Troubled Souls
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Troubled Souls
by theoreoqueen

Summary

Soulmate!AU, Badboy!Blaine. Kurt Hummel is now at the top of popularity at McKinley. Blaine Anderson is still residing as the school's bad boy. So it's a surprise to both when the two are matched as each other's soulmate on their seventeenth birthday.

Notes

Hi everybody! So this is the first time I've ever done a Klaine AU I am both equally excited and nervous! So I really hope you enjoy! :)
Blaine Anderson had been called many things in his lifetime, but never an artist. But, as he stood back and admired his work, he figures he ought to be one by now.

The gray outside doors of McKinley High School's auditorium provided the perfect canvas for his project. He twirled the spray can in his hands, smirking at the curvy, red painted words in front of him:

*NUDE ERECTIONS.*

A masterpiece for those pathetic choir kids.

Clicking of heels echoed around the corner of the building. Blaine pocketed the can in his worn, leather jacket and was preparing to sprint away before getting caught, but those clicks were closer than he anticipated.

A short, brunette girl wearing a plaid skirt and a bright, yellow sweater froze at the sight of him, almost dropping her bag with her over-dramatic gasp. "You!" she shrieked, before yelling over her shoulder, "Anderson's here!"

*Shit,* Blaine thought, never expecting tiny Rachel Berry would be the one to rat him out. He turned to dash the opposite direction, only to slam right into another body.

"Ow!" exclaimed his barrier.

Blaine stepped back, taking in the sight of the tall and quite irritated Kurt Hummel. Berry's friend, and also member of the shitty excuse of the school's show choir, straightened his dark blue jacket and tugged his gray scarf back into place. His eyebrows were furrowed down, those piercing blue eyes glowering at Blaine. "Excuse you," Kurt snapped.

In all honesty, Blaine would much rather be chewed out by Kurt than Rachel any day. The other boy may glare at him, no thanks to Blaine's infamous reputation, but still he appreciated Kurt's slender figure, which stood only a few inches higher than his own always decked in colorful clothing, matching like perfect pieces to a puzzle every day while also giving the world a gift in those skinny jeans.

And Blaine couldn't help admiring the only one who didn't look at Blaine like he belonged in the bottom of a sewer. Or because Kurt didn't know that he and Blaine were the only ones at McKinley who were into dudes.

Blaine held the palms his hands up in defense. "My apologizes," he said. "Looking sexy in those pants, by the way." Blaine winked before trying to make a run for it (again.)

Kurt stepped in his path (again), unfazed by Blaine's attempt at distraction. His glower triumphing his obvious blush, though. Blaine prided in his success so much that he almost didn't catch that Kurt had more back up--some jocks named Sam and Mike, those skinny Cheerios, and Kurt's towering step-brother, Finn. Blaine was backed into a corner with no way out.

"What happened?" asked Finn, coming up beside Rachel and glancing at her. She scoffed, crossing her arms tightly and shooting a death glare right at Blaine.

Blaine crossed his own arms in imitation while putting on a theatrical pout just to annoy her more.
He watched her huff and Finn quickly placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

His right hand, to be more specific. The hand bearing the scrawled letters revealing nature's match for his soulmate: Rachel Barbra Berry.

Blaine swallowed thickly, suddenly remembering what tonight meant for him.

"Anderson's graffiti'd us," Kurt explained to Finn, gesturing at the words on the door. "Again."

The three Cheerios scrunched their noses up at Blaine's artwork while the jocks looked ready to beat his ass in the pavement. Blaine, however, looked over at Kurt and shrugged nonchalantly. "You're welcome."

"God, you're an asshole," Mike muttered.

"I do ever so try," Blaine responded, making a slight bow while trying to inconspicuously back away from the growing circle of people.

"I'm calling Mr. Shue!" Rachel said, taking out her cell phone and tapping away. "You are not getting away with this!"

"You can't prove anything," Blaine protested, eyeing towards the parking lot where his faded Chevy pickup was. If he could bypass Kurt and sprint...he could probably make it--

"There's like, ten witnesses!" said Sam.

"Oh my god, just let him go," Kurt said with a signature roll of his eyes. "We have practice to get to, remember!"

The rest of the group didn't seem to be too pleased with that request, but Blaine had his eyebrows raised in Kurt's direction, pleased and certainly pissing Kurt off with it.

"Ugh, fine, whatever." Rachel snapped her phone shut, throwing her hands up in exasperation and stomping inside.

Blaine caught Kurt's eye and winked at him. "Thanks, Hummel."

Kurt raised a brow, looking ready to do an eye roll yet again. "Kissing up won't give you everything, Anderson."

"Well, it seemed to work on you."

Kurt only scoffed, narrowing his eyes and showing the tiniest hint of an unamused smile.

The rest of the group followed Rachel's suit reluctantly, side-eyeing Blaine with sneers that would make his father proud. Kurt was last to go, and yes, Blaine used this opportunity to appreciate how well those skinny jeans fit on him...

He pulled up to the curve of his house as the sun set over the treeline, parking it and hopping out.

The neighbor's Chihuahua yapped at him where it was chained up. Down the street he could hear people screaming at each other through their open windows. Next door some suspicious clanking was going on in a garage. But Blaine ignored them like he did every other day. This was normal for living on the shittiest side of Lima.
His home wasn't any less shitty than the others. Small, two stories, with fading brown paint and dust filling around the window edges. The yard was either overgrown or dead. The front porch had boards cracked and missing, thankfully none to the path of the entrance. Blaine twisted open the rusty handle of the front door and pushed on in.

The smell of smoke would hit anyone else’s nostrils like a punch to the face, but again, Blaine was used to it. Even when he was little his mother would just sit on that ancient armchair and smoke while watching crappy reality shows.

Speaking of which, that's exactly where she was now. Maria Anderson, with her dark brown hair an unkempt mess and the bags under her hazel eyes even more prominent than ever, sat there with her legs crossed and a cigarette between her index and middle finger. She held it with her right hand, the name of Blaine's father written across the back-

His throat tightened again. Only a few more hours.

"I'm back," Blaine said, kicking his shoes off and walking to their tiny kitchen.

"Mmph," was all Maria said before taking another drag.

He grabbed a Pepsi from their refrigerator and the bag of chips from the pantry, grateful there was actually decent food here today. Perhaps a birthday present from the universe.

The only one he'll receive all day, besides his Mark, of course.

He sighed, trudging up the squeaky, wooden steps to his bedroom, not knowing whether to feel distress or anxiety.

Every human, throughout all of history, has been given the knowledge of their soulmate's name once they reach the age of seventeen. There's no bright light or fireworks, just thin, black letters of their other half's name appearing on the back of their hand. No one's quite sure why nature decides to do this; theories include to create the perfect offspring, others say it has to do with literal souls being matched to each other throughout reincarnation. Either way, it's not like this system generates a happy ending for everyone.

For example, hearing stories of people finding their soulmate over Facebook or Twitter, and being utterly disappointed. People having children unmarried and without each other's names on their hands, refusing to leave one another. Others given the name of a celebrity, and therefore bombarded by the media. People given names of the same sex, and being discriminated just by that.

And who could forget Blaine's own parents. His father's original soulmate, some woman named Felicia (Blaine only saw glimpses from the fading words on his father's skin) had died in a terrible car crash, leaving Richard Anderson alone only with his young son, Cooper. But Maria had Richard's name already on her hand, granting him another soulmate and, barely a year later, another son. Blaine.

Who had now collapsed on his bed, hearing the springs groan under his weight. His phone read 6:42.

Three more minutes.

He huffed out a breath, considering whether it would be worth it to take out his own stash of cigarettes before the 'grand reveal.' It might calm his nerves, he told himself. He might forget the dread that has been building up inside him for years.
When Blaine was younger—like, way younger—he sometimes wondered who his soulmate would be. He never doubted that wishing for a boy's name was wrong. Until he grew up and was met with reality. Now he knew whoever the poor guy was had to deal with...this.

Holy shit, was his heart pounding. Blaine rolled over to his stomach, locking his eyes to the back of his hand, waiting. Maybe nature will fuck up and not match him with anyone. That's happened before, hasn't it?

It took a millennium until the clock read 6:45.

A small, black line began forming on his skin.

Blaine froze, watching as some invisible force inscribed the letters right in front of his eyes. They became legible at random. He could make out a capital H, a small B, even a Z somewhere in the middle name.

He hadn't even noticed his teeth were tugging at his bottom lip. His mind was trying to guess the name before all the letters came. The first name now had a K...Kyle? Keith? Ken?

Wait. He blinked, furrowing his eyebrows. That started with a K and now was growing a U right beside it…

Oh, no, Blaine thought, panicky. Oh, no, please no, oh, no--

Two thin letter M's were the last to appear, and Blaine now stared wide-eyed at the completed name, unable to move.

*Kurt Elizabeth Hummel.*
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Wow, thank you all for the kudos! I never expected this many or even this many hits...thank you all! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

One month later.

“Only nine more hours, Kurt!” sang Rachel, excitedly clutching her friend’s arm.

Kurt smiled, shrugging as they walked down McKinley High School’s front steps. “I know, I know.”

“You have got to text me the minute you find out,” demanded his other friend, Mercedes Jones, walking to his other side and pointing a finger. “Or I will attack you tomorrow morning, no joke.”

Kurt rolled his eyes, biting back a bigger grin. “Trust me, ‘Cedes, you’d be the first to know.”

Rachel pouted. “What about me?”

“And you, don’t worry!”

“Oh my god, what if it’s, like, Taylor Lautner or something?” Mercedes said, laughing as they headed towards Kurt’s car.

“YES! Then we’re all going to Hollywood for your guys’ wedding!” Rachel clapped, bouncing in place.

“You two are ridiculous,” Kurt sighed, but laughed with them all the same.

He clicked his door to unlock just as a shout rang across the parking lot. The three turned their heads in unison to watch none other than Blaine Anderson pushing a jock away from his truck, and then have the jock shove him back even rougher. Blaine lifted a fist--his right one, the one that was wrapped in gauze--but was interrupted as Coach Beiste ran up and separated the two, yelling that they were acting like baby pigs or something.

Rachel clicked her tongue and turned her attention back to Kurt, smirking. “Watch, I bet you’ll get Anderson as a soulmate.”

Mercedes snorted, and Kurt laughed nervously as well, still watching as Blaine open his driver’s door, flipping off the jock while he stormed back to the building. Kurt studied him for a brief moment; his dark curls, ripped blue jeans, and silver ear piercing, but seemed to always go back to the gauze on his hand. How long had that been there? A month or so? It didn’t even look dirty--

“Well, we’ll see you tomorrow, Kurtsie!” Rachel said, waving a farewell as she and Mercedes began walking away.

Kurt waved back before getting into his own car, turning on the engine and catching the blank space
on his right hand.

Just nine more hours, and then it will permanently bear a name on it forever.

The anticipation made his heart flutter. He smiled to himself, shifting the gear and driving out of the lot.

Studies have shown that between the ages of fifteen through eighteen, you have already met your soulmate. Rachel met Kurt’s step-brother freshman year and even developed a crush on him before his name was written on her. Mercedes had eyes for Sam Evans after he moved to Lima earlier that year, and as it turned out she had received her name on his seventeenth birthday. Even Mike and Tina dared to date before their soulmates were ever revealed, and ended up being each other all along.

So naturally Kurt wondered if he had ran into his other half any time his high school career. He could honestly only think of one other gay man in this town...and he had no idea when Karofsky’s birthday was.

He shivered, blocking out that unpleasant memory as he turned into his road.

Maybe Rachel was correct and he was matched with some famous actor or singer. Perhaps that’s how he’ll get out of this town, by running away with his ultra-star soulmate.

*Only nine more hours,* he reminded himself, pulling into his house’s driveway. *Nine more hours, and you’ll finally know who the love of your life is.*

Blaine had noticed Kurt staring during that whole exchange, and immediately felt like he was put under a spotlight. Even after Beiste and Nelson walked away, Kurt was looking at him, and a moment of panic had Blaine wondering if he knew.

Of course he doesn’t, Blaine told himself, starting the truck’s engine. Kurt’s name on his hand was completely covered with gauze, no one would find out.

Hell, even his parents weren’t concerned. The day after his birthday when he woke, Blaine immediately wrapped up his hand before heading downstairs for breakfast. His mother had glanced up at him over her coffee, and that was it. No questions asked.

And for the first time, he was pretty relieved for that.

But, he worried as he drove his way out of the lot, if what he overheard was right, Kurt’s seventeenth birthday was today. Meaning his secret will only be kept for a few more hours until his own name presented itself on Kurt.

Until then, Blaine can be thankful that his soulmate doesn't completely hate him.

Being born around midnight meant plenty of time for Kurt’s actual birthday celebration. His step-mom, Carole, made him a chocolate cake and his favorite dinner: spaghetti and meatballs.

“It is your very special day, sweetie!” she had said, giving him a kiss on the forehead and accepting his thanks.

His dad, Burt, gave him a nice amount of money, claiming that, “You’ll know how to spend it on
your present better than I will.” Kurt promised he would use it wisely on an Alexander McQueen or a Marc Jacobs.

The night ended with Kurt heading to his room to work on his French homework, but ended up lying on his bed while listening to all the corny love songs on his iTunes list, too excited to do anything else.

_I hope he likes singing_, Kurt thought to himself, gazing dreamily at the back of his hand, his fingers splayed out in the air. _Or Broadway. Hopefully both. What if he’s also super funny and smart and handsome and amazing…_

He brought his phone up to his face. 10:54.

Kurt groaned, wishing time would speed up.

He wouldn’t deny that he’s been dreaming of this moment ever since he’d been little. It was still a surprise to his dad when three-year-old Kurt told him that he wanted his soulmate to be Prince Eric. But still, Burt was nothing but supportive when Kurt told him his sophomore year he was gay.

11:15. Kurt groaned louder.

He texted Rachel for a bit, listening to her chat on and on about their grand win at Nationals. Ever since then, they’ve become the talk of the school, and definitely not in the bad way like how it was in the past. The Glee Club was now considered ‘cool’ for the first time in their high school lives. The popular kids were actually making conversations with them and even allowing them to sit at their lunch table.

They were on top of the world, and it was a feeling Kurt didn’t want to end.

Rachel finally declared she needed her beauty sleep, and Kurt texted her a “_Goodnight! :)_” before exiting the conversation and glancing at the time.

11:44.

Oh, god. Seven minutes.

Kurt rolled on his side, resting his hand on the pillow beside him. He was practically bubbling in his skin, way too thrilled for this moment.

His daydreaming kept him busy until the alarm clock read 11:50 and now he was this close to leaping up and jumping on the bed. It was so close, so close, so close--

11:51.

He witnessed the letters arrive on his skin.

Kurt was completely still, his heartbeat thudding in his ears. It was as if some invisible ink pen was etching them there, the lowercase _L_, a capital _D_, the name coming together out of order but it was so magical.

He gasped when the middle name was completely uncovered. Devon. He was racking his mind on if he knew anyone with that name, but the last one was appearing too fast.

There was a capital _A_ followed by an _N_ and now a _D_ and was beginning to show another _N_ near the end…
Hold on.

Kurt squinted at the letters, mouthing what they could possibly form. Putting two plus two together, realizing what it could possibly spell…

Not to mention that the first name now began with a B…

Kurt’s jaw dropped. The name was finished.

“Oh, my god,” he said out loud.

His soulmate was Blaine Anderson.

Chapter End Notes

There you have it! Now, I promise next chapter the two boys will actually interact, don't worry! Again, thank you all for reading so far, you deserve all the hugs :) if you would like to give me some feedback, it would be greatly appreciated (I wanna know what you guys think!)
"So, who's the lucky guy, kiddo?"

Startled, Kurt almost tripped down the last step. It was the morning after his birthday, and he had hoped he could make it down to breakfast with everyone forgetting about the whole soulmate ordeal.

From the excited looks from Burt and Carole's faces from the kitchen table, he assumed otherwise.

"Um...I dunno..." Kurt stalled, walking to the refrigerator and avoiding eye contact. After pulling the door open, he glued his eyes to the items inside, attempting the look of distraction. Then he stuffed his right hand into his pajama pants pocket quickly before anyone saw.

"Oh, honey, were you not given a name?" Carole asked, her face crumpling with sadness.

Kurt whipped his head up to her. "No, no!" he said, wishing he had a planned this out better. Now his step-mom was close to tears. "I definitely have a name--"

"Well, who is it?" Burt asked, smiling again and putting down his coffee mug.

"Uh..." Kurt slowly pulled out the orange juice, taking great care to set it on the granite countertop. "Um...well..." Oh, god, he thought. What if they saw Blaine's name on the news or something? Or heard it from Finn? Oh, god...

"'Sup, bro!" greeted Finn when he entered the kitchen. "What's my future brother-in-law's name, huh?"

