kissed first one corner of Sebastian’s mouth and then the other with a giggle. The man’s lips, even the corners, were so soft in his sleepy haze and his body was so pliant beneath his own that Blaine felt like he could move the man however he pleased and meet no resistance. After a few more seconds of just staring at the man before him, he leaned in again and pressed a soft kiss full on Sebastian’s lips.
The missing coffee hadn’t been such a mystery in the long run. Sure, at first Sebastian had thought his own mind was playing tricks on him, he thought maybe he’d been drinking more coffee than he was aware of. Possibly he’d considered the idea he might have been losing his mind temporarily, but the sudden intense manner with which Blaine had been keeping his breath almost too minty fresh….that had been all the answer he needed on the matter. He wasn’t angry, not really, Blaine was curious—which was an incredible sign, but Sebastian was starting to seriously contemplate switching to decaf just so Blaine wouldn’t be able to keep using the drink to keep himself awake. Unfortunately Sebastian needed the caffeine so he was in a bit of a catch 22 on the matter and just had to pick his battles.

Part of Sebastian’s brain was telling him to wake up, wake up and pull Blaine in close, chase those soft sweet lips with his own, to cover his face in kisses until he was blushing and squirming against him in that sweetly innocent way he had. Then there was another part of Sebastian’s brain telling him to just stay right here in this soft, bliss-filled, warm place of sleep. So, that’s what he did, let his body relax with a soft sigh as he felt a brush against the corners of his lips, causing them to tip up into a small smile. “Just…stay here…with me.” Sebastian mumbled, he wasn’t sure why he felt compelled to make the request, but as he felt the gentle press of Blaine’s lips against his own he let out a sleep heavy little whimper—body moving sluggishly as he tried to curl in close to the source of heat that was Blaine.

The smile on Blaine’s face was only reinforced by Sebastian’s small and simple request; every fiber in Blaine’s being was thrumming on the pure fact that with those five words his Master told him everything he ever wanted to hear. He wanted to just stay there forever with Sebastian; was willing to just stay sequestered in their room apart from the world. “I’ll always be with you, Sebastian.” He whispered ever so softly against Sebastian’s lips. He wanted to tell him that he would never leave him, never go away and that he would protect him from the evils he knew were out there; but he wasn’t sure he had the right words to convey all of that properly. He just wanted to show him how much he needed him and loved him; how much he appreciated that he was there and that he was his stability in a world that Blaine was sure was otherwise out to get him.

But laying there, his body twitching slightly as sleep tried to grasp at the corner of his consciousness, Blaine knew if he stayed still he wouldn’t be able to convey any of that because he would pass out. So, instead of trying to find the words he wanted to use, Blaine decided to use his actions. Wiggling just a bit so that he could get his knees beneath him again, Blaine started laying a trail of soft kisses along Sebastian’s skin; starting once more at each corner of his lips before taking a full sweet kiss. When he felt his Master’s lips start moving ever so slightly beneath his own Blaine moved to place soft little innocent pecks over his cheek and jaw then down to his neck. Blaine realized that along with wanting to tell and show Sebastian how he felt he still just needed that extra reassurance and love that came with touching his Master. With each touch he knew he was safe and that his nightmares weren’t going to get him. Each touch and soft sound that came from Sebastian just encouraged his small brave kisses as they trailed over Sebastian’s neck and his hands pressed smoothly against the other man’s sides.

Sebastian’s smile was sleepy but still present when he heard the soft whisper in return. His mind didn’t take long to process the words, but it was still a slow response. The days of keeping himself awake and alert taking care of Blaine had put his body through more stress than he was used too. None of his cases had ever been so all consuming before. Then again, there was a chance there was a higher amount of pressure on his shoulders given how close their bond had become. He used to think those bonds helped relationships between care givers and ex-slaves, but now he was beginning
to fear it made him unable to be objective. He wasn’t letting go though, even if he had to run himself ragged and lead himself to an early grave, if it meant saving Blaine’s life and getting him into a happier life then he would do whatever it took.

Sebastian dozed back off momentarily as Blaine started pressing kisses along his cheeks and to his neck, the next time he spoke it was more sleep muddled and lost in his subconscious, “Wanna be as perfect for you…as you are for me…” He sighed as the words slipped out, the secret fears and truth that he kept locked away deep inside, past where even he knew himself, he only wanted to be the man Blaine deserved despite all of the wrong he’d done in his life, he wanted to be and do better. He was silent apart from a few happy sighs and noises of sleepy bliss at the soft loving touches and kisses before his lips tipped up in a smile, eyes blinking open slowly. “Mmm…you should leave a mark…there on my neck.” He smiled as he stretched some, neck arching in open invitation, “Want to feel it…see it.”

Blaine stopped all movements and looked up when Sebastian mentioned wanting to be perfect; how could he not see that he was absolutely perfect? That he signified everything good in the world to Blaine and that no matter what he was stuck with him? He looked at the sleepy man and bit his lip as he really let those words sink in. “Don’t you see?” He nudged his nose along Sebastian’s jaw line and smiled against the skin there a small shy smile. His Sebastian didn’t see and that was fundamentally wrong to Blaine. So it was his place as a good boy to tell him. “You are perfect for me. You save me.” His voice was still as quiet as it could be; he didn’t want to break the haze of tranquility that was settled upon the two of them.

He couldn’t help but let golden eyes trail over the expanse of neck that was being offered up to him. Master wanted him to mark him? Mark him on that beautifully elongated neck. He couldn’t do that, could he? He longed for his Master to do that to him but he had never thought he would be asked to do so. “Are you sure you want me to mark you?” He asked as he bit his lip, still eyeing that neck. “I don’t want to hurt you.” “Biche, please…I need it, I want to feel you.” Just hearing him state that caused Blaine’s heart to spike in speed. “….if you’re sure?” “Please” He wasn’t sure if it was the pleading tone that the last word was spoken with or the way the sliver of those green eyes shone with that need but Blaine was leaning back forward and pressed gentle kisses to Sebastian’s neck before nipping and sucking at the skin there; moving his legs so that his own hips were cradled in Sebastian’s.

Sebastian wasn’t sure what had him feeling warm and like he was floating. He’d thought it was the mix of sleep and wakefulness, that blissful safe space of not being fully awake and feeling like your body was so loose it wasn’t even real. But as he heard Blaine whispering, felt the warm puffs of air that came from his words, float along the skin of his jaw he wasn’t so sure. It wasn’t sleep that had him so comfortable and feeling safe enough to relax fully; it was the love of this boy. The faith he had in him and the way he so lovingly took care of him, Sebastian knew it was all about the love he had from Blaine. “Ah, but first…” Sebastian smiled his voice still heavy and slow, “First you saved me.” Sebastian truly believed in the statement, he knew Blaine would never understand it, but it was true. Life before Blaine had been empty and lost, with Blaine in his life he held a purpose and he felt like he was actually worth something.

He felt no qualms over begging Blaine for a mark on his throat, he wanted more than anything to have a mark on his skin to see in the mirror for days after and remember it was Blaine that put it there. He wanted to have Blaine claiming him, wanted to feel that level of care and possession. There was something so sweet about being claimed by someone, about Blaine taking claim of him—and Sebastian needed it like he needed air. “Please, Biche…please.” He whispered desperately, the
sleepiness leaving him open and uninhibited. Sebastian’s eyes fell closed as his head tipped back at the press of lips against his neck, the warmth flooding through him at the precious pressure of the bites and sucking. “Yes…just like that, please…” Sebastian whimpered as he tipped his hips up thighs spread to cradle Blaine’s weight, his hands moving up to rest on his sides with heavy hands, arms leaden and slow.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for your patience, everyone. This past week has been hard, I went into premature labor and lost my daughter, so I’m trying to find a new normal. A new balance in life. Again, thank you for your patience.
Chapter Notes

Things get a little more heated up between our boys while Sebastian nurtures the fragile confidence that has been building in his golden eyed Biche.

Just the very taste of Sebastian was thrilling and called up images of everything that Blaine had ever thought of as safe and home and precious. A quick flash of his angel’s face as the first feeling of safety and love he had ever felt, the feeling of utter happiness and lightness he gets every time he set foot into Sebastian’s music room, the smiles they shared and the special touches and caresses they shared while hidden in his blanket fort, as well as the joy they shared at the beach and the various other little things that always made him feel loved and special. All of those feelings just brought back the feeling of safety and home to Blaine; all of those feelings he got while his mouth was on his Master’s neck, marking him as his own and claiming him for the rest of the world to see. That in and of itself spurred Blaine on even while his heart beat rapidly in his chest; just as the feeling of Sebastian’s hands on his sides pushed him further on his mission to leave the biggest mark he could on Sebastian’s neck.

When the skin he had been working on was effectively darkened, to the point that he knew well enough that Sebastian would be feeling it and would be able to see it for quite some time afterwards, he resorted to just pressing his lips against the full expanse of neck that was being offered up to him. If Sebastian was offering it up, Blaine was going to make sure he had the courage to explore as much as he could and do what it was he had been longing to do since the last time he had made the massive blanket fort. So, with Sebastian so open beneath him, Blaine allowed himself free range. He was sure to cover every inch of his Sebastian’s neck before moving up to pepper his entire face with gentle, nearly innocent, kisses; being extra soft and sensuous when it came to pressing kisses to the luscious lips that his Master had. Meanwhile his hands were moving softly over Sebastian’s chest and one moving to gently thread through the other’s sleep tussled hair.

Everything about the pressure against his neck felt absolutely perfect. It was the stinging pain followed by the soothing licks and tender care to his skin followed by another bite or hard suck—the constant switch of pain and pleasure had Sebastian’s head spinning. This was something special between the two of them, the trust and love shared between two people that would give anything to protect the other. Sebastian knew Blaine was still too fragile to completely take control sexually and lead them in these situations, his innocent touches and kisses still required gentle prodding and constant guidance. However, he also knew Blaine wanted more, wanted to be able to touch and explore, in some ways this was Sebastian’s way of giving him that. At the same time it was a selfish need, he wanted to feel Blaine on him, to know he was wanted that Blaine needed him like he needed him constantly. He wanted that tangible proof and the ability for them both to just be young and experience something most guys their age did without a thought.

By the time Blaine moved away from his neck Sebastian could feel the pull and sting in his neck from the large mark left behind. It was enough that he could feel it even with just a shift of his head, and the quick shot of pain that came from the spot only served to remind him how well Blaine had just taken care of him. He hummed pressing up into the sweet soft kisses against his mouth, tipping his head back encouraging more touch to his hair. He not-so-secretly loved having his hair played
with, especially when it was Blaine touching him. He flexed his hands along Blaine’s sides, dragging his splayed fingers down before fistiing slowly in the material of Blaine’s shirt pulling the material up slightly, working his lips against Blaine’s just enough to get them to part so he could dip his tongue into Blaine’s mouth.

Blaine loved the ease with which he could pick up on the little things that Sebastian wanted from him. For example, he loved how he could tell by the simple tilt of his head back into his hand and gentle hum that came from his Master that he wanted more with his hair. And he loved that with just that little bit of encouragement he had no reservations about letting his fingers tangle even tighter into that gorgeous auburn hair and tugging just a little bit. The resulting sounds caused Blaine’s pulse to skyrocket and a smile to form as his lips are pressed into his Sebastian’s. He wanted to show Sebastian that he knew his body as well as his Master knew his.

His lips, pliable and easily worked open by Sebastian’s, parted to allow his Master access; sucking and nipping at the invading tongue before he pushed back, daring to take just a little bit of control and exploring the mouth that he had come to know so intimately. It always amazed him that he was allowed to do so much, that he wasn’t getting thrown away in disgust and that he was actually encouraged to do so. Sebastian was so patient with him and always working to coax out the strength he said he saw in Blaine; even if Blaine wasn’t sure it was there Sebastian had enough faith in its presence that it was hard for the golden eyed boy to not believe in it just a little bit. That little bit of courage he garnered from the kiss spurred him further as he slipped his hands into Sebastian’s, linking their fingers. He knew that when he was feeling upset or unsure that touch always made things better; and as of late his Master seemed to be having a hard time so he wanted to make it better.

Sebastian’s own pulse skyrocketed in warm excitement when Blaine’s fingers twisted just a little more firmly into his hair. The action helped pull a soft purring moan from his lips, the sound low and deep vibrating in his chest in obvious appreciation at the action. His Blaine was so good at reading him, at caring for the needs and wants of his body, without any verbal encouraging he was already taking hold and caring for him in the ways he needed so desperately. Sebastian himself barely understood his own needs in this moment, this suspended space and time of their own little creating, all he knew was that Blaine’s touch and love was the only thing capable of soothing the nerves vibrating through his body. That tugging of his hair grounded him immediately in a delicious act of trust and love. Opening his own mouth to Blaine’s exploring tongue was like second nature for Sebastian, he let out small sighs into Blaine’s own mouth, encouraging the action with slow methodically movements of his own lips and tongue.

Feeling the grounding motion of Blaine’s hands in his own their fingers knitting together and filling in the spaces so perfectly Sebastian smiled with a soft hum, lips brushing along Blaine’s skin as he wrapped his thighs more comfortably around Blaine’s hips, ankles crossing loosely across the backs of Blaine’s legs. He squeezed Blaine’s fingers gently as he slowly drew their joined hands up until Sebastian’s hands were pressed into the mattress up beside his head, and while he kept control of the motion and was ultimately in command of their position he was letting Blaine have a taste of what it could be like to be able to move and love him as he wished with Sebastian open and willing beneath him. He continued brushing soft lazy kisses along Blaine’s jaw as he whispered thickly, “Love the feeling of you against me, Biche…you fit so perfectly.” Nothing Sebastian was doing was meant as a sexual advance, although he’d never be one to turn down his beautiful boy, no this was about finally letting go of himself and trusting in Blaine to be there for him, fully trusting him to take care of him as he so often asked for.
Everything for Blaine was a gentle haze of sweet and lazy; the slow brush of tongues, the gentle coaxing of lips. There were moments in Blaine’s life that he would always remember, memories he would always cherish, and this would be one of the top ones. And when he felt Sebastian’s legs wrap around his waist, firmly holding their hips together, and slid their hands slowly up so that he had them basically pinned by his head Blaine smiled in soft wonder. Sebastian was always showing him new levels to himself and just how much he believed in him; allowing himself to be this open and trusting in Blaine’s hands. He wasn’t sure what to do with that feeling of trust other than to prove to the other man that he was worthy of that trust.

He whined softly at the lazy kisses, brushing his cheek softly against Sebastian’s; there was something so much more intimate about how gentle they were being. There was something special about just the way they were, right that moment. With another smile Blaine just started exploring again; moving their hands to various places all the while his thumbs brushing softly at his skin, peppering more gentle kisses all over Sebastian’s face, down to his neck and over his collar bone. He nipped lightly at the skin that was exposed when he pressed his body more firmly into Sebastian’s, letting his hips settle heavily against his Master’s and pressing them more firmly into the bed. The whole while he was smiling against the skin he was paying close attention to.

Sebastian simply floated along the new sensations and let himself feel and just get lost in his own head in the moment. So often their time together was spent with Sebastian being in complete control, and teaching Blaine, showing him how to relax within his own body or how to work through the tension that he so often held within his small frame. This was the first time Sebastian simply let things be, simply let himself be on the receiving end of soft caresses and gently kisses, the brushing of Blaine’s lips against his skin leaving him feeling warm and so loved it took his breath away completely. This line of work wasn’t necessarily easy, even when you were brought up in it, brought up as a Dominant and comfortable with constant control. And Sebastian knew his own limits, he didn’t often heed them, but he knew them, and he was quickly moving past them in stunningly large leaps and bounds.

So to be able to simply lay there and let Blaine have his chance to explore, let him play, to touch and to feel that rush one could get from caring for a loved one—it was a gift. He could feel Blaine smiling against his skin as the boy moved across it, sighing with a soft smile as he brushed over the fresh mark left on his neck. When Blaine moved to his collar bone, nipping at the skin not covered by his shirt he couldn’t help the soft little purr that built in his chest at the sensation. Feeling Blaine press him harder into the bed with his hips Sebastian whined softly, legs tightening around Blaine, his own hips rolling up just a little to slot them together better.

Blaine’s smile grew infinitely larger when he heard the whine that came from Sebastian and offered up one of his own when their hips pressed together more firmly. Garnering even more of the growing confidence he was finding, Blaine let his hips roll forward in response. It wasn’t something eager or rushed, just his body finding the courage to respond to Sebastian’s with touches. While he knew that he could move and shift them to his heart’s content he loved the absolute feeling of being wrapped in Sebastian’s legs. All the while he continued his gentle exploring with his lips and his hands; sliding their joined hands up above Sebastian’s head before ever so slowly allowing his hands to explore the skin they could.

His fingers trailed down each of Sebastian’s fingers, noting the small writer’s calluses, before tracing mindless patterns into his palms and down over his wrists. He stopped at the wrists to pay careful attention to the smooth skin and even placing gentle kisses to each of those glorious wrists before placing the hands back onto the bed by Sebastian’s head and continuing on his trailing; over the
forearms, past the elbow, and back up the upper arm to sturdy, steady shoulders. It continued to
amaze Blaine that he was still able to touch his Master and not be reprimanded for it. With slow,
precise movements Blaine ghosted his fingers over the mark he had placed on Sebastian’s neck
before moving down to play with the hem of Sebastian’s shirt. “Off?” He asked ever so gently; he
wanted to keep exploring.

Sebastian’s neck arched as he pressed his head back with a happy almost blissful sigh at the press of
their hips. Every time they were close like this Sebastian was reminded of how perfectly Blaine fit
against him, it never matter how they were laying or who was doing the holding, they just always fell
together like they were always meant to be that way. Sebastian used to think that people were
drugged out or just stupid when they said another person could complete them in every way, that
finding another person meant they’d found themselves. He’d always thought it was idiotic in the
biggest possible way to think another person had that ability over your life—at least he’d thought that
up until he found Blaine. Now with Blaine pressed so sweetly into him, slotting their hips together in
lazy explorative motions, he knew what those people were talking about. Blaine wasn’t simply
someone that made him happy; he was the one person that completed him in every way imaginable.

He could feel the goose bumps Blaine’s gentle tracings and kisses caused along his arms, his skin
erupting in them in a trailing wake of the brush of Blaine’s fingers. With a full bodied shudder at
Blaine’s touch to the bruise left behind on his neck Sebastian moaned quietly, lips parting as he drew
in a deep breath, body flexing and moving up into the gentle caresses wanting more. “Anything you
want.” He murmured softly at the quiet request, lifting his shoulders up just enough to tug his own
shirt off before tossing it aside, Sebastian loved being skin-to-skin with Blaine, not just for sexual
reasons either. He liked being able to feel Blaine’s warmth and strength pressed right against him like
a second skin. Once the shirt was gone he laid back down, immediately laying his hands back on the
pillow beside his head where Blaine had left them before, letting Blaine know he was putting himself
in Blaine’s hands.

Blaine’s eyes lit up like a kid’s on Christmas when he had to shift up a little bit for Sebastian to get
his shirt off. He loved when he could touch and feel and see his Master’s beautiful skin. He even
watched in awe and excitement as those strong and reliable hands went right back to where they had
been put before the shirt had come off. His heart just kept racing in his chest as he continued his soft
trailing with his fingers. He started back up at the mark that he had made on Sebastian’s neck, even
going so far as to lean forward and lick the mark before pressing a kiss to it and sitting back again.
When he was satisfied with the attention he had paid there he started tracing his fingers over his
Master’s collar bone and along every muscle he could see on Sebastian’s chest; eventually trailing
from one freckle to the other. And that’s when he got an idea.

Biting his lip, Blaine sat back onto his knees between Sebastian’s legs; his hands just trailing over
Sebastian’s abs. “Master, can I play connect the freckles?” He kept his voice soft and warm, hoping
to keep them in this blissful place that they had managed to find. “You can do whatever you like,
Biche. Go ahead.” That light in Blaine’s eyes blazed even brighter as he leaned over a bit and
grabbed the nearest marker, the sharpie that had been tossed on the nightstand, and popped the cap.
Then, being as gentle and light as he possibly could be, Blaine slowly started tracing from one
freckle to the next and so on and so forth. When he finally made it down to Sebastian’s waist it
looked like his Master’s abdomen was some kind of Picasso sketch. He couldn’t help but giggle as
he capped the marker and put it back then traced the marker on his abdomen with his fingers.

Sebastian wanted to tell Blaine to touch harder on the mark, to bite him again and make it throb and
pulse like it had just after Blaine had left it. The dull ache and stretch of skin was still there, but there
was something utterly thrilling about the sharp pain that ran through him when the skin pulled too
much or Blaine touched with more than a feathery caress. It reminded him that Blaine had left that
mark there, the pain reminded him that Blaine loved him enough to make it known to everyone that
Sebastian was taken and being taken care of. His body shuddered as Blaine did press a kiss to the
mark, something hot and possessive curling in his stomach at the sweet gesture. He loved letting
Blaine explore him, to touch and learn about his body, learn what felt good and how to make
someone else feel good. Blaine had only ever known pain and force in his life; Sebastian loved more
than anything, being the one that showed him how to feel pleasure.

When Blaine wanted to ‘play connect the freckles’ Sebastian could do nothing other than say yes,
the happy look and bright smile that came from Blaine at the permission meant Sebastian would have
given him anything. Of course he hadn’t anticipated Blaine using an actual marker to play his little
game, but he still chuckled and simply let Blaine have his fun—even if it meant he’d be scrubbing a
layer of skin off later. He had to clench down on his muscles to keep from laughing at the ticklish
sensation of the marker on his skin, particularly when it trailed down to his abs and over his ribs. He
turned his hands to grip at the pillow under his head to keep from wiggling and disrupting Blaine’s
playful work. With his eyes closed he hummed feeling fingertips replacing the marker, “Am I a nice
piece of art work now? Do I look pretty?”

Of course Blaine made note of every tensing and strain that the muscles danced to; especially noting
which touch got him the most reaction where. Master had only tickled him a few times and, even
while it took every ounce of breath away from him, it was a good feeling that Blaine was just dying
to repay the man. And this was a way to gather which spots were the most sensitive to his touch and
just how much touch was needed for him to get the best result. But all of this would be filed away for
a little bit. The idea behind drawing to connect the freckles was so that Blaine could have a map to
follow, so he wouldn’t have to stop to find the next freckle because it was already laid out for him.
He hummed in response to Sebastian as his fingers came to the end of their tracing. “No, not pretty.”
Out of the corner of his eyes he could see the confused look that came over Sebastian. He just
grinned up at his Master for a moment. “Beautiful.”

Blaine let himself fall forward onto his hands, slotting their hips together in utter perfection, before he
leaned in and nipped at the dark mark that was standing out in stark contrast with the pale skin. The
soft whine that resulted from the action made him smile against the skin once more before he
continued on. Moving down to where the marker started Blaine flicked his tongue out and started
trailing along the marker; he could taste the bitter tang of the marker and, just beneath it, he could
taste the salt and musk that was Sebastian. While his tongue explored from one freckle to the next
and so on he let his hands continue their roaming and kept close note of each and every muscle that
jumped and twitched beneath his tongue and hands. Eventually his hands settled onto Sebastian’s
hips, holding them in place as he finally reached that sensitive skin there and he nipped lightly at one
hip bone before tracing his tongue slowly over to nip at the other as well.

Sebastian nearly fell back asleep while Blaine entertained himself by drawing all over him. He was
being careful not to wiggle around or laugh too much, he wasn’t nearly as ticklish as Blaine was, but
certain patches just under his ribs were a little more sensitive than others. He knew his face pulled
into a mask of confusion when Blaine told him he wasn’t pretty—it wasn’t that he was offended by
the offhanded comment, after all he had a healthy ego and knew he was more than simply ‘pretty’.
But Blaine had never said he wasn’t something before, and pretty was usually the first word the boy
attributed to him or his physical features. So when he, almost cheekily, called him beautiful instead,
Sebastian chuckled and what could be counted as a full bodied flush swept down his neck and chest,
“I believe that’s my name for you, Biche.” He smiled warmly, his hand twitching to reach down and brush a hand through Blaine’s hair before remembering Blaine had put his hands where he wanted them.

Sebastian moaned softly at the first brush of Blaine’s tongue to his skin. It never got old, that electric shock he felt when Blaine touched him in this way, and the way Blaine was exploring him now, purposefully and methodically moving along the expanse of his skin, it took Sebastian’s breath away. When he felt the strong, calloused, perfect hands, pressing on his hips and holding him into the mattress Sebastian groaned, eyes rolling back at just that one simple point of pressure. Being controlled and having Blaine take that control for no reason other than to learn Sebastian’s body like he had his own—it had his blood rushing south so quickly he wound up startlingly dizzy at the sensations. With the first nip to his hip bone Sebastian bit back a soft whine, turning his hands on the pillow in order to grip onto the material and keep himself from grabbing onto Blaine and urging him to keep going, instead he forced his hips still and arched his back in continuing invitation for more.

Golden eyes couldn’t help but roll up and lock with hooded green through long dark lashes as he licked and nipped to his heart’s content, seeing the way his Master’s arms tensed with the need to move but being restrained by Sebastian’s sheer will to keep them where Blaine had placed them. That made Blaine’s lips quirk up into a small, coy, smile. It was so thrilling to know that he had control of the situation; thrilling and yet still he felt just a little bit uncomfortable. He didn’t have Sebastian’s hands guiding him to where he most wanted him, he didn’t have that tactile lead to follow. Lifting his head up so that his breath just ghosted over the skin of his Master’s hips, Blaine reached up and slid his hand along the smooth skin of Bas’ arm until he was able to tangle their fingers and he could bring that hand to rest on that taut stomach, still entwined with his own.

With just that small movement Blaine was able to relax again and refocus on his exploring; his thumb brushing over his Master’s knuckles the whole time. He allowed his tongue and teeth to take back up their ever curious exploration. He couldn’t help but nip at the tight muscles that stretched across his lower abdomen before moving back down to lavish yet more attention at his hip bones. He could mark up those hip bones for the rest of his life and he would be happy; he mused as he sucked and nipped a mark into the hip right where his pants would brush against it every time he moved. There was something possessive within Blaine that was just calling for him to mark the man beneath him, leave him so that not only would the world know he was taken when he was out and about but so that Sebastian could feel him every time he moved as well. Looking up through his lashes once more, Blaine grabbed the waistband of his Master’s pants between his teeth and tugged just a bit in question.
Cover Me - Part 3

Chapter Summary

Things continue to heat up a little more between our two men. Any hotter and we may set the place on fire....maybe next week.

Sebastian was proud of Blaine, proud of the steps he was taking in exploring him, proud of him for taking the time to let himself play and just listen to his own instincts. In the months since Blaine had come to the facility Blaine had shown a remarkable instinctive side. Most boys took months to come into their own, had no ability to discern the present from the past, they were only what their Masters had shaped them into. And yet, Blaine seemed able to let go of that past tether. Sure, there were still times when Blaine’s past caught up to him and made him freeze, made him question the natural strength and curiosity that resided in his compact body—but there was a resilience in him that was wholly unique and wholly his Biche. Feeling the gentle tug on his hand he smiled, humming softly in encouragement as they intertwined their fingers together, scratching his nails along the back of Blaine’s hand. Holding onto Blaine’s hand would always be one of Sebastian’s favorite little self-indulgent pleasures, just knowing he had that physical tether holding them together.

He whined softly, grasping Blaine’s hand a little tighter when he nipped at the skin of his lower abdomen before moving on to his hips. The muscles of his torso flexing and contracting under each new touch like Blaine’s teeth and lips were sending electric currents under the surface of his skin. He might as well have been. When he tugged at his clothes with his teeth Sebastian was too speechless and too far gone for words, so he simply nodded; pupils blown wide leaving his eyes dark as he squeezed Blaine’s hand and lifted his hips up in an open invitation. He wiggled them slightly to get Blaine to move and follow through, the action combined with his hold on Blaine’s hand giving silent non-verbal commands and prodding for Blaine to follow. Sebastian was leaving the ball in Blaine’s court, but he was going to help nudge him along the right paths as well.

Once more his Master was like an open book before him and Blaine had to wonder at the utter lack of understanding it seemed the rest of the world had for this beautiful man; how could others stand there and be so completely complexed by this man when it was as plain as day to Blaine what he wanted but wasn’t demanding. It was just another reason on the constantly growing long list of reasons why Blaine loved this man. With a gentle squeeze of his hand and a smile into the fabric between his teeth Blaine tugged and pulled the fabric down, teasingly slowly over his Sebastian’s thighs and down to his knees before he grabbed them with his free hand and tugged them the rest of the way off of the man. Leaning back onto his heels Blaine couldn’t help but marvel at the beauty that was before him. Marble and steel wrapped in well toned satin lay out before him, with his own hand being the only thing that broke up the beautiful skin tone. Blaine thanked whatever deity there was, if there was one, that this man was his savior.

Once the pants were out of the way Blaine continued his exploring, hand still firmly clasped in Sebastian’s as his tongue traced over an ankle then trailed up to his knee where he nipped the sensitive skin there and continued working his way up completely. When he reached the crease in Sebastian’s leg where his leg met his hip Blaine bit at the tender muscles there and sucked a mark into the flesh. As he moved to the other side Blaine stopped just a breadth away from where Sebastian stood straining and let his tongue flick out between his lips and just collected the bead of
precome that had collected on his head; after that he just continued to lavish the exact same attention to the previously neglected leg. All the while his thumb would be brushing teasingly lightly over Sebastian’s knuckles. When he finally worked his way back up that same leg Blaine just hovered himself over his Master’s head, his breath ghosting hotly over him as he grinned teasingly up at him through those long lashes.

It seemed so small, a brush of lips along his leg—it was far from the most sensitive part of his body, but it was the knowledge that it was Blaine exploring him, that it was Blaine learning all of the soft patches of his body, the ways to touch him, the things he liked best…it made everything feel more intense, made every touch and taste feel like an electric current of pleasure. He hissed softly at the pressure and pleasure-pain of the biting kiss to the crease of his thigh, the muscles around his hip flexing and rolling in his effort to not buck immediately when that cursedly talented tongue brushed across his head causing an unashamed whimper to fall from his lips. Whereas Blaine’s touch was light and teasing around his hand, Sebastian’s own grip had tightened more and more as the teasing continued until finally—looking down into those molten gold eyes had something hot and possessive curling low in his belly.

Slowly his lips tipped up into a smirk as he threw aside his good behavior, behaving himself could wait for another play session; instead he shot up quickly, his free hand falling to the back of Blaine’s neck. His grip on Blaine’s neck wasn’t painful, but it was firm enough to be guiding as he pulled him up by that hand and the grip on Blaine’s hand, pulling him up to meet his lips with his own. Unlike every touch and noise thus far Sebastian’s kiss was hard and biting, claiming Blaine’s mouth as his own as he licked into Blaine’s mouth without waiting for permission or even hesitating in his quest for more. With a growl low in his throat he pulled Blaine up his body with the hand on the back of his neck, fingers twisting into the base of his hair, keeping them attached at the lips he turned them so he was straddling Blaine’s body, pressing their joined hands into the pillow up by Blaine’s head. “You are mine.” He growled the words against Blaine’s mouth before biting at his lip, tugging at it as he rolled their hips together; he wasn’t sure where the sudden possessive need to mark and claim and take had come from, but Sebastian couldn’t fight it back any longer.

An absolute thrill shot through Blaine the moment he felt Sebastian flip the switch from being controlled to being in control; when that hand grasped the back of his neck and pulled him up, Blaine absolutely surrendered to it. It wasn’t that he hadn’t enjoyed being able to explore every inch of Sebastian’s body or move it to his heart’s content, no he had absolutely loved that, but after the last session with the therapist he wanted to feel someone else take that control. He knew it probably wouldn’t make sense to the rest of the world but he just wanted someone to take control and show him that they had him and he was okay. He wanted someone to help him live in the here and now instead of the panic of past memories like the ones he had been running from for the past several nights. He didn’t want just someone to take control, he wanted his Sebastian to take control. If he didn’t sleep he didn’t have to deal with those emotions and faces but at the same time he knew that he would run down eventually; especially if Sebastian had a say in the matter.

The kiss was searing and Blaine could feel his lips bruising under the sheer force of it and it had Blaine melting into Sebastian’s arms; his tongue continuing his bold exploration even thought it was as if he was getting reacquainted with an old friend. Pushing and pulsing against the other man’s tongue and nipping softly at the tongue that returned his actions. When Sebastian pulled him in tightly Blaine let instinct take over and he tangled their legs together. Come to find out it made Sebastian’s idea of rolling them over a bit more of a chore but even still it didn’t stop the excited squeal that came from him when he suddenly found himself on his back with Sebastian’s body pressing him firmly into the mattress. “You are mine.” Blaine absolutely shuddered again; here he
The body relaxed. "Yours" He breathed after a moment. "All yours." He affirmed.

Sebastian loved the sudden switch in Blaine, he responded so perfectly that it took away his breath—how anyone could ever tell this boy he was bad didn’t know how to take care of him. Even lost in his own head Blaine reacted so perfectly, responded just the way he was supposed to, the easy flip from in control to submissive taking was beautiful. Sebastian worried he might have kissed him too hard, even he could feel his lips nearly bruising from the hard kiss, but then Blaine’s tongue was moving with his, taking and drawing from him in the same hungry manner Sebastian had. He groaned softly into the kiss, pushing for just a little more as their positions were flipped—literally and metaphorically. Once he was settled on top of Blaine, the straddle letting him pin and hold him still he grinned sitting up slightly as if surveying his boy. “That’s right.” He practically purred the words as he leaned down to lick at Blaine’s swollen lower lip. “Mine.”

Sebastian hummed softly as he nipped and pressed kisses from Blaine’s mouth to his chin and along the line of his jaw, his fingers coaxing and stroking Blaine’s wrists where he had them pinned. It wasn’t often that Sebastian let himself take over completely when they were together; there were too many risks of it hurting Blaine or making things worse for him mentally. But when he was responding so perfectly underneath him, opening up to him and trusting him Sebastian found himself wanting to take and take until Blaine was his completely and no one else would ever be able to break that tether. He wanted to claim him so thoroughly nothing else would ever compare. Growling softly as he started biting a mark into Blaine’s neck, sucking on the tan salty skin as he rocked his hips against Blaine’s in a tease, “You’re going to let me take you, claim you, love you—are you, Biche?”

Big golden eyes blinked up at his Master as his entire body shuddered at the feeling of being absolutely dominated. With anyone else, absolutely anyone, Blaine would have completely closed in on himself and just slipped into darkspace but this was his Master, his Sebastian. With Sebastian he felt absolutely safe and he knew that nothing bad was going to happen to him; he knew without hesitation that this man would absolutely take care of him. He wiggled happily beneath the press of the other man and, with a smile, he nipped at the tongue that caressed his lip. Sebastian’s words, his utter claim of him, washed over him; he loved being claimed by this man in every way possible. Whether it was holding his hand, curling up on his chest, or just feeling his hand on the back of his neck and guiding him; he loved it all.

A spark of mischief, courage and daring, fed by his absolute lack of sleep, had him tugging and testing the resistance that was holding his wrists in place so sweetly. Though that tugging ceased momentarily when those talented lips brushed along his neck, the growled words causing his neck to vibrate and therefore causing the mark that had started to form to make itself known. His head tilting back to expose even more of his neck to that spectacular mouth; eyes rolling back in his head at the pleasure that shot through him when the hips rolled against him. That glint did return to his eyes when they opened again. “Love me, of course. Take and claim if you can.” As if to emphasize his words Blaine started tugging at his wrists once more, enjoying the thrill of being pinned by his Sebastian, and he even bucked his hips just a bit. It was completely unlike him to make Sebastian work for what he wanted, but sleep deprivation and that feeling of safety mixed with the dominating glint in Sebastian’s eyes called to his courageous and mischievous side.

Sebastian knew that this was what Blaine’s body craved and needed. The way he arched up into him, the bright glow of his golden eyes shining with such love and trust, Sebastian shuddered at the
feelings that evoked. When Blaine whined and hummed, pushing his neck desperately closer to
Sebastian’s mouth he smirked with a soft growl, biting a little harder on the tan expanse of skin there.
Blaine’s neck was one of his favorite spots; he loved the curve of it, the sensitive bump of his
Adam’s apple, the way his skin heated and colored so prettily. Plus, the noises Blaine made with
even just the brush of his lips to the skin, it was only self restraint that had Sebastian not constantly
attached to the boy’s neck. Now however he was being encouraged and holding back seemed
ludicrous. After a few moments he lifted his head up to survey the work he’d left behind, grinning at
the dark bruise spreading across Blaine’s neck.

Sebastian never wanted to hurt Blaine, he’d never strike him and leave marks or scars in anger or
punishment on his beautiful skin—but leaving that mark on Blaine’s neck, knowing he’d left it there
for the pleasure of this boy and that everyone that saw would know Blaine was his? It created a buzz
under his skin, a low humming of sheer pleasure that had heat curling low in his stomach with pure
need. When Blaine taunted him and struggled to get his arms free Sebastian’s eyes widened, only his
reflexes and sense of balance kept him upright when Blaine bucked his hips to throw him off.
Suddenly Sebastian was growling low in his throat, eyes narrowing almost dangerously—save for
the playful light in his eyes, seconds before he was crashing their lips together in another bruising
kiss, forcibly holding Blaine’s wrists down as he managed to lock his legs under Blaine’s thighs so
he couldn’t wiggle away. “There is no ‘if’ about my taking you, my love.” He smirked as he bit at
Blaine’s earlobe whispering softly, “I’m going to make you come for me, love, make you come
screaming my name so you remember exactly whose you are.”

Blaine’s eyes grew twelve times their usual size when he heard the low growl emanating from deep
within Sebastian; his pulse reaching higher levels than he was sure it had ever reached with Sebastian
holding him. Just the look he was sending his way caused Blaine to practically whimper before he
found his lips being absolutely claimed. There was no other term for it, Sebastian was laying claim to
his lips and everyone in the world might as well have known it; and Blaine was elated. He wanted
more than anything for Sebastian to lay claim to him utterly, body and soul, and being pinned by the
man he loved just upped the intensity of everything. Even still, feeling the pressure increase on his
hips and wrists just spurred him on and had him tugging just that little bit extra; it made everything
that much more exciting.

If Sebastian had looked at his eyes while he whispered dirtily into his ear he would have seen that
they were absolutely and utterly blown; golden rimmed voids of darkness. There was something
titillating and enthralling about hearing those softly spoken dirty words whispered into his ear, all
emphasized by the slide of teeth. The whine he let out could have been considered as dirty as the
words that caused it. And even still that mischief glinted in his eyes. He was testing where he could pull and push, buck and twist to get reactions out of the man sitting astride him. “And if I make you
first?” He challenged; it was exciting to see that glint of domination directed at him and to push to see just how far he could go and what he could get away with before he was shown his place for the
moment.

Sebastian wanted to spend hours exploring the way Blaine’s lips gave and moved with his. Wanted
to explore the way Blaine’s mouth would open willingly under his, the soft pressure and the way they softened and looked swollen after a hard kiss. The need to keep having Blaine make those
noises, those delicious little whimpers and whines, the way his breath caught and he gasped and
continued to spur Sebastian on—those noises were literal music to his ears. They told Sebastian that
his pinning Blaine down, his less than gentle handling of this boy, was welcomed, possibly needed
more than either of them had even realized. Sebastian let go of his normally tightly held control and
let himself trust his own gut instincts—he praised and said Blaine was always so strong and resilient,
able to listen to his own instincts, and it was time for Sebastian to trust that. This was something Blaine needed, and he knew Blaine would trust him enough to safeword if needed.

Feeling Blaine try and twist and pull free, those beautiful strong arms tugging and trying to take his own control of the situation. Sebastian chuckled, the sound soft and low as he nuzzled his mouth and nose against his ear. “Oh, Biche, believe me when I say you’re going to come first. I insist upon it.”

He nipped at his ear before mouthing over his skin, tongue tracing the thin delicate shell of his ear as he rocked their hips together again. With slow calculated movements Sebastian managed to lock both of Blaine’s wrists crossed over each other, with one of his hands. The other hand traveled and touched, nails scratching through the material, as he made his way down. He let his fingers slip just under the band of Blaine’s pants, fingers brushing along the skin, scratching over the delicate thin skin of the sharp cut V of his hip bones.

If it had been possible, Blaine’s back would have arched completely off of the bed in his attempt to wiggle free; just his wrists pinned alone had him fighting back the urge to whimper and submit. But he was determined to get to Sebastian. He thrived on touch and being allowed to touch him whenever he wanted, so being denied that touch walked a fine line of thrilling and upsetting. Thankfully Blaine trusted Sebastian with his life and that meant that he’d know if it got to be too much for him. Blaine also knew that if he said stop or safe worded somehow that he wouldn’t push him to keep going, wouldn’t force Blaine to go all the way like the others had. The particular shudder that happened at that moment wasn’t from pleasure, but it was quickly replaced by one that was when Sebastian nuzzled closer.

He wasn’t sure if it was because he was going on almost five days no sleep or if it was because he felt like getting up to mischief but Blaine, panting as he was, grinned and took the other man’s words as a soft challenge. He had been trained for years to keep himself in check; he had been shaped to do just this. “Does Sir forget about my training?” His grin was still firmly in place when he turned his head to trail his tongue along Sebastian’s jaw. Blaine’s breath caught in his chest, however, when friction was added to him; a long and strangled whine coming from him when he felt those talented fingers brushing along his skin. His entire body felt like it was on fire, that there were sparklers shooting off all over and causing his body to heat up almost instantly. In response, Blaine planted his feet into the bed and bucked his hips, anything to get more of that delicious friction; and maybe take back control.

The line between pushing Blaine to his point of submission and how far would break him was a very thin one that Sebastian knew he had to tread carefully. As lost as he wanted to be in his own head, as much as he wanted to completely delve in and just submerge himself in Blaine’s warm skin and throaty whimpers he knew he had to be aware. The mischievous and challenging air Blaine had and kept pushing at him with was oddly thrilling to Sebastian. He’d always been one to love being in complete charge and having his way, and suddenly here was this beautiful boy so open and warm under him—challenging him and egging him on. The power struggle was definitely something to be explored later. “Oh, baby, I didn’t forget. On the contrary…” Bas grinned as he slid his fingers further past the band of his jeans, just barely brushing at the base of his cock, “I think you’ve underestimated just how persuasive I can be.”

Grinning he actually laughed at the hard bucking of the other boy’s hips before he closed his eyes and let out a low groan that rumbled up from his chest, automatically grinding his own hips down into Blaine’s for a moment of blissful friction on his own erection. He wasn’t completely immune to Blaine’s actions, after all. He smirked suddenly getting a new idea, he knew how important touch was to Blaine—he didn’t see why he should deny them both of what they wanted, green eyes shining with lust and pupils blown wide he pulled his hand from Blaine’s jeans, reaching up to grab
one of his wrists, bringing the hand up he nipped at the fleshy part of Blaine’s palm before pressing his hand flush against Sebastian’s own aching cock through his pants. He closed his eyes with another groan, simply rocking into that hand slowly, he kept his hand covering Blaine’s so he couldn’t undo his pants or move any further than where Sebastian wanted him. “Feel that, Biche? Do you see what you do to me?” Growling as he leaned down nipping at his other ear, licking at the shell of it with a hum, still slowly rocking his hips into Blaine’s palm as his other fingers ran tantalizing patterns along the thin skin of his wrist. “But you can’t taste…can’t see Master until you’ve done as he says, because Master gets what he wants.”
Things reach their climax before slowing down for our boys for the night. All the work they had both put into relaxing doesn't help Biche's resistance to sleeping.

When that hand, that delicious friction, was taken away Blaine felt like his body was going to explode in pure protest; a strangled groan rising from deep within him that slowly tapered off into a whine. He may not have said anything about it but his body was aching for the touch; it seemed to him that his control wasn’t as iron strong as it usually was. But Blaine didn’t care so long as some kind of touch happened again soon. Though he didn’t have long to wait as he found his hand being moved, a shudder running through his body at the nip that Blaine was convinced was so carefully placed because he felt it everywhere. And then he was pressed so sweetly along his Master, could feel him straining against his pants and it made him ache with need; even buck harder. He wanted to taste and nip and suck and here he could barely move. It was driving him insane. Even worse was that he was teasing him, and he knew it. Blaine was in sensation overload and Sebastian had basically just told him he wasn’t allowed to do anything but come.

Blaine tugged even harder at his pinned wrist as well as the hand that was pressed to Sebastian’s length. It was driving him crazy that he couldn’t turn his hand and get a better grasp, couldn’t move his hand and slip it just beneath the fabric that was hiding him. He could feel him moving beneath his hand and yet it was still just a muted touch. Determination shot through him as he turned his head again and pressed a heated kiss to Sebastian’s lips; tongue tracing along the seam of his lips in wanton demand. More, he needed more. So he replanted his feet and tried one last time to move the rock of a man that was holding him in place. Anything to dislodge the firm press; all he needed was to get his hands free and he could regain enough control to have his Master bare in his hand. He wanted to devour him but he knew it was unlikely he would get that free. "Please." He whined prettily when he felt that iron grasp tighten. "Please let me touch, let me taste. Please? Let me show you how good a boy I can be." He passed his fingers even more firmly against Sebastian while his hips canted forward and helped to add to the pressure. His head even fell back to press into the mattress, his neck arched and exposed, and he groaned at the contact that caused.

Sebastian was grinning as he watched the unconscious reactions filter across Blaine’s face. In this moment he was so uninhibited, so open, it was like looking deep into the heart of what this boy wanted and needed—it was life altering in a way. He could see the usual careful control Blaine kept over his release; the careful training he clung too, was already cracked and falling to pieces. That’s what Sebastian wanted, as he gripped Blaine’s hand over him keeping him pressed against where he needed the friction so badly for himself. He wanted to break through that final wall separating them, show Blaine that he was allowed to let go. Groaning as Blaine kissed him Sebastian got a little sidetracked from his endgame, simply let Blaine try and lay claim to his own mouth, nipping tenderly at the tongue working its way into his own mouth. Getting Blaine to that point of desperation was as much a turn on as the noises Blaine made, the way he kept fighting and desperately moving had Sebastian quickly losing hold of the playful game he’d started.