Kurt felt his cheeks heat up. There was no way that he was telling now. Yet all eyes were staring at him, patiently waiting for an answer.

"He...uh...you don't know him," Kurt lied on the spot.

Burt chuckled. "That doesn't mean we don't wanna know his name!"

"C'mon, tell us!" Finn pestered, going up to Kurt and reaching for his wrist, the one where he would most definitely find Blaine's name.

Kurt jerked back, hitting his hip on the counter. "Ow! Um, n-no, I'll tell you guys later." He stuffed both hands in his pockets now and hurried towards the stairs.

"Kurt!" Carole and Burt called after him.

"I'm going to be late for school!" he shouted back, sprinting to his room and slamming the door.
behind him.

Oh, boy. This was going to be a fun day.

Blaine was busy jamming his geometry textbook into his locker when he overheard the ever-so-loud
voice of Rachel Berry echo down the hall, "Show me his name! Show me his name!"

He froze, the blood draining from his face. Turning, he saw Kurt surrounded by a group of his
friends at his own locker. Also, he noticed the other boy was wearing red, fingerless gloves—perfectly
hiding where his soulmate's name would be.

"Not now, Rachel," Kurt said to his friend, his eyebrows drawn with worry.

"White boy, you promised-"

"Mercedes, I know, I just...I don't want the entire hallway to hear--"

"So show us!"

"Yeah, pretty please!" added the third girl, which Blaine could only remember she was dating the
other Asian.

Kurt hesitated, glancing back and forth between his eager friends. He opened his mouth, and for a
moment Blaine feared he might actually spill, but the bell rang overhead, snapping everyone out.

Mercedes rolled her eyes, sighing as if annoyed. "Fine, we need to get to lunch. You better tell us
soon, Kurt!"

The girls joined the bustling crowd of students as they swarmed to their destinations. Blaine hoped to
do the same, blend in so Kurt wouldn't catch his eye from across the hall.

But he did.

And the single look he gave Blaine, with fire in his eyes, was enough to almost scare him out of his
skin.

Blaine attempted to look away and keep his head down, merging among his peers, but a hand caught
his arm and a hiss in his ear said, "We need to talk."

He jerked back, meeting piercing eyes belonging to the boy whose name bore on the back of his
hand. Kurt's face showed a mix of emotions: anger, fear, but mostly desperation. The students were
still weaving around them, completely caught up in their own bubble to be aware of them standing
there in the middle. Blaine glanced at them before asking, "Here?"

Kurt rolled his eyes in a way Blaine was used to in front of him and again, grabbed his arm, pulling
him along. "We need...a room, an empty classroom..." Kurt was now peeking his head in the door
windows, finding every one of them occupied.

"Um...Hummel, I don't know what--" Blaine tried to protest, but the hallway was almost filtered out,
and out of panic Kurt yanked open the nearest closet and shoved them both inside.

It was a tiny space, just fitting the two boys as they stood face-to-face, crowded by shelves of
cleaning supplies and toilet paper. Crammed in a corner was a mop and above was a single lightbulb
in which Kurt clicked on with a pull of a chain.
"Very cliché, Hummel. Shoving us both in a janitor's closet," Blaine smirked, using flirtation for defense, as per usual. "If you wanted to make out with me you could've just asked--"

"Shut up," Kurt whispered through gritted teeth, glaring at him while crossing his arms in a fashion that indicated how anxious he really was. He eyed Blaine's right hand. "What did you do to your hand, huh?"

"What?" He casually tried to hide it behind his back. "I...hurt it--"

"Don't lie to me, do not lie to me," Kurt hissed, now looking very scary through his fear. Blaine sort of wished he could back up in case he would get lashed at, which seemed like a high possibility at the moment. "Your birthday was last April."

A beat. Oh, shit.

"S-so?" Blaine tried to shrug off casually, coming to realize how very close he and Kurt were. Like, 'faces-inches-apart' close. Not to mention this was the longest conversation the two had exchanged ever. Long enough for Blaine to take in how Kurt's cheekbones kind of stood out under this yellow lighting, or how his chestnut hair was styled into an impossibly perfect sweep, and even those goddamn blue eyes which weren't even blue they were turquoise and green and hazel all at once…

"Anderson!"

Blaine blinked. "What?" he snapped.

"I said," Kurt whispered again, glancing at the door worriedly. "If your seventeenth birthday was last month—and yes, thank you Facebook for that information—then why the hell won't you show your Mark, huh?"

Blaine stiffened his jaw, mirroring Kurt's scowl. "That's none of your information, Hummel."

"Show me," Kurt demanded, snatching Blaine's wrist in a flash, pulling it up to him. Even after a struggle to jerk back, it seemed Kurt's urgency outmatched Blaine's strength.

A flame of dread flared up in Blaine's chest. "You seriously don't want to know."

His warning made Kurt meet his eyes, and there was that feeling again where Blaine was trying to pinpoint what the hell they were made of. Now that hazel looked brown and gold and the turquoise could be sapphire at places and wow he was in deep really fast and needed to get out.

Kurt hesitated, his shoulders relaxing a bit. He dropped his gaze, staring at Blaine's collarbone rather than his face. "It's me, isn't it?" he asked softly.

By not answering seemed to answer Kurt's question. Helplessly, Blaine watched as Kurt began to unwrap his gauze, unraveling layer by layer in a heavy silence until the skin on the back of his hand was completely exposed. The glow of the lightbulb was a spotlight for those little black letters, clear as ever.

Kurt Elizabeth Hummel was Marked as Blaine's soulmate.

He could hear Kurt's breath hitch, and just like that he was blurring out, "Look, Hummel, I'm sorry. I didn't--"

Kurt had let go of his hand now, undoing one of his leather gloves and slipping it off to show Blaine
his own pale hand—the skin color making the name there stand out even more.

_Blake Devon Anderson._

Now it was his turn to hitch his breath.

He could see Kurt clench his jaw, staring at the undeniable reality that they were indeed paired up, chosen by all forces of time and space to end up as soulmates. Blaine dared to look at Kurt’s face, searching for a hint of rage or distress like how he pictured this moment would go.

Instead, the other’s boy face was blank. His shoulders were completely slack, his breathing has slowed.

"Well," Kurt eventually said, his voice flat. He slowly pulled the glove back on, giving Blaine the hint he should rewrap his bandages. "What are we going to do?"

Blaine cocked an eyebrow. "'We?' We do what?"

"We going to do about…" Kurt gestured between them. "This. Unless you want the entire school to know that the town's local bad boy is destined to be with the Glee Club's male soprano?"

"Uh--" He honestly didn't know if that was a rhetorical question.

Clearing his throat, Blaine crossed his arms and asked, "You wanna keep it undercover, yeah?"

Kurt nodded stiffly. "If that's fine with you."

Blaine huffed out a humorless chuckle. "Trust me, I'm okay with my dad not knowing I'm gay." _It would get real ugly really fast_, he didn't add.

Kurt's mouth parted, as if reading his mind. "Wait, is he--"

"Plus," Blaine continued, really not wanting to get sad and depressing, "your friends hate me anyway, right?"

"'Loathe' is more like it."

"Understandable. So yes, Hummel, I completely, one hundred percent agree with you that not telling a soul would be best."

Kurt blinked, raising his eyebrows in pleasant surprise. "Very well, Anderson. Not going to tell anyone?"

"Nope."

"Good."

A pause, and then Blaine stuck out his left hand. "Let's shake on it."

Kurt huffed, but the corners of his lips betrayed his amusement. "Fine." He brought a hand up and shook Blaine's once before they both let go simultaneously. Then, both almost reached for the doorknob as well, but gave each other a pointed look and silently concurred Kurt should open the closet door.

He scoured the area, affirming the coast was clear and allowed Blaine to exit as well. Blaine busied himself by straightening out his leather jacket while Kurt kept looking left and right, on constant edge.
that someone might come around the corner and catch them.

"Well, um," Blaine broke the silence, clearing his throat and turning his chin up. "See you around, Hummel."

Kurt rubbed his right hand absently, still having his eyes scanning the hallway. "Yeah...maybe," he breathed, which Blaine translated as, *Let's hope not.*

Chapter End Notes

There you go, Chapter 3! Next chapter shall be longer *fingers crossed* and I cannot for you guys to read it! ;)

Chapter 4

Their plan took place for the rest of the week.

Kurt went on with his regular life. He talked to friends, attended class, and always brushed off the question of his soulmate's name with the excuse, "It's my choice to keep it private."

He saw Blaine too, occasionally. Never made conversation with him, but once in a while spotted him sitting alone at a lunch table back in the corner of the cafeteria, not eating. Or in the hallway, threatening a group of hockey jocks before a teacher broke them off and sent them on their way. Sometimes, he noticed now, Blaine skipped school altogether.

But that was none of his business. He had decided to keep to himself and his group of friends, who couldn't stop discussing summer plans.

"It's only like, one week away," sighed Rachel in a dreamy voice, waiting for Kurt to be done gathering his notebooks for the weekend. "Katie says she's going to throw a party every weekend, which is so cool because she has this swimming pool."

"Katie?" Kurt asked.

"Yeah! The red-headed Cheerio who sits at our lunch table now!"

"Oh." Honestly, Kurt never really caught the names of all the cheerleaders that were suddenly their friends now.

"Yeah, and maybe my dads will let me host a party, but it would be so weird to have twenty huge football players stumbling about my sanctuary…” Rachel babbled on until Kurt hitched the strap of his bag over his shoulder and closed his locker.

He was ready to follow her out of school, until a certain dark-haired figure caught his eye. Halting, even when Rachel kept walking and chatting, he frowned to where Blaine was lounging at the other side of the filled hallway. Blaine made a crooked smile and motioned for Kurt to come over to him.

Kurt's cheeks flared. What on earth is he thinking? Right in the middle of everyone--?

"Kuuuuurrrttt!" he heard Rachel call over the noise.

"Uh, be right there, Rach!" Kurt shouted back, waving for her to keep going as he, stupidly, went over to Blaine.

"What the hell do you want?!" Kurt hissed once he arrived, ducking his head slightly and glancing at the filing students walking past them.

Blaine held his his hands in defense, a deja vu moment for Kurt, and said with a slight smirk. "No need for snapping, Hummel. I simply have a question for you."

Kurt twisted his mouth, antsy to get this over with. Not that talking to Blaine completely upsetted him, it's just they were in public in front of all these witnessing students.

"Fine. Fine. What is it?"
The other boy cleared his throat, for a second looking a bit nervous. Which was amusing to Kurt, since that expression didn't quite match its owner's leather-jacket, ripped-jeans, jet-black-shirt, and slight, chin-stubble look. "Today, after school. What are you doing?"

"Excuse me?"

"You wanna hang out?"

"W-what?" Kurt sputtered, flabbergasted and clutching the strap of his bag tighter. "No!"

"Kurt," Blaine said, simply and somewhat gently, making his honey-hazel eyes go big and puppy-like as he stepped forward. Kurt only flushed deeper, realizing he was comparing Blaine Anderson's eyes to puppies. His heart did in fact skip a beat when he noticed that was the first time Blaine had used his first name instead his last. "C'mon, please? We're," he dropped his voice to a whisper, "soulmates, after all."

That whisper was still too loud for Kurt. He glanced around frantically, completely worried those five students at the end of the hall heard them.

"I...I don't know."

Blaine smiled toothily, stepping forward even more and invading Kurt's space until the other boy backed up immediately. "Are you scared of a big, bad boy, Kurt?"

Kurt let out a surprisingly loud, "Ha!" and regretted it when he saw one of the five students glance their way. "As if, Anderson," he finished in a hushed whisper.

"Then let's go!" Blaine said, gesturing towards the doors leading out the school. "C'mon, I'll even be a gentleman and buy your food for you."

Food? Kurt thought, wondering if Blaine had actually planned this all out. "Well, maybe I'll be a jerk and order the most expensive item on the menu."

Blaine barked a laugh, already walking past Kurt and heading towards the door. "Whatever you say, Kurt."

They walked out the school in a pair. The parking lot was empty, thanks to the Friday and students wanting to get home as soon as possible. Kurt remembered in the back of his mind that Blaine drove a worn red pick-up. He scanned the lot for one, only finding some teacher vehicles and a motorcycle. A motorcycle that Blaine was heading to right now…

"Oh my god, hold up." Kurt stopped, raising a hand. "You drive a bike? A motorcycle bike?"

Blaine shrugged, smiling quite proudly. "I know, I know, drool as long as you want, I don't mind."

"But...isn't it, I don't know, dangerous?"

"Dangerous?" Blaine asked in mock-shock, swinging a leg over the bike's seat and reaching behind him to grab a white helmet. "I laugh in the face of danger! Ha ha ha!"

Kurt scoffed, shaking his head. This boy was crazy, and apparently so was he since his legs were carrying him over to Blaine and standing at his side. "Did you just quote The Lion King, Mr. Dangerous?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Blaine said, distracting himself by loosening the helmet's
strap, finishing and holding it out to Kurt with a closed-lip smile.

Kurt stared at it, pinching his brow. "Um, don't you, the driver, need that?"

"Well, you see," Blaine explained matter-of-factly. "If something horribly drastic happened, I would be in way less trouble if it was I who would suffer, not the innocent passenger." He pushed it against Kurt's chest. "So here you go."

In reluctant defeat, Kurt shoved on the helmet and clicked the strap into place under his chin, pushing his shoulderbag behind his back as he awkwardly boarded the bike behind Blaine. He was especially extra-cautious to keep his hands on either side of the seat and his body as far from Blaine as he could.

He heard Blaine chuckle in front of him over the engine, and suddenly hands were grabbing his wrists and pulling him forward. Kurt let out a "Ohph!" when his chest was brought pressed against Blaine's back. The other boy clasped Kurt's hands together in front of Blaine's chest.

"Ready?" Blaine shouted, nudging the kickstand up with his foot.

Kurt fumbled with helmet and almost became unbalanced until he grasped the front of Blaine's shirt, all while the thought of Holy shit this is the closest you've ever been to any boy holy god replayed on repeat in his mind. He managed a thumbs up with a gloved hand until he reclasped them and held on a bit too tight.

The vibration of Blaine's laughter travelled against him. The engine revved once more, and Blaine sped them out on the road.

---

Hours passed like minutes, the same feeling you get from a dream.

Blaine, being a gentleman as he promised, bought Kurt a burger and soda from the drive-thru of Burger King.

They eventually stopped at the park on the edge of town; the one complete with a creaking swing set and broken monkey bars. Blaine had parked his bike and offered to help Kurt down, but seeing the boy was fine on his own, he headed to the open, grassy field.

"Romantic," Kurt teased, sipping cheekily out of of his straw.

"Oh, shut up," replied Blaine with a mouthful of cheeseburger.

The sun was bleeding orange across the sky, shining beams through the treeline. Kurt and Blaine stopped at a random spot, Blaine plopping down cross-legged and Kurt easing down on the grass since stains would be a nightmare on his skinny jeans.

They munched on their burgers in silence for a minute, listening to crickets and cars driving in the distance.

Kurt swallowed his food and played with the corner of his wrapper when he decided to break the ice. "So what's your story, Anderson?"

Blaine looked at him, his dark eyebrows brought down in confusion. "Story? I don't have a story."

"Sure, we all have a story." Kurt shifted his legs so they were crossed like Blaine's, shifting a bit
closer. "We'll start easy, what's your favorite color?"

Blaine blanked for the first time in ages. Questions like that weren't asked to him on a regular basis. "Red, I guess."

"Hm," Kurt said, now swirling the straw of his cup around. "Like, a deep red or a rose red? Or a burnt red because that's--"

"This red," Blaine laughed, feeling as if Kurt could ramble on colors forever. He nudged Kurt's calf with his knee, eyes on the red of his pants.

"Oh!" Kurt's eyes widened. Blaine hoped with the realization that he was wearing Blaine's favorite color, but he was most likely mistaken.

"What about you?" Blaine asked, drawing the conversation to Kurt.

"Well, I love turquoise, also royal purple, and teal is pretty as well," Kurt answered, eyes bright with passion. "Silver is nice, especially for accessories like scarves. Oh! And yellow--"

"Okay, okay!" Blaine laughed, smiling widely. "I get it, you look great in a ton of colors."

Kurt brushed off that comment with a blush to his cheekbones and the next question, "Alright, favorite subject? And you cannot say lunch."

They stayed like that for hours, back and forth, asking the basics. Blaine found Kurt absolutely fascinating, especially compared to himself.

"My dream is to go to New York," Kurt had said with a far-away look before naming off a hundred Broadway shows he was dying to see.

"My dad owns this tire and lube shop, so I guess I kind of know how to fix cars," he had added modestly, but just the thought of Kurt all in grease-monkey attire made Blaine's mind temporarily short circuit.