He groaned against Blaine’s mouth as he felt the hard canting of his hips, Sebastian felt himself speeding too hard and fast towards a climax he refused to have yet. But god, Blaine begged so
pretty, it got into his head faster than anything ever would. “I know you’re a good boy, Biche, which is why I’m going to let you taste and touch, let you mark Master as much as you want. But first you have to do as Master says, be my good boy that way.” He murmured softly as he rolled his hips into Blaine’s hand before letting go of his hand to undo Blaine’s pants with quick and nimble fingers, sliding his hand into Blaine’s pants and briefs in one motion, long fingers wrapping around him. Lips drawn to Blaine’s Adam’s apple as he nipped at the skin.

At this point, when he heard Sebastian’s words, his resolve was starting to shatter completely. He managed to gather a bit of it the second his hand was released but only enough to slip his fingers just beneath the waist band of his Master’s pants before his back was arching dangerously off of the bed and his hips pressing him more firmly into that talented hand. Being sure to keep his neck as accessible as possible to the drag of teeth and tongue; Adam’s apple bouncing as he desperately tried to get air. He needed to remember to breathe, to keep oxygen in his system if he wanted to outlast his Master. He was quickly realizing that that was going to be harder then he hoped. Especially with the way that Sebastian kept twisting his wrist. Every little twist and squeeze caused another crack in his resolve.

With some effort, Blaine managed to turn the hand he had that was still restrained; his fingers clawing desperately at the sheets to find some form of anchor or grounding. He knew if he didn’t find it soon that he was going to do exactly as he was being asked. And for once in his life he wanted to refuse. Finding no purchase in the sheets he turned to his other hand; fingers slipping further beneath the waistband of his Master’s pants to wrap deliciously around him. He could tell that Sebastian was as close as he was and was as desperate for touch as he was; so he did his best to give his Master what he wanted. Especially when his Master was being so good to him, stroking him so sweetly as his own hips worked up into him. Finally, with a few more passes of each of their hands, Blaine’s resolve completely shattered, falling like shards around him as he cried out; Sebastian’s name lifting from him as he came all over the other man’s hand and up his own abdomen.

With each struggle and desperate clawing against his hand above Blaine’s head he knew that he was going to win this war of wills. With a satisfied smirk Sebastian worked his hand over Blaine, twisting his hand just right under his head; fingers catching at the ridge before sliding back down. Sebastian could feel himself hurtling towards the edge just from the warmth and weight of Blaine in his hand, he wanted nothing more than to tie Blaine down and take him into his mouth, feel the weight of him heavy and strong on his tongue. Hearing the desperate whine from his chest Sebastian knew that would have to wait. He had his body locked down, muscles controlled tightly to keep his own orgasm at bay. Sensing Blaine was at the end of his rope he lifted his mouth from his throat, feeling the weight of him heavy and strong on his tongue. Hearing the desperate whine from his chest Sebastian knew that would have to wait. 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Sebastian soothed his hand along Blaine’s arm pressed into the mattress, massaging the twitching muscles underneath that strong warm skin. Sebastian drew his hand out of Blaine’s pants, his hips rocking greedily into Blaine’s hand, searching for that release as he lifted his chest up and away from Blaine’s, practically riding Blaine’s hand and hips with a groan. As a last thought Sebastian brought his hand up to his own mouth, cleaning off a few of his own fingers before gently pressing the others to Blaine’s lips, “Taste yourself on me, love…” His voice was more grit and gravel than anything by then, and the second Blaine’s tongue touched his skin he was lost, coming over Blaine’s hand with a broken groan of ‘Biche’, his head falling back, the chords of his neck and shoulders drawn up tight as he shuddered through his release.
It was only a combination of Sebastian’s hips rolling in his hand and sheer willpower that kept Blaine conscious enough of his actions to keep his hand moving at a steady rate, his own wrist twisting to mirror Sebastian’s earlier actions. The reminder that the gorgeous man above him had needs that were just aching to be fulfilled even if all he wanted to do was go completely and utterly boneless beneath his hands. And, spent as he was, Blaine didn’t bother trying to stop the groan that came from him as he watched that masterful tongue of Sebastian’s dart out and lick his hand clean save for one spot; and that tasty bit he soon found was left for him; his recently freed hand wrapping around his wrist tightly and pulling it towards him.

Keeping his eyes, golden and blown wide in bliss, locked on his Master’s Blaine sucked, nipped and licked the hand absolutely clean; lips curving into a euphoric smile as he felt Sebastian coming over his hand and saw the way his body eventually became lax. Letting go before he would get overly sensitive Blaine continued to follow Sebastian’s actions and slipped his own hand out of his Master’s pants; deliberately slowly bringing his hand to his lips where he sucked almost all of it clean. With a grin he held out his hand, right before Sebastian’s lips. “Delicious. Care to taste?” Though his voice was breathy and lazy there was still a hint of teasing to it. Blaine knew that sleep was starting to pull him in and it was the last thing he really wanted but at that moment, with this man, he didn’t care.

Sebastian shuddered as he watched Blaine mimic him and start cleaning off his own hand, eyes blown wide as if it were a delicate treat. His cock twitching in earnest causing him to wince a little from the pain of over sensitivity. He couldn’t help it though, Blaine was being completely sinful at the moment even as he was clearly fighting to stay awake. Grinning even as he fought to keep his own tired body upright he wrapped his fingers around Blaine’s wrist, guiding his fingers to his mouth; he hummed as he cleaned off Blaine’s skin, tongue and teeth running along his skin hungrily before sucking on his fingers, tongue wrapping around the digits as he looked into Blaine’s still faintly lust-blown eyes. He scratched his nails gently at the thin skin of his wrist as he pulled off of Blaine’s fingers with a near-lewd pop, grinning as he nuzzled his lips against Blaine’s palm, “Mmm, not bad, but I far prefer how you taste. You’re my favorite dish.”

He grinned as he wiggled his eyebrows playfully before leaning down to kiss him sweetly, “I’ll be right back, love, need to get you cleaned up.” Sebastian, kissed him again sweetly before climbing off the bed and making his way into the bathroom, careful to grab what was left of his coffee to keep Blaine from sneaking anymore of it—he stayed in the doorway so Blaine would see him as he grabbed a washcloth and ran it in warm water. Coming back to the bed he kicked off his own clothes, before gently easing Blaine’s pants and briefs off his legs tossing them aside, humming he carefully ran the warm cloth over Blaine’s skin cleaning up his tan skin, careful to not aggravate his sensitivity with the touches. Unable to resist he leaned down to lick at a strand of come on the soft underside of his newly forming little belly, teeth grazing at the skin with a smirk. “Yup, you taste much better than me.” Smiling he cleaned himself off quickly before tossing the cloth into a hamper and sliding back against Blaine’s side nudging his nose with a small smile, “You were so good for me, beautiful.”

Blaine watched with exhausted fascination as Sebastian’s tongue twisted and skimmed over his fingers; wrapping and sucking each individual digit. Just the sight alone had his cock trying in earnest to get hard again but he was lucky he was even still able to keep his eyes open; he didn’t think he had another round’s worth of energy in him. He did, however, have enough energy to let his fingers drift over the hair of Sebastian’s sideburns. An unconscious blush flowed over Blaine, from head to toe, at his Master’s words. While he was sure that Sebastian wouldn’t lie to him, certainly not about something like this, Blaine would beg to differ. In his mind there was no better taste or feeling.
then Sebastian on his tongue. When Sebastian got up and took his coffee with him Blaine pouted; he was so tired and that coffee was the only thing that was helping him keep awake. If he wanted to stay up he’d have to find some way to help him.

The blush deepened when Sebastian returned and finished undressing him just to go ahead and start wiping him off; the warm cloth feeling cool against his heated skin. He let out a soft cry as his body arched back up off the bed when he felt teeth brushing over what he was ashamed to admit was a small belly forming. He had already had a minor break down over the fact that he had gained weight but Sebastian had informed him that it was normal and expected of him; even if he didn’t like it at all. As his Master slid in close to him Blaine’s body started completely relaxing, twitching every now and then. No, Blaine didn’t want to sleep, he couldn’t sleep; if he slept then the dreams would come back and that was the last thing he wanted. It was a struggle but Blaine managed to roll up into a sitting position mumbling. “I always try to be a good boy for you.” If he could stay up and talking he would stay awake. Eying the door Blaine wondered if he would get into any trouble if he went and asked Marco for a cup of coffee.

Sebastian gave a soft “Shhh, love,” his lips against Blaine’s tan skin when the boy gave an almost delicate cry at the gentle bite to his stomach. He knew it was more Blaine’s reaction to being reminded he’d started gaining a very small little bump, more a soft spot that was a little tenderer than the muscle surrounding it. Sebastian knew that Blaine thought the tiny bump was something to be ashamed of, something to be uncomfortable with and worse—like a failing. However, Sebastian couldn’t be happier to see the soft spot, he loved that evidence that Blaine was eating more, growing healthier. Blaine saw it as an imperfection, and Sebastian saw it for the gift and beautiful change it was. Kissing the spot again before crawling into bed he’d just gotten comfortable when all of a sudden Blaine was sitting up and not curling into him like he wanted, like he usually did. For a brief second it sent a cold stab through his gut like Blaine didn’t want him near him…but he shook off the feeling, letting the more rational less love-fogged side of his brain kick in.

“You are always a good boy for me.” Sebastian murmured softly before he reached out and took Blaine around the waist, pulling him back down onto him, slinging a leg over Blaine’s hips to keep him close. He knew Blaine was fighting against his own body, and more importantly fighting against him which—while he was glad to see Blaine learning to listen to his own body and not just what Sebastian said…he didn’t need that independence rearing up now when it risked Blaine’s health. “Lay with me Biche, it’s time to let your body rest…” He could feel Blaine’s body stiffening in his hold before he was brushing his lips to Blaine’s forehead, hand running through his thick soft curls rhythmically, “I know you’re scared, love, but I’m right here holding you the whole time….please, Biche. I know it’s scary, I know it’s hard to let go and the nightmares scare you, but please, trust in Master to help you through them…”

Feeling Sebastian’s arm wrap around his waist and pulling him back down, Blaine practically started hyperventilating; if he was laying down his body wouldn’t listen to him and he’d end up falling asleep. He couldn’t fall asleep, he absolutely couldn’t; especially when it meant that the dreams would come. The dreams that left him waking up in a cold sweat, with terror rolling through him, and the image of Sebastian or her on the floor, cold and blue, just out of his reach; they were always just inches away from his fingertips and there was nothing he could do to cover those last few inches. Those dreams left him feeling like he was going to be sick, and a few times he actually had been; having gotten up out of bed in the middle of the night to get sick as silently as possible. He couldn’t do that every night, couldn’t wake up and be so sick with terror that he couldn’t function properly enough to make sure Sebastian was safe. He would rather never sleep again, at least then he could make sure that his Sebastian was safe and sound.
When Sebastian finally managed to get him down to the bed, and effectively pin him there with him, he was pushing closer to tears then he felt comfortable admitting for this particular situation. And where he was being held so sweetly by his Master it almost made the situation worse. The man was pressed so tight and warm along his body and all he could see was the reoccurring images of him staring sightlessly and cold. Managing to turn into Sebastian Blaine’s hand clutched helplessly at the firm skin of his chest, only able to finally breathe when he could feel that strong and steady heartbeat beneath his palms. Blaine squeezed his eyes shut in an attempt to stem off the tears but that just forced them to start rolling down his cheeks unchecked. With a shake of his head Blaine chose to ignore them but even still he opened his eyes and just clung as desperately as possible to the strong muscles of the man holding him. Trust in Master? Blaine trusted Sebastian with his heart and soul but he didn’t trust himself. Slowly but surely Blaine’s body started twitching and shaking as he fought to retain consciousness.

Sebastian couldn’t even begin to pretend that he would be able to understand what Blaine was going through. The level of fear he expressed over going to sleep, the terror in his eyes when he’d finally wake up after a fitful sleep full of whimpers and the occasional scream—it all broke Sebastian’s heart just a little more. He’d only asked Blaine a handful of times what he was scared to see in his dreams, he knew there was something about the angel that Blaine often spoke of, and then he would start mumbling something about Sebastian himself seconds before holding onto him so tightly he’d nearly re-popped one of Sebastian’s ribs. Whatever the dreams were they terrified Blaine so fully that he couldn’t even begin talking about them, let alone let himself sleep. But it had been days since that therapy session and Sebastian couldn’t let Blaine keep forcing himself awake. Sooner or later the stress of staying awake would be more damaging physically and psychologically than the terror of a string of nightmares. That being said it still killed him to force Blaine to do something he didn’t want.

When Blaine finally rolled into his arms, pressing in so sweetly against his chest Sebastian knew he’d won, but it was a hollow victory. He’d won, but at a cost to Blaine, poor Blaine who was terrified and feeling broken and vulnerable, unable to trust in his own mind. All Sebastian could do was hold him in tight, as though he was trying to meld them into a single being, lifting a hand just enough to stay buried in Blaine’s soft curls as he bent his head to brush his lips along his tear stained cheeks. “I’m not going anywhere, Biche. Feel my heartbeat, it’s for you, my heart beats strong and true just for you. I’ll have you in my arms like this until you wake up, I won’t move an inch. Sleep my dear, sweet heart.” Sebastian kept his voice soft and warm before he settled his cheek against Blaine’s temple, singing softly in French and English.

When Blaine felt every muscle in his body starting to twitch and quiver as they worked their way towards relaxation he knew that he had lost the fight completely. And, if he was being honest with himself, that small submissive voice in the back of his mind wanted him to finally let go and do as he was being told. The rational part of Blaine’s mind knew that the dreams weren’t going to actually hurt him, that they weren’t real even if they felt like they were tearing his entire heart out of his chest. He knew that the blood he saw, the acid he felt, and the way everything felt so cold wasn’t real but that still didn’t stop him from being absolutely terrified.

Slowly but surely he was crying himself to sleep with the assistance of his Master’s beautiful and soothing voice. And though the songs didn’t make much sense to a sleep fogged Blaine, he didn’t much care. Sebastian’s words and the soft melody he wove were nothing more than a background accompaniment to the firm and steady heartbeat that he felt beneath his hand; the beating that had become the absolute tempo for his own heart and for his life. As the tears slowly subsided, leaving his cheeks damp and salty, his hands convulsed as if they were trying to grip into the shirt that wasn’t
there; searching for purchase or an anchor of some sort. He was slipping hard and fast into the world of unconsciousness and he was terrified. “Please don’t die again…” He whispered a mere second before his entire body went lax in Sebastian’s arms and his eyes shut for the final time that night.
Chapter Summary

This one is /much/ shorter than the rest; it’s a glimpse into one of the more common recurrent nightmares that Biche has.

It’s always there; this big daunting shadow surrounding the most beautiful spot that Blaine had ever seen. This spot that Blaine would run to in hopes of sanctuary only to be chased down and dragged away by his hair when he reaches the border of the shadows. Always he is stopped short by a harsh hand pulling at his hair before he could set foot in the beauty and safety of the sunlight. He knew that if he could reach that spot that she would keep him safe from the monsters; that was her spot, you see. It was her light that shone brightly from the great Oak tree that sat in the center of the small valley ringed by trees as black as night; her light kept those shadows at bay. He longed to feel the sunlight warm his cheeks and kiss his skin but he seemed destined to never know its touch; always a hand yanking his hair or a hard arm crushing around his waist lifted him and pulled him back, bathing him in pain and harsh words. But always it was pain.

Blaine woke with a start; his chest heaving and his body shaking as his mind unfogged from his dream. Looking over Sebastian he was careful to not wake the other man up when he slowly disentangled himself from his arms. It was bad enough that Blaine wasn’t getting much sleep but he knew Sebastian was getting just as little if not less and that crushed a part of his soul. He didn’t want to wake the other man up and his heart was already returning to it’s normal rate. But he knew that he wouldn’t be going back to sleep for a little bit yet, so Blaine moved to the side of the bed and grabbed the waiting sketch pad and marker; what had become a continuous occupant of the bedside table. With one last look at Sebastian he moved so that he wouldn’t wake him before he started drawing once more; yet another mural of his dream.
Goodnight Angel - Part 1

Chapter Summary

At the center of Biche's dreams, an Angel has always been his guardian. Now the walls are starting to crumble around Biche's defenses and he's finally ready to give his Sebastian another window into his dreams and his past.

Chapter Notes

Early chapter!

Content Warning: All the chapters under the 'Goodnight Angel' name deal with mental health and mentions and descriptions of death and abuse. These are heavy subjects and please read with caution.

It had been a week since Sebastian had finally gotten Blaine to sleep, and while his sleep schedule was hardly 'normal' he was finally sleeping a little more. Of course more than once Sebastian had woken up to find Blaine in various states of doodling on a spare sketchpad—on a few mornings he’d woken up to Blaine bowed over the paper asleep sitting up, sometimes in the process of putting it away and others mid furious doodling, always of the same eerie lone tree. Sebastian knew that Blaine kept seeing the tree in his dreams, but the first few days it seemed he’d had no idea what it meant. It was simply the scary tree Blaine saw every time his eyes closed. He’d hoped, with the advice from Dr. Cia, that letting Blaine draw the images it might help unlock whatever was still clawing at him inside. So far though all it had done was leave Blaine quiet, he barely spoke these days instead doodling picture after picture after picture of the mysterious tree.

Waking up for Sebastian these days was always a confusing moment, generally because he seldom remembered falling asleep when he was focused on keeping Blaine calm and settled. That and there was never any telling if Blaine was going to be laying on him or curled over that sketch pad at the end of the bed. Cracking an eye open Sebastian once again found Blaine almost mindlessly doodling away, his fingers stained slightly from the marker telling him Blaine had been awake longer than he liked. “Biche?” Sebastian saw Blaine’s lashes flutter slightly in recognition of him but otherwise got no response, sighing he rubbed a hand over his face as he sat up slowly, criss-crossing his legs as he let his hands rest in his lap, “Is that the ‘scary tree’ again?” Sebastian sat and waited for a few minutes, convinced Blaine wasn’t going to respond before the sketchpad was being held out to him, taking it he studied the drawing for the hundredth time, keeping his voice gentle, “Do you remember anything about it, Biche?”

He had dreamed about the grove again, more importantly he had dreamed of the oak tree again. That made it the seventh night in a row that he had dreamt of the tree and this was the first time that he had awoken and remembered everything. And not just everything about his dream, he remembered the path to take from his old Master’s house to find this beautiful grove, he remembered the smell of the wildflowers that grew around the base of the oak tree and the way the yellow of the petals always
seemed to bring out the gold in her eyes and the purple made her black hair look softer and the blue
drawing the sky itself down into the grove. He remembered how she used to take him there when
Master was gone for long periods of time and she would let him play around the base of the tree. He
remembered that this was her favorite place in the whole world, the place where she would smile
freely and laugh with him. He remembered and it made him want to cry his eyes out. It was her place
and he had lost it; sketching it was his way to reconnect to it he realized now.

When he heard Sebastian move and call to him his eyes flicked towards him but only briefly as he
was almost done with the drawing. When asked if he was drawing the tree again Blaine simply
nodded and handed him the finished product; though this time with the added colors of the
wildflowers. Sebastian had seemed to have taken an interest in his tree. Blaine nodded again at
Sebastian’s’ next question, finally finding his voice. “I remember the wildflowers; purple and yellow.
It was really pretty there.” He stopped speaking for a moment as he thought, to make sure that he still
remembered. “I wish I could take you there. But I don’t want him to get me again and it’s there.” His
voice trailed off as his fingers traced almost lovingly over the drawing as it rested in Sebastian’s
hands. “Otherwise I want to show you.” His voice stayed soft and reserved as he kept his gaze
down.

Sebastian could tell this morning was different; whatever Blaine had seen in his dream had jarred
something within him leaving him looking slightly paler than normal with a peculiar light in his
golden eyes. When Blaine handed him the book he smiled gently, being sure to cover Blaine’s hand
with his own for a moment in a comforting gesture. “Thank you.” He murmured the words softly as
he studied the drawing quietly taking in the sudden new additions of the wildflowers around the base
of the tree. “The flowers do look pretty, I’m sure it’s a lovely spot….” Sebastian’s confusion was
clear however, Blaine spoke of it as if it was a good place to him and yet, he’d referred to it as a
scary tree and remained in his nightmares constantly throughout the week. Looking up in sudden
interest at Blaine’s next statement he couldn’t quite tamp down the racing of his own heart. This
could possibly be the thing they’d been waiting for, the chance for Blaine’s brain to work through
the traumas it had been through and confront the demons still haunting him. This could be the
breaking point.

Sebastian carefully set the sketchbook down on the bed as he watched Blaine carefully, despite the
tree being present in his nightmares he seemed genuinely saddened to not be able to go there. Then
there was the fact he confessed to wanting to show Sebastian….it was possible the walls holding
back Blaine’s childhood, the secrets to his fears were ready to fall. “There? At your old Master’s?”
When Blaine nodded Sebastian hummed carefully, reluctant to take Blaine anywhere near there even
if it was safe for him. “I can make that happen, Biche. If you really want to show Master, we can go
today. Your old Master isn’t allowed on that land or in the house until after your trial…if you want to
go we can.”

Blaine nodded when he was asked if he meant at his old Master’s house, being sure to keep his gaze
down; the last thing he wanted was to show any kind of fear that would flare up at the sheer idea of
going anywhere near his old home. Ever since therapy Blaine had been fighting with the memories
that had started to surface and he knew that going back there would more than likely end with even
more nightmares for him but there was something tugging in him that was calling him; she was even
calling him in his dreams now. To Blaine it felt like she was trying to tell him something, like she
was trying to lead him back there and it made him a little uneasy. He trusted his angel as much as he
trusted his Master; he knew that she would never do something to hurt him but he also knew that
these were his nightmares. Who was to say that her image wasn’t being used by the demons that
remained hidden in his mind? He just knew he was being pulled there and that the nightmares
wouldn’t stop until he made it there in person; if they stopped at all.
So when Sebastian told him that he could in fact take him there Blaine hesitated momentarily; the last time Blaine had been to that place he only vaguely remembered the feeling of sticky blood running down the back of his head and searing pain all over his body. That was also the place that he saw Sebastian looking so utterly terrified that he didn’t want to ask to go there if it meant taking Sebastian somewhere that caused him such visible anxiety. But he had to go. Blaine bit his lip and slowly brought his eyes up to look into Sebastian’s, seeing how careful he was being. “I want to show you…..but I know you don’t like that place.” It was like he was having an internal battle as he waffled back in forth. He wanted desperately to go and get it over with so that he could possibly sleep a little sounder; which would lead to Sebastian sleeping more as well he knew. But a part of his mind was screaming at him, telling him that it was a bad idea. Anything that scared his Master, his Sebastian, was a horrible idea and should be avoided at any cost. Even with that part of him screaming loudly, Blaine nodded his head slowly. “I want to show you.” He whispered.