All these wonderful things, and here was Blaine answering usually in one-worded replies. He made sure of this, not that he didn't trust Kurt (this was, by far, the longest time they had spent together) it was just how he was. Simple as that.

Until Kurt decided to go back to his original question. "Okay, the Blaine Anderson story," Kurt giggled, now lying next to him on the grass as the sky turned dark overhead. "Just give me something. What are your parents like?"

Blaine tensed, the grin he'd worn for hours now fading fast. "They're...fine."

"C'mon, what do they do for jobs?" Kurt asked, nudging Blaine's arm playfully. "Is one of them a spy?"

"No. Look, they're fine, isn't that enough?" Blaine snapped, feeling his chest tighten. It wasn't Kurt's fault, but just the thought went red alert on his inner walls. No way was Kurt going to get the truth tonight.

Kurt was silent next to him, and Blaine could feel him staring at him even though he refused to meet his eyes. "I'm sorry," Kurt finally said, softly.

Blaine turned his head, face-to-face with Kurt's big, impossible gray-blue-green eyes which were
watching Blaine with such concern and maybe even...care.

It, weirdly, melted Blaine's heart.

They were like that, stilled and staring. Blaine couldn't recall how they ended up like this, on their backs and elbows bumping, breaths brushing each other's faces. Hell, everything was like in the janitor's closet for Blaine: up close and personal. He took in Kurt's gorgeous skin and button nose and those lips, fuck they were parted slightly and right there and Blaine could not stop staring...

Only when the screen of Kurt's phone lit up through his pant's pocket was when he tore his gaze away.

They awkwardly shifted away, Kurt pulling out his phone and tapping to see the message while Blaine sat up and cleared his throat, not sure on what to think.

"It's my dad," Kurt said. "He's wondering where I am... I-I better get home."

"Right." Blaine scrambled to his feet, dusting his hands on the sides of his jeans and almost reaching out a hand to help Kurt up, but hesitating and reconsidering. Kurt was already on his feet when he made the decision.

They walked to his bike, side by side, not saying a single word.

Chapter End Notes

Hello hello, I hope you enjoyed this chapter :) Feel free to leave feedback or comments, I do love hearing your thoughts! I am bubbling with excitement for the next chapter, so until then, thank you so much for the kudos and subscriptions and comments! :D
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was weird to think, a month ago the very thought of texting Blaine Anderson and having actual conversations would have revolted Kurt.

But now, having after exchanging numbers on their outing, Kurt found it...surprisingly nice.

Granted, it was different than texting Rachel or Mercedes. It was awkward at first, as it is with every new person you start texting, but surprisingly soon enough they were both comfortable. With Blaine, he seemed rather interested in what Kurt was saying. He asked questions, gave comments, and put the time in to continue. Also, Kurt might have also found it amusing when Blaine tried to use smiley faces.

He was so entranced in his conversation with Blaine at the moment (Kurt explaining the plot of The Phantom of the Opera, and Blaine more than intrigued) that he didn’t hear his dad ask the first time, “Do you want some scrambled eggs?”

Kurt blinked, lifting his head up from his phone. “Huh? What?”

His dad made an amused chuckle. It was an unspoken tradition now that Burt would make bacon, eggs, and sausage on Saturday morning since it was the only way to get his sons up before noon. Finn and Kurt both repelled the thought, but the smells floating from the kitchen and throughout the house was too much to resist.

“I asked if you wanted some scrambled eggs,” Burt repeated, waving his spatula in the air. “But it seems you’re too distracted at the moment to be hungry.”

“What?!” Kurt dropped his phone like it was suddenly on fire, his face flushing. “I-I am not--”

“It’s fine, kiddo,” Burt laughed, only making his son blush harder. He scooted out the chair across from Kurt and sat down, placing the spatula precisely in front of him before folding his hands. Kurt’s phone suddenly buzzed, and they both glanced at it in unison. A name flashed across the screen, and Kurt snatched it away instantly.

Unfortunately, not before his dad saw.

Burt’s face fell somewhat serious. He quirked an eyebrow up, creasing wrinkles under his cap’s bill. “Who’s--”

“No one,” Kurt answered rather quickly, eyes wide like a deer in headlights. “It was no one.”

“Kurt…”

“Um, I don’t think I’m hungry anymore. I’ll just be in my room--”

“Kurt, sit down,” his dad said, in a tone gentler than Kurt expected. Cautiously, he lowered himself back down on the kitchen chair, his throat going dry.

Burt didn’t seem angry, only concerned. He rubbed his face with a hand, leaning back and having a look that only meant he was trying to read his son. “Why won’t you tell me your soulmate’s name?”
Kurt looked away. “Dad--”

“Are you ashamed of it, Kurt? Is it someone you know?” Burt’s expression grew dark. “Is it that Karofsky kid?”

“No! God, no.”

Burt nodded, crossing his arms around his large chest. “Then what’s the deal, bud?”

The moment of truth, or otherwise known as the moment Kurt had been dreading since the Mark appeared his birthday night. A large band-aid concealed Blaine’s name currently, since gloves were difficult to wear every day during warm weather. He fingered at the band-aid nervously, staring fixated at the spatula between him and Burt, trying to breathe normally.

Finn had definitely mentioned Blaine before. Probably how he vandalized their auditorium or choir room in the past. Even the chances of Burt overhearing the name “Anderson” from his teenage customers at the tire shop was more likely than not.

“He’s...uh…” Kurt started, racking his brain for a way out of this. “H-he goes to our school, but, um, I haven’t been, you know, friends with him before…”

“Huh,” Burt said, nodding once and seeming satisfied that he was finally getting somewhere. “So not a Glee kid?”

Kurt huffed out a laugh, the corners of his mouth twitching at the idea. “No, absolutely not.”

“Alright.” His dad uncrossed his arm, clapping his hands on his thighs. “So am I going to get a name?”

At this point, Kurt could actually feel himself shaking. He knew the more he pushes the subject away, the more his dad will get worried. That’s the last thing he wants.

He swallowed, wetting his bone-dry throat. “His name is Blaine.” His voice came out surprisingly calm.

Burt’s entire expression relaxed at once. “Blaine? The one you’ve been making heart-eyes at on your phone all morning?”

His jaw dropped. “DAD!”

“I’m kidding!”

“Jesus Christ, I’ve only started texting him last night!” Kurt said, his face burning red and his phone clutched tightly to his chest.

Burt laughed, his green eyes crinkling at the corners. “My mistake, I didn’t know. But does this Blaine have a last name?”

His jaw dropped. “DAD!”

“Yeah,” Kurt said, feeling a weight lifted off off his chest. “But, um, could we still keep it a secret? I mean, I don’t think, uh, Finn’s friends with him and whatnot and I don’t want any bad blood,” he hurriedly explained to the slight confusion on his dad’s face.
Burt lifted his palms up, making a shrug. “Whatever you say. I’m just happy I know now.” He smiled a genuine Hummel-smile and got up, pushing the chair in and grabbing his spatula back to head back to the oven. “So what about those eggs, huh?”

Kurt slumped back in his seat, sighing a breath of relief. “I would love some, Dad,” he said. Remembering the unopened message, he swiped open his phone and read Blaine’s text.

“So phantom sets the opera house on fire? Now theres a musical i can get behind :)

He really did try to study his French for the end of the year final, but like as he texted to Blaine: “You’re distracting me and its gonna make me fail junior year”

In which the response was: “I have that effect on people :)

Kurt snorted, wanting to tell Blaine that a winky face would have been appropriate in that situation, but another message had already arrived.

“Wait, I meant the distracting. Not the failing…”

Which only made Kurt laugh some more.

It was late afternoon, all finished studying and now scrolling through the Internet while lounging on his bed. He got another text from Blaine that said: “You wanna hang out again tonight?”

Kurt’s thumb hovered over his keypad. One part of him desperately wanted to answer back, “Sure!!!!!!” because even though he wouldst admit it out loud, he did enjoy their picnic in the abandoned park the other day.

Then there was the other part, which said louder than the first, You could lead him on. There’s no way you two could actually be a ‘thing.’ It’s too risky. It doesn’t matter if he’s your soulmate. He’s still THE Blaine Anderson--the one who flooded the teacher’s lounge by stuffing his gym socks to clog the toilets.

He took the easy way out. “Well, what do you have in mind?”

It wasn’t long until, “Idk. Maybe a movie?”

A movie? That was something couples usually did. Kurt bit the inside of his cheek, still torn. He’s always dreamed of going on a date, even if now the reality of the thought was a bit frightening. But they were soulmates...weren’t they suppose to do couple-things?

Or at least try... he bargained with himself.

Grinning, he hit the reply button. Trying doesn't mean officially. There is absolutely no harm in this, he convinced himself, tapping away on the keypad.

“Sounds fun! But I want this to be a date, if thats ok. Ill meet you at the gas station by my house around 6:30?”

Kurt waited impatiently for the reply. Thankfully, Blaine responded quickly with, “A date huh? Very well. See you at 6:30! :)

He let out a breath he hadn't notice he’d been holding, dropping his arms on either side of him like a starfish and staring up at his ceiling.
Kurt was going to go on his first date tonight, with his soulmate, who may or may not be driving a jet-black motorcycle.

The old gas station was barren when Kurt arrived there at 6:30 sharp, like he knew it would be. There was no one in the lot, except for a certain curly-haired boy leaning against a fading pickup truck, holding a lit cigarette and blowing out a puff of smoke.

Kurt parked his car in one of the many empty spots, unbuckling his seat belt and taking his keys out of the ignition, drawing in a steady breath.

The story he told his dad was Mercedes wanted to go to the movies with him, not Blaine. His dad had believed him, didn’t question why he took extra time to pick out his outfit, and waved goodbye as he left, making Kurt feel a twinge of guilt. He wasn’t known for lying to his father, but what else was he suppose to do? He didn’t want to make this a big deal.

Even though it kind of was.

Kurt shook his head, climbing out of the car and slamming the door shut. No, this was not a big deal. It’s a practice round, a trial run. A date but not a serious one. Just something he wanted to experience, not anything he wanted to come out of.

Blaine smiled wide when Kurt walked up to him. He was wearing his worn, leather jacket as usual and a clean, white t-shirt underneath. Even his jeans, which Kurt noted were almost always torn and stained, were spotless.

It was almost as if he dressed up.

Kurt halted in front of Blaine, shifting on his feet and crossing his arms, realizing the reason he wore his best, red button-up shirt and navy blue vest was to look nice as well.

“Lookin’ good,” Blaine said, nodding at Kurt’s clothes. “What’s the occasion?”

Kurt gave him a look, fighting back a laugh. “Can it, Anderson. Now, what movie are we seeing?”

Blaine put the cigarette between his teeth and held his hands up, making a dramatic jazz-hand gesture. “You see, it’s even more exciting than that. We’re seeing...a drive-in movie!”

Kurt frowned. “There are no drive-in movies in Lima.”

“Yeah, that’s why we’re going to Westerville.” Blaine grinned smugly, taking a drag before saying, “Ta-da!”

Kurt scrunched his nose in disgust at the swirls of smoke escaping Blaine’s lips, and Blaine took notice right away. He dropped the bud to the concrete, smashing it under his shoe. “Anyway...what do you think?”

“We’re going to drive there?”

“Well, I’m going to drive there. I told you, I’m a gentleman!”

Sighing, Kurt exaggerated a head roll of annoyance, trying with all his might not to smile. “Oh, very well, I suppose. But I get to buy the popcorn.” He stepped forward and practically skipped to the passenger side of Blaine’s truck, missing the moment when Blaine secretly gave himself a fist-pump of victory.
“So why doesn’t he just give his friend his blood and get this over with?”

“Because Peter doesn’t know what his blood could do to Harry. Plus, Harry would probably figure out that Peter was Spider-Man. Weren’t you listening?”

Blaine rolled his eyes, shaking his head and smiling—a look he’d been wearing all night. “No, I must’ve missed that part,” he said, knowing that the reason was because he’d been staring at his date.

The drive to Westerville wasn’t as awkward as it promised to be. Having rarely hung out together, they sat in uncomfortable silence the first couple minutes, unable to start a conversation. Until Blaine turned on the radio, and a P!nk song blasted through his speakers and immediately Kurt started singing softly along. And holy hell Blaine decided right there and then he never needed to listen to the radio again; Kurt’s voice could sing everything from now on.

He wished he could compliment Kurt, telling him how his singing sounded like something angels would kill for. Or how even if red was Blaine’s favorite color, it looked fucking amazing on Kurt’s body. And those black skinny jeans really rocked his mile-long legs as well…

But also he didn’t want to fuck this up, which was why he kept silent.

Kurt had insisted for this to be a date, and Blaine was more than happy to agree. But the way he was acting didn’t seem he actually wanted to do the whole “date protocol.” After Kurt had bought the popcorn and the movie began, Blaine casually lifted up the console between their two seats, hoping Kurt would scoot closer. He only got a bag of popcorn set in the middle, separating the two of them.

He had parked the truck towards the back, thinking Kurt would appreciate that no one would catch them in the same vehicle (even though the chances of anyone in Westerville actually recognizing them were slim.) And so, Blaine’s plan was to casually rest his arm over the seat, to give Kurt the hint that, hey, if he wanted move that damn popcorn and come over here and perhaps, oh I don’t know, cuddle maybe, that it would be perfectly a-okay.

However, Kurt’s eyes stayed fixed on the screen, much to Blaine’s disappointment.

He had never even seen any of the Spider-Man movies, and now this was the sequel to the reboot or something? Kurt seemed excited, so that’s all that really mattered, he supposed. Plus, he had caught himself at times staring at Kurt’s sharp profile while the movie played. He had a face of some sort of greek god, Blaine decided, with that sharp jawline and long neck and god, he would give anything just to kiss and leave marks all across it...

Whoa. He snapped out of his daydreaming, knowing those thoughts weren’t a guarantee and shit, he needed to control himself. So he cleared his throat, and lightly asked about the dude on the screen with the emo haircut.

“Have you ever watched any of the other movies?” Kurt asked now, plopping a piece of popcorn in his mouth. “I mean, the Spider-Man ones? Because, personally, I love these compared to the Tobey Maguire ones—”

Blaine laughed and shook his head. “Nah, but…” A light bulb suddenly clicked in his head. He turned to Kurt, shifting his weight so one of his legs could be tucked under him. “Idea. You ready to hear it?”

Kurt cocked an eyebrow, amused. “Does this involve more popcorn? Because I kind of already ate half of the bag.”
“No, even better.”

Kurt gasped dramatically, placing a hand on his chest. “Better than popcorn?!”

Blaine only laughed some more, feeling his huge grin squinting the corners of his eyes. “Yes, believe me. See, I used to live here in good ol’ Westerville before I transferred sophomore year. So I know all the awesome locations to visit.”

“Ooo,” Kurt teased, shoving another handful of popcorn into his mouth.

“Yeah, and see there’s this cliffside…” Blaine lowered his voice, dropping his eyelids slightly and looking at Kurt seriously. “Where...if we leave now...we can look down at the city and still see the stars overhead.”

Just seeing how Kurt’s face transformed from delight to curiosity was enough to know that they were definitely not going to watch the rest of the movie tonight.

Popcorn must be the answer.

Because now, after they bailed out of the drive-in and made their way towards the next location, Kurt was looser and carefree and purely...Kurt. He sang “Since U Been Gone” at the top of his lungs after Blaine rolled down the windows, his voice floating across the night sky and highway. Blaine threw his head back from all his laughter, not remembering the last time he felt this good.

The cliffside Blaine mentioned was only a couple minutes out of town, so the drive up there was over sooner than he predicted. When they arrived, Blaine pulled the truck up to the edge, overlooking the sparkling city, the lights twinkling yellow against the black sea of night.

He turned off the radio and parked the car, able to hear Kurt’s gasp of awe once he took in sight of it all.

Blaine smirked, his chest swelling with success. “You haven’t even seen the best part.” He hopped out, ready to rush over and open Kurt’s door for him, but his date was already one step ahead of him.

The second Kurt exited the truck, he craned his head up at the sky, the view taking his breath away.

“Oh my god--”

“I know, right?” Blaine said excitedly, jumping up to sit on the truck’s hood, patting the spot next to him. “Here, best seat in the house.”

Propping one leg up on the hood’s edge and letting the other dangle over the front, Blaine waited as Kurt heaved himself up and situated next to him, gaping at the million swirls of stars above their heads. “It’s so...I don’t know, clear, you know?” Kurt said.

Blaine tilted his head towards him, chuckling. “I do know, in fact. I used to come up here like, all the time.”

“It’s incredible,” Kurt breathed, bringing his legs up so they weren't hanging over the truck’s edge.

Blaine only smiled to himself, joining Kurt in the stargazing.

It was just them and the sounds of their breathing, louder than the faint buzz of city life below. Blaine desperately wanted to say something, something smart and meaningful that’ll give Kurt the same reaction the night sky did. He kept glancing over, hoping Kurt would catch his eye and the words
would just flow naturally.

Except, when Kurt did finally look over, Blaine immediately turned away. He heard Kurt shift closer so they were almost bumping arms and say, “This was really awesome. Thank you.”

Blaine shrugged, glancing up at him with a teasing face. “The Anderson dates are pretty stellar, am I right?”

Kurt burst out in giggles, revealing dimples Blaine had never seen before. “Oh, well, yes I suppose. I don’t have anything to compare you to, so ha!”

Blaine laughed for a moment, until he realized, “Wait, you’ve never...been on a date before?”

Even in the semi-darkness, he could tell Kurt’s cheeks were turning pink. His date fixed his eyes on his pant leg, picking at the fabric before mumbling, “Um...well yeah. I mean, I was,” he cleared his throat, glancing at Blaine, “kind of saving myself for my soulmate.”

Blaine could only mouth an “Oh” as they slipped back in awkward silence. He hadn't put much thought into it, but given how Kurt was at the top of the food chain at school, he assumed...

“Hey, Kurt?” he finally said, his voice cracking slightly. He coughed quickly.

The other boy looked over at him, tilting his head and waiting for the rest of his question.

And not for the first time, Kurt made him feel nervous. He shrugged, trying to at least appear level-headed as he said, “I mean, I dunno, I, at least...I-like hanging out with you.”

He stared back at the city, clenching his jaw and chiding himself for sounding like an idiot.

If Blaine could see Kurt, he would have known he was blushing more and smiling fondly.

Their eyes caught each other’s again, hesitant and almost shy. The air between them seemed thick all of the sudden. The sounds below ceased to exist. The bubble they enclosed themselves turned into just Kurt and Blaine, Blaine and Kurt, the two somehow becoming hyper-aware of their closeness and eyes darting back and forth from eyes to lips.

Blaine almost felt like he was being pulled, unable to stop himself because Kurt was there, all perfect and wonderful and everything Blaine dreamed of but didn’t know he needed until now. And more than anything he wanted to kiss him with all the emotion he had built up inside him.

He exhaled, finding himself carefully lifting a hand to cup the side Kurt’s face. Instantly, he saw Kurt draw a sharp breath, his incredible ocean eyes dilated. Blaine mentally told himself to go slow and not rush because this is the most important thing he has ever done and he could not mess this up.

But the part of him that craved for more won in a heartbeat, so Blaine just closed his eyes, took the dive and captured Kurt’s lips with his own.

He felt Kurt stiffen in surprise, and for that moment he feared he’d broken what little he had. But then Kurt just melted against him, grabbing the front of his white shirt like an anchor. Tilting his head to get a better angle, Blaine deepened the kiss, coaxing the other boy’s mouth to pliantly move with his. He brought his other hand up, now framing Kurt’s face and allowing every single ounce of him centered on the repeating thought of Kurt Kurt Kurt...

It was when Blaine heard Kurt gasp against his mouth he caught himself, pulling back and taking in the sight of Kurt with eyes just beginning to open, ears pink and a face of pure amazement. There
was a moment of breathing trying to steady, soon turning into abrupt, giddy smiles bursting out of both of them.

“Whoa.” Kurt giggled, dimples and all. He relaxed his fingers and smoothed down Blaine’s shirt, bumping their foreheads together gently.

“Yeah,” Blaine breathed, his heartbeat racing the fastest it had in his whole life. “Whoa.”

Chapter End Notes

WHOA this is the longest chapter yet and having so much going on! I hope ya'll have enjoyed it so far, and I'm so excited for what's to come! :) Thank you all so far for reading, I'm so thankful for all of you!
The moment he stepped foot in the choir room Monday afternoon, all eyes turned to him. Kurt stopped, quizzically staring back at all the Glee members. “Um...what’s up?”

Mercedes and Rachel shifted uncomfortably in their seat, giving uneasy glances to Finn and Sam. Mike started whistling to himself, casually draping an arm over Tina’s shoulders. Quinn was conveniently distracted by examining her fingernails. Puck looked down at the floor and then back to Santana, who was giving Kurt a smug grin. Brittany was chewing bubblegum and waved to Kurt happily.

“Uh, nothing--” Rachel started, until Mr. Schue walked in and right away asked Kurt to take a seat, quickly getting down to business on this week’s lesson.

While Mr. Schue rattled on about the genre they were covering and handed out sheet music, Kurt crossed his arms and narrowed his eyes over at Mercedes, whispering, “What was that all about?”

She bit down on her lip, not meeting his eyes. “I’ll tell you after practice.”

Which was over sooner than both expected.

The others filed out, being very obvious about not paying attention to Kurt at all. He was beginning to get irritated, so when it was just him and Mercedes left, he stood up as she did, grabbed her wrist and demanded, “Seriously, what happened?”

She sucked in a breath and shuffled on her feet, glancing back at the door like she was hoping for back-up. “Well...there are rumors going around...”

His throat tightened. “Rumors?”

Nodding, her brown eyes looked up at his, almost nervously. “Yeah...um, Jacob Ben Israel was talking about it this morning. How he saw you hanging out in Westerville Saturday with...Anderson? Like at a drive-in movie and all that. He said he was there with his mom and just...caught you two in Anderson’s truck or something? And then people started talking...about you two being soulmates...”

Kurt’s worst fears were coming true. He was frozen, unable to move or breathe. Mercedes was still staring at him, waiting for an explanation for this.

“Well...Jewfro is always spreading lies to get a sliver of attention, we all know that,” he tried, careful to keep his voice steady.

“But what were you doing Saturday? Because Finn said he thought you went to movies with me...”

The hole he was digging himself just kept getting bigger. “I was...shopping,” Kurt said.

“Shopping?”

“Yeah, with my birthday money.”

“On a Saturday night?”
“Yes!”

Her face screamed she was utterly unconvinced. Mercedes tightened her mouth, put her hands on her hips and said, “Then why the hell won’t you show your soulmate’s name, still?”

He sighed, exasperated. “I told you, it’s a personal choice—”

“Since when?” she asked, throwing a hand up and staring at him in disbelief. “Honey, you’ve been talking about how excited you were for months, and how you promised to tell us, and then suddenly the day after it’s like you’re a different person!”

“It’s…”

Mercedes’ face fell. “I thought I was your best friend.”

“You are!” Kurt said quickly. “But…I can’t—”

“Why not?”

“It’s…personal—”

“You’re lying, and I’m starting to think it’s because you don’t like the name that’s on there.”

“No, I do!” Kurt protested, taken aback by himself on how true that statement was.

She pursed her lips in the very ‘done-with-your-bullshit’ Mercedes way. “So what’s going on?”

He hesitated, coming to terms on what had to be done here. Exhaling, he rubbed his eyes and said softly, making sure not even potential hallway eavesdroppers could hear, “Listen, if I tell you…you have to swear on your life not to tell anyone.”

She raised her eyebrows, relaxing her arms. “Okay, I won’t.”

“Like, no one, ‘Cedes,” he said firmly. “Not Finn, not Rachel, not even Sam…absolutely no one.”

Mercedes placed a hand over her heart. “Kurt, I promise.”

Kurt kept her gaze for a second more before giving in, undoing his white, right hand glove and peeling it off, feeling Mercedes watch his every movement.

Taking a long, deep breath, Kurt thrust his hand out, showing his undeniable soulmate’s name.

It was a beat, and then Mercedes gasped.

“Oh my god.”

“I know…”

“Oh my GOD.”

“Mercedes, I know—”

She was still gaping at him as he tugged the glove back on. “Anderson is actually your soulmate!”

“Yes!” he nodded again, feeling this was already established clearly.

She placed a hand over her mouth, still wide-eyed. “Oh. My. God,” she said, muffled. Mercedes
dropped her hand, still gawking. “Wait, does he know?”

“Yeah, we've talked…” Kurt said, trailing off and eyeing the door, where it still stood half-opened. Thankfully, no signs of students could be seen wandering about.

“Wait, talked?” she asked.

“Like...ugh, okay, we've hung out a little,” Kurt confessed.

“Hung out?” Mercedes dropped jaw turned into a smirk. “Or… ‘hung out?’”

“No!” But his high blush told her otherwise.

She chuckled, mostly to herself. “Oh my god...this is...I don’t even know. Wait, how much have you hung out?”

He thought for a moment. “Like, twice?”

Mercedes frowned. “You've hung out twice?”

“Yeah, Friday and Saturday…” he mumbled, realizing they were back at square one.

She gasped again, louder and with a squeal. “Oh my god, Kurt! So what Jewfro said was true!”

“Okay, yes, sort of.” He pointed a finger at her. “But it was completely innocent!”

“Oh?” she quirked an eyebrow, seeing how the blush was spreading to his ears.

“Yes.”

Mercedes kept back her smirk as long as she could, studying him up and down before deciding, “You two totally made out.”

Kurt’s scandalized jaw-drop was enough for her to let out a cackle. She eventually sighed, linking her arm in his and leading them towards the door, ignoring his stuttering attempts to protest. Smiling, she shook her head up at him. “Oh, sweet Jesus...what has this badass rebel done to my sweet, virgin, white boy…”

Blaine was relaxing next the school’s front doors, enjoying his few more minutes of freedom. The Glee kids had passed him a few minutes ago, each very deliberately avoiding his presence or even shaking their heads in disapproval at him—which wasn’t anything new, but for some reason the looks in their eyes seemed suspicious…

A slamming of a door down the hall snapped his head up. He could see the unmistakable figure of Kurt exiting the choir room, sporting a striped shirt with a neckline exposing his collarbone, skin-tight pants as always, and high black boots. His arm was linked with a shorter girl he recalled as Mercedes, wearing a bright pink top with a zebra-print heart in the center and a sparkly headband on her wavy, dark hair.

Blaine immediately looked down at his shoes, but the girl’s voice echoed down the empty hall, “Hiya Blaine!”

He slowly glanced up, wondering if he was imagining things, because next to no one at this school called him by his first name. Yet, there she was, wiggling her fingers in his direction and grinning cheekily as they approached, Kurt muttering, “Shut up, ‘Cedes!” at her.
“Uh…” he blanked, not sure the right way to respond.

She only giggled, stopping in front of him and smiling up at Kurt. “You want me to leave you two alone?”

“What?” they asked simultaneously, Blaine bug-eyed and Kurt’s cheeks flaming up instantly.

Mercedes giggled again, unhooking her arm from Kurt’s and strutting out the exit. “See you tomorrow, boys!”

Kurt groaned and buried his face in his hands. Blaine, however, was growing more confused by the second, and whipped over at Kurt. “You wanna fill me in on what that was all about?”

Kurt peeked up at him through his long, gloved fingers. “I, uh, might have told her about…our soulmate ordeal.”

“You what?!”

“Listen, she’s my best friend, I couldn’t keep it from her forever!” Kurt defended.

Blaine was still staring at him like he had just dropped a nuclear bomb—which wasn’t far from the reality. “We had a deal not to tell anyone, remember? In fact, you were the one who fucking suggested it—”

“She won’t tell anyone, trust me!”

Blaine let out a noise of frustration, rolling his eyes to the ceiling and thudding his head back against the wall.

He heard Kurt take a breath and ask in a calmer tone, “Wait…what are you even doing here? School’s over”

“Yeah, well, I kind of have to make up a detention since word traveled back that it was I who spray-painted the auditorium’s doors,” Blaine muttered, looking back at Kurt and shrugging.

Kurt only nodded, rocking on his feet and hugging his arms, keeping his gaze on the floor.

Suddenly, Blaine felt a bit guilty for the blow up. It wasn’t exactly how he pictured their first conversation after that epic kiss…

God, that kiss, which left him lying in bed with an uncharacteristically goofy smile on his face all night, ignoring his parents screaming at each other downstairs, and having his mind spin on Christ, what is happening? All while also thinking holy fuck who cares I want to kiss him again and again forever…

“Sorry,” Blaine finally said, feeling a bit odd since this was probably the first time he uttered that word and actually fully meant it. “I mean, I’d much rather have her know than Berry or whatever.”

Kurt cracked a smile, swaying in place. “It’s alright, I guess I’d be pissed too if you told someone as well.”

Blaine huffed out a laugh, biting a side of his lip when Kurt joined in. It was soon back to them in comfortable silence when Kurt piped up and asked, “So, what are your summer plans?” He had this sort of hopeful look in his eyes, Blaine wondered what he was really asking.

Shrugging again, he said, “I dunno, I usually spend most of my time in Westerville, hanging out with
friends from my old school.”

“Oh,” was all Kurt said, his saddening expression only telling Blaine that he had said the wrong thing.

“Well, I mean, now I actually have a reason to stay here,” he added truthfully, shooting Kurt a flirty, crooked grin and nudging their toes together. A faint blush crept on to Kurt’s cheeks and he was smiling again, his dimples just beginning to show when a when another slam of a door rang across the walls.

They both jumped--Kurt stepping back a few inches--and turned to see Coach Sylvester looking like the devil herself in her red tracksuit and cruel, narrowed eyes. She yelled through her megaphone, even though it was unnecessary, “Anderson! Get your ass over here, your detention started,” she checked her watch, “Forty seconds ago! Do you wanna be in summer school?”

Blaine groaned, straightening up and yelling back, “Not really, Coach!”

“That’s what I thought, now c’mon! I've got cheerleading trophies needing to be polished!” And just like that, she slammed her office door back shut again.

The two boys sighed together, Blaine looking over apologetically at Kurt. “I've got to go…”

“Yeah, no, it’s fine,” said Kurt, backing towards the door.

“Um…” Fuck, Blaine felt his own cheeks heat up, and he wasn't sure why. “Text me?”

Kurt nodded quickly, his smile returning. “Promise.” He pushed open the door and left, leaving Blaine by himself again but feeling somehow, not as alone.

By the end of the week, Mercedes had successfully spread the word that Jacob Ben Israel was an attention seeking whore and Kurt was definitely not with Blaine Saturday, nor were they soulmates. The student body believed her more than the nerdy blogger, so by Friday the gossip had died down completely.

Even though they had texted plentifully this week, Kurt had hoped he and Blaine would've had another conversation before the last day of school, which was that Friday. Sure, all day he was distracted by surrounding friends saying how the year went by so fast but still totally memorable.

“Yes, prom was fabulous,” Rachel said at the cramped lunch table that day, making big, doe-eyes up at Finn. “And completely romantic.”

The Cheerios next to her agreed and went on to talk about the dresses they wanted to wear their Senior year. Mercedes turned to Kurt, swirling her applesauce with a spoon. “Maybe next year you’ll actually go instead of staying home and watching The Notebook by yourself?”

He nodded, too busy craning his head over the crowded cafeteria to pay attention. “Uh-huh,” he replied, scanning the back corner where a certain curly-haired, tattooed-arm boy always sat. Today, however, the table was empty.

“He skipped,” he heard Mercedes whisper. Thankfully, the obnoxious cheerleaders mixed with Rachel was loud enough that no one else heard. “He wasn’t in my Chem class like usual.”

Kurt shrunk back down in his seat. “That’s okay.”

Mercedes tilted her head. “Aren't you two gonna… ‘hang out’ during the summer?”
After giving her a pointed look, Kurt sighed, “I don’t know, we haven’t got around talking about it.”

“Well, do you want to?”

Kurt nodded only to her, vigorously and certain. She smiled, and then trying to hide it when she turned back to the rest of their table. In a way, Kurt was almost glad he’d shared with Mercedes about Blaine, because now he had someone to explode to with every thought and emotion he had towards his rebel soulmate.

Chapter End Notes

There you have it, chapter 6! A bit shorter, but more is to come! I'm hoping the next one will be soon, so stay tuned :D also, thank you THANK YOU to all those who've read, subscribed, and commented. I smile like an idiot reading your thoughts, so thank you so much!
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

“Do you want to hang out?”

Two minutes later, a reply from Blaine, “I cant today”

Kurt frowned, sitting up from where he had been lounging on the living room couch. The air conditioner was on full blast this first week of summer vacation, and while it was still cooler inside than out, Kurt simply wore his blue shorts and thin, gray Wicked t-shirt.

“Aw :(" was his first response.

And then he sent, “Are you free tomorrow?”

In which he waited five minutes for a short, “Idk”

Exhaling out of frustration, Kurt fell backwards to his previous position, just as his Carole entered the room. “How’s it going, sweetie?”

“Bored,” Kurt declared, tossing his phone to his feet, where it bounced between and landed upside-down on the cushion. “Tired.”

“You could always help Finn in the shop!” she offered cheerfully as she made her way to the kitchen.