At first Sebastian didn’t understand what Blaine meant by him not liking the place. It was true he didn’t but he had no idea how Blaine would know that when they strategically avoided any and all talk of that house of horrors. But then it clicked, Blaine was remembering the night Sebastian had found him after the kidnapping, the way he’d looked as he tried to ease Blaine’s pain as he laid broken and scared on the floor. The doctors hadn’t been sure if Blaine would remember any of those few minutes and the ride to the hospital, he’d been so far gone and in so much pain it had been assumed Blaine’s brain had shut those images away to protect him. It seemed however that like so many other instances Blaine remembered with startling clarity. “Biche, I don’t like that place for the things that happened to you there, if you’re ready to go back then I will take you and be by your side every step of the way.”

When Blaine said he wanted to show him the tree Sebastian nodded, leaning across the bed to kiss his cheek, hand cupping the back of his neck in a comforting hold, “Alright. Go get dressed for me and I’ll let Marco know, make sure you have Binx’s leash. We’ll let him off of it once we’re there.” Running a hand through Blaine’s curls in a habitual gesture Sebastian crawled off the bed, shuffling to the door in his sweatpants and forgoing a shirt for the moment. Poking his head out he flagged down Marco, voice low so it wouldn’t carry, “He wants to go to the tree. It’s like we guessed—out on that man’s property. I want you to check with security and make sure he is far away from there and get a car ready to go. It’s best not to put it off.” Marco nodded already pulling out his phone to make the calls, “You sure about this one, kid?” Sebastian nodded with a sigh, “It’s going to be hard, whatever this tree is…it hurts him, but he needs this.” Running a hand over his face he stepped back into the room to leave Marco to do as he asked.

Golden eyes slipped closed briefly as he leaned his head back into Sebastian’s touch; it brought so much comfort and love and it always reminded him that there was good in the world, good worth living for. Between Sebastian and Binx, with the hulking mass that was Marco mixed in, Blaine knew without a doubt that he was safe and loved. When Sebastian got off the bed and made his way towards the door Blaine’s eyes followed him. Over the last several days Blaine had taken to watching Sebastian when he wasn’t drawing that tree. He was taking everything about him in that he could; the shape of his jaw, the cut of his cheekbones, the layout of his muscles. Blaine just wanted to memorize everything he could about this man that he loved; his dreams kept scaring him that the man walking in front of him wasn’t safe and now he was asking to go into the proverbial lion’s den? Blaine knew he was bad to ask but if he didn’t go he’d go insane; and he knew going without Sebastian was out of the question.

When he heard the door crack open at Sebastian’s insistence, Blaine sighed and got himself off of the
bed and made his way to change, Binx on his heels. Blaine pulled open the dresser drawer and stood staring blankly down at it for a moment. Just as he was about to get lost in his own head he felt Binx nudge at his hand and derail whatever it was his mind was sucking him into; just like Binx always did. Blaine offered him a smile and scratched behind his ears before he was quickly changing. The second he grabbed the dog’s leash, however, the normally tranquil dog’s ears perked up; he knew that they were going out and the leash meant out of the facility; for walks to the garden he didn’t need a leash. “Come on, Binx.” He said softly, his eyes virtually glowing with confusion and sadness. He was terrified that Sebastian was going to get hurt again if they went to that house, scared that they would both get hurt again. Blaine ran his own hand, still ink stained, through his hair once they were ready to go; he could hear her voice in his head, telling him that he had to help her; she kept saying that she was cold and scared. He knew she needed help. Shaking his head, Blaine looked up at Sebastian once the other man was finished dressing as well. “I’m scared.” He murmured.

Sebastian was quiet after he gave Marco his orders. He wanted to take his time not only to give Marco time to get everything ready, but also to give Blaine some time to get himself in gear. Alright, so a small part of it was also trying to get his own head under control. Sebastian had no idea what they were going to be walking into, no idea what this tree held for Blaine—but he knew it was going to be hard no matter what, they were going back to the site of a terrifying time in the boy’s life, and no matter the preparation he’d been given over his time at the facility being faced with the site of his life’s horrors would be hard. Glancing up as he tugged a shirt on Sebastian was pulled up short by the soft admission. “Oh, Biche…” With a soft sigh he slid his hands around Blaine’s trim waist, drawing him into a hug before walking them slowly backwards to the bed, sitting on the edge of the bed and pulling Blaine into his lap for a few minutes.

Holding Blaine close he pressed a kiss to his forehead. “I know you’re scared, love, and it’s okay to be scared. I’m going to be beside you the entire time you’re there and I’m not going to let anything happen to you. You’re going to be able to hold my hand the entire time, and if you get scared then all you have to do is hug my waist and I will hold you—let you listen to my heartbeat, and stroke your hair and coax you through it.” Sebastian continued rocking and holding Blaine, stroking his hair like he’d said he would, waiting until Marco knocked on their door, “Come on, love, you and me we can do this.” Kissing his temple again he led Blaine out of the room, a hand against the small of his back, drawing him into a hug before walking them slowly backwards to the bed, sitting on the edge of the bed and pulling Blaine into his lap for a few minutes.

His anxiety was already through the roof and all they had done was start to get ready to leave; he wasn’t sure how he was going to survive the day but then Sebastian’s arms were around his waist, his hands pressed palm down into his sturdy chest, feeling that heartbeat beneath his hands and feeling him surround him was enough to let Blaine know that, whatever today brought, he would be able to make it. Sebastian was with him and that was the best he was going to get. Blaine jumped almost violently when Marco knocked on the door which prompted Binx to growl and press himself further into his legs, therefore pressing him even further into Sebastian’s arms. Squeezing his eyes shut, Blaine fought off the slew of memories that were slowly leaking their way back into his consciousness. With Binx tugging at the leash as he walked ahead of them and Sebastian’s arms tucked around his waist Blaine felt like he was walking to his death and the feeling didn’t dissipate as they climbed into the car.

Blaine was lost in a haze of indiscernible memories, all with her leading his way, that when they pulled up to the house he startled; standing there on the front steps was her, arms held out to him.
And yet no one else seemed to see her as they climbed out of the car. Blaine squeezed his eyes shut, muttering to himself before opening them again; just in time to watch Marco walk straight through her. Unhooking Binx’ leash so he could move freely, Blaine grabbed hold of Sebastian’s hand and started slowly leading them around the back of the house and towards the woods; the dark daunting woods from his nightmares. He stood there, for several long seconds, trying to gather his courage with Sebastian’s hand clasped tightly in his. Memories played across his vision but the one that stood out the sharpest was one he still didn’t quite understand. He was carrying her, cradling her close to his chest as he was shouting at a young Blaine to hurry up. Why was he carrying her? And what was Blaine dragging? Pulling Sebastian’s hand he set off down the path through the woods; his mind so focused on the memory that he paid no more mind to the dark woods.

He stopped short once more at the edge of the woods and just stared. Before them was the very same Oak tree from his drawings, only it was larger than he remembered and the wildflowers had spread to cover the entire valley floor. He stared in terror as he watched the memory unfold in front of him; he watched as his younger self was ordered to dig at the base of the tree, watched as she was tossed in, and watched as he covered her with the discarded dirt before He backhanded him and sent him rolling across the valley floor. He stood staring at that spot as the images disappeared and his mind quieted; just stood there shaking for what felt like forever before he finally spoke. “She’s here.” He breathed before he was off like a gun; running faster then he thought he ever could only to skid to his knees at the base of the tree and start tearing at the earth with his hands, muttering to himself. “She’s cold. She’s here. No.” He would dig until his fingers fell off and then some if he had to, but he was going to finally save her.

Sebastian could feel the nervous tension and shaky energy pouring from Blaine like a palpable entity. Blaine was silent though, so he was forced to assume it had to do with the fear of being anywhere near where his old ‘home’. Sebastian didn’t know if the fear was of the house itself, the memories it represented and the pain it had caused, or if it was due to the man himself. Even with Sebastian’s assurances he had no way of knowing if Blaine was scared his father was going to show up, there was no way of him knowing much of anything when Blaine was shutting down on him. Catching Marco’s eyes in the rearview mirror both men shared a look—this trip would either catapult Blaine back into the broken state he’d been in at the beginning, or help bring him out of that mindset completely. When Blaine got out of the car, instantly unhooking Binx and pressing close to the dog Sebastian walked around the car, taking the hand held out to him and letting Blaine lead him.

Marco stayed back, trailing behind them slowly and keeping an eye on their surroundings as they both let Blaine lead them where he wanted. Sebastian wanted so many times to stop, to pull Blaine back into the car and take him anywhere else. The moments when Blaine would pull up short, his eyes glassy and far away, it tore at him and he wanted to reach out and make it better. He knew better though. Those were the looks of someone seeing things that weren’t there—seeing the past, the heartache and the pain. When Blaine suddenly took off, hand jerking out of his grasp Sebastian was so startled he stood dumbfounded for a few seconds. By the time he’d gotten his head back together Blaine was on his knees clawing at the ground with a manic air. “Biche!” Shaking himself out of it he ran after Blaine, Marco and a whining Binx tight on his heels. He skidded to a stop, dropping hard on his knees beside the boy, a hand settling almost hesitantly on his back.

“Who, Biche, who is ‘she’?” Sebastian knew better than to grab at Blaine’s hands, not yet, not when he was in this state. “Angel….momma!” Sebastian sucked in a hissing breathe, “Where? Where is she that she’s cold?” Blaine seemed to grow impatient at that, his voice tipping towards the hysterical, “Here! Help her, please!!” It took Sebastian all of a half a second before the frantic digging, the plea and the hysteria all fell into place. Blaine was trying to dig up his mother…and he didn’t realize she couldn’t be saved. Sebastian looped an arm over Blaine’s shoulder, down his chest,
his other arm wrapping around his waist tugging him away from the patch of dirt. In his hysteria and the time he’d been digging he’d already made a sizeable hole, “Biche no, no, you have to stop—Marco, call the cops, now!”
Goodnight Angel - Part 2

Blaine paid near to no attention to the noises around him as he just kept digging and digging, scratching at the cold earth beneath him. He had to get to her, he had to save her this time; he couldn’t fail again, not at this. Not this time. He barely noticed or even registered when Sebastian came crashing to his knees beside him; his touch literally the only thing that was breaking through the one track his mind was rushing down. “Who, Biche, who is ‘she’?” Blaine kept clawing, kept digging at the earth. He was being too slow, he wasn’t going to get to her in time.

“Angel….momma!” He didn’t even realize that he had responded but that didn’t matter, he was slowly making progress; he was almost there. “Where? Where is she that she’s cold?” Blaine nearly growls in utter impatience. Didn’t he know? How did he not realize, not know! She had to be right here, she was just beneath the dirt and if he hurried he knew that she would be alright, she would be okay and Sebastian could help her; he just knew it. “Here! Help her, please!!” Maybe if he pleaded with him, begged him and promised that he would be so good, he would be perfect, then Sebastian would help him help her.

For Blaine it happened almost in complete slow motion; he felt Sebastian’s arm slip over his shoulders and down his chest before the other was looping around his waist. No, no! He was close, she was there he knew it! He started begging, pleading even, as Sebastian started pulling him away from her. “No! Please, don’t! She’s there, right THERE!! Please!” Those arms were locked so solidly around him that even with him prying and pulling they weren’t budging from around him. Tears welled in his eyes before they started streaming down his cheeks as he continued begging. “I can save her this time! Please! She’s right there, help her! You can save her like you save me!” He couldn’t breathe and the world was blurring from the tears in his eyes but he kept them locked on the earth he had pulled apart. Vaguely he registered Marco pulling out his phone and quickly punching in a number as he tried to block his view of the spot but that only caused Blaine to pull and twist harder. “PLEASE!” He screamed at the top of his lungs.

It took an immeasurable amount of Sebastian’s strength to haul Blaine away from the dirt. Blaine was like an unearthly creature, his strength doubled by his frantic needs and all Sebastian could do was try and keep him from hurting himself. “Bas, get the kid back, would ya?” Sebastian huffed, growling at Marco, because what the hell did it look like he was doing? It took some doing before he was finally able to get to his feet, dragging Blaine with him, Blaine was actually clawing at his arms enough to draw blood but Sebastian ignored it for now. He’d worry about the pain later, right now he needed to get Blaine away from whatever was going to be unearthed in that hole. “Biche I need you to listen to me, listen to the sound of my voice.” Sebastian’s fingers stroked under the edge of Blaine’s shirt as he managed to pull Blaine back a few feet and let Marco get in between them to examine the ground himself.

“Just listen to the sound of my voice; just the sound of my voice….you can do it.” Sebastian worked to keep his voice as even as possible, even though in truth he felt like he was breaking apart hearing
the pain in Blaine’s voice. He trusted Sebastian to save him; to save his mother and for the first time he’d fail Blaine completely. “We can’t touch anything Biche, we have to wait. It’s okay, just hold onto me…” Sebastian watched as Marco knelt down, using a stick he’d found nearby to dig just a little further before he was jerking back as he struggled with what was in the hole—they’d never had to deal with a dead body before in their line of work. At least not one that had been left for nearly a decade. “Bas...just...just keep the kid back.” Sebastian shuddered as he worked to drag Blaine back a little further, Binx growling and snapping at his legs in annoyance, the dog was on edge because Blaine was and Sebastian couldn’t separate his attention between the two—he’d get stitches later if he got bit, which was looking more and more likely. He could hear the police sirens in the distance, “It’s over Biche...it’s done, the angel isn’t hurting anymore.”

He had to see, he had to make sure she was still there and that she was okay. He could save her, he just knew he could, if only he could get back over there and help her. If he couldn’t get to her, couldn’t help her, then he had failed her again and that just wasn’t an option to Blaine. He couldn’t fail her again, not like he had every time in his dreams; every time he had failed to catch her as she fell down the stairs or every time he had been just a few seconds too late to stop the blow from the fire poker. Blaine kept yelling until his voice was hoarse, nothing more than a rasping whisper. He wasn’t sure if it was hope or horror that he had building within him as Marco bent down with a stick but he pleaded with him anyway. “Marco! Marco help her, please?” His voice was so coarse that it was starting to hurt. Slowly but surely he found he was wearing himself down and Sebastian’s voice and Binx’s barking was starting to break through the fog of his own brain; slowly his hyperventilating stopped, though it left him almost panting.

As Sebastian’s words sunk in, the true meaning of what he was saying truly taking hold, Blaine stopped pleading. And as his words sunk in Blaine’s hands stopped clawing and scrambling at the arms that held him and clasped onto them for sheer life. He could feel his world on the verge of shattering and he was using that touch of skin as an anchor. And though he stopped pleading and begging he didn’t want to tear his eyes away from the patch of earth that Marco was trying, ineffectively, to hide from his view. He didn’t understand why he couldn’t go see her, why he couldn’t check on her and play with her beautiful black hair like he remembered doing when he was so much younger than he was here. He felt as if he had needed proof that she wasn’t just a figment of his imagination, some spectral image manifested from his nightmares and he knew that that proof was just right there. But the arms holding him were strong and there was a hulking wall in the way; Blaine knew that he couldn’t fight his way there anymore. Suddenly, after fighting so hard, Blaine felt so weak and his legs gave out beneath him; his head hanging as he sobbed before he managed to turn in Sebastian’s arms and grasp desperately at his shirt and hiding his face. He knew she was there, and he knew it was his fault.

Sebastian knew that this moment, this gut wrenching moment would be burned in all of their minds for the rest of their lives. He’d hoped finding the tree would bring Blaine some kind of cathartic release, the chance to let go of his past and finally start making those steps forward. He’d hoped it would be the chance for Blaine to accept his old life was gone, and his new life—a life full of safety, security, love...that was his future. Instead Sebastian had to hold him back from hurting himself, physically be the thing that kept Blaine from what he so desperately wanted. Sebastian knew that not seeing what was in the ground might set Blaine back, make him question things, make him hurt for a while, but seeing it...that would kill him. So Sebastian hung on, he had to shut out the sound of Blaine screaming the same screams that still haunted the nightmares he couldn’t talk about. The kind of screaming that got into a person’s head and tore them apart from the inside out. He’d never felt so raw and stripped bare in his life.

When Blaine started to collapse, his screams turning into full fledged sobbing Sebastian wondered
how anything could possibly hurt him more than those screams had…he’d apparently found his answer. When Blaine finally turned in his arms only to be the one gripping onto him, Sebastian’s knees nearly buckled his chest burning as he locked down his own emotional pain to support Blaine. Keeping his arms tight around Blaine he slowly walked him back further, trying to put distance between them and the tree as they waited for the police to get there. Sebastian tucked his head down against Blaine’s ear, “That’s it, Biche, just hold onto me. Hold on and don’t let go.” He ignored Binx’s head pushing between them with a whine, trying to get to Blaine and help him, instead stroking Blaine’s back, scratching gently through his shirt, just under his shoulder blade. “Hold onto me. I’ve got you, and I’m not letting you go.”

He wanted to get to her, wanted to save her but it was too late. All he could do was bury his face as close as he could into Sebastian’s chest without causing his nose to break; his hands convulsing as they grasped at his Master’s shirt until he felt Binx pressing his head in between them whining. Unconsciously he dropped a hand to Binx’ head and held fast to him as well. He felt Marco come towards them and kneel down next to him. “Kiddo, I’m just hooking Binx’ leash to him, okay? I’m just going to slip it around your wrist and then you can grab back on to Master’s shirt. We have to leash him before the cops show up.” Blaine’s entire body tensed back up when he felt Marco tugging as gently as possible at his wrist, trying to pry his fingers out of Sebastian’s shirt. “Please…” He whispered harshly, his throat hurting, as he felt his fingers slip and he wasn’t even sure what it was he was pleading for. It was only a few seconds that his hand was pulled away before the leash was slipped around his wrist but then it was being placed back on Sebastian’s chest; he felt the muscles beneath his hand relax faintly the second his hand was back against it.

There were tears still streaming down his cheeks when he heard the police coming towards them but he at least wasn’t completely sobbing anymore. His body remained tense when he heard the voices and footsteps rushing towards them; he wanted to go and get between them and her. If they got to her they were going to see that he failed so horribly and he would get into so much trouble. Blaine started to panic again as the memory became clearer and clearer. He remembered HIM telling him that if anyone found out about this that he’d kill him and put him with her. Blaine started to almost violently shake as he tried to move them, Sebastian, Binx and himself, to intercept them. “Stop them! Please!!” He whispered furiously to Sebastian as he tried in vain to somehow get between the cops and her. “Please! If they find her he’ll kill me! I remember now! I remember I wasn’t supposed to tell anyone. He’s going to kill me if they find her!” He turned wide and pleading golden eyes to Sebastian, tears still welling in his eyes. “P-please!”

Sebastian clutched Blaine as tightly to his chest as he physically could, as if by doing so he could protect him from the terrifying scene around them. Even knowing it was Marco coming up beside him Sebastian’s first instinct was to block his access to Blaine completely, when he felt Blaine shaking and tensing up the only thing he could do was hold onto him and keep reminding him it was okay—he was there and he would keep him safe. “Ease up, Bas, you’re going to hurt him.” Sebastian knew Marco was right, he could easily break Blaine if he squeezed any harder, but it wasn’t until Blaine’s hand was back on his chest, fingers tangled in his shirt material that he was able to loosen his muscle-locked hold. He could feel Blaine start to completely fall apart in his arms as Binx stuck himself between them and the police entering the yard. He left Marco to talk to the men as he tried to keep Blaine together, “Hold onto me, just keep holding on.”

He murmured softly, his voice as persuasive and gentle as possible. Sebastian rewrapped his arms around Blaine as the boy started trying to fight his way out of his arms. “Biche, Biche I need you to stop. You have to stop.” Sebastian murmured as he managed to get him reigned back in, eyes tight when Blaine frantically started talking. It killed him to see the panic and fear in Blaine’s eyes, the
way he desperately needed Sebastian to make it better, how desperately he trusted in him. He ran a hand up Blaine’s side to cup his cheek, thumb tracing his cheek, “Biche I am not going to let him near you. Ever.” His voice turned serious as he pressed their foreheads together to make sure Blaine would pay attention to him and no one else, “The police are going to take care of her, we’ll be able to finally let her rest at peace, give her the goodbye she deserved…and with this the police and I will be able to ensure your father never comes near this place or you again. He’s going to be locked up for a long time for this, I promise on my life.”

He tried, really tried to watch as Marco lead the cops to the hole he had started clawing into the earth; the whole time his heart was thundering in his chest. But his vision was blocked; eclipsed with the green eyes of his Master, so full of concern for him that it made him stop completely. He trusted this man, trusted the man who held him so tightly, that he finally just let go. His knees gave out completely, forcing Sebastian to hold him and that made his heart hurt as well; here he was perfectly capable and yet Sebastian was being forced to either hold him, and potentially injure his shoulder further, or let him collapse to the ground. He knew now that he couldn’t save her but that didn’t mean he couldn’t stop from hurting him. He struggled to get his feet back under him before he found himself being scooped up into his arms and carried a ways away.

Goodbye. He wasn’t sure if he was pleased that they were going to be able to give her the goodbye she deserved; she had been such a strong force in his dreams but he had never thought about the fact that she was something real. Would this mean he wouldn’t see her in his dreams anymore? Blaine shook his head and clung tighter to Sebastian, hand fisting as tight as possible in the other man’s shirt; clutching to Binx with his other hand as well. Closing his eyes, Blaine pressed his face into Sebastian’s neck as he found himself being settled into his lap as they sat at the edge of the grove, Binx in front of them keeping a keen eye on the people he didn’t know. He could feel the tears slowly starting to dry as he pushed in as close as possible to Sebastian. He wanted to hide, wanted to disappear and be anywhere but where they were. “H-home….” He whispered into the flesh of Sebastian’s neck.

Sebastian had been waiting for the moment Blaine fell apart so fully his own body gave out on him, he’d known it was coming—could feel it in the shaking and tensing of his muscles the split second before he was pitching forward from Blaine’s sudden dead weight. Catching him before he could fall Sebastian managed to hold Blaine up, he knew the boy was too far gone to fight any longer, he was ready to let go of the fire inside him, the one that had left claw marks running up Sebastian’s arms and a ringing in his ears. When he felt Blaine struggling to bring his legs back under him from their bent position Sebastian lifted him up—he was ready to get them both away from what was unfolding in front of them. Besides, as much as Sebastian didn’t want it to happen he knew they had to talk. A lot of people were going to have questions and as Blaine’s temporary legal consult and appointed guardian until he was deemed healthy again….Sebastian was the one that would have to field them all.

Looking around he got Marco’s attention, letting the man know he’d be waiting away from all the chaos he held Blaine tighter and walked across the lawn, Binx tight on his heels still being led by the leash around Blaine’s wrist. When he reached the outcropping of the trees he found a low stump to sit on, balancing Blaine in his lap as he rocked him close, hands stroking his back as he hummed, helping Blaine work through his sobs. “Oh Biche…” He sighed softly, kissing the top of Blaine’s head, “I promise we will go home soon, very soon, but we have to wait just a little longer…” Sebastian murmured softly before kissing his forehead and cheeks, a hand sliding through his curls gently, “Biche…I’m going to need you to tell me what you remember…only when you’re ready. But I’m going to have to know what happened to her.” He tried to make the request as gentle as possible,
It felt as if all of Blaine’s strength had seeped out of him leaving him feeling every bit as completely and utterly weak as he knew he was in that moment. He just allowed himself to sink into Sebastian’s arms and watch what was going on. It was easier, this way; tucked softly and safely in the arms of the man he loved and listening to his heartbeat as the swarm of uniformed strangers grew larger and larger. He even made note of when Marco had made it back to them, seemingly taking up a post just a little ways away to do his best and keep them safe and alone. Blaine realized that he was oddly thankful for Marco’s presence; if he wasn’t here it meant that Sebastian wouldn’t have anyone to help him, because he was less then completely useless. Blaine felt like his heart was being ripped out of his body when Sebastian said they had to wait. He had expected it, somewhere deep in his heart he knew that the uniformed people would need them to stay, but it still made his heart hurt. Almost as much as Sebastian asking him to tell him what he remembered.