“Gross, it’s like a hundred degrees in there,” he muttered, bringing his arms over his eyes. If Blaine would cooperate, he would’ve been out of the house by now hopefully receiving kisses galore.

She chuckled, returning and nudging his foot to get his attention. Kurt peeked his eyes open, seeing her with two cold glasses of lemonade and handing one to him. “Well, I hope you find something to do.”

He thanked her, grumpily propping himself up on a throw pillow and sipping his drink, definitely not thinking about the name under his absurdly large band-aid.

Blaine sat on the cold, wooden floor in his bedroom, leaning his back against the foot of his bed. His knees pulled up to his chest and tasting blood when he swallowed. Still, he ignored it and tapped away on his phone, “You wanna hang out tomorrow?”

Kurt texted back right away, even though it was one thirty in the morning. “Oh, sorry :( me and rachel already have plans”

Blaine tugged his bottom lip--a big mistake since that just opened the cut even more--and replied, crushed, “Thats ok. Some other time?”

“Yeah, absolutely!”

He nodded to himself, feeling somewhat satisfied with that answer. Snapping his phone shut, Blaine closed his eyes and rested his throbbing head against the bed frame, his mind gradually going tranquil with the knowledge that he’ll be seeing Kurt soon, and everything will be all right again.
It was exactly three days later when when Blaine’s reply was, “Yep, im free! Where do you wanna meet up?”

And of course, over three days Kurt had plenty of time to think of the perfect spot.

Kurt even thought he would arrive there early, but as he parked his car in the sun-baked lot, he saw the familiar motorcycle and boy lounging next to it— for the first time since Kurt can remember without his signature leather jacket. In fact, Blaine was only wearing a black tee and faded blue jeans, looking oddly endearing for being so casual.

“Hey, stranger!” Kurt called after he slammed his door shut, striding over to Blaine. He himself had a blue-and-white striped tank top on and his favorite summertime khaki shorts. He carried a cooler in one hand and waved with the other one. Blaine hurried over faster, a wide smile stretching across his face and arms reaching to wrap around Kurt’s waist before kissing him enthusiastically, knocking Kurt’s breath away.

“Whoa, hello,” Kurt said, pulling away and grinning giddily. “You wasted no time, I see.”

“Yeah, and I’m about to do it again.” Blaine’s eyelids lowered before lunging for a second kiss.

Kurt hummed, pressing back and soon having to be the first to pull back again to say, “Okay, at least let us get into the park.”

“Of course.” Blaine winked and twined their hands together, allowing Kurt to lead them in the grassy field. “Very romantic, might I add. Having us meet at the park of our first burger date.”

“Are you suggesting that there will be more burger dates in the future?”

“I’m suggesting that it’s very possible.”

Kurt threw his head back and laughed, his voice echoing across the opened area. Then his smile faded once he came across the thought that, More dates equals boyfriends. And we’re definitely not that. We can’t be, remember? Oh, dammit, you better talk to him about that before he gets any ideas…

“Also, just an innocent question, but what’s in the cooler?” Blaine asked, stopping once Kurt did and sitting down cross-legged beside him in the grass.

Remaining silent, Kurt gave him a coy smile and opened the blue lid, revealing—

“Wow, canned lemonade? I’m swooning!”

“Oh, shut up and drink your beverage.”

Their bodies naturally floated to one another this time around. Blaine’s right hand was propping himself up behind him, while his other leg was pressed against Kurt’s hip. Kurt was facing Blaine rather closely, his left palm reaching across Blaine’s middle to balance on the other side.

“What have you been up to lately?” asked Kurt, sipping his drink.

Blaine lifted a shoulder, answering casually, “Nothing really…”

“Wait, did you cut your lip?” Kurt interrupted, staring at Blaine worriedly.

Blaine stiffened, pursing his lips inward as if that would hide the evidence. “Um. Yeah. I tripped,
don’t worry about it.”

Kurt twisted his mouth, not entirely convinced, but continued drinking his lemonade nonetheless.

The afternoon sun made its way across the bright blue sky, and the two boys had slipped into their own little world of carefree, Kurt laughing musically at Blaine’s story while their empty lemonade cans remained abandoned to the side.

“Wow, and that’s how you were banned from Arby’s?”

Blaine nodded, smiling proudly. “I told you, they shouldn’t have trusted me with fireworks.”

Kurt only laughed harder. “You’re unbelievable. Okay, next question.”

“Shoot.” They were close enough now that arms bumped each other’s, and Blaine’s fingers were idly trailing up to skim Kurt’s arm. Kurt shivered slightly, but said nothing about it.

“Okay, why did you get an anchor tattoo?”

The question took Blaine aback. “What?”

A slender finger pointed at Blaine’s right wrist. “Yeah, I’ve never seen it since your jacket sleeve always covered it,” Kurt continued. “It’s nice, but is there any meaning? Or did you just think it looked pretty?”

Blaine gave him a look. “Actually, yes, there is a story. Most of my tattoos have one.”

“Ooo.” Kurt scooted himself back a bit, allowing Blaine to sit straight as well and show off the inside of his wrist for the two of them to see. The anchor design was only an outline, with a rope swirling around it.

“Well, it was actually my first tattoo and the reasoning is a bit cheesy…” Blaine started, flushing lightly at the cheeks. He glanced at Kurt sheepishly before continuing. “Like, I just needed an anchor in my life to keep me grounded at fifteen and...so I got a literal anchor tattoo.” His smile went crooked. “Cheesy, I told you.”

“No, it’s sweet,” Kurt assured, honestly.

Before he could get too embarrassed again, Blaine continued on by pushing up his t-shirt’s sleeve. “Um, this one my brother Cooper paid for as a sixteenth birthday present,” he explained, this tattoo covering his shoulder muscles in a design of thick, black lines that sharply coiled around one another.

Kurt nodded slowly, catching his mouth was parted and shut it quickly. Hopefully Blaine hadn’t noticed.

“Aaaannd this one,” Blaine went on, rolling up the other sleeve to show a cracked skull bearing a mean expression on his opposite shoulder, “I got on my friend Nick’s sixteenth birthday as a dare.”

Kurt raised a brow. “You were dared to get a skull tattoo?”

“Yes!” Blaine answered cheerfully, moving on to the next one. He hiked his shirt up far enough and twisted around, showing Kurt a black symbol on his back’s upper left corner.

Kurt studied it. “Is that like a Chinese letter?” he asked, keeping his eyes fixed on that instead of the fact that Blaine’s gorgeous, bare back muscles were right there in front of him.
“Yeah, it means ‘courage,’” Blaine said, tugging his shirt back down and facing Kurt again.

“How do you know it doesn't say, like, ‘tomato?’” Kurt joked.

Blaine stuck out his tongue. “Ha ha, but believe it or not, I doubled checked and yes, it legit says ‘courage.’”

Bringing his knees up and resting his hands and then his chin on them, Kurt gazed at him with big, curious eyes. “And why did you pick that, Mr. Anderson?”

His soulmate shrugged, probably out of habit. “Dunno,” Blaine said, glancing down at the grass. He grasped a few blades between his fingers and yanking them out of their roots. “I liked the idea of always having courage, even in an inked way.”

Kurt only nodded, the corners of his mouth hinting a smile.

Blaine brushed it off and continued on. He brought down the collar of his shirt as far as it allowed, exposing the part of his chest over his heart, where he had the tattoo of--

“Oh!” Kurt scurried so he was sitting on his calves, smiling fondly. “Two little blackbirds!”

Blaine chuckled and also looked down at the pair of silhouetted birds in flight over his heart. “Yeah, this one’s...kind of my favorite.”

“Why’s that?” Kurt asked, absently hovering his fingers over the design.

Blaine inhaled deeply. “I...I'm not really sure, to be honest.” Then he smirked up at Kurt, releasing his shirt to normal and leaning forward. “But I think my new tat might’ve beat it.”

“What?” But Kurt’s question was soon explained as Blaine lifted up his right hand, where Kurt’s name could be clearly seen on his skin.

“See? You’re now part of my collection!” Blaine grinned, toothily and proud.

Kurt’s chest swelled with an emotion he couldn't place a finger on. “You’re very sweet,” he said again.

“And you’re very cute,” Blaine added, bracing his hands on the grass either side of Kurt, his eyelids lowering with desire. “In my personal opinion, you should wear tank tops more often.”

“Oh really?” Kurt giggled, a high blush rising on his cheekbones as Blaine continued nearer, his breath brushing Kurt’s face, tickling his nose.

Blaine hummed happily, closing the space between them. Kurt’s eyes instantly slipped shut, an arm reaching up to drape around Blaine’s shoulders, pressing them closer and closer while their lips slid smoothly together. Nothing but the sound of crickets filling the air and warm skin under fingertips.

Even though they weren’t “dating,” he reminded himself, that didn't mean there was no harm in kissing. In which they both could agree they greatly enjoyed.

“We can’t be boyfriends, Mercedes. It’s as simple as that.”

Mercedes made a sad, half-smile and finished scooping out the last bit of her ice cream. It was a Thursday night, and Kurt and her were laying on their stomachs atop her bed, wearing pajamas and having the AC turned up to the max with Parks and Recreation playing on her TV.
“But...after what your guys’ ‘hanging out’ has resulted to…” she said slowly. “I figured, well, you *might’ve* liked him--”

“I...do,” Kurt admitted, scraping his spoon back and forth on the bottom of his empty bowl. “But...it’s complicated, and you know it.”

“Yeah,” she sighed. “I know.”

“Because, if we were, you know, an actual thing…” he continued, mostly for himself. “All the work the Glee club has done to get actual popularity in this school would be ruined.”

“Mhmm,” she agreed.

“Plus, I’m pretty sure Rachel would disown me as a friend.”

Mercedes snorted, ducking her head. “She would *not*--”

“Ohhh but she would.” He chuckled along with her, staring back at the screen as Leslie freaked out over meeting the First Lady. “And you know Finn and Puck would never speak to me again. They all hate him, ‘Cedes--”

“Yeah, but,” she shifted, propping herself on an elbow so she could properly look at him. “That shouldn’t matter. He’s your soulmate, Kurt. You should be with him, loud and proud!”

He burst out laughing, shaking his head slightly. “Oh my god, I shouldn't have took that wrong but I did.”

“Pervert!” Mercedes nudged his elbow and situated to her previous position. “But...while we’re on that subject...have you...?” She waggled her eyebrows.

“What? No!” Kurt said quickly, his eyes widening in horror. “Just kissing, trust me!”

She smirked at her bowl. “Hmmm...but how *much* kissing--?”

“Oh wow, who’s being the pervert now?”

“I’m not perverted! It was just a curious question from a curious friend--hey, don’t push me!”

She squealed again as Kurt tried to nudge her off the bed, only to have her full-force shove him to the side. He was almost knocked him to the ground in a heap, close to taking the comforter with him, both of them falling in a fit of giggles and forget the more pressing matters at hand.

“Your seventeenth birthday was last April,” said Blaine’s mother first thing that morning.

Blaine’s head snapped up from where he was focused tying his shoelaces at one of the kitchen’s rusted chairs. Maria was standing across from him, wearing her dirty pink bathrobe and leaning her hips against one of the many stained counter tops, arms crossed and the coffeepot humming behind her. She was staring at her son with lowered eyebrows, but didn't seem angry. Then again, she rarely showed any emotion at all.

“Yeah, thanks for noticing,” Blaine snapped back, glancing at the clock above the oven. Kurt had texted him early that morning, informing that his parents would be out of town for the day and Finn would be over at Rachel’s, therefore allowing Blaine to finally come over and hang out at his house (“*Just give me some time to finish my chores!*” Kurt had added.)
She drummed her fingernails against her arm, studying him up and down until finally her eyes rested on where those bandages were wrapped around his hand. “So who’s your soulmate?”

Blaine tensed, his fingers freezing in mid-air, the laces of his shoes still between them. He could lie. He always lied to her. It was easy, she barely cared anyway.

“I didn’t get one.”

He saw her frown, dry lips forming more wrinkles on her skin. “Then what’s with the cover-up?” Maria coughed harshly, bringing her wrist to her mouth, and then turning around as her coffeepot beeped, signalling it was done.

“Look, I’m late,” he said, brushing her off and starting towards the door. No way was he going to deal with this now, of all times.

She croaked, her voice strained after years of tobacco, “I won’t mention it your father if you don’t.”

That got his attention. Blaine’s hand hovered above the door handle, praying to whatever force that his mother didn’t mean what he thought she meant--

“Tell him I say hi, at least,” she mumbled, sounding almost bitter as the sound of liquid could be heard pouring into a mug.

And just like that, Blaine was out of the door with a slam.

The sun was beating down on Blaine’s neck as he drove his bike down the road, passing houses in much better shape than in his part of the neighborhood. He reminded himself that it would be warmer if he had worn his leather jacket instead of just his usual plain, black v-neck. Besides, by not wearing it showed off his tattoos...and Kurt seemed to like them…

Speaking of which, he found himself turning on Kurt’s road, the houses looking crisp and clean like all the others. Immediately Blaine’s vision tunneled in on a someone mowing their front lawn, shirtless.

Someone wearing khaki shorts and having flawless pale skin and a few strands of chestnut brown hair falling from its coif style, clinging on his forehead from sweat--

Wait.

Blaine’s felt his mouth fall open.

Because that gorgeous person was Kurt, pushing the lawnmower which flexed his arm muscles Blaine wasn’t aware existed but sure as hell glad they did. A sheet of sweat glistened across his collarbone and broad shoulders. Trailing down you could see how toned his abs were and how a thin line of underwear peaked out under his shorts.

It was like he was mesmerized, everything else in the world dissipating away because of that was all pointless compared to the sight of Kurt shirtless and sweating and Blaine was practically drooling…

Almost in a haze, he saw Kurt had raised his head up at him, smile at the sight of him and was beginning to lift a hand to wave. Then his eyes widened and he shouted, “Blaine, look out!”

_Huh?_ Reality snapped back to normal speed and Blaine realized he was still on a moving motorcycle. A moving motorcycle heading straight to a fire hydrant.
“OHSHT!” He whipped the handle, swerving sharply to the left and just missing the hydrant by an inch, the tires skidding on the concrete as he braked to a halt.

“Are you okay?” Kurt called, turning the mower off and getting ready to rush over but Blaine somehow was already off his bike, leaving it lean against the hydrant and going over to Kurt in a trance, as if Kurt was this beacon and he was getting helplessly pulled in.

“Mhmm,” Blaine answered intelligently, not sure whether to fix his gaze on Kurt’s chest or abs or arms or shoulders or even legs, holy shit. Thankfully Kurt made the first move, bringing him back to the present yet again while linking his hands around Blaine’s neck.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Kurt teased, grinning in a way which peeked out his teeth.

Blaine nodded once, his throat going dry and fingers itching to cover all the skin in front of him, memorize and worship every inch of it. Instead, his brain could only make him lean his head forward and aim for Kurt’s mouth, because even in this daze he knew he desperately wanted to kiss him.

Kurt giggled, pushing him away slightly. “How about we go inside first, tiger? It’s too hot out here.”

“Yeah...hot,” Blaine breathed, nodded, letting Kurt twine their hands and lead him inside, his feet tripping over one another while his thoughts raced on other things.

“Sorry for the state I’m in--omph!” Kurt smiled in surprise, relaxing back against Blaine’s lips the moment they entered his bedroom doorway. Blaine brought a hand up to cup behind his neck and one around his waist, pressing their bodies closer together as he backed Kurt up against the foot of his bed.

“God, look at you,” said Blaine once they separated, his lips still a breath away from Kurt’s and his voice lowering, almost raspy. Kurt’s stomach fluttered as heat prickled up to his face.

Blaine dived in for a kiss again, open-mouthed and completely capturing Kurt’s. Kurt moaned in surprise, linking his hands around Blaine’s shoulders. He was being pushed backwards onto his bed, and just when his heart skipped a beat with that realization--that he was on a bed wearing nothing but his casual shorts with his soulmate--Blaine was hovering over and kissing him again, hot and hungry.

When Blaine did pull away, both of them gasping for air, Kurt got a second to see how dark the other boy’s eyes had become before lips were kissing the corner of his mouth, his cheek and then down his jaw.

“O-oh, that’s new,” Kurt said, his breath catching while he clutched Blaine’s shoulders, grasping his fingers into his black shirt while the other boy’s mouth trailed down from his jaw to neck and nipping slightly at a surprisingly sensitive spot under his ear.

Kurt bit down on his lip, stifling back a whimper as a hand went flying to the back of Blaine’s neck, finding short curls to hang on to. His body writhed as heated, twisted arousal made its way in his stomach while Blaine continued on that spot, sucking harder and snaking a splayed hand under Kurt to hold him against his clothed chest, the other one reaching to card in his still sweat-damp hair.

“Hey, no h-ickeys. I can’t wear scarves during the s-summer,” Kurt faltered, his eyes fluttering shut in pleasure. Blaine had moved down to his collarbone, pressing soft, wet kisses there while also sending heated tingles throughout Kurt’s body.

Kurt exhaled once, his mind spinning out of focus on the logic of what on earth was happening? and
how did this exactly happen? But the way Blaine’s lips were skimming his collarbone and edging down to his sternum, his thumb reaching up to brush against a peaked nipple, causing Kurt to bite his lip down harder and grin in delight.

He did, however, open his eyes to the view of the ceiling as a sensation of needy lips could be felt sending shivers from his abdomen and lower down by his belly button and then even lower than that--

He stiffened, every single sense of him snapped at once. “W-whoawhoawhoatere!” Kurt panicked, scrambling away in a flash and hitting his back against his headboard. His palms were up away from him, his knees bent and pressed together with a look of alarm covering his face.

Blaine stared at him, frozen and wide-eyed. His hair somewhat disheveled (no thanks to Kurt) while his elbows were bracing him up on Kurt’s comforter. “What’s wrong? Did I do something wrong?” he asked, hurrying up to his knees and having such sincere look of worry and confusion that it made Kurt turn a cherry-red.

“No, no, I just...I’m not--” He groaned, burying his face in his hands in hope to hide his embarrassment. He could feel Blaine placing a comforting hand on his knee and other to wrap around his wrist to slowly uncover his face.

“Shit, Kurt, I’m so sorry, I didn’t...I should’ve…”

“No, it’s just, oh my god. Okay, I’ve never--”

“I just got carried away. I mean, you looked really hot--”

“And I freaked out and--wait did you just call me ‘hot?’”

Now it was Blaine’s turn to blush, and Kurt had to admit he looked pretty adorable doing so. The other boy shrugged like how he always did when he seemed to be at a lost for words and glanced down to where he was still holding Kurt’s wrist, but now their hands somehow naturally intertwined with one another’s.

Kurt took a deep breath, still too humiliated to meet Blaine’s eyes. “I know this sounds silly, but...I’m not really...um...ready for that kind of stuff yet.” He ended it with a mumble, his face burning and pretty certain the blush had traveled down to his bare neck by now.

Blaine nodded. “It’s not silly. That’s perfectly okay, I should’ve asked...fuck, I’m so sorry--”

Kurt giggled a breathy laugh, relieved to let out some tension. “I know, you don’t need to keep apologizing.”

“But I am! I really am!”

“I know,” he repeated, cracking a crooked smile and bringing their linked hands up to rest between them. He stroked Blaine’s scratched knuckles with the pad of his thumb, his heartbeat finally slowing down and body cooling off. They remained in a state of silence until Kurt spoke up again, clearing his throat first.

“I, uh, I kind of want to talk to you about something...since you’re here.”

He felt Blaine tense and brought his eyes up to see a flare of panic rise in Blaine’s expression. “It’s nothing bad!” Kurt clarified. “It’s just something I needed to...clear up.”
“Okay,” Blaine said, swallowing and settling so he was cross-legged.

Kurt situated himself too so he was mirroring Blaine, crossing one leg under another and squeezing their hands a little. “Um...I know all this kissing stuff is...fun and awesome--”

“Oh, it’s more than awesome,” Blaine added, flashing a cheeky smile.

Kurt laughed, for a moment his chest feeling lighter. “Yes, okay. But...you do know that, like, as of right now we can’t really...be...” The blush was threatening to return, and Kurt ducked his head out of habit.

“But...you know that, like, as of right now we can’t really...be...”

“Can’t really be...?”

“We can’t actually, you know, be...boyfriends.”

Blaine’s eyebrows shot up. “Oh. Because of your friends, right?”

“Yes, and the politics are too messy and then what you said about your dad and my own dad will want to meet you and no offense but he’s going to take one look at you and probably forbid me from ever seeing you again--”

“Kurt?”

“Yeah?”

Blaine grinned. “You’re rambling.”

Kurt caught his breath, trying not to laugh again out of nervousness, even though not a month ago the very idea of Blaine making him nervous was inconceivable. “Oh, sorry.”

“Hey, listen,” Blaine said, his tone serious. “As much as I would love to be honored as your boyfriend--and yes, I would love to--whatever you want to do is fine. If you want to just continue this, where we hang out and maybe even make-out, that’s fine by me.”

As his shoulders relaxed, Kurt let out a sigh of ease. For whatever thoughts that Blaine would be completely against his requests had gone out the window. “Thank you...and obviously I also would love to date you but when everyone finds out it’s gonna be too sticky--”

“Wait, is it?”

Kurt blinked. “Huh?”

Blaine shifted, moving a bit closer to him. Light bulbs were turning on in his brain, Kurt could see it. “I mean...we wouldn't have to tell anyone, do we?”

“I...” Kurt trailed off, the proposal sinking in his mind. He liked and cared for Blaine, and to be an actual boyfriend with someone who liked and cared for him back in the same way would be incredible. But Blaine’s reputation and status was still there, and they couldn’t just casually go to the Lima Bean together for dates for risk of any peers seeing them...

By the way Blaine was looking at him, he figured none of that mattered to him. Nothing except being with Kurt seemed to matter to him. Kurt’s head was slowly nodding, a grin creeping on his face, crinkling his eyes. “Yeah...no we don’t!” He was nodding vigorously now, excitement bubbling in his chest.

Blaine giggled--badass Blaine Anderson actually giggled. “So that’s a yes?”
Kurt closed his lips, as if that would stop his smiling, and nodded again. Blaine reached up, placing both hands to frame Kurt’s face and kissed him deeply, pressing both of their thrilled smiles together.

It felt rebellious, it felt fearless. In a million years Kurt would have never pictured himself feeling this towards his first boyfriend, his soulmate. Yet, through all the giddiness and quickened heartbeats, it felt right.

Chapter End Notes

Woo, longest chapter yet! Shout-out to my very good friend who suggested the "shirtless Kurt mowing the lawn" scene :) Thank you to all who have reviewed and read and subscribed, I say it every time but I am truly thankful, so *mwah!*
June thirtieth marked the day of the Rachel Berry Summer Party Extravaganza. Her dads were out of town (“Finally! They wanted to go on a cruise for their anniversary! It’s perfect timing!”) the house was packed with food (“No, Puck, don’t bring beer!”) and Kurt felt as if every single student from their school had come.

It was originally meant to be just in her basement, where she had a stage with microphones and speakers at one end (“For karaoke, duh, Kurt!”) But after the jocks arrived, the party spread to all over her house: living room, kitchen, bedrooms, backyard. You name the location on the Berry property, people were there.

Kurt had seated himself on a shockingly empty couch in her not-so shockingly claustrophobic living room, a red solo cup with undrunk beer in one hand and his phone in the other. A few Cheerios were screaming to the blasting song at the top of their lungs, stripping off their shirts where they shimmied on top of Rachel’s grand piano. Some obviously drunk hockey jocks hooted at them. In the distance he could hear Tina laughing loudly, probably towards nothing--like how she always did when she was intoxicated.

A tipsy Cheerio squealed next to him, knocking into the couch and then stumbling away. He barely noticed, for he had been refreshing his text messages every other second.

Blaine (his boyfriend!!! The thought was still too unreal) had last texted him hours ago, wishing him fun at Rachel’s party. He had never said what he was going to do tonight, even though Kurt had asked at least twice. Kurt guessed maybe work on his bike or truck? He didn’t know if Blaine had any other hobbies.

The cushion dipped under him, lifting his eyes up for the first time. Mercedes had seated herself next to him, a sober grin on her face. In contrast to Rachel, who had embraced Puck’s beer and had become the life of the party, singing into one of the mics to a hardcore rap song she would have repelled at any other time, and having the student body cheer along.

“How you doin’, honey?” Mercedes half-shouted over the vibrating music. She eyed the full cup still in his hand. “Really? Why haven’t you drunk any?”

Kurt shrugged, setting it down on the end table, which was already scattered with empty solo cups. “Not in the mood to party, I suppose.”

It was after she caught his phone opened to his texts from Blaine she chuckled. “Oh, Kurt.”

“What?” he asked, tucking his phone into his tight pant pocket. His mood toward the party reflected in his outfit, wearing a plain gray patterned button up with sleeves rolled to his elbows and skinny jeans which matched quite nicely with his leather gloves. The marks Blaine left him thankfully disappeared from their outing two days ago, when they had agreed to be boyfriends, but in secret.

Which Kurt hadn’t told Mercedes, especially after her “It’s dumb, just be out and proud with each other!” speech.

“You reeeeeally like him,” she teased, poking his arm.
He opened his mouth to protest, but no snarky comeback could be conjured up. Instead he grumpily crossed his arms and leaned back against the couch, listening to his best friend giggle some more.

A blonde, ponytailed Cheerio approached them, wearing an over-sized shirt with a sloth graphic and really really short shorts, swaying a bit on her feet while reaching towards Kurt's abandoned cup. “Ooooo can I have this?” she asked, bearing a dopey smile as her green eyes widened excitedly.

Kurt shrugged, glad people at this party were too drunk to realize his blushing embarrassment from Mercedes’ previous words.

The girl giggled, chugging down the liquid in seconds before finishing it with a gasp, still smiling down at Kurt. “Thanks, hot stuff.” She winked, trying to walk away with her hips popping side-to-side, but stumbling and knocking into a shirtless Mike Chang, both of them giggling uncontrollably.

Kurt hadn’t even realized his mouth was hanging open when Mercedes snickered next to him. “Wow, your Blaine better watch out!”

“Shut up, Mercedes!” he hissed, still paranoid even though he was sure no one was paying the slightest attention. “Besides, she would have never said that before the Glee Club had become so popular.”

“True,” she said, her gaze drifting back to the chaotic party-goers.

Kurt watched them too, thinking back to his freshman year when he would’ve given anything to be apart of this group. These people, who were practically royalty at their school, bouncing wildly to the thumping music like idiots. Some were in various states of undress, like Mike and now Brittany, swinging her tank top over her head. Others were making out in the corners, and who knows how many others had disappeared to the empty bedrooms. It was a pandemonium of yelling and jumping under a dome of intoxication.

Now, he figured, being in the popular crowd isn’t as fun as he dreamed.

“I’m kind of surprised I haven’t seen Karofsky all night,” he stated, not looking over at Mercedes.

He heard her take in a small yet sharp breath. “Rachel would never allow him here, you know that--”

“She really doesn’t have control over that now, does she? Besides, I saw Azimio earlier.”

Mercedes made an “Oh” sound, both of them falling back into silence.

Eventually, he sighed, heaving himself to stand. “I’m going to get some water. You want anything?”

She smiled halfheartedly. “No, I’m good.”

Weaving between the dancing bodies wasn't too much trouble, but once Kurt arrived to the kitchen he had to deal with politely shoving a jock two feet taller than him and his girlfriend of whom his mouth was all over out of the way of the refrigerator. They shot him some annoyed glares, but said nothing. The moment he acquired a water bottle, his phone buzzed in his pocket.

His mouth grinned widely at once. Kurt almost dropped the drink trying to get it out of his pocket as quick as possible. It was indeed Blaine, just as he hoped, but he was calling him.

Now? He thought, pressing the green button and hurrying to get to a quieter area. “HELLO?” he yelled, passing the pounding speakers, setting the unopened water bottle on top.
“Jesus, are you trying to make me deaf, Kurt?” Blaine laughed on the other end.

Kurt smirked, even though Blaine couldn’t see. He had made it to the front door and pushed his way out, the cool summer night air a pleasant welcoming. Thankfully, there were no guests on the front lawn. “Sorry, I’m at a high-class high school party, remember?”

“Oh yes, sorry for disturbing you. If you want I could call later…?”

“No!” Kurt said quickly, not wanting Blaine to hang up and therefore forcing him to go back to that madhouse, which he could even see through the front windows. He spun around on the sidewalk, pressing his phone harder to his ear. “No, I want to talk to you. What’s up?”

Blaine seemed to hum before asking, “Well, I was about to ask you to join me for something much cooler than some popular-kids party, but if you’re having too fun I can leave you be—”

“If you abandon me to these imbeciles, I will do something horrible. I’ll slash your tires.”

Blaine barked out a laugh, something that left butterflies in Kurt’s belly, knowing he was the one causing that beautiful sound. “You drive a hard bargain. Okay, some of my Westerville friends are meeting up at Scandals. Wanna come?”

The name sounded familiar to Kurt, but he couldn't recall what exactly Scandals was. “Um, alright! Sounds fun!”

“Sweet! So I’ll pick you up, yeah?”

“Okay, but I’m at a Rachel’s, so—”

“I know where she lives!”

“I--how?!”

“Remember, I egged her house last year!”

Oh, yes, Kurt remembered now. That moment Rachel stormed into the choir room officially swearing Blaine Anderson as her enemy, and how they should all follow suit. It wasn’t that hard, considering Blaine had given Puck a black-eye not a week after he transferred and then dumped canned chili on the hood of Mr. Schue’s car.

Kurt texted Mercedes, explaining how he was leaving the party early. He had only just sent the message when a motorcycle engine could be heard revving down the street, and not moments later being pulled up to the curb.

“Hey, need a lift?” Blaine flirted, setting a foot on the ground to balance the bike. He wore a white, slightly stained tee and again, not his leather jacket. Kurt figured it was a thing in the summer, since it was probably too warm. Still, while the jacket fit Blaine snug in all the right places, he couldn’t complain about seeing those wonderfully tanned arms.

Kurt only stuck his tongue out at him and climbed onto the bike, accepting the helmet like last time and slipped it over his styled hair. He double checked to see if anyone was watching.

“What is Scandals, anyway?” Kurt asked over the starting engine, bringing his arms around his boyfriend’s torso and pressing his chest to his back, the feeling of content warming his veins.

Blaine looked over his shoulder, his face inches from Kurt’s now. Kurt had a fleeting thought of
Blaine giving him a kiss, forgetting that would be way riskier than the position he was in now. Grinning, Blaine answered, “The gay bar!” just before revving the bike once more and zipping back on to the road.

“Jenny, just try to remember what you saw,” Jacob Ben Israel said slowly to the Cheerio. “What did you see Kurt Hummel do?”

The girl swayed her head side-to-side, humming to herself and playing with the end of her shirt—an over-sized tee with a cartoon of a sloth on the front. Her eyes were unfocused as she stared at Jacob, her feet kicking back and forth under the piano bench. “He walked outside through the front door, silly.”

Jacob nodded from where he was sitting next to her. If only he had his recorder, he could finally prove his point and ruin those Glee kids lives for good. He was higher on the food chain before they scored their victory and suddenly became Mckinley’s number one. Now he was back as a target for dumpster-throwing, and he will not stand for it any longer.

In fact, Jenny better hurry up with her answer before anyone notices he’s not technically suppose to be here. But everyone’s too drunk to pay attention, so there’s still some time.

“Yeah, and I wanted to, you know, see where he was going. Since he’s pretty hot and has got a nice butt and stuff,” she continued.

Jacob rolled his eyes. “Whatever, get on with it.”

“Weeelllll...” She giggled, high-pitched and childish. “I saw through the window he was on his phone, and then that psycho guy, Anderson or whatever, came up on his bike and,” she giggled some more while Jacob was practically on the edge of seat. “And they took off! Together! How weird is that?”

Jacob only nodded again, a wicked grin growing across his face. This was it, this was the key to destroy Glee Club’s new reputation. He pushed his glasses up his nose and said to her, “Thank you, Jenny. I’ll make sure to credit you on my blog.”

The Cheerio was frowning now. “I never got to make out with him, though. But Quinn says he likes boys, so that’s a bummer.”

Well, he wasn’t going to let this chance go either. Jacob scooted closer to Jenny, lifting an arm to awkwardly drape over her shoulders. “Well, I’m here...if you want to, I dunno, make out or—”

“Ew,” she scoffed, scrunching her nose before standing and disappearing in the crowd, leaving Jacob alone and looking a tad pathetic, but holding delicious, dangerous information.

Blaine felt Kurt tense beside him. “Wait, how are we getting in? We’re underage!”

Flashing a smirk, Blaine replied, “Don’t worry, the bouncer owes me a favor.”

“Favor?” Kurt raised an eyebrow, tightening his grip on Blaine’s hand as they neared the entrance to Scandals.

He didn’t get the chance to answer, even though the response would’ve been kind of humiliating (he may or may not had hooked Robert up with one of his exes) since they had reached the doorway.
“Hey, Robbie!” Blaine waved, passing by the bouncer like it was nothing.

Robert ceased scratching his scraggily stubble and waved his flashlight in Blaine’s direction, smiling with rows of yellow teeth. Kurt made a polite wave back, but again Blaine could tell he was a bit uneased.