He could feel himself slipping into that white numb space as he spoke, the same space that he slipped into when Dr. Cia had asked him all those questions. “I remember that night.” His voice was eerily silent. “He went out to meet with other Masters, like he did every couple days. I don’t know why she chose then to leave, maybe it was because he hit her again, but she had packed away a small bag for us. I remember he came home early and found us at the top of the stairs and he pushed her. I couldn’t keep her up, I was little and her hand just jerked me down the stairs with her. I remember the look of shock on her face when she saw me fall to the bottom of the stairs a ways away from her; my leg was broken, I remember seeing the bone sticking out, shining in the light of the fireplace. Master, he came stumbling down the staircase after us, and I remember him kicking me further away from her. I couldn’t stop him. He grabbed the fire poker and just……..he beat her until she stopped moving, until she stopped making any noise, until she stopped breathing.” He dragged in a stuttering breath as he tried to continue. “He made me dig the hole…….and cover her. I made her cold.”

Sebastian didn’t want to make Blaine relive that awful memory, the one that drove his fears and darkest nightmares. But he had to, he had to know what Blaine saw, had to know how to answer the police officer’s questions when the time came. When Blaine spoke it tore him apart to know that that tone was the same one he used to escape Dr. Cia. It tore at him to know that the memory was so painful he couldn’t tell him without the sanctity of that darkspace, without the blissful absence of emotions and feeling. Sebastian closed his eyes, pressing his lips against Blaine’s forehead as he started talking, hand rubbing along his back, rocking him gently. It was all he could do to help remind Blaine in those small ways that he was there and holding him, that he was taking care of him and no one would get to him. “Okay…Okay Biche that’s enough.” He murmured softly against his forehead, kissing his skin gently, “Come back to me now, I’ve got you.”

Sebastian stroked his back, kissing his forehead and cheeks tenderly as he kept him held as close as possible. He could hear the renewed fear in his voice, the way he was losing control of himself all over again. “I’ve got you, it’s okay love.” He waited until the worst of Blaine’s shaking had subsided before he lifted his head up enough to see into Blaine’s eyes, “You did not make her cold, baby. You took care of her in the only way you could. I know it’s hard to understand right now, but your mother wanted only one thing—to protect you. She did that, and I promise you that meant more to her than anything.” Running a hand through Blaine’s curls softly, tugging on the curls softly, “When you buried her, you weren’t hurting her love, you didn’t make her cold, you took care of her. You buried her with love. She’s always been watching over you, and she knows how you cared for her.”

Blaine was convinced that he would never stop shaking completely; that memory in and of itself had always unknowingly been at the forefront of his every nightmare and here, in front of Sebastian and
Marco, with Binx’ head resting firmly in his lap, he was being forced to confront it. As much as he could with Binx’ head on his legs, Blaine curled into Sebastian’s chest and let his words wash over him. Try as he might to really absorb and believe them there was a small part of him that would always think that her ending up here, like this, was his fault. He shook his head softly, his eyes closing at the gentle tugging of his hair. “If it wasn’t for me, if I wasn’t here, she wouldn’t have ended up there.” His words were quiet as a whisper but held the weight of a thousand worlds. He was convinced he’d spend the rest of his life trying to make up for what he felt he’d done here so many years ago.

He startled when he heard a strange voice approach them, only to be intercepted by Marco; his grasp on Sebastian’s arm tightened. He wanted to go home, just wanted to go back to the safe haven of the facility and their rooms where he could surround himself in Sebastian and Binx in the middle of a blanket fort. Where they could disappear and he could curl up and just stop existing in the world for a little bit. He heard Marco speaking in a low voice with whoever it was that approached before walking the few feet over towards them and crouch down next to their stump. Blaine just hid his face in Sebastian’s neck as he tried to hide. “They want to ask us all a few questions, even though I’ve explained what happened at least a dozen times. I don’t know what they want to ask him exactly but they can see the dirt on his hands and want to talk to him about it.”

Sebastian shook his head a little, holding him in closer as he rubbed Blaine’s back. “Shhh.” He could feel Blaine’s shaking wasn’t getting any better and he had a feeling it would be like this for a long time. He’d focus on helping with that later when they were on their own and not sitting outside surrounded by police officers. “No, Biche…I want you to listen to me very carefully.” Sebastian held him close, there was little he could do to help calm Blaine down completely, but he wanted to at least be able to plant the seeds of being able to move forward. “It may not make sense to you now, but one day I promise it will.” He kept his voice soft and careful, not wanting to come off as condescending or patronizing. “Your mother had the strength to try and leave only because she wanted to protect you. Without you she never would have made it as long as she did.” Sebastian’s arms tightened reflexively when Marco came over and Blaine started shaking more and practically clawed in an attempt to get closer against his chest and neck.

Nodding to Marco to have the officer come over Sebastian murmured softly in Blaine’s ear, “No one is going to touch you or do anything to you love. Just hold onto me and I will take care of everything.” He kept rubbing and rocking Blaine as the police officer walked over. “Mr. –Ah… Smythe? I’m afraid I need to ask the boy a few questions…” Sebastian shook his head, “He won’t speak with you right now, and I’m going to answer your questions as his legal guardian. My name is Sebastian Smythe and I’m both his power of attorney and his care taker at the Rehabilitation Center for Rescued Boys. My name, number and all pertinent legal information is on this card—“ He pauses managing to dig out his wallet and hand over the cards he had to keep on hand for these emergencies. “The police already have his files and his background in their reports for a current on-going case against his abusive father.”

The police officer nodded taking the card, it wasn’t the first time the officers were having to work with the facility for legal matters even if it did mean more red tape down the line. “Understood, Mr. Smythe. I’ll ask just a few basic questions for now and once we have his files we’ll be in touch with you for more in-depth statements, alright?” When Sebastian nodded in agreement the officer looked at his notepad, “Alright, most importantly we need to know how the kid knew where to find the body? And a basic detail of what happened.” “He knew where to find her because that is the body of the late, currently ‘missing’ Mrs. Anderson, his father forced him to bury her here when he was a child…. ” Sebastian cleared his throat before quickly recounting the story Blaine had told him, keeping the boy tucked as close as humanly possible hoping to keep him calm through it. After a few
more minutes of basic questioning the officer said they were able to go home, but that they’d be contacted for further questioning later. Nodding Sebastian thanked him as Marco escorted the man away from them giving Sebastian enough time to stand up and start carrying Blaine to the car.

Blaine worked to make himself as small as he possibly could when he heard Marco rise to bring the officer over; managing to squeeze even smaller against Sebastian’s chest, in his arms, when the officer stepped in close. Blaine heard Binx make a warning growl but he tightened his hand in the dogs scruff and he settled down; he knew that if Binx did anything to the officer that they would take him away from him and that would have just worked as another nail in Blaine’s metaphorical coffin. He couldn’t lose Binx, so he made sure that he knew he was okay. As the officer spoke Blaine did his utmost best to stay otherwise perfectly still; if he didn’t move, didn’t even so much as breathe, then it would be like he wasn’t even there to begin with. He actually did stop breathing for a moment when the officer mentioned wanting to ask him a few questions but, true to his words, Sebastian stepped in and took the attention off of him and onto himself.

He listened intently to Sebastian’s words, his body tensing and his eyes slamming shut as he was pressed impossibly closer to the man he loved. For whatever reason Blaine had assumed they wouldn’t have to recant that memory to them right then and there, and he wasn’t ready for it; he wasn’t able to let himself fall into darkspace fast enough and so he was forced to listen to his own memory recanted by someone that wasn’t him. The only thing that kept him calm, kept his pulse from skyrocketing to a dangerous rate was Sebastian’s hold on him. He tried to lose himself in the feel of his Master’s pulse against his face and the steady, firm press of his arms. Blaine was almost lost when Sebastian scooped him up in his arms, the leash held tightly in his hand and Binx trotting close on Sebastian’s heels as they made their way back to the car; pressing his face once more into the other’s neck when the house came into view. “H-home?” He asked so softly, daring to let himself hope just a little bit.
Goodnight Angel - Part 3

Chapter Notes

Content Warning: All the chapters under the 'Goodnight Angel' name deal with mental health and mentions and descriptions of death and abuse. These are heavy subjects and please read with caution.

Sebastian wanted to get Blaine as far away from the officers, away from this place, away from everything as fast as possible. He paused for just a moment when he stood up, plucking a blue wild flower from the base of the stump tucking the stem between Blaine’s fingers where they were gripping his shirt, “She would want you to remember the flowers.” He murmured softly into Blaine’s hair as he carried him across the lawn. He could feel the sudden stiffening and terror as they came close to the house, being sure to keep Blaine’s face hidden and his back to the building so Blaine wouldn’t be forced to see it he half jogged to get them past that point. When he heard the broken whispered plea for a second time Sebastian nodded, brushing his cheek against Blaine’s temple in an attempt to give him that skin-on-skin contact he needed to ground himself, “We’re going home now, Biche. We’re going to sit in the car while Marco finishes taking care of things and then we’ll be home before you know it.”

It took some maneuvering but eventually Sebastian managed to get the back door open, deciding to allow Binx in the seat for this type of emergency he managed to balance Blaine with one arm and a leg as he helped the large dog jump up into the seat. Once Binx was settled Sebastian pulled himself into the car, closing the door firmly behind them and making sure Blaine could hear the doors locking around them. He gently shifted them around until Blaine was across his lap, back supported by his arm and the door while Binx slunk across the seat and settled like a heavy weight on Blaine’s lap with a low pitiful whine—nudging his head up under Blaine’s hand. Sebastian hummed and sang softly as they waited what felt like an eternity for Marco to come back, but was really only roughly ten minutes. When Marco climbed in he started driving immediately, and Sebastian wouldn’t be surprised if he was breaking every speed limit possible.

Blaine knew he shouldn’t let Sebastian carry him, not with how his shoulder still wasn’t completely up to par and how easily just supporting his weight could cause him pain for days, but for the moment he was allowing himself to be selfish; to be absorbed into the warmth that was his Master’s arms and to anchor himself as vigorously as possible to the physical anchor that was offered to him by just that small brush of skin. As Sebastian fumbled around with the door to the car, Blaine stared in the direction they had come from, in the direction of her, and finally closed his eyes with a soft sob. He was leaving her out there, like that, again; only this time he was leaving her with a bunch of strange people that he had no idea who they were and he had no way of knowing if they would be able to help her. He just had to trust, blindly trust, that no matter what they would help her the best that they could; even if that meant helping put her to rest. The thought renewed his cold pit that had been growing and spreading throughout him, renewed his shivering; he was so cold but there was nothing he could do about it.

Hearing the resounding click of the locks around him was definitely a step in the correct direction to helping; though Blaine had no doubt that his Sebastian would be able to warm him up and help stop the shivering. Even Binx was helping, his head pressing into Blaine’s lap like a heavy heating
blanket. It helped but it still felt like nothing would ever be able to get the chill out of his bones again. It was only in the safety of the car and being securely in Sebastian’s arms that he noticed he was holding a rather breathtakingly beautiful blue wildflower, one of the ones that had littered the grove with their golden and purple counterparts. It was exactly how he dreamt they were, soft and vibrant at the same time, striking to look at and they smelled the exact same way that she always smelt when she came to him in his dreams. He held the flower cupped in his hands as if it was one of the most precious things he had ever come across; and aside from Sebastian and Binx, it probably was. He held it close to his chest and it was only then that he realized they were no longer near that accursed place and instead were almost back to the facility. Blaine was glad because that meant that soon enough he would be sequestered away with his Master beneath a pile of blankets; he hoped that someday his shaking would stop but he had no delusion that it would be today. He did, however, cling tighter to Sebastian even as they neared the facility in its looming distance.

Sebastian kept running his hands along Blaine’s back, keeping the boy tucked in as small and compact as possible. It was possibly a selfish hold, his own need and desire to hold onto Blaine and know that he was there and alive and he had him safe in his arms. However he also knew Blaine needed that tight hold, needed to feel himself being protected and surrounded by someone that loved and cared for him. The closer they got to the facility the less tense his own shoulders became, he wanted nothing more than to get Blaine inside the safe haven of their own walls, get him taken care of and help calm him down. Sebastian didn’t wait for Marco to help them out of the car, as soon as they were through all of the security check gates and the car had pulled into one of the garages Sebastian was throwing the door open. Hefting Blaine up a little more securely in his arms he slid out of the car, waiting long enough for Binx to jump out after him, reaching down to unhook his leash before he was heading inside.

Sebastian stalked past the guards at the doors, ignoring protocol in favor of just getting Blaine somewhere safe and isolated, getting him home. Home wasn’t the facility, most of this place still sent Blaine scurrying burrowed into his side in fear; home was their room. He could hear Marco behind him soothing the ruffled feathers his angry entrance had caused, but he didn’t care—none of those people mattered. Sebastian didn’t stop once they were in their room, shutting and locking the door once Binx was in the room, he kept walking into the bathroom, closing that door as well. Leaning into the shower to flip the hot water on full blast to get it heated up Sebastian settled Blaine on the counter as Binx curled up on the floor with a whine. He rubbed Blaine’s sides gently before grabbing a cup and filling it with water before holding it in front of Blaine, “Here, Biche, you can put the flower in the water while I get you taken care of, okay?”

When Sebastian’s arms tightened around him and the car came to a stop, Blaine was sure to just curl himself as close as he could to the other man’s chest and hide his face as they progressed through the facility. He could hear Binx padding in front of them and the clicking of his claws on the tiles helped drown out the sounds of the guards shouting at their retreating form. He didn’t care, he knew he should because they were upsetting someone, but he didn’t; if Sebastian didn’t care then he hoped he wouldn’t get in trouble for not caring either. With each door that closed behind him, however, Blaine’s body started to relax; even if it was just minutely. Though, his brow furrowed in confusion when Sebastian settled him down onto the counter, the shower pulsing down beside them; he didn’t understand why his Master had brought him into the bathroom. All he wanted to do was curl up under a blanket fort with Binx and Sebastian until he didn’t feel cold to the core.

Blaine stared at the cup of water for several long seconds before it even registered what it was for, before Sebastian’s words actually held any meaning to them. With slow and deliberate, though shaky, movements, Blaine placed the flower as gently into the cup as he could; his eyes never
leaving the flower as Sebastian placed it on the counter next to him. That was all he had left of her, the only thing of hers physically left and sure as everything in the rest of the world, it would die soon enough. It was just another thing he couldn’t protect, couldn’t save and would be forced to watch die and decay. Tears started to flow once more down his cheeks, his body shaking even more, and he just gripped onto Sebastian’s shirt until he was forced to let go as Sebastian worked his shirt over his head. Golden eyes shut tightly as he tried to disappear within himself, tried to go numb to the pain and the heartache and the cold that was eating away at him.

Sebastian was careful to place the cup with the flower in it in plain view on the counter, making sure Blaine would be able to see it at all times, even once they were in the glass encased shower. He let Blaine cling to him for a minute before getting back to the task at hand—he needed to help Blaine stop shaking as well as scrub away the crusted-in dirt and help scrape away the painful memories. Normally Sebastian would leave Blaine to shower on his own so long as he left the door open, he hadn’t been in the shower with Blaine since that first month—and at that time Sebastian was most definitely always clothed. This time was different, Blaine needed not only the comfort and safety of a shower, somewhere he could cry without fear of being heard, cry before he’d even realize he was crying before the shower washed the tears away. It was an old trick, but it had always worked for Sebastian, and he was desperate to help Blaine now. “That’s it, Biche, just keep holding onto me.”

Sebastian murmured the words soft and sweet as he managed to work Blaine’s shirt up and over his head before he sighed as Blaine pushed into his chest again clinging to his shirt. Humming he drew a hand through Blaine’s curls before untangling them long enough to tug his own shirt up and over his head, hiding a wince when the material of the sleeves rubbed against the fresh still slightly bleeding scratches along his arms. “Okay, love, here we go…up on your feet.” He hummed the words softly as he helped Blaine stand with guiding touches, getting the rest of his clothes off of him before shedding his own clothes. He kept a hand on Blaine’s waist guiding him as Sebastian stepped into the shower first before drawing him in with him. He was careful to make sure his body took the brunt of the hot water until he had the temperature leveled out so it wouldn’t burn Blaine’s skin drawing him into the water with him as he ran his hands along Blaine’s arms to help rub the dirt from his skin. “Lean on me, Biche, I’ve got you and I’m going to take care of you. If you need to cry, you cry. You can cry, scream or hit— anything you need to do.”

Blaine felt as though every bit of energy he had ever had had simply leaked out of him, his body cold and rigid as Sebastian moved him around the bathroom. For the most part he kept his eyes either closed or locked onto that flower and all it represented to him; but even that was starting to feel like it was happening to someone else; anyone else. It was almost as if he was watching everything that was happening to him at that moment from some distant place in the galaxy; he could watch but he couldn’t do anything about it. He watched completely detached as Sebastian guided him to stand and quickly divested both Blaine and himself of their clothes; leaving them in a heap by the counter. Even though Sebastian was the first to get into the shower and he adjusted the water Blaine still jerked back and almost out of Sebastian’s arms when the water touched him. He was so cold that even with the water being only warm it felt almost scalding to him. But Sebastian’s arms held him tight and the water quickly soaked him completely.

He stood there, unsure if he was crying or anything at that point, and watched as the water, mixed with dirt and something darker, swirled down the drain; the steam in the air swirling heavily around them. That air was so heavy that Blaine was having a hard time dragging in a deep breath. He could feel his lungs dragging in the dampening hot air and it was almost suffocating; he could feel his body fighting to feel the oxygen. He felt like he was drowning in the air and he must have shown it because not even ten seconds into his struggle for air he watched Sebastian crack open the shower
door and a wash of cool air hit him in the face. Suddenly he was able to drag in a large gulp of air just as his knees gave out on him, leaving him relying solely on Sebastian for support. He could feel his body getting heavy; he just wanted to sleep, even if that meant the nightmares would return, at this point he didn’t care.

Sebastian could feel Blaine breaking down again, he wasn’t crying anymore, but he was shutting down all the same. He wanted to get Blaine in bed, let him rest and breath to let him feel as secured and comfortable as possible. But first he had to help get the dirt off of him and the warmth back into his muscles. Once the door to the shower was cracked open and Blaine went limp in his arms Sebastian sighed, holding him close, “I’m going to take care of you. I promise.” He ran a hand up along Blaine’s spine, working his fingers into the tense and knotted muscles there before he carefully settled Blaine on the shower seat in the corner of the glass enclosure. He made sure Blaine was in the path of the cool air still slipping in through the cracked door so he didn’t get nauseous as he readjusted the water again.

He hummed softly as he picked up a soft washcloth, he made sure to switch through the songs picking ones that he knew Blaine enjoyed most including his special lullaby. Sebastian knew how much the lullaby meant to Blaine, meant to them both—he often heard Blaine humming it, trying to sound out the foreign words at night when he would try to sing Sebastian to sleep. He quickly lathered up the rag with the body wash he usually only used for himself—he figured being able to smell something comforting might help bring Blaine back to him. Sebastian knelt down on the smooth tiles of the shower, taking one of Blaine’s hands in his own and slowly washing the dirt and grime off of him, massaging his arm as he worked down to Blaine’s hand massaging his hand and working the cloth slowly over his skin as he moved back up the arm and across his chest to his other arm.

He didn't even realize he was seated on the cold bench until suddenly he was eye to eye with Sebastian; taking him several long moments before he realized that the other man was on his knees on the harsh tile. His Master blocking his direct line of sight to the flower; sufficiently distracting him from starting at the flower and redirecting his rather morbid thoughts. He started blankly at first at Sebastian; what if he couldn't protect him? What if his father came back and he couldn't stop him from hurting Sebastian? If something ever happened to his Sebastian, Blaine knew that he wouldn't survive himself. He'd make sure of it. But nothing seemed to stop these morbid thoughts as they wreaked havoc on him. "All things die...." He murmured softly as he split his attention between the flower and the amount of grime and dirt going down the shower drain. "I can't protect you." He whispered in absolute shame. And that was the root of the problem. He knew he was too small and unimposing; that no matter what he did it would be inefficient and meager, too small to make an impact. He was too small to make any difference in anything.

He wasn't positive but he was pretty sure he was crying again; but with the water rushing down his body he couldn't tell the difference. He looked at the man staring back at him and knew he would give his life to try and keep anything from happening to him; but he knew it wouldn't ever be enough. Especially since he was the one hurting him; if the scratches on his arms matched the blood that had come out from beneath his fingernails. "I can't save you, like I couldn't save her. You always end up cold, just so cold, and I can never reach you. He has me, he's always had me in this crushing grip and there is nothing I can do but watch you both die and grow cold over and over again. 'All things die....' he always says." Blaine closed his eyes as he saw in vivid detail the dreams that had been plaguing him for a lifetime; his voice dropping in register to eerily match his father's. "'All things die and it's all your fault. My life was perfect before you and that slut came along. I never wanted you, I have the perfect son, I don't need a weak pathetic excuse for a son as you are. You
aren’t my son, you’re my slave. It’s the best your pathetic and pointless life will come to. I killed you once, drowned you like the malformed runt that you are; count your blessings that she was able to bring you back. And know that I will do it again.”

Sebastian massaged and cleaned every inch of Blaine’s arms and shoulders before leaning up a little higher to wash his chest and sides. It wasn’t about cleaning off the dirt now—it was about letting Blaine be taken care of, letting him sit and be completely dependent on him for everything. He kept stroking and massaging all of Blaine’s quivering muscles trying to work the life and warmth back into him as he let Blaine sit talk. He didn’t say anything at first, he could tell that Blaine wasn’t consciously opening up to him, and if he interfered it might snap him out of it completely. “Sweet boy, you do protect me.” He murmured softly, setting the rag aside he slid his hands along the sides of Blaine’s neck, thumbs brushing along his skin in soothing circles. “You protect me from myself, you protected me when you knew I was in trouble—kept me from doing things I’d regret, keep me honest and grounded. Without you I wouldn’t be here.”

He let Blaine talk himself out, trying to keep his reaction under control when Blaine started reciting the things his dad told him. The fact he’d heard it so often he could recite it, even from his dreams was heartbreaking. “I’m not going to get cold, love, I’m going to be right here by your side.” He murmured just as quietly as before, still stroking the sides of his neck tenderly before running his hand through the thick wet curls at the back of his head. “Your father will never get near you again, I won’t let it happen. You’re not a runt, or weak—you are my fighter, my brave and resilient boy who stands up to Marco and bosses me around without batting an eye. You’re stubborn, and beautiful, kind and brilliant. You are my everything.” He stretched up to brush a tender kiss to his forehead before resting their foreheads together. “All things die…but you and I have years left together. We’re going to grow old together, still arguing over you needing to eat more than fruit and soup, still cuddling with oversized dogs. We’ll be together for a long time, because we have each other.”