“You okay?” he asked as they stepped into the large room lit with deep purple and blue lighting with some eighties song vibrating out of the speaker.

Kurt nodded, chewing his bottom lip. “Yeah...I’m just, not used to this, I guess?” He laughed nervously to Blaine, glancing at the men hollering at the barstools or the ones grinding closely on the dancefloor.

Because he could, because this wasn’t a place where people would start talking, Blaine tugged Kurt close and pressed a sweet kiss to his mouth, stifling a surprised noise from Kurt’s throat.

Just as Blaine pulled back and was about to reassure his bright-eyed boyfriend, someone near the bar shouted, “Blaine! My boy!”

The two boys turned and saw the always-happy Nick, arms wide and hopping down from his stool. “What’s up?” The black-haired boy wrapped Blaine in a quick hug, temporarily separating him from Kurt, who Nick noticed soon enough. “Who’s this?” His friend didn’t hide scanning Kurt up and down, biting the corner of his lip and grinning.

Blaine cleared his throat, linking his and Kurt’s hands again. “This is Kurt…” Then he made a smug smile and brought up his right hand. “My soulmate.”

Just as Kurt gasped at Blaine, Nick’s jaw dropped. “No shit, man!” He laughed excitedly, calling over his shoulder. “Hey, Jeffy! Get your ass over here and check this out!”

Another boy emerged from the crowd at the bar, this one blonde and wearing a crookedly buttoned white shirt and loosened tie. Blaine greeted his other friend, showed off the Mark again, still feeling Kurt’s shocked glare still fixed on him.

They were led to the bar, Jeff warming up to Kurt quickly, introducing both him and Nick and complimenting Kurt’s hair. Kurt stuttered out a thanks, even though flush was rising to his cheeks. Blaine still held on to his hand, hoping he was serving as some sort of anchor to this new environment.

They were seated at the bar, their stools hip-to-hip, more of Blaine’s friends surrounding them and thumping him on the back, gazing at Kurt with the same wide-eyes Nick had. A few were genuinely shocked when they discovered the two were soulmates.


He didn’t need to clarify on what. Blaine tilted his head towards Kurt, whispering back with his lips brushing against the shell of Kurt’s ear. “Because I’m proud to be with you, and my friends aren’t as scary as your friends.” His smirk widened when Kurt shot him a pointed look.

“Are you sure? Because that Nick character has the same skull tattoo you do, except it’s on the back of his neck.”

“Nicholas is a fine citizen,” Blaine argued, turning up his nose and exaggerating an eye roll. “Just because he fell under peer pressure during Dalton fight club doesn’t mean--”

Blaine sat up straighter, not ashamed to brag, “Of course. That’s where I made friends with them.”

Now Kurt’s jaw dropped. “No way. You, in a dapper blazer?”

“Why, do you like a man in a uniform?” Blaine flirted, going in to nuzzle against the crook of Kurt’s neck, inhaling the faint smell of Kurt’s cologne just before he planned to find that sensitive spot that seemed to drive him crazy--

The other boy pulled back, this time being the one to smirk. He didn’t get time for a witty reply when Nick came up to Blaine’s back, throwing his hands on his shoulders. “Blainey, what’s up? Can I speak to you for a moment? Awesome. Be right back, Kurt! Just sit there and look cute!”

Kurt blinked in confusion, and without warning Blaine was dragged away. He shot Kurt an apologetic glance before Nick steered him away, past the dance floor to a darkened corner.

“Blaine’s soulmate, huh? I bet that’s a handful!”

Kurt’s head whipped to his other side, where the blonde-haired Jeff was seating himself. The boy slammed a half-finished beer bottle to the counter, grinning at Kurt.

Kurt opened his mouth, at a somewhat lost for words. It wasn’t like him to be speechless, he was smart mouthing bullies all through high school without hesitation. Perhaps it was because he actually wanted to impress these boys and not say something overly sarcastic. They were Blaine’s friends after all.

“It’s alright,” he managed to say.

Jeff nodded at his hand. “Why the gloves then?” He cocked an eyebrow before taking a swig of his drink, raising it with his right hand. A hand scrawled with the name, Nicholas Arthur Duval.

“Oh!” Kurt said without thinking. “Nick...that Nick is your soulmate?”

Jeff laughed, his wide smile showing dimples. “Yep. It was weird, because he had been my best friend for years before our seventeenth birthday. But, hey, your soulmate is suppose to be your best friend, right?”

Kurt thought about that for a moment, staring down at his folded hands on the counter top. Were he and Blaine best friends? They had only truly known each other for a couple months, jumping right into the boyfriend stage.

Breaking the ice, Jeff offered his bottle to Kurt, who politely declined. Jeff shrugged and finished it off, exhaling and thudding it back on the bar. “Anyway, why the gloves? Take them off, dude! It’s boiling in here!” He gestured at his own shirt, which although buttoned wrong, had the top three buttons undone, exposing a shiny, sweaty collarbone.

“Oh, I was at a party before and my friends...well see, Blaine has a reputation at our school,” explained Kurt, hoping Jeff would catch on.

And he must have, nodding with a knowing grin. “Yeah, he did at Dalton too. Did he tell you he once slept with three seniors all in the same night?”

“What?” Kurt’s eyes were wide and his face were definitely on fire now. He was thinking vandalizing and suspensions, pissing teachers and students off all at once.
“Oh, he didn’t.” Jeff at least looked a tad guilty now, glancing around for some sort of rescue. “Um, I mean it’s not a big deal--”

The heated air from the club was warming Kurt up fast. He slipped off his gloves and twisted them underneath his fingers, shaking his head to get that image Jeff set there out. “Rumors said he was kicked out of his last school…”

“Oh. Yeah. Dalton has a no-violence policy…Blaine broke it.”

Kurt nodded, swallowing. “Right.”

He could hear Jeff sigh and scoot closer to him. “Hey, Kurt. Don’t completely change your opinion on him because of that, okay? I mean, sure he can be an asshole and a manwhore and…anyway, underneath it all he’s a genuinely good guy.” A hand rested on Kurt’s shoulder, making him look up. “And trust me, I have never seen Blaine look at someone like they were the stars and moon.”

His heart had returned from the pit of Kurt’s stomach back to fluttering in his chest. “I--seriously?”

Jeff chuckled, as if it was obvious. “I’m one hundred percent serious. And just a heads up, you’ve got the exact same face when you look at him.”

“God damnit, Nick, what’s wrong? And let go of my arm, Christ!”

“Sorry, okay!” Nick replied, glancing around anxiously. They were at the darkly lit back wall, where it smelled like spilt alcohol and damp sweat. Couples usually hid back here away from the dance floor participants for a make-out or handjob. Blaine was sure that wasn’t the case here.

“Okay, listen,” Nick said in a hushed tone, even though they were alone. The nearest person was ten feet away, drunk as a sailor and cursing like one too. “Someone came into the bar and I thought I would give you a heads up since you brought your fucking soulmate here--”

“Well, excuse me, I wasn’t aware only certain gays were allowed,” Blaine snapped.

“Shut up.”

“Who came in?” he demanded.

“Blaine--” Nick warned, holding up his palms as if that would calm Blaine down.

“Who?!?”

The other boy sighed, shoving his hands in his crisp, blue jeans pockets. “Sebastian, alright?”

Blaine’s breath caught, and then a groan escaped his mouth. Since he couldn’t exactly punch anything near him, he turned and thudded his forehead against the wall, hard.

Of all people, why the guy who had totally screwed Blaine over (literally and figuratively) here now? If Sebastian saw Kurt, knew they were soulmates…the whole situation created a headache and churning in his stomach.

“What are you gonna do?” Nick finally asked.

“Um, I’m getting the fuck out of here.”

“Good plan.”
Kurt took a sip of Wes’ bubbly drink and immediately scrunched his nose in disgust. “Ew, oh god, gross.”

“Are you kidding?” Wes laughed, snatching his glass back. “This is the best drink in the house!”

Kurt only shook his head, causing a chatter of noise from the Dalton boys around him. Soon after his and Jeff’s conversation, the rest of his party returned, tipsy and taking a great interest in Kurt. Jeff assured him they weren’t pining after him, for most of the boys only came here for the cheap beverages which didn’t require a license.

Trent was shouting that Kurt should try a drink that sounded Italian when Kurt heard a faint voice at the other end of the bar, one both familiar and nauseating. One that had snarled slurs at him before shoving him brutally into lockers. One that at any given chance harshly tossed slushies to his face, laughing as pain filled his eyes. One that grabbed his face roughly after screaming at him and--

“--it’s not as sour as your drink, Wes.”


“What? Kurt, what’s wrong?” Jeff asked, softer than the loud voices from the others, totally unaware of Kurt’s state.

He saw him, between Thad and Trent’s bodies. He was sitting alone at the bar, his bulky figure hunching over and accepting a drink from the smiling bartender, chuckling at what he was saying. Kurt felt like puking. Why was he here?

“Hey, baby,” came the voice of Nick, throwing an arm around Jeff’s shoulders. He looked over at Kurt. “Uh, Kurt, you okay…?
Kurt’s head whipped around, meeting face-to-face with his boyfriend. “Whoa, what’s going on?” Blaine asked, recognizing the anxiety on Kurt’s face. He was reaching up to cup his jaw when Kurt bolted up.

“Leave. We need to...now.”

“Oh! Perfect, I was about to suggest the same thing.” Blaine slid a hand around to the small of Kurt’s back, ready to guide him towards the doorway. “See you later, guys!”

The Dalton boys hollered back, some waving good-bye. Kurt was too busy feeling light-headed to do the same. He leaned against Blaine’s body, just realizing he had forgotten his gloves when Blaine bolted in his tracks.

“Shit, we can’t go that way.”

“What?”

The exit seemed fine. A few middle-aged men were mingling about in a group, and Robbie was there with his flashlight, talking happily to a boy around their age with a tall figure and slightly swept brown hair.

Blaine spun them around, facing the bar yet again, where he still remained laughing with the bartender. Kurt swallowed, pulling backwards. “No, we cannot go back there.”

In what Kurt guessed was the spur of the moment, Blaine grabbed his hand and said, “Come on, this
way,” before hurrying to the dance floor. Kurt was about to protest that this was no time for dancing, but Blaine weaved them through the moving bodies and to a door on the other side. A door marked as the Men’s Restroom.

Chapter End Notes

Hiya guys! I hope you enjoyed chapter 8, even though it ended at a cliffhanger (heh heh heh) I still cannot believe how many people have read this, it's insane! So thank you to every single one of you, and stayed tuned for chapter 9!
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late update, guys! You know, busy week and all :P but here's chapter 9, hope you like! :)

After locking the door in a haste, Blaine spun and pressed his back against it, breathing heavily. Kurt felt like the world was spinning. He didn’t know whether he was about to vomit or faint. Or both. Oh god don’t think that, that’ll be way more embarrassing…

“Are you okay?” Blaine asked, reaching to grab Kurt’s shoulders and steady him. Kurt nodded, gulping and not meeting his concerned gaze. He kept his eyes fixed on their slotted feet (Blaine for one had tattered sneakers, a contrast to Kurt’s clean loafers) and cement and grimey floor underneath. This bathroom was small, only meant for one occupant at a time. A trash can was overflowing with used paper towels and scattered with cigarette buds. The toilet was stained, as was the urinal. There was even a sink missing a chunk at its edge.

He swayed closer to Blaine, his heartbeat returning back to normal. He hadn’t even noticed his bare fingers were clutching onto the collar of Blaine’s white tee. Relaxing them slightly, he took in a shaky breath and said, “I’m sorry, I just saw someone I knew from school…”

Blaine’s hands had moved over so they rested on either side of his neck, his thumbs massaging gently at the skin. “Who the hell from our school would come to Scandals, the gay bar?”

Oh, yeah. Blaine didn’t know. No one did. He had told his dad...but that was different.

“Um.” Kurt cleared his throat, becoming aware that he had been trembling. At least the room wasn’t tilted anymore. “I--he had made it his life mission to put me through hell, even threatened to kill me once...and then he, uh, well one day I called him out in the boy’s locker room and h-he…” Feeling his throat tighten again, Kurt squeezed his eyes shut briefly before finishing, “He kissed me.”

“What?!” The voice of gentle soothing had gone from Blaine, and when Kurt looked up his thick eyebrows were furrowed down in rage along with hazel eyes darkening. “Who is it?”

Kurt exhaled. “K-Karofsky.”

“That huge jock who resembles a gorilla?!”

A choked laugh burst out of Kurt, lightening the tension a bit. “Yeah, that’s the one.”

“Shit…” Blaine breathed. “It was a mistake coming here, I’m sor--”

“Don’t apologize. Please, I had fun.” He put on a crooked, genuine smile, seeing how it made his soulmate’s face relax.

Blaine shrugged, bringing his hands down to go to Kurt’s, unclenching both from his shirt to intertwine them, their fingers weaving together. Kurt stared at them, his body leaning forward far enough so their hands were snug between their chests, foreheads bumping together.
“Hey, look.” Blaine smiled, showing how their right hands were clasped together, palm-to-palm. Kurt noticed: those held each others name on it. Blaine’s name on pale skin and Kurt’s on tanned, scarred skin. Like yin and yang. “I kind of like it when your hands aren’t hidden,” he said.

“Me too,” Kurt agreed softly.

They remained in a quiet, content state. Kurt’s breathing was slowing, his forehead still resting against Blaine’s. He saw the other boy had fluttered his eyes closed, perhaps basking in the calm tranquilleness. The pounding music and loud voices could be heard muffled behind the door, white noise only to them.

“Why did you want to leave early?” Kurt piped up, not wanting to break the silence but the thought had occurred to him, suddenly recalling his conversation with Jeff and feeling his stomach clench again.

Blaine opened his eyes, a bit taken back by the question. “Um...I also saw someone I knew.”

Kurt believed him, nodding as he remembered the tall boy by Robbie. “Was he...someone you knew at Dalton?”

Something shifted in Blaine’s expression. The boy stood straighter, widening a gap between their bodies. “Jeff told you something, didn’t he?”

His stomach clenched tighter and he wished they were back in the state of gentle touches and peaceful care. Nodding again, Kurt bit at his bottom lip, eyes at the dark wood of the bathroom door instead Blaine’s face. “He, um, told me about your...activities there.”

Blaine made a noise that was between an “Oh” and a groan, thudding the back of his head against the door. “Well, shit.”

“I mean, it’s alright--”

“No, it’s not,” he said firmly, the hands holding Kurt’s lowering. “Fuck, this is humiliating. Look, Kurt, I’m not proud of what I did--”

“Blaine,” Kurt cut in, squeezing his fingers tightly to get Blaine to look at him again. “I’m not...judging you or anything.”

“Why wouldn’t you?” said Blaine bitterly. “Who would want their soulmate to be some whore-y criminal, anyway?”

Kurt didn’t answer at first, even though he wanted to say he didn’t see Blaine that way anymore, or that he knew Blaine was a different person than in the past, or that he was more than happy they were paired up, even though the rest of the world wouldn’t agree.

“Listen.” He made sure Blaine could see his serious expression. “We’ve both done and been through a lot of crap. And that maybe made us the people we are today, but it doesn’t mean that’s what we are now. I don’t see you as some sort of man-slut and you don’t see me as some helpless victim, right?”

Blaine shook his head. “No. God no, you’re the most incredible person I know.”

A smile crinkled the edges of Kurt’s eyes, heat rising up his face. Blaine could compliment him a million times more and he would still have the same reaction. “You’re incredible too, Blaine.”

He realized now he liked the way it felt saying Blaine’s name, and not just ‘Anderson’ like everyone
else. Blaine seemed to as well, but he hung his sheepishly. “Yeah, okay, whatever.” He smiled up at him, cheeks puffing out and teeth being shown. It was the most beautiful smile Blaine had, Kurt decided.

All thoughts of terror and confusion and rush faded away. There was no hesitation or second thoughts when Kurt dropped their joined hands and slung his arms around Blaine’s shoulders, pulling him into a much needed kiss.

Blaine pressed eagerly against his mouth, hands sliding down Kurt’s sides to rest on his hips, holding him close to his body. Instinct took over as autopilot, and Kurt daringly parted Blaine’s lips with his own, experimentally slipping his tongue in. He tasted like fizzy drinks, cigarette smoke and a hint of tic tac, and Blaine followed suit immediately. It didn’t take long until waves of pleasure were heating Kurt’s veins.

The small bathroom they were in soon echoed with slick, wet noises and hot gasps. Kurt pressed Blaine against the door, not sure what he was doing or why but knowing it felt good, so why stop? Another leap of boldness lead him to twist his fingers in Blaine’s untamed curls while also nipping on his bottom lip, releasing a moan out of Blaine’s which sent blood straight to the tips of Kurt’s ears and right to his crotch.