As the feeling was starting to come back to him, his body not shaking nearly as much as it had been before they had made their way into the shower, Blaine wanted to kick and scream and absolutely refuse everything that Sebastian was saying. It wasn’t true; Blaine knew that there was no way he could possibly protect his Master when he was so weak. Instead of kicking and screaming though Blaine just nodded and listened as Sebastian spoke; slowly but surely his body was starting to react as it usually did to the gentle coaxing of his Master. The tension started leaking out of his shoulders first before traveling down his spine to loosen the muscles that felt as though they had been coiled in his back for what felt like an eternity. And as much as he wanted to deny everything that Sebastian was saying, an even bigger part of him wanted to believe every word he said; even if he knew that some of those promises weren’t up to either of them to keep.

Eventually Blaine let himself slide off of the seat and straight into Sebastian’s lap, curling in as tightly as possible to his chest. It didn’t matter to him that they were naked or soaking wet; that the water was still pounding down on them. He slipped into Sebastian’s arms and his body just stopped working; his head pillowed into his shoulder and his arm hanging basically dead on the floor. He just wanted this day to end; he wanted to forget or just cease to be. Instead, he just nodded at Sebastian’s words and curled into him. As he curled in, Blaine brought his hand up and started absently playing with the wet hair at the base of his scalp. Beneath his head he could hear Sebastian’s heart beating away and the cadence was pulling him back to himself; he wasn’t shaking anymore. He was just tired; so tired. His eyes closed as he listened to the heart beating steadily beneath his head and he let the sound of Sebastian’s voice wash over him.
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When Blaine slid down into his lap Sebastian immediately held onto him, arms locking around him to pull him into his chest as he settled to sit on his heels. It wasn’t the most comfortable position for his knees and legs, in fact the hard unforgiving press of the tiles was already making his kneecaps burn and go numb; but he’d be damned if he was going to move Blaine from his lap when they both needed the physical closeness so badly. When he felt the fingers tangling into his hair Sebastian ran his hand along Blaine’s spine, fingers pressing into the slowly relaxing muscles as he focused on keeping Blaine upright and comfortable. “I’ll talk to Marco about giving you some boxing lessons to start, okay? But not…not for me, okay? I want you to feel safe and know that you can defend yourself if you ever feel scared or threatened, I want you to be able to protect yourself, and give you an outlet whenever you feel scared or upset.”

Sebastian kept massaging his fingers against Blaine’s skin before he slowly maneuvered them up off the floor. He hid a wince as he forced his legs under him, pushing up to stand with Blaine still in his arms, one arm stretched out the brace against the wall for second while he struggled to get the numb pain out of his lower half. Turning the water off he managed reach out of the shower and grab a towel, getting it around Blaine’s lower half as he settled him on the counter again to give his legs a chance to catch up to the rest of his body. He grabbed another towel and started carefully drying Blaine’s curls and skin, humming as he stood between Blaine’s legs, drawing the towel over Blaine’s head as he ruffled his hair gently, flipping the edge of the towel up to expose his face, leaning in to kiss him lightly with a small smile. Once Blaine was dry Sebastian wrapped the towel over his hips and scooped Blaine up, moving around Binx and carrying him into the bedroom.

Boxing? Blaine wasn’t sure how well he would fare but he was sure that it would be another tool in his arsenal that he would be able to use to protect Sebastian; even if Sebastian said he didn’t want him doing it for him. Blaine didn’t care about his own safety, what he cared about was Sebastian and his safety; if Sebastian was safe and happy then that was all Blaine wanted in life. His train of thought was broken when Sebastian tightened his arms around him and he was rising up in the shower; Blaine could feel him struggling and moved to get out of his arms but he found himself settled onto the counter before he could do much of anything else. A shiver ran through him as the cold air ran over his water warmed skin; a small whine left him when Sebastian’s arms pulled away so that he could dry his hair. That loss of contact set Blaine back on edge, made him feel lost and shaken so he gripped desperately at his waist. It was the light kiss that actually brought the smallest of smiles to his face.

Once he was back out in the bedroom, all Blaine wanted to do was curl up on the bed with his Master and his Binx and just shut the world out; he didn’t even fight when Sebastian settled him onto the bed just long enough to grab a pair of briefs and sweats and slip them both on him, he let himself be moved almost like a ragdoll. He managed to keep his small whimpers down to a minimum while
Sebastian got dressed himself. He even buried his face into the thick fur of Binx’s neck as he curled up heavily next to him; he could feel the warmth radiating off of the dog. Eventually he wasn’t able to hold the small noises in anymore and he reached his hands out to plead silently for Sebastian; curling into him almost instantly when he crawled onto the bed, with Binx curled just as tightly up against his back. Blaine didn’t want to sleep, he wasn’t sure what kind of dreams he would have at this point, but he was just so exhausted that he knew he wouldn’t be able to handle the fight to stay awake much longer; especially with Sebastian’s heartbeat beneath his head and Binx’s heat along his back. Absently his fingers went back to twirling in Sebastian’s hair.

Sebastian hated that every time he let go or moved away Blaine started whimpering and clinging tighter when he did finally come back into range. More than that he hated having to let go at all. The truth was he needed Blaine in his arms as much as Blaine needed him and he was slowly starting to lose control of himself and his emotions. By the time he had Blaine dressed he could feel himself on the verge of shaking much like Blaine had been, once the boy was tucked under their thickest blankets with Binx by his side Bas stepped into the bathroom to take care of things. He left the door open, quickly mopping up the water and putting aside their clothes before he quickly and discreetly cleaned and bandaged the still bleeding scratches and bites on his legs from the dog. Wincing as he quickly wrapped his legs tight enough that Blaine wouldn’t feel the bandages he pulled on his sweats before grabbing the cup with his flower in it.

Setting the cup on the nightstand Sebastian slid into bed as Blaine’s whimpers started getting louder, letting himself be pulled in against Blaine, wrapping his arms and legs around him as he pulled the covers tight over them both. He held Blaine as close as he physically could, only this time it wasn’t so much a way to comfort Blaine, but as a way to comfort himself by knowing Blaine was okay and there with him. Sebastian buried his face in Blaine’s curls as he held him impossibly closer, in a rare moment of uncertainty he had no idea what to say or how to comfort Blaine, hell he couldn’t even comfort himself. All he kept seeing was little Blaine, scared and alone, crying as he dug a hole for the only person that cared about him….Blaine desperately clawing at the ground trying to save her, begging him for help, begging him to make it better. Sebastian squeezed his eyes closed against the burn of tears because in that instant he was faced with the painful truth, not only had he failed Blaine tonight, he would keep failing him—he couldn’t make it better.

The second Sebastian slid into bed with him and wrapped him so desperately in his arms Blaine could feel the tension; it felt like something was off, like he could just sense some kind of desperate need coming off of his Master. And that wasn’t right; in his mind that was just fundamentally wrong and he had to fix it. No, he needed to fix it. It was something that he could focus on, something other than the pain and cold that was trying to set back in once more. Scooting up in the bed, Blaine shifted his arms so that he was holding Sebastian’s shoulders and pulling him in so that he was holding his Master; he even pulled them so that Sebastian’s head was resting on his shoulder. He felt the need to cradle him, to attempt to protect him; more importantly he felt the need to hold and comfort him from the rest of the world. Without realizing what he was doing, Blaine started threading his fingers through Sebastian’s thick hair, scratching gently at his scalp, and he started singing a song that he had thought long since lost to him. It was a song that he remembered her singing to him late at night when raging storms outside his tiny room window would leave him awake and terrified. He wasn’t sure it conveyed how he felt or what he wanted to tell Sebastian but it was a song that he remembered always made him feel loved and safe; he just hoped that that translated to Sebastian.

“Little child, be not afraid; the rain pounds harsh against the glass. Like an unwanted stranger, there is no danger. I am here tonight.” There were parts that he hummed, the parts that he didn’t quite
remember what the lyrics were; but what he did remember he was sure to sing. The whole time, he kept his voice soft and comforting. He just wanted Sebastian to know how much he loved him and how much it meant to him that someone like Sebastian, someone so amazing and kind, would even consider taking the time out of his own life to even look at Blaine; let alone save his life. How could he tell the man in his arms that he was the shining sun in Blaine’s galaxy? That he saved Blaine every day, whether he knew it or not, and that without him Blaine would be lost in a world that neither wanted him nor cared about him? How did he tell Sebastian that he made him actually strive to live; instead of curling up in a ball and just giving up? Sebastian was the reason that the darkness hadn’t consumed him; the reason that Blaine didn’t take another piece of broken mirror and join his mother the second he realized that there was nothing anyone could do to save her. He knew it had been nothing but a sheer wish that he or anyone could have saved her; her fate was sealed the second she had decided to try and get them out of the situation and, try as Sebastian or anyone else might, Blaine knew that that was completely and utterly his fault. He was the reason she had lain cold and alone all these years with nothing but the wildflowers to keep her company. So instead of speaking he sang.

Sebastian wasn’t entirely aware of where this sudden break down was surfacing from. Likely the fact that for months he’d bottle up every single fear and worry, bottled up every doubt and secret nightmare—the things that plagued him even in his waking hours; the self doubts and utter fear. Faced with what he’d seen that day, faced with the reality that he could have lost Blaine, could still lose him at any minute—it tore him apart inside. He was consumed by the sudden fear that he was going to fail, and by failing he’d lose every single thing that he held dear and meant everything to him; because this time if he failed he’d fail more than himself. He’d fail Blaine. When he felt Blaine shifting under him he was too far gone in his own head to process what was happening, his eyes burning with the need to cry tears he never shed in front of anyone. Instead he choked on a breath and buried his face against Blaine’s shoulder, arms gripping his small waist in a tight grip, clutching his one lifeline.

When Blaine started singing to him Sebastian could feel a tears start leaking from the corners of his eyes, he didn’t know if it was the fact he was the one finally being held in the arms of someone he loved, that for the first time he was the one finally being held in the arms of someone he loved, that for the first time he was the one being comforted and protected in the circle of arms—or if it was the fact Blaine was singing him a song that clearly held the emotional love and admiration he felt deep inside. As Blaine sang to him Sebastian kept his face tucked into Blaine’s warm skin, letting himself be held and comforted in a way that was completely foreign to him. Sebastian had never been one to be coddled or held close, never expressed himself for others to see the truth of his emotions and in that moment Sebastian felt more bared and exposed than ever before. When he spoke his voice was barely discernible, “I love you, Biche.”

He could feel the warmth of Sebastians tears as they landed on his chest but he didn’t say anything; he knew when he was crying that he didn’t always like talking and that it was always easier when he wasn’t being pushed to explain why he was crying. So he held him, letting him cry and hold tightly to him, and he sang as softly as possible; so only the three of them in the room would hear it. If he hadn’t been on a pause in the lullaby Blaine was sure he wouldn’t have heard Sebastian speak; when he did though, he held him closer and pressed ever so soft kisses to the top of his head and over his forehead before slowly angling Sebastian’s head up to press the softest of kisses to his lips. When Sebastian’s head settled back down onto his shoulder Blaine let his cheek rest against his hair. “I love you too, Bastian.”

Holding Sebastian, Blaine mirrored the movements that Sebastian himself would usually do when he was holding him; he soothingly ran his hand along his Master’s spine and just continued singing,
though this time softer than before. He didn’t want to miss it if Sebastian said anything more. He was finally where he wanted to be for today to end. He was snuggled tightly in bed with his Master’s weight on top of him and Binx right next to him. All he had wanted practically all day was to feel the warmth and safety that came with having Sebastian’s arms wrapped around him; even if that meant he was the one actually holding the other man. They both needed each other and he wasn’t going to be the one to deny either of them that solace.

Sebastian just curled himself in tighter to Blaine, everything felt heavy and tired all at once. He felt like his brain wasn’t functioning, and the burning pain in his legs seemed too distant to care about, but at the same time it was all he could feel. With each soothing pass of Blaine’s hand Sebastian’s head felt heavier, the world dark around the edges in a way that made him uncomfortable—but he was too tired to push through it. He knew he needed to sit up, needed to be the one taking care of Blaine the way he was supposed to, but instead all he could do was cling closer and hold onto him hoping to close his eyes and let the world fade away. He wasn’t accustomed to what it felt like to cry, not like this—sure there had been tears the times he’d worried Blaine was lost to him, but they’d been tame he’d kept them locked in. This time his defenses wouldn’t stay up and he felt exposed to the world.

When he heard Blaine’s words he only cried more, tucking his face into Blaine’s skin as he clung to Blaine’s waist, his arms forcing their way between Binx and Blaine. “No one’s ever called me that before…” Sebastian half whispered again, waiting for the pause in Blaine’s lullaby in order to speak into the muted silence. He bit his lip as he nuzzled up into Blaine’s neck his lips tipping up into the smallest of smiles as he brushed the skin of Blaine’s neck, the simple nickname causing a warmth to spread through his chest. It was one thing for Marco to call him ‘Bas’, they were practically brothers and as the older man pointed out his name could be a mouthful to work through in a hurry. But this name was different, it felt different, meant something so much more and for a moment he swore he couldn’t breathe. All of his life he’d waited for that one simple gesture, the moment someone showed how much they loved and cared about you—and he finally had it.

Blaine continued soothing his hands along Sebastian’s back and arms, his fingers only hesitating when they brushed the bandages that were littering his Master’s arms; the bandages that hid what he knew he was responsible for. He made a silent vow to himself that he would make up for marring the beautiful skin or he would just beat himself up for it along with everything else that he was going to be beating himself over. He could actually feel Sebastian fighting internally for something, whether it was against the exhaustion he knew they were both feeling or his own tears he wasn’t sure, and Blaine couldn’t help but wonder if this was what Sebastian felt and went through when he was trying to get Blaine to fall asleep against his own will. As gently and coaxing as he could, Blaine threaded his fingers into Sebastian’s thick hair and scratched ever so softly at his scalp. “I’ve got you. I’m here” He whispered between stanzas; sometimes it just made him feel better to know that someone else had you. “I’ll keep you safe.” He whispered so softly it was more to himself than to his Sebastian.

His ears perked up when he heard Sebastian speaking again; that soft and almost timid voice sounding so different from the strong and vibrant man that usually held him. It worried Blaine to no end how despondent Sebastian’s voice sounded to him; he wasn’t sure he was equipped to actually take care of something like this, didn’t think he was capable, but this was his Master and he would be damned if he was going to just give up. He bit his lip and for a moment his heart sped up. Had he called Sebastian something that he didn’t like? Why hadn’t he thought to ask before he just opened his mouth? There was so much that Blaine seemed to be forgetting to do lately and it terrified him because there was always the chance it could lead to a punishment. He kept his voice soft and
cautious. “If you— if it’s not something you like I can stop….can stick with Master.”

Sebastian kept himself pressed as close to Blaine as physically possible, almost as if trying to test the laws of science and make them one. He just needed to be closer, to feel Blaine around him and know he was safe. He’d been struck with the realization out there in that terrifying place that this was his family—Blaine was his angel, and faced with the fact that he could have so easily lost Blaine before he’d ever even come into his life was heartbreaking. Blaine was his angel, the one he’d break down and never feel whole without, unlike Blaine he would never have reacted that way to his parents passing or the discovery of their bodies. With his mother he might cry, feel some sadness at the loss of a relationship they could have had if only they’d been given the chance but it wouldn’t have been the same devastating heartbreak Blaine had experienced. And that’s what hurt most deep down, Blaine was all he had in this world he couldn’t lose him.

Sebastian shuddered hard at the return of that name, Blaine had been using it less and less leaving Sebastian glad to be rid of the name—nearly. He quickly shook his head, “No! No…I love it. I…it means a lot to me…makes me feel special.” He turned his head slightly to kiss his shoulder, nuzzling the warm skin there as he closed his eyes and sunk into Blaine’s hold. He sighed heavily, fingers trailing along Blaine’s skin, tracing patterns into the warmth of his lower back. He scratched softly at the skin before resting his fingers just under the waist band of his sweats, a silent reminder of who Blaine belonged to—who they both belonged too, each other. “I’m sorry….I’m supposed to be comforting and taking care of you.”

Even though he didn’t have much in the way of room, Blaine managed to rock them just slightly; the gentle sway of his body coaxing Sebastian’s to move with his. He could feel the tension he had gathered at Sebastian’s initial words to the name sliding away as he reassured him that the name was one that he approved of; better than that, he actually said that he loved it. Taking a breath Blaine leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to the top of his head; when he spoke, his lips brushed over his hair and scalp. “You are special; you’re special to me. You and Binx….you’re all I have left…..” His voice caught as he did his best not to think about how utterly alone he truly was in the world; if he were to suddenly find himself without Sebastian or Binx, or even Marco, he would be completely alone. “You are special. So you deserve a special name. You’re my Bastian, my pillar of strength and my love.” His voice was so soft that if Sebastian wasn’t listening he probably wouldn’t have heard it.

He tightened his arms around Sebastian as his body started to hum beneath every touch he offered; every brush of fingers and slight press of lips. Every single ounce of touch reminded him that he wasn’t alone any longer, that he wasn’t the only one there and that he was Sebastian’s; and not in the way that he had belonged to his….his father. He was Sebastian’s in the same way that Sebastian was his; he was his to protect and love. Blaine merely sniffled as Sebastian spoke again, his mind flying through everything that had happened that day and how badly he wanted to just shut down; but he knew he couldn’t, Sebastian needed him. Instead he just shook his head, trying hard to shove down every possible feeling that was cropping up, and held on tighter. “I’m here for you too.” He murmured softly as his own fingers slipped beneath the hem of Sebastian’s shirt to trace along the smooth skin there.

Sebastian shook his head a tiny bit as he let his body follow the small gentle sway of Blaine’s on the bed. It was endearing to feel and experience the way Blaine mimicked him, the way he took all of the tricks and comforts Sebastian gave him nightly and applied them here. It made his heart warm to know that Blaine found his actions so comforting that he chose to do them himself. When he heard
the way Blaine’s voice caught in his throat Sebastian tightened his arms around his, hand soothing along the skin of his back, “Shhh, love, I’m here…” He murmured the words quietly, only wanting to reassure him, not disrupt what Blaine was saying. He personally didn’t agree with the ‘special’ tag, but he wouldn’t fight Blaine on it, that’s not what the boy needed, he needed to be able to express himself and his grief, the mourning of a family that he’d never really know. “I promise to always be that for you, Biche. I will always protect you and keep you safe, keep you close and loved.” He pressed a light kiss to the warm skin of his shoulder.

Blaine would always be his, his boy, his Biche—the one he’d give his life for without blinking an eye. He always had been, the second he stepped into that room to find a scared, broken slip of a boy shaking in fear and stubborn determination he’d been lost. He’d never stood a chance towards not loving this boy; they were two broken halves, two souls battered and lost in the world finally coming together to make a whole, to be free. “I know you are, my sweet boy.” He hummed softly kissing his neck before shifting enough that he could nuzzle their faces together on a shared pillow, wanting to be as close as physically possible. “Thank you.” He breathed the words softly to let Blaine know he was okay, his fingers trailing along the skin of his waist to urge him back into relaxing, hopefully sleeping.

He was so ready to just stop the day, make everything stop going so that they could just be for a few hours; so that they could both just recover their equilibrium. Blaine wasn’t so badly broken that he couldn’t realize that they needed to regain something of their normality if only just for a little while. So this time when Sebastian shifted Blaine curled himself back into him; carefully tucking himself as firmly into the other man’s chest and hiding his head beneath Sebastian’s chin. He could feel his body trying to slip into the oblivion that was sleep but he wasn’t sure how dark his nightmares were going to be after everything that had happened in the last twenty four hours. He was faced with a decision; he could lay here and fight sleep on his own or he could get the comfort from Sebastian that he knew was always there.

Blaine could feel his entire body starting to shake once again and he hated it; he had just started getting the feeling back in his body and it scared him that he was shaking again. It took him several long moments of just breathing and his hand playing with the hair at the base of Sebastian’s skull before he finally made his decision. “I’m scared. I can’t….I don’t want to sleep. What if I have….I have new dreams? More- more memories? I can’t….I-I can’t.” He had to stop to try and collect himself; he could feel his heart rate skyrocketing and convulsively swallowed several times before he regained control over himself. “I’m scared they’re going to be worse…..scared it’ll be you” He managed to get out in a tight whisper; terrified that if he said it too loud it would come true.

Sebastian would never be able to put it firmly into words, but he always had a love-hate relationship when it came to the way Blaine tucked under his chin. On the one hand he loved it—loved the way Blaine fit so perfectly against his throat, where he could feel Blaine’s lips brushing his skin and could feel the strength under that fragile exterior; however, he also hated how he could never see Blaine when they were like this. He loved being able to simply see Blaine, the boy was gorgeous there was no denying that; but there was more to it than that, being able to see Blaine let him read his eyes, showed him what Blaine was thinking when he couldn’t get the words out. Plus there was the added benefit that he could literally watch Blaine for hours, the way his eyes changed colors the subtle flush under his tan skin, the way his lashes fanned over his cheeks—he could watch it all and never grow bored.

Sebastian continued rubbing his back as slow and comforting as he could, constantly keeping contact with him and try to soothe him. “Oh Biche…” He sighed softly, nuzzling his cheek against Blaine’s
hair, “I wish more than anything I could take the bad dreams away and promise you only a good night’s sleep for the rest of your days… but I can promise you that I will be right here holding you close. No matter what tricks your mind plays on you, I’m right here. You’ll have me here holding you, playing with your hair, singing to you all night long. I promise.” He hated that he couldn’t make this better, couldn’t help Blaine sleep peacefully—unfortunately only time would be able to do that, and time was something they usually had very little of. “I’m right here, you can hear my heartbeat love, I’m right here with you.”

Blaine sniffled as quietly as he possibly could into Sebastian’s chest; he didn’t want to be weak anymore, he wanted to be able to hide behind a wall so that the rest of the world wouldn’t be able to see how very broken he was. And it didn’t matter how many times Sebastian told him, either; Blaine could feel the cracks in his being, feel the way he was shattered and barely held together. Sebastian was the only reason he was still together and not in a giant heap on the floor of that closet; rotting and melting away as the tides of time washed over him, body and soul. He wanted to be strong, like his Sebastian. So he kept his sniffles and his tears as silent and unobtrusive as possible, causing the fabric beneath his head to become damp.

He nodded as slightly as possible so as not to smack his head up into Sebastian’s chin at the other man’s words. He trusted Sebastian beyond measure to be there when he woke up, but it was so hard for him to differentiate where his dreams ended and where his reality started. The nightmares were so real, and Blaine recognized them for the memories they fed off of now, and no matter how many times he was awoken from them it always took him longer then desired to fight their hold. Not to mention he always felt bad; he knew that if Sebastian was always up holding and watching him then he wasn’t getting the sleep he himself needed. “You can’t stay up all night. You can’t… you need your sleep too.” He hated himself for the tears he was shedding; thought that, for everything that he had cried over in the past couple of months, he shouldn’t have tears left to shed. “You need to sleep too, I can’t be selfish anymore…. ” He whispered.

It wasn’t difficult for Sebastian to feel the struggle in Blaine, his slim form was pressed into him at ever perceivable point of contact. He could feel every single inch of him and it made him capable of knowing exactly how hard Blaine was fighting with himself, fighting for the control he so desperately needed. Sebastian knew that struggle well, nights of wanting to cry yourself to sleep but knowing you had to be stronger—be a better person, but Blaine wasn’t him. Blaine was more innocent, in all of the ways that truly counted in Sebastian’s world. Sliding a hand up into Blaine’s curls he gripped the hair in a firm but gentle grip, keeping it as gentle as possible, the grip one that lets him know he’s there. “Cry, Biche. You have permission to cry. I am not going to keep you from being able to cry.” He kept his cheek pressed against Blaine’s forehead, “Even the strongest people have to cry, my love.”

Sebastian soothed his hand through Blaine’s hair, stroking the soft curls gently as he kissed his head. He could feel the damp fabric of his shirt as it all but plastered to his skin. “That’s it.” He hummed softly, brushing kisses along his forehead and temples, wherever he could reach best. His eyebrows furrowed as he listened to Blaine, pulling Blaine’s chin up with gentle but firm fingers guiding his head up, “I promise I will sleep, okay? Just because I’m sleeping doesn’t mean I’m not here holding you tightly and keeping you safe from everything.” Bas tucked his face into Blaine’s soft curls, “You’re the furthest thing from selfish, Biche. You always put me and others first, it’s time to take care of you.”

It was as if the floodgates had opened when Blaine felt Sebastian’s grip on his hair; he could keep his calm control through thick and thin, through every punishment he was ever dealt, but one touch from
Sebastian, one soothing touch, and that was the absolute end of his resolve. And no matter how much he tried to hide from it or keep everything locked away, it was as if Sebastian could see straight through him; as if when he looked at him he saw clear into his soul, through every protective wall he had ever constructed. But that touch, that simple brush of fingers through his hair or the occasional simple touch of fingers over his cheek showed him that he was safe, loved, and that he didn’t always have to be perfect like he thought he did. That didn’t mean he didn’t want to be; Blaine wanted to be as perfect for Sebastian as he deserved and laying here crying on his shoulder was anything but the perfect boy he knew his Bastian deserved. But for right now he let himself be weak.

When Sebastian angled his head up by his chin Blaine knew his face was a mess. He knew he had tears streaming down his cheeks and that his eyes were red and puffy and that he was anything but perfect for Sebastian. But he also knew that Sebastian didn’t care about anything like that. He promised to sleep, and that was all Blaine wanted; he wanted to know that his Master, his Bastian, was getting the sleep he needed as well. He remembered too many times in the last few months in which Sebastian had almost collapsed due to exhaustion; and every time it was because of him. That brought renewed tears to the Blaine’s eyes. He knew Sebastian didn’t think of it that way but he felt like he was hurting his Master, he was hurting his Bastian and he couldn’t allow that. When Sebastian released his chin he was quick to nuzzle right back in and hide his face into his neck. “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry” He whispered fiercely into his skin.

He was apologizing for so much; so much more than not sleeping. His heart was breaking and all he could think of was how much it seemed he was hurting Sebastian. Here he was, constantly fighting him at every turn when he tried to get him to sleep, without any apparent thought for Sebastian’s health and safety. Despite what Sebastian said it slammed into Blaine like a freight truck that he was the epitome of selfish. Everyone around him kept getting hurt, whether it was by the people of his past or by him himself; how could he be anything but selfish if that was so? How could he claim to be anything but selfish when his past weighed heavy down on him? “I’m sorry.” He muttered again, clinging almost desperately to Sebastian. “I can’t- I’ll be better. I’m sorry; I promise I’ll be better.” He knew he needed to be better if he was to keep Sebastian safe; if he was to do for Sebastian what he couldn’t do for her. He needed to do better for Sebastian because if something ever happened to his Bastian that was it for Blaine; he couldn’t move, couldn’t exist without the man he was clinging to right now.

Sebastian knew Blaine was struggling, struggling to breathe, struggling to stop crying—just struggling to be. He wished more than anything he could will it all away with his touch, that he had some kind of magic to take away the hurt and the pain, wished he could be the person Blaine thought he was. Blaine saw him as this strong, near perfect, person that could do no wrong. In the end the truth was that he could very seldom do anything right these days, everything he did he wound up messing up or making things worse, backing them into corners with no way out other than more pain and heartache for Blaine. He’d hoped allowing Blaine to find his tree he’d be able to put some closure on the dreams haunting him day and night, he’d be able to start moving forward without the fear of looking over his shoulder every few minutes. Instead he’d done the opposite; made Blaine more terrified, caused him to lose all hope, lose his happiness. He’d done infinitely more damage than good and there was no going back from that. No way for him to possibly ever make things right. He’d failed Blaine.

“I know, love, shhh—shhh, I know.” Sebastian hugged him in tighter, brushing his lips gently against Blaine’s forehead. The words seemed pointless, they meant nothing, but he was at a loss for what to say and how to protect Blaine from the havoc in his head. He wanted to shout and argue, remind him that he had nothing to be sorry for, but he knew that wasn’t what Blaine needed. So he kept him close, continuously kissing along his skin as he rubbed his back comfortingly, “I know,
beautiful, you’ve done so well for me these last few months, you’ve fought hard to be a good boy for me.” Sebastian kept his voice soft as he gave quiet praise, knowing Blaine needed the continuous praise and support if he was going to begin believing him—even if Sebastian didn’t believe he had any reason to make himself ‘better’.

Slowly but surely, with his head pressed firmly into Sebastian’s chest, Blaine cried himself out; he could feel everything weighing down on him and he was so ready to just give up, at least for today. And with the feeling of Sebastian holding him, he was done. He couldn’t care if there would be nightmares, didn’t care at this point; he had complete and utter trust in Sebastian that he would be there throughout the night and he would be able to help fight off the nightmares with him. He had complete faith that Sebastian would be there with him and he knew he wasn’t going to be letting go of Sebastian any time soon. Eventually the tears stopped and Blaine was left to just lay with his ear pressed against Sebastian’s chest and listening to his solid and steady heartbeat; the sound that had come to mean the world to him. The consistent thrumming, the steady cadence that he listened to for the past several months had become his lullaby was so soothing; his reminder that everything was better when he had Sebastian.

As he quieted and the tears subsided Blaine worked to actually match his heartbeat to that of the one soothing him; each breath that Sebastian dragged in, so did Blaine. As he had subconsciously done so many times before Blaine’s fingers started twirling in his Bastian’s hair and he closed his eyes. It took a while for him to drift off to sleep; the images in his head were a jumbled mess of everything that had happened to him over the last eighteen years of his life. Memories that he had forgotten, events he wished he could forget, and flashes and whispers from times that he couldn’t actually remember; just disembodied voices calling to him, begging him to open his eyes and come to them. If Blaine hadn’t already been exhausted beyond measure, near to collapsing were he not already lying down, just being in his own brain would have been enough to exhaust him. But he didn’t have the energy to fight the images, he simply let everything be; and soon enough his breathing evened out into its own relaxed pattern and he slipped into, for once, a dreamless sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Lullaby that Biche is singing:

https://youtu.be/bZd2kgLZtfA - Lullaby for a Stormy Night by Vienna Teng
A few days after the devastating discovery, Bastian takes his Biche somewhere for them to get away and just forget about anything but themselves for a bit.

Sebastian wanted more than anything to ease the hurt and pain that shone in Blaine’s eyes. Or rather, the hurt and pain that dulled those otherwise bright and beautiful eyes. It had only been a handful of days since the discovery of Mrs. Anderson’s body, but it felt like so much longer than that. Sebastian was at a loss for how to help Blaine with the things he was feeling, he had no idea how to help break him out of the dark cloud that had enveloped him. After the first night he’d stopped fighting Blaine on sleeping, but Blaine tried—he wasn’t often successful, but Sebastian knew he was trying to overcome his own mental blocks and limitations and do what he thought would make him ‘good’.

Blaine had slept fitfully for one night and now that he’d finally fallen asleep solidly Sebastian was just grateful he was getting some rest. Watching him sleep Sebastian just wanted to keep hiding him from the world, he looked so sweet and innocent asleep and curled around his lap. It was the same position he’d been in for four days—tucked against Sebastian in whatever way he could, hands curled into immovable fists in whatever clothing he could grab at. Sebastian wasn’t much better. But they couldn’t keep doing this, couldn’t keep holding on for dear life, un-moving from the illusion of safety tucked away in their room. That wasn’t living, and Sebastian owed it to Blaine to be and do better. He managed to slip out of the death grip Blaine had on him, and for once he didn’t wake up with the movement. He helped Binx get in against Blaine to help keep him asleep—he stepped out into the hall long enough to let Marco know his intentions before going back into their bedroom, gather blankets, hoodies everything they needed—Marco would grab the food he asked for. Setting the items on the floor by the door he grinned, voice low, “Okay Binx….wake him up.”

The past few days had felt like Blaine was in some kind of mental vacuum. Every time he closed his eyes he would see either her or his Bastian lying on the floor cold and lifeless; or worse he would see the sheer look of panic that he had caused in Bastian’s eyes when he had started his frantic digging. They weren’t nightmares, exactly, no he had only had one since that night, but just the remnants of his nightmares lodged in his memory. As if those images weren’t frightening enough, Blaine had the image of his mother’s bones to add to it all. He had seen the picture when Marco had brought the file in the other day for Sebastian to confirm his statement or something of the sort and the picture had been inside it; he hadn’t meant to be snooping but Marco would grab the food he asked for. Setting the items on the floor by the door he grinned, voice low, “Okay Binx….wake him up.”

Those images are the ones that caused him to cling to his Bastian even tighter than he had before; if he could hold onto him then he could make sure that everything was right in his world. So, for the last four days, his Bastian hadn’t been allowed out of his sight; and that included sleeping. Blaine would fully admit that the one time he had gotten out of his sight, when the door shut more than it was meant to, he had had a minor break down. When it happened he felt as if everything around him was crashing down and the oxygen had been pulled out of the room; his heart was racing at dangerous speeds and he felt dizzy as if he was going to pass out. Bastian had called it a panic attack when he had come back into the room not five minutes later to find him hyperventilating on the bed.
Just his touch had been enough to almost instantly quell the anxiety that had shot through him and that was all he needed. Thankfully, since then, he had been able to keep some form of physical contact with Bastian almost always and when he couldn’t his Bastian made sure that he could always see him.

So when he found himself getting licked awake by the big wet tongue of Binx Blaine was mildly confused as to why he wasn’t wrapped around Sebastian; and more so confused as to why he hadn’t woken up when Sebastian had gotten out of bed. Blaine would have shot up in bed if he could have but his dog was firmly lying on his chest and currently using his face to exercise his tongue. Blinking around the room, Blaine couldn’t tell what time it was; or worse where Sebastian was. He could feel the panic settling into his chest when Binx finally moved to lay on his legs and unblocked his view of his Bastian. Standing in the light by the door was his Sebastian; and just like that the panic disappeared. “Bastian?” He asked so softly, afraid that he would wake whatever monsters were currently living in the dark shadows. He could hear the uncertainty in his own voice and he hated it, but it was what it was and he was working slowly but surely with Sebastian to make it better.

Sebastian had been extra mindful over the last few days to keep Blaine as close as it was physically possible. After one misstep that had resulted in Blaine nearly passing out from a panic attack Sebastian hadn’t left his sight again, he’d kept one hand or arm on and around Blaine at all times if he couldn’t have him closer. After days of this Sebastian knew what he needed—he needed an escape, needed to be free from this place and the memories it held like a tomb within its walls. The facility was a safe place, their room a haven, but it was also a place where the bad memories were trapped where their demons could find them. They needed a way out, not for good, just long enough for these walls to become their safe haven again—long enough for the ghosts and demons to drift away back into the dark corners they’d sprung from. Sebastian had been angry when Blaine had managed to see the picture of his mother’s remains, not angry at Blaine, but angry at himself for letting it happen. Blaine didn’t deserve for that to be his last image of the angel that saved his life, he deserved better.

When he saw Blaine stirring awake, the soft scared quality of his voice as he called out for him—since finding his mother he’d taken more to calling him by that nickname and every time he did Sebastian’s heart stuttered. “I’m here, love.” Sebastian murmured gently as he crossed the room, sliding his hand into Blaine’s curls so he would feel him. He knelt down by the side of the bed with an almost playful smile, his green eyes shining brightly even in the dim light of the room as Binx’s tail thumped against the bed. “Come on, Biche, I want you to get dressed alright? You and I are going to run away for a few hours…get away from this room, the doctors, the nurses, everyone. We’re going somewhere that’s just for us.” He leaned up to press a kiss to Blaine’s forehead with a still small almost childishly excited look to his face.

Blaine relaxed completely once he felt Sebastian’s hand running through his hair and his eyes even started to droop again as he watched his Bastian kneel down beside the bed; his own hand reaching out and grasping at him in an attempt to get him back into bed. Then he noticed the mirth in the other man’s eyes and the controlled excitement that was coming off of him and Binx as well and his own curiosity piqued. It took a little bit of effort, what with Binx still firmly lying on his legs, but after a few moments Blaine was sitting up in the bed; his hand still firmly locked around his Bastian’s. “Where are we going?” He asked softly, his curiosity getting the better of him as he worked at getting his legs out from the big happy puppy; ending up patting the bed to get the dog to move to free himself.

For a second Blaine looked between his hold on Sebastian and the dresser that held his clothes;
eventually he let his grasp on Bastian go but it was reluctantly. He knew that he would have to let go to get dressed but he still hated it. Taking a breath he scooted off of the bed and set about getting dressed as quickly as he could; he wanted to make sure Bastian was happy so he was doing as he was asked. He wasn’t sure what he was expected to wear but he pulled on his shorts, a muscle shirt and then pulled on the big hoodie that he had managed to adopt from Bastian; if it was too hot he could always take it off but it would take a lot to get to that point. Once the sweater was on he huddled down into it and made his way back over to Bastian, quickly taking his hand once more. “Where are we going?” He asked again softly as he looked up at him from within the hood.

Sebastian couldn’t help the urge to coo softly over how sleepy and trusting Blaine was. The way his eyes slowly faded into awareness under the attention of his hand in his hair, smiling as Blaine grabbed onto him and pressing a soft kiss to the inside of his wrist. “You’ll see soon, love.” He smiled, helping Blaine coax Binx off of him so he could actually get up. He pressed a chaste little kiss to the corner of his lips as he saw Blaine struggling to let go and get dressed. While he did Sebastian quickly gathered up Binx’s leash and lead, getting the dog ready to go as he wagged his tail all but prancing in place from paw to paw at the idea of going outside. The last few days they’d only had Marco taking him out for short walks to relieve himself, he was as ready to be outside of the room as Sebastian. When Blaine was dressed and clinging to his hand again Sebastian knitted their fingers together holding onto his hand firmly and handing him Binx’s leash to guide the dog.

Leading him to the door he paused long enough to pick up the bag he’d packed of blankets and extra hoodies, food tucked safely away as he slung the strap over his shoulder cracking the door open to peak into the hall. “Come on, we only have a short window while Marco distracts security for us.” Sebastian was grinning widely now, almost like a child being given access to Disney Land after hours and all to himself. He paused when Blaine peered up at him, smiling he pressed his lips to the small bit of Blaine’s forehead visible under the hood, “Somewhere very special, and just for us.” He grinned that boyish grin again before drawing Blaine out into the hall way and through the for once empty halls until they reached the outside garage, helping Blaine into the passenger seat and Binx into the back he slid into the driver seat himself, one hand reaching over to hold Blaine’s as he pulled out of the garage, “Marco will meet us there.”

The excitement coursing through his Bastian and Binx was so palpable that he could feel it practically vibrating up his arms; it was enough to get him excited for whatever it was that they were doing. It was the first time in the last almost week that he had felt anything even remotely upbeat and if Blaine was being honest he would admit that it was indeed a welcomed feeling. So much so that he smiled a bit brighter when Sebastian leaned in and kissed him. Anytime he was deemed special enough to get a kiss it made him feel light as air. Blaine felt a sudden thrill at the idea of them sneaking out; not having to deal with the constant push of security personnel he didn't know, not needing to worry about nurses or doctors and just some time where he could escape everything with the person he cared most about? All of that sounded so appealing that he couldn't help but to get excited.

He practically had to run to keep up with Bastian's longer strides and Binx' excited gentle tugging but he didn't care. He climbed into the car on Bastian's side, quickly climbing to the passenger’s seat and instantly held his hands out for Bas as he climbed in once Binx was secured. For a few seconds his body tensed and he worried about what trouble Sebastian could get in because of this but then the trees were moving past him. He nodded and breathed a sigh of relief when his Bastian said that Marco would meet them there; it meant there would be another person he trusted there to help him keep the man he loved safe. Even in the darkness and the fact that they had only been there once Blaine almost instantly recognized where they are going; or at least the direction that they were
heading. "Beach?" He asked with the slightest bit of hope clear in his voice.

Sebastian rubbed his thumb along Blaine’s knuckles as he drove, he’d turned the radio on low and quiet just to fill the air of the car. Things were always so comfortable and easy with Blaine, he knew there were people in the world where you had to talk non-stop to keep things from being awkward or uncomfortable. With Blaine though even the silence held a thousand words they didn’t need to say, their silences filled with the comfort of knowing they didn’t need to say a thing at all to know what they were both thinking and feeling. He could feel the contained budding spark of happiness coming from Blaine, the way he began perking up a little more like a flower getting his first taste of spring after years of winter. He could feel the life slowly draining back into him, bringing him back to Sebastian. He laughed softly in obvious delight at Blaine having so quickly guessed where they were headed, reaching with their clasped hands to tap his nose, “My clever boy.”

He smiled affectionately as he continued driving, the middle of the night meant they had no other drivers to worry about, making the trip an easy and fast one compared to their first drive. He continued running his thumb and fingers along the back of Blaine’s hand humming along to the radio softly, “I figured we could both use a little us time, and the beach is our spot. Don’t you think?” Sebastian smiled gently as he pulled into a side lot where they could walk out onto the sand, the moonlight and clear skies lighting the waves and open stretch of beach in front of them. “Come on, let’s go. Marco can find us when he gets here.” He leaned over the center console kissing his cheek before sliding out of the car, rounding the hood quickly so Blaine could see him in the windows at all times before he was opening his door and helping him out of the vehicle, moving to let Binx out as well and grabbing their bag.

The closer they got to the beach the more Blaine could feel his excitement bubbling beneath the surface; he could feel the little boy in the back of his mind getting so excited and happy that he was basically bouncing around with utter joy. He even laughed happily and wiggled his nose when Bastian tapped it. The closer they got the more he started feeling a bit more like himself; the boy willing to smile and believe in hope despite the world’s seemingly constant attempt at destroying any bit of light left within him. He nodded excitedly and squeezed his Bastian’s hand as he spoke. “I love the beach. It is definitely our spot.” He breathed happily and was practically bouncing on his seat as the beach came into view. The only time his happiness dimmed was when Sebastian let his hand go to get out of the car but he just kept telling himself that he was alright and that his Bastian would be right back; and he watched him like a hawk as he walked around the car to let him and Binx out.

Once he was out of the car, however, his hand was wrapped around Bastian’s again and he was practically pulling the other man; only hesitating long enough to allow him to close up and lock the car before he was being dragged onto the beach. The sight was absolutely breath taking. This one place was so untouched by artificial light that seeing it lit up in pure moonlight made it seem almost ethereal. Everything had a glow to it from the moon that just made Blaine want to soak into it; the sand looked soft and the water literally sparkled. Once they finally reached the sand he leaned down and unhooked Binx from the leash. “Stay close.” He murmured to him as he threaded his hand softly through the fur at the base of the dogs skull; he wanted to let Binx run and stretch his legs but he was also worried about the possibility that he would get into the water and Blaine wasn’t sure if he could get hurt from it. Once they were a ways away from the car, standing in the sand, Blaine turned and pressed himself in close to his Bastian’s side. “Can we go swimming?” He asked in a soft voice.

Sebastian immediately tucked Blaine back into his side as he was pulled out onto the beach, smiling affectionately at the overwhelming joy and near childish way Blaine seemed unable to just slow
down for a single moment. The allure of the open stretch of beach, the moonlight and glistening waves leaving them carefree and utterly exposed to the world for a single moment in time. It was wonderful. Smiling as Binx ran just a foot ahead of them, the dog as eager to be free and wild as they were, whining as he pranced on the sand looking up at them both as if asking for permission to run and play. He reached down to rub the dog’s side, “It’s okay Binx. Play.” He stood back up hand sliding along Blaine’s back, “It’s okay baby, he’s safe to play here, just like we’re safe here.” He leaned in to kiss his temple gently.

When Blaine pressed in close to his side, all but melded against him—he hummed as if thinking about the question. Lips pulled down as he thought, it was all an act of course, and he’d give Blaine anything he asked for in that moment even if it meant pulling the moon from the sky. He continued his thoughtful charade as he dropped their bag on the sand, “Well, I suppose we could…” He grinned playfully leaning in to whisper soft in his ear, “I brought extra clothes for later.” Nipping at his ear he quickly tugged Blaine’s sweatshirt and shirt off of him, shedding his own layers before all but wrapping himself around Blaine, arms crossed around his neck as he took a moment to simply bask in the pure beauty that was this boy in the moonlight. The way his dark lashes fanned over his cheeks, the sparkle of light in his golden honey eyes, every lightly visible freckle—it all served to endlessly steal his breath away. Smiling warmly he leaned in brushing a light chaste kiss to his lips, “Just no going too deep, alright?”

There was a soft pang of worry that shot through Blaine when he watched Binx start darting around in the sand; golden eyes trained on him as he ran at full speed a ways down the beach before turning around and running back to them. He did this several times as Bas spoke and the touch helped ease the worry that was there. He was right, this was their spot, their safe haven; nothing could touch them there. They were safe; he just had to keep reminding himself that. Closing his eyes, Blaine hummed into the feeling of Bastian pressed into his side; the feeling of peace and safety that settled upon him was such that he actually breathed a sigh of relief. Relief that, for the first time in almost a week, he could smile and wasn’t thinking about all the bad things that had ever happened to him; relief that he could still smile.

Blaine pouted up at Bastian when he started making the thinking face; making sure he jutted his bottom lip out far enough that it could quiver adorably and he even managed to make his eyes well with unshed tears. He practically bounced out of his skin when Bas whispered in his ear and chuckling happily when he suddenly found himself standing in just his shorts, staring up into Bastian’s eyes with his own wide golden eyes and smiling into the soft kiss. “Promise!” He nearly yelled before he was pulling Bastian quickly behind him and instantly jumping into the water; Binx hot on his heels jumping and splashing into the water with him. With a sneaky grin he turned and splashed Bastian’s entire front with the slightly chilled water; then smiled up at him innocently. “You’re all wet.”

Sebastian saw Blaine’s worry, he knew that Blaine hated letting go of Binx these days, he didn’t blame him of course but the dog needed to be able to stretch his legs as much as Blaine needed the chance. Sebastian laughed over the adorably beautiful little pout that he gave him, Blaine had quickly learned how to get his way with him. Sebastian was completely unable to resist that pout, and Blaine had no qualms about pulling it out and getting his way with him completely. He managed to press a kiss on Blaine’s nose before the boy was tugging him down the sand and into the chilly waves. Bas smiled as Blaine let go of him once they hit the water, he watched as Binx splashed his way into the waves barking happily as he played with Blaine. Despite the chilled waters Sebastian couldn’t stop smiling, finally Blaine was able to be happy and free—he could finally let it all go.

Sebastian jumped at the splash, eyes wide as Blaine taunted him with that stupidly gorgeous smile
shining up at him, his golden eyes shining and framed by thick wet lashes. Sebastian would never stand a chance against this boy, and he never wanted too. "Hmmm I wonder how that happened." Sebastian played along playfully as he grinned slowly, walking out into the water he slowed his movements down until he was all but stalking Blaine through the water, green eyes shining as he tracked him through the waves. "I hope whoever did that isn’t still around or I just might...." Sebastian trailed off a split second before he tackled Blaine back into the water, kissing him soundly when they both resurfaced, and then playfully dunking Blaine again and laughing as he swam back away, "That’s for splashing me!"

Blaine watched wide eyed as Bastian slowly crept in closer to him, he even took several steps back until he was up to his chest in water before he suddenly found himself being tackled and plunging beneath the water. The only reason he didn’t freak out was that just as suddenly Bastian was pulling him back towards the surface of the water and kissing his breath away; he actually left him standing dumbfounded as the waves pushed and pulled at him for a moment. Then a bright smile plastered onto his face and he was doing his best to run through the water to catch the other man as he swam away. “No fair! I can’t swim!” He huffed as he moved into shallower water and started pouting again; maybe if he pouted Bastian would come back close and he could tackle him or hug him….or whatever else he could think of. Which, Blaine knew, probably meant just holding onto him as tightly as he could because he couldn’t seem to get close enough to him; holding him tight meant he could feel the other man’s heart beating throughout his body.

Binx splashed over towards him and butted his head under Blaine’s hand so that his fingers rested against his collar and he actually helped to pull Blaine through the water; which caused Blaine to laugh once he realized what was going on. He scratched behind the dog’s ears once they were both standing on their feet in the shallows. “Good boy.” He cooed before leaning down and kissing the top of the dogs head. “Go ahead and play!” He said excitedly. Once Binx was off playing Blaine turned his attention to Bastian again as the man lounged back in the water. Doing his best, which wasn’t very good, he snuck up behind the man and jumped onto his back; wrapping his arms around his neck and his legs around his waist as he laughing happily. “You dunked me.” He tried to pout at him over his shoulder but he was having a hard time keeping his face straight and firm. It was always so hard to try and keep a pout up when it came to Bastian; he always just made Blaine want to smile and remember that not everything in the world was out to get him. Giving up the pout, Blaine sighed and just rested his head against the side of Bastian’s and let his eyes drift shut, enjoying a moment where he didn’t feel crushed beneath the world’s thumb.
Chapter Summary

Nothing is sweeter than making plans for their future.

Chapter Notes

Eeek!! Work put me into a tizzy yesterday and I full on forgot it was Monday! So this weeks update is a day late, but here it is!!

Sebastian would never have fully left Blaine stranded in the water, and he was mindful even as he swam away from him to keep an eye and ear out and make sure he didn’t stumble and fall under the waves. However when Binx came to Blaine’s rescue an started pulling him through the waves Sebastian laughed in amusement. The dog was large enough to readily pull Blaine along on land, in the water he moved in almost a bullet-like fashion. He took off through the waves with Blaine in tow and Sebastian shook his head in amusement. “You can, you just want me to hold you.” Sebastian countered with a grin, it was true he’d helped Blaine learn how to float and even the beginning of being able to doggy paddle, but he knew Blaine still preferred to have him supporting his weight and leading him through the waves. In most ways he was still very much Blaine’s safety net, and he didn’t mind the fact, he liked taking care of Blaine.

While Blaine enjoyed his time with Binx Sebastian relaxed in the surf, letting himself be rocked by the waves—weightless and free from the weight of the world, the weight of his own fears and doubts, for this one moment he was utterly and completely free. He could tell by the sudden silence of excitable laughter that Blaine was up to something, if he’d been in trouble Binx would have alerted him, and so he waited and listened grinning as he heard the unmistakable sounds of splashing as he moves in behind him. He laughed as he felt Blaine jump on his back, instantly looping his arms under Blaine’s ass to keep him up on his back although the water supported most of his weight. “Well you deserved it, you splashed me.” Sebastian grinned at him over his shoulder before smiling and kissing the corner of his lips softly, “And I’d do it again to put that smile on your face.” He murmured softly, voice quiet enough to just be heard over the waves as he let their temples rest against each other humming softly.

Blaine rolled his eyes rather affectionately as he nudged against his Bastian’s temple gently. “I wouldn’t call that swimming. More like flailing without drowning” He said softly and with a little giggle but wrapped his legs tighter around Sebastian’s hips. He manages to shrug and still keep his grasp on his Bastian’s shoulders. “I did not. I didn’t do it.” He managed to pout but it just barely covered the dopey grin that was plastered on his face. If there was anything that he loved more than anything it was seeing the smile that he seemed to be able to put on his Bastian’s face. In this place, in their safe haven, he felt as if they didn’t have to feel the weight of the world upon their shoulders. Here Blaine didn’t have to worry about men hurting them or angels being cold.

For a few seconds Blaine just closed his eyes and let himself soak and be draped over his Bastian’s
shoulders; enjoying the feeling of being held. After those seconds though, he grinned and splashed Bastian again before he started carefully climbing even higher onto his Bastian’s shoulders and jumping off behind them into the water. For a few disorienting moments he floundered and sputtered beneath the water before his feet found the ground beneath him and kicked up to break the surface with a sputtering laugh. He felt light, happy; he could feel the small innocent part of himself waking up as of from a deep slumber and it was just so indescribably perfect. “Can we stay here forever?”

Sebastian chuckled at the affectionate nuzzle against his dampened skin, it was a vaguely puppy-like gesture, but he found it heartwarming in many ways. Any time Blaine willingly invoked physical contact and affectionate touches was like a small victory, one more piece of proof that he trusted him. “You’re more capable than you think, Biche, you can swim. Not like Marco or I, but that comes with time, you’ll get there.” Sebastian smiled and turned his head to kiss Blaine’s arm where it was wrapped around him. He raised an eyebrow with a grin as he studied Blaine over his shoulder, “Oh you didn’t, uh? So, someone else magically appeared, splashed me—framed you, and disappeared? That is some pretty impressive magic. Maybe it’s Harry Potter.” Sebastian didn’t remember the last time he felt this light and free, this willing to joke and be playful, for the first time in weeks it felt like they were taking the steps forward they’d been stumbling over. His eyes widened when Blaine was suddenly climbing over him and splashing him, laughing as he turned quickly eyeing the spot he’d gone under.

He carefully watched, making sure Blaine resurfaced, and when he did it was with that heart stopping laugh, that beautiful tanned skin flushed with the chill of the water and the happiness of the moment. He’d never be truly mad at Blaine, he was convinced the boy could literally do no wrong—no matter what the vaguely jealous and possessive voice in his head liked to say, and even in this moment he couldn’t pretend to be angry. He was just too thrilled to have finally been able to bring Blaine the happiness he deserved, the happiness that gave him his youthful smile and care free spirit—the happiness Sebastian had been scared was lost for good. Humming softly Sebastian slunk down lower into the water as he bridged the gap between them, arms slung around Blaine’s hips. The new height of his position put his head just under Blaine’s chin, and he couldn’t resist the urge to press a soft warm kiss to the slick skin of his throat in a soothing and loving gesture. “Not forever, but for a few hours at least. Into the day…this time is just for us, out here we’re free, from security, from doctors from everything…out here we are simply a couple happy and in love, running away from the world for a day.”

When he surfaced, all smiles and laughter, Blaine’s breath caught in his chest; he could see the happiness that was coming off of his Bastian in soothing waves, like the water lapping at them, and it made his heart so light to see. His laughter subsided to small chuckles even as he was making a face. “Harry isn’t the powerful one. Granted he is the one the stories are all about but I think secretly the main character of the stories is Neville. At least I…..think…so” His voice trailed off when Bastian swam closer and wrapped him securely in his arms. No matter what was going on or what had happened to him Blaine always found absolute comfort and solace in Bastian’s arms; they seemed to be able to sooth any unease or tension that Blaine was suffering with just the barest of brushes. It didn’t matter how lost and alone Blaine felt, how trapped within his own head he was whether from nightmares or memories, a single touch from his Bastian was usually the only thing he needed to be brought back to the reality of the here and now; brought back to the knowledge that he was loved and that he was not alone, abandoned, in this world.

As Bastian spoke, his lips pressed so soothingly against his neck, Blaine’s smile transformed into one that was still relatively new for him; this smile was soft and small, it held all the hope and love he had for his Bastian. It was the smile that he shared only with his Bastian. It had taken him a little while
for him to realize where this smile was coming from, where it had originated, but he wouldn’t trade it for anything in the world. “Why can’t we stay here forever?” He asked softly, his voice not much more than a whisper. “Why can’t we run away?” He hated that it was something he was constantly thinking about. What if he could talk Bastian into running away with him? Him, Binx, Bastian and maybe even Marco if they really wanted the big oaf to run away with them; though Blaine wasn’t sure what he would do and he didn’t want him to feel like he was an oddball. If they could all run away together they would never have to worry about his…his father…and they would be free to just be them. “We could build a beach house…and be happy and in love on the beach all the time.” He said almost hopefully as his arms wrapped loosely around Bastian’s shoulders.

Sebastian hummed gently as he let Blaine talk about his theories on Harry Potter. The boy had nearly devoured the first couple of books and Sebastian kept promising to buy him the other ones, as well as the other movies, so far they’d only watched the first two (more than once) but Blaine seemed to love it. Sebastian was powerless to say no to him, and he enjoyed the stories himself. “That so?” Sebastian raised an eyebrow with a thoughtful hum, his arms settling easily around Blaine and drawing him in close. “I suppose that is a good idea, I always had some soft spot for Draco myself, I wanted more stories about him. Neville though, that’s an interesting thought—I’d never really considered that story option.” When Blaine snuggled close into his chest Sebastian had to smile, it was always a sweet moment, the way Blaine’s body literally yielded to his, the way his tension melted away until Blaine was loose and pliant in his hold. There were occasions when Blaine fought him or resisted his touch, usually on the after affects of therapy sessions or nightmares, but on the whole he was always given that sweet and beautiful moment where Blaine fully submitted to his touch and his touch alone.

Seeing the smile Blaine gave him, the beautiful, soft, shy and almost scared smile that seemed to only come up when they were completely alone. That smile that sent butterflies through him, that smile stole his breath away and left him speechless in its innocent beauty. Seeing that smile left Sebastian helpless against giving a smile of his own, his heart yearning to show Blaine how much he meant to him. “Because we could only run for so long. Eventually we would have to stop running you know.” Sebastian pressed a kiss to the underside of Blaine’s jaw. “I know it sounds tempting love, but if we start running now, we would never be able to stop.” He continued holding Blaine in close wanting to soothe away the demons the conversation brought on. “You want a beach house, love?” He smiled softly, straightening up enough to kiss him tenderly on the lips, their lips brushing as he spoke, “I will build you a beach house. One day soon we will have our own beach house where no one can ever touch us and you can see the water from every window, step out the back door and right into the soft warm sand. I promise.”

Blaine heaved a heavy sigh when he realized that Bastian was right; they could only run for so long before they couldn’t go any further, before their very pasts caught up with them. Or, before Blaine’s horrible past eventually caught up to them anyway; and it wasn’t for the first time that Blaine wondered whether or not it was safe for Bastian to love him. Blaine knew he would rather die a thousand deaths before he let any harm come to the very person who saved him; to the only person left in this world that actually loved him. He had seen firsthand what that brute of a man had done to the last person who had said he loved him and Blaine would do anything to keep that from happening to his Bastian. He was thankful to be pulled from the dark thoughts that were plaguing him by Bastian pulling him in closer; even putting that soft smile reserved just for him back on his face with the oh so gentle kiss. Settling his weight more into Bastian’s arms, and with the help of the water, Blaine wrapped his legs around the other man’s waist and snuggled into him as close as he could.
“Big enough for the three of us? Well, four if Marco wants to stay too. With lots of windows; windows everywhere. Can we have walls made of windows instead? And lots of green; like your eyes?” In his mind, all he could see was a small house sitting up on the dunes with walls full of floor to ceiling length windows; and what little of the house wasn’t covered in windows was the same color green as the eyes that now were staring back at him. He wanted to believe it all when he saw them sitting on the beach, Binx running around them, and for once Blaine wasn’t scared at all. It was a dream that he had been too scared to actually voice until right that moment; he wanted to share that dream, that hope, with his Bastian. Even still, admitting to what he wanted, still caused Blaine to blush and try to hide within himself; he still wasn’t used to vocalizing what it was he wanted or needed. The thought of being demanding in any way shape or form just made him cringe. It was still drilled into him that he had to be good; and good meant not being demanding.

Sebastian could see the sadness in Blaine’s golden eyes when he started thinking about the things waiting for them back in the real world. Blaine was such a good boy, such a sweet boy, rather than being scared for himself he was scared for Sebastian. He didn’t need to ask or talk about it to know the truth; he could see it all in his eyes. Blaine constantly put Sebastian first, did anything it took to please him, no matter how often Sebastian told him he didn’t have to, that he was free from that life—that kind of instinct didn’t just slip away into the night. So he knew, the worry he saw now was for him, maybe a small part was for Blaine himself, but he was more concerned with Sebastian. That focus just meant Sebastian had to work harder to reassure him and protect him, he couldn’t let that type of focus be the sole focus of Blaine’s life.

Sebastian smiled as Blaine talked about what he wanted in a home with him, it was the first time they were talking about their future together in concrete terms. The first time Blaine was asking for something he dreamt of and wanted for them, it was their beginning. “Hmm, Marco too, huh? That part’s non-negotiable?” Sebastian made a playful face at him, he was mostly teasing, although when he pictured a future with Blaine it rarely included sharing a breakfast table with Marco. Sebastian hummed as he leaned back to float slowly along the waves, balancing Blaine on his chest as he held him close. “I promise there will be so many windows the back half of the house will look like it’s made of glass. We’ll be able to see the ocean and more importantly I’ll be able to wake up every morning to see you bathed in the sunlight in our bed. Your skin sun-kissed and warm from our blankets and the sun itself, I can’t think of a better way to wake up every morning for the rest of my life.” He leaned up to kiss the corner of his lips, “And we will get green furniture or drapes if that’s what you want.” Sebastian smiled warmly at the idea, while he didn’t care if their furnishings matched his eyes, he was determined to give Blaine the home he dreamt of, the home he deserved. “Think we can have lots of dogs?”

The more they started talking about the house they wanted that didn’t quite exist yet the more that worry and fear started fading from Blaine’s eyes. It was the sign that there was a future out there for him; more importantly it was a sign that there was a future out there for Blaine with his Bastian. It just reinforced that what Bastian was saying was the honest truth; he wasn’t going to leave him alone in the world. Blaine knew that he loved him, he could feel it emanating off of the other man, and this just reminded him that he was going to be with him for as long as humanly possible. “Well, I don’t want….I don’t mind Marco being around but I don’t see him living there too. Maybe just visiting….or sitting outside the door. That’s what he does, isn’t it?” He tensed just a little bit as he felt Bastian tilting backwards and he wrapped his arms tighter around his neck as he regained his own balance while basically laying on him. He closed his eyes as he listened to the way that Bastian described the windows on their house together. Opening his eyes, he looked over in the direction of the sand dunes and it was almost as if he could see the house taking shape right before him. At first glance it would look like a glass box from this angle and he could just imagine the sun shining in
through all the windows, heating up their home in a bright heat; the image caused his heart to flutter hard against his rib cage and it brought happy tears to his eyes.

By the time Bastian was done describing their house, however, Blaine was blushing so hard that he was thankful for the darkness; thankful that the night was hiding the majority of the color that was heating up his cheeks. Because, if he was honest with himself, that was another secret dream of his own. The few times that Blaine had actually managed to wake up before Bastian and he wasn’t so lost in a nightmare that he kept his own wits about him Blaine spent as long as possible just watching the other man sleep. And the idea of seeing this gorgeous, loving man fast asleep, looking as if the world’s troubles weren’t on his shoulders, and absolutely bathed in the warm swath of sunlight did things to him. He could just imagine the way the sunlight would make his smooth skin radiate light and warmth and how, when he slept, his hair fell forward just into what would be his line of sight if he were to open those soul searching green eyes. Just thinking about it all made Blaine’s heart feel like it was stuttering in his chest, made him feel like he was going to explode on the spot, so when Bastian leaned up and kissed him just on the corner of his mouth, Blaine literally giggled the softest giggle he could before leaning down and mirroring the move; his lips brushing as lightly as possible against his lips before he tucked his head beneath Bastian’s chin to hide the way his cheeks flamed brightly. Glancing back at shore he saw Binx playing in the wash and thought about having more like him; it caused him to smile and nod against Bastian’s neck. “Lots and lots of big dogs like Binx?”

Sebastian’s smile was warm and sweet as the fight and anxiety started melting away from Blaine. It was relieving to know Blaine was able to come back to him like this, the way he trusted Sebastian enough to let go of the fear and pain he held around him like a shield to keep out more pain. He chuckled softly at Blaine’s comments about Marco, he wished the brute of a man had heard that one because he’s pretty sure the expression would have quite literally been priceless. “Well, yes and no.” Sebastian smiled affectionately, “It’s true he does just sit outside our room a lot of the time, but he does that because he’s keeping us safe. His job is to make sure everything’s okay so I can keep you safe. He helps me watch our backs.” He smiled as he rubbed Blaine’s back through the water, “But one day he won’t have to do that anymore so…we’ll let him visit, but only if he calls first. Maybe.” Sebastian grinned up at Blaine a little crookedly after the gentle brush of Blaine’s lips against his own skin. Every second spent in this type of close embrace, where Blaine was dependent on him not for strength—but for love and care, melted away the pain in his own head.

“At least two or three big dogs like Binx. What do you say? You get Binx, I want one too.” Sebastian pouted up at him in an attempt to imitate the puppy dog earnest expression Blaine so often used on him—although it was far from as effective as Blaine’s own, it was infinitely more pitiful looking. Not necessarily in a good way either. Sebastian couldn’t hold it for very long anyways, he was too easily distracted by the sheer fact that Blaine wanted a home with him. He wanted a future for them, wanted for there to be a them. “You…you really want a home with me, right? I mean it doesn’t have to be on the beach or—or anything we could live anywhere in the world. Where ever you want, I’d build you a house anywhere.” Sebastian’s expression turned scared, as evident by the scared babbling he’d fallen into. He shook his head a little, once the babbling stream of unconscious fears had started pouring out he had become incapable of stopping it, “You don’t…I don’t want to force you into staying with me forever, you know? There’s a whole world outside of our four walls and there may be a day when you realize I’m not as special as you think. I’ll make you mad a lot, pissed as hell probably, I’m a slob most of the time and I’ll probably forget to buy milk more often than not I just…I love you and I don’t want to lose you.”

Blaine nodded at Bastian’s decision to let Marco visit; while he enjoyed Marco’s company more...
often than naught he still knew that he wanted this house, this dream of a future, with his Bastian and Bastian alone. It was all well and fine to have friends but in the end, he wanted it to be just him and the man he loved curling up to sleep every night in their own big bed; and it would have to be a big bed if they got any more big dogs like they were talking about. “At least one more big dog like Binx; he needs a friend too. He needs a friend that can run as fast as he can, because I can’t keep up with him when we’re outside. Small, hobbit legs mean I can’t run as fast.” Blaine let out a soft giggle at the pout that was sent his way. Bastian’s pout was an admirable try, and he knew he’d give him anything he ever wanted if he pouted at him, but it was nothing compared to his own pout. Over the past several weeks Blaine had realized that he could manage to get away with quite a bit if he just pouted his bottom lip out just so and quivered it just a little bit. It was a power that he was sure not to abuse, lest it be taken away from him. “What kind though? Do you want another one like Binx? Or... OOH!! Are there bigger ones? Do you want a bigger one?!” For a few sparse moments Blaine got lost in the idea of getting a dog even bigger then Binx.

He came back to the here and now when his Bastian started to ramble a bit, sounding uncomfortable and scared; that in and of itself set Blaine on edge a bit as he tilted his head to the side and observed Bastian as he talked and asked him questions. Blaine shook his head softly with a smile when he had heard enough and pressed a soft kiss to the other man’s lips to quiet him; pressing his finger to those same lips to keep him quiet as he spoke in a voice not much louder than the waves as they crashed upon the shore. “I do. I don’t….I’ve never said out loud something that I’ve wanted. N-not like this. I don’t care….where it is as long as it exists.” Blaine could feel the blush that was quickly making its way from the top of his head to his very toes as he spoke. For all that he could remember, he couldn’t ever remember being so brash as to talk so forwardly with someone who was considered his ‘better.’ He shivered a bit, whether from cold or his own nerves he wasn’t sure, but he continued speaking. “You aren’t forcing me. And….and I know you are special. You just don’t s-see it yet. And there are days that I am beyond certain that I’ll make you angry or not follow a direction or request.” He leaned in and rested his head on Bastian’s chest, hearing that steady beat of his heart that he knew beat for just him. “I love you too and I’m not going anywhere; ever.”

It wasn’t that Sebastian didn’t enjoy Marco’s company, the brute of a man was practically his brother—the one person that could take his shit and dish it back without batting an eye. The one person who had always understood the troubles he goes through with his father; hell Marco was the one person that knew Sebastian hated his work and everything it put him through. That being said, he had plenty of plans and ideas for his future with Blaine and very few of them involved having the other man in their home. No, he definitely didn’t need that man lurking around for the activities Sebastian hoped to one day get up too with his Blaine. “You run plenty fast, love, he just happens to have four legs to your two. He even outruns me, you know.” Sebastian smiled before chuckling, “And you don’t have hobbit legs, you’re just compact and perfectly sized just for me.” Sebastian grinned lopsidedly as Blaine started nearly bouncing out his arms at the prospect of another large dog to join their bizarre little family. He was glad though that Blaine wanted that too, wanted more dogs, wanted things that let them begin having normal lives.

“There are bigger dogs, yes. We can get one of those too—they’re large and fluffy and fairly bear like, but I think you’d love it.” He shrugged, “I’ve always wanted one…a large one or even a wolf like dog…I don’t know which kind yet, but I want one. You have your Binx, after all.” Sebastian smiled as Blaine opened up to him, he sighed softly, leaning up to kiss his forehead. He knew how hard it was for Blaine to voice his wants and needs like that, how scary it was for him to be open like that and it made him smile to know Blaine was willing to continue trusting him. When Blaine started shivering Sebastian stood back up, arms tight around him as he carried him back out onto the beach, from the corner of his eyes he saw Marco parking next to their car, he’d walk around and keep a perimeter just in case. Sebastian settled Blaine on the blanket they’d brought, digging through the
bag to find him some dry clothes to get changed into. “Then together we will make ourselves a home
one day. I promise, we will have our house on the beach with the glass walls, large dogs and an even
bigger bed.”

End Notes

Feel free to leave us love and let us know what you think about these wonderful boys! We
always love hearing from you!

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