Speaking of which, Kurt had become fully aware of that now. Even though Blaine was still kissing him, velvety tongue and all, he shot his eyes open, realizing where the front of his jeans were straining was now beginning to rub against where his boyfriend was also obviously hard. It made the well-known heat start to stir in Kurt’s lower belly.

He told the side of himself that was panicking to shut the hell up while starting to close his eyes again when Blaine opened his, detaching from Kurt and having formed the word, “Sorry,” when Kurt blurted, “Don’t stop.”

The two shared mirrored looks of surprise. Blaine’s soon turned into confusion, but Kurt rambled, “I mean, maybe not the, uh, grinding per say because--well, it was feeling so awesome but--”

“Too far?”

Kurt chewed his bottom lip, more blood definitely travelling to his ears now. “It felt great, but…”

“Kurt,” Blaine said gently, his once lust-filled eyes softening, “we can stop, you don’t have to--”

“Wait, how about…” Letting go of Blaine’s hair, he took where his soulmate’s hands were on his hips, and gradually moved them farther behind him. Shyly, Kurt glanced up to see Blaine’s reaction.

His jaw had dropped, his honey eyes were wide and the pupils dilated. Kurt wasn’t even sure if he was breathing.

“Blaine--?”

He was interrupted, only because Blaine’s lips had claimed his.

It was a courageous step out of his comfort zone, and Kurt wasn’t quite sure what had gotten him to pretty much lead his boyfriend to grab his ass, but it wasn’t as terrifying as he expected. In fact, Blaine had now slipped his hands into Kurt’s jeans back pockets, squeezing lightly and causing Kurt to inhale breathlessly against his mouth.

Hard knocking abruptly pounded on the other side of the door, forcing Kurt and Blaine to cease the grabbing and kissing and catch their breaths, staring face-to-face while both flushed-cheek, blown-
eyes and swollen-lips.

“Hey, Blainey?” came the muffled voice of Nick against the rock music, knocking again. “You two still in there? Some of the guys have distracted Sebastian...and that other dude Kurt was worried about left.”

Kurt let out a sigh of relief, sagging against Blaine and setting his sweaty forehead on his shoulder. Blaine's chuckle vibrated against him, a hand reaching up to stroke his back soothingly. “Thanks, Nick!” Blaine called back, still breathing heavily.

The doorknob rattled. “Hey, you locked the door?! Dudes, c'mon, open up…”

But by the way Kurt’s mouth was now skimming up Blaine’s neck, pressing chaste kisses in random spots and making his soulmate shiver pretty much established they weren’t opening the door anytime soon.

“It’s ridiculous, Mercedes,” Rachel stated, angrily shoving yet another red solo cup into the trash bag. “First, he acts all weird about his soulmate’s name, and now he abandons me at my first big party? Like, what is going on??!”

Mercedes shrugged, fixing her gaze on where she was busy sweeping crumbs off the couch cushions. She had been the only one awake enough to help Rachel clean up the morning after the party, and it had been quite a task that came with Rachel’s ongoing chatter. Her recent topic was complaining about Kurt’s strange attitude, a subject Mercedes knew the secret reasoning behind.

“Do you think he actually did get a celebrity?” Rachel asked, mostly to herself. “And he’s just being noble and not telling anyone?”

Snorting, Mercedes shook her head. “Honey, whatever Kurt’s reason, it’s his business.”

Rachel sniffed, looking displeased with that response. “I’m determined to find out soon, you know. Tina and I even had a plan to get him too drunk to focus and then rip his gloves off but,” she sighed, almost happily, “the life of popularity got in the way. Did you know I got a standing ovation from the entire cheerleading squad?”

Mercedes didn’t reply, mostly because she was gaping at her friend. “You were going to rip off Kurt’s gloves?”

“Oh, Mercedes, it was a joke.” Rachel waved a hand, stepping over a pile of cracked chips to get to more paper cups. “Besides, I’m sure he’ll tell us soon enough. It’s not like he can keep it hidden forever!” She laughed, as if the idea was too silly to think.

Oh, but he will, Mercedes thought, feeling oddly nervous now. Mostly for Kurt, who needed to be extra careful from now on.

The Fourth of July never meant picnics, popsicles, and really-hot-boyfriend-hovering-over-him-while-working-his-amazing-tongue for Blaine. It usually meant getting drunk and setting off illegal fireworks, but this was so much better.

Kurt had reassured him that missing out on some Cheerio’s party she was holding to watch fireworks with all the popular kids was no big deal. “You’re way more fun to hang around with,” he had flirted, poking Blaine’s arm before kissing his cheek. He remembered Kurt’s face of concern after he pulled back, eyeing Blaine’s temple. “Where did you get that bruise?”
He had almost forgotten it was there. “Don’t worry, baby” he had told Kurt, squeezing his hand. “I just fell off my bike, no big deal.”

“Baby?” Kurt’s cheeks flushed at the endearment.

“What? You don’t like ‘baby’?” he teased. Kurt had only giggled, shrugging. Blaine sighed dramatically. “I guess I’ll try something else then.”

They had went to the abandoned park of their first picnic, Kurt bringing a checkered blanket and a cooler full of different flavored popsicles. Fireflies started to blink lazily around them just as the sky blackened. Not long it ended with them lying side-by-side, their legs intertwined and Kurt using Blaine’s arm as a pillow, hushed conversations and laughter passed between them.

After that Kurt grabbed a cherry popsicle, sitting cross-legged and licking it innocently but not too innocently for Blaine’s mind, because he soon snaked his arms around Kurt’s waist and pulled the other boy on top of him. One thing led to another, and mouths found each other and soon hands grasping on tank tops and Blaine almost hit himself for ending it.

“Whoa,” he breathed, looking over Kurt’s shoulder and gazing wide-eyed at the night sky.

A bang and crackles burst overhead. Kurt turned just in time to see the first firework sizzle to nothing against the stars. Voices of “Ooo’s” and “Ahh’s” echoed from streets away.

Kurt scooted over to Blaine’s side, nuzzling his head against his shoulder and draping an arm over his chest, watching the show with him.

A blue and red firework burst at the same time, and Blaine hadn’t even realized his mouth was hanging open in awe until Kurt giggled.

“What?”

“You look adorable,” Kurt said, smiling fondly at him.

Blaine shook his head, forcing a serious frown. “I’m not adorable. I’m manly as hell.”

Kurt snorted, briefly burying his nose against Blaine’s grey shirt. “Whatever you say.”

Rolling his eyes, Blaine returned his attention to the fireworks and then glanced back to where Kurt’s hand was idly playing with the fabric of his shirt on top of his chest. He caught his black written name standing out against Kurt’s pale skin.

“Tell him I say hi.”

Blaine tensed, all feelings of wonder and bliss built up from the night vanishing. His mother never addressed it again, nor did she break her promise of telling his father. Thank god too, especially since that would’ve only topped off the last few nights. Still, he hadn’t told Kurt, and the guilt was starting to eat him up again.

“You okay?” Kurt asked, bringing him back from his spinning thoughts.

Blaine swallowed, making a grin. “Yep. Definitely.” He craned his head back up at the sky, more colorful fireworks continuing to pop.

Kurt propped himself on an elbow, cocking an eyebrow. “You’re lying.”

“What?!” Blaine sputtered.
“See, Mercedes says my voice gets a tad higher when I lie,” Kurt explained, the corners of his lips curling up slyly. “And when you lie, Mr. Anderson, your smile goes inward, not up.”

He was at a loss for words, unaware he did such a thing. Blaine scrambled up to sit, still trying to come up with a protest but only forming the words, “I...I do not!”

Kurt laughed some more, musically and wonderful like always. “C’mon, what’s wrong?” he asked playfully, his fingers walking up Blaine’s arm.

It tickled, but that wasn’t Blaine’s biggest concern. How does he tell Kurt honestly without really talking about his parents?

He took a deep breath, trying to get a more relaxed stance. “Um, it was just, well…someone kind of knows about us being soulmates, that’s it.”

Instantly Kurt’s expression dropped. “Wait, what--?”

“Don’t worry, it’s fine!” Blaine assured, grabbing Kurt’s hand on his arm and holding tightly within both of his. “It’s no one of a threat, really! Just my mom, no big deal!”

Kurt’s face was still etched with worry...and disbelief. “You said that about your bruise, you know.” He glanced up at the bluish-gray mark. “‘No big deal.’ But with your reactions...I’m getting the feeling it is.”

“What are you talking about? It’s just my mom…”

Something clicked in Kurt, Blaine saw it. His ocean eyes widened, lips parting slightly. “You said you didn’t want your dad to know, you told me that the day after my birthday. Is that it? You don’t want her to tell him?”

Walls went red alert again inside Blaine. He didn’t want to talk about this, he shouldn't have to talk about this. “I said it’s fine.” he said flatly.

“Is he homophobic, Blaine?” Kurt asked softly, his hand reaching to caress Blaine’s face, but Blaine jerked away. He caught the pained look on Kurt’s face. “Blaine...you can tell me--”

“THERE’S NOTHING TO TELL!” Blaine yelled, the fireworks done and his voice ringing across the empty area. “I said it’s fine! Can we be done talking about it?!”

He was breathing heavily, staring at the spot of grass between his legs. His heart was beating rapidly, pounding in his ears. He didn’t even want to look at Kurt, knowing he was probably angry or hurt or both, and all because of Blaine.

Their hands were still clasped, Blaine’s grip tighter than Kurt’s. Until Kurt slowly relaxed his fingers and slid out, saying, “Alright, we won’t talk about it. You wanna go home?”

Fuck no. I want to go anywhere but there.

“Fine,” Blaine said again, his voice scratched as he stood abruptly, still not looking over at his boyfriend. Kurt stood as well, keeping a good distance from Blaine. They walked side-by-side together, not touching, not even a goodbye kiss when they departed to their vehicles to go their separate ways.

They didn’t talk for weeks. One of those reasons being Kurt went away with his family to visit
Blaine missed him terribly, ached to apologize for that outburst and hold him again.

But for now he couldn't, so he occupied his time elsewhere. That place being Westerville.

His Dalton friends had plenty of parties of their own during the summer, the one he was currently at in Nick’s backyard. People Blaine knew and didn’t know were all mingling around a bonfire, drunk as hell and loud as ever.

“I fucked up, Jeff,” Blaine said after taking a swig of beer. He was leaned against the garage wall, where others were smoking or trying to woo girls into the bedrooms.

Jeff gave him a look, taking a sip of his own drink. “You didn't fuck up, you drama queen. You got into an argument. It happens between couples.”

“Yeah but, I got really angry and guarded and--” he cut off with a choke, not ever like talking about deep emotions but somehow the beer helped. “I really like him, okay?”

“I know, Blaine. It’s super obvious.”

“Shut up. I do, I really do. So much it hurts. And the thing is I’m not someone people fall in love with!”

Jeff rolled his eyes. “Blaine--”

“People have sex with me. People have crushes on me. People don’t fall in love with me.”

Even in the night’s darkness Blaine could tell Jeff was tired on his ongoing ranting, but Blaine was too drunk to care. “Blaine, for starters, we all know Kurt's not just any person. He’s your soulmate.”

Blaine used the hand holding the bottle to point at Jeff. “That doesn’t mean anything. Your parents were soulmates, remember? And they divorced within two fucking months after you were born--”

“Yes, but that’s different. They weren’t in love anymore. And you love Kurt right? Or, at least, want to love him?”

Blaine ducked his head, sighing deeply. His vision was starting to blur, but he didn’t give two shits. Of course he wanted to love Kurt, even if love was such a huge and terrifying concept. But Kurt was worth it. He was always worth it.

Some people were hollering near the bonfire, causing Blaine to glance up and meet Jeff’s pointed gaze. “I’m taking that as a yes. And coming from me, love isn’t easy, okay? You’ve got to work with it, you’ve got to make sacrifices.”

Blaine made a half-attempted smirk. “When did you become so damn wise?”

Jeff smiled and shrugged. “Hey, someone has to.”

Blaine shoved him--almost missing thanks to his current state. The two laughed, until Nick called for Jeff where he was surrounded by other guests. “You mind if I…?” Jeff began.

“No, Jeffy, don’t leave me. I’m scared of the dark.”

“Oh, fuck off,” Jeff laughed, turning to jog over to his own soulmate.

Blaine kept to himself, toning out the conversations near him and gulping down more of his drink.
He was used to drinking his problems away, but never because of someone he cared about. He considered calling Kurt, spilling all the emotions he was going through when suddenly there was a yanking at his wrist.

Jerking back to reality, Blaine blinked and focused on the person gripping his right wrist, who making a smug face down at his hand. It took him a few moments to realize that was the hand with Kurt’s name on it, and that he didn’t cover it up, and that he needed to stop this person right now.

“Hey! What’s your deal?” Blaine spat, harshly tugging away and stepping back.

“‘Kurt Elizabeth Hummel,’” the person said, still smirking. “So that was your date at Scandals, huh, Anderson?”

The voice to Blaine felt like it was both in and out of water. That didn’t mean it was unrecognizable. “The fuck do you want, Sebastian?”

The taller boy made a mock hurt face, pouting. “I just was curious. You never did call me after our fling at Dalton, and then seeing you in Lima with your blushing boy--”

“It wasn’t a fling, you dick,” Blaine sneered, gripping his bottle so tight his fingers were numbing. “You fucking used me and then--”

“Oh, must we use such ugly words?” Sebastian sighed, looking back over at the bonfire casually, as if they were having a conversation about the weather. “You punched the teacher, not me.”

“He was on your side. He was going to tell my parents about--”

“Yes, yes, we know the story. Now,” he grinned mischievously, “you and your soulmate didn’t look like they were having the best of times at Scandals. Was he sick, or are you two just not clicking? Because if that’s so I’m always up for round two--”

“Fuck, he saw a bully there,” Blaine said, his head throbbing from a potential migraine. His hate for Sebastian mixed with alcohol was not a good combination. “Now can you kindly go fuck yourself?”

Sebastian seemed to consider this before stuffing a hand in his pocket and patting Blaine on the shoulder. “It was nice talking to you again, Anderson.”

Groaning, Blaine slumped against the garage wall, not bothering to watch Sebastian as he strode off. In the morning he’ll be regretting every word he said with Sebastian, but for now Blaine was keen on finishing his beer, drinking the night away.
Kurt finally texted Blaine for the first time after vacation, inviting him over since his dad and Carole were out spending the evening at a fancy restaurant and Finn was having a game night over at Mike’s house.

He spent a long time thinking about what he was going to say, how he was going to say it, what would happen if Blaine responded with this or that. It was nerve-wracking, and Kurt wasn’t sure it was in the best or worst way.

Blaine arrived on his motorcycle around five-thirty and knocked on the front door twice. In a rush, Kurt hurried down the stairs while simultaneously smoothing his shirt and fixing his hair. He made it to the door, his heavy breathing echoing through the empty house. After inhaling once, he twisted the handle and swung it open.

His soulmate was distracted by scuffing his feet against the ‘Welcome’ doormat, but immediately looked up when Kurt was there. Blaine’s mouth parted first, his honey eyes widening short after. “Kurt,” he breathed, like he had been holding in his name ever since the last they saw each other.

Honestly, all the speeches Kurt prepared for this moment vanished because he was too busy gawking at the sight of Blaine. Blaine—who seemed to only own three shirts and two pairs of blue jeans—had on a flannel red shirt, the sleeved rolled up to his elbows and a white tank top peeking out underneath. His jeans were freshly cleaned, not a stain or tear in sight. Sure, the sneakers were still in poor condition, but at least all the mud was scraped off.

“Hi,” Kurt managed, his gaze trailing back up to Blaine’s face—which was cleanly shaved and without a cigarette in his mouth. Even his usual untamed curls were combed. He looked...handsome.

“H-how was your trip?”

*You mean hours upon hours of aunts, uncles, and cousins breathing down your neck, poking and prodding on who your soulmate is and you explaining you don’t want to tell and then them laughing about your embarrassed blushing and especially the overarching fact about the absence of you?*

“Fine, I suppose.”

Blaine nodded and hesitated, not knowing whether to move forward or stay, even though it was pretty clear he desperately wanted to go forward.

Shaking his head to get himself back into focus, Kurt reached out for Blaine’s hand, their fingers slotting perfectly together like always. “You wanna come inside? We’ve got a lot to talk about…”

Granted, the last time he was in Kurt’s bedroom Blaine didn’t really have time to take in all in, given the need for touching and kissing.

The room was spacious, with that large, made bed and a vanity station with a mirror in the back. The walls were white and crisp, with elegant edges Blaine could never dream of finding in his own room.

He floated over to a shelf lined with photo frames, lingering at each one. There was Kurt with a
rounder face on a bus with his Glee friends; a silly picture of him and Mercedes sticking their tongues out at the camera; younger Kurt with what Blaine assumed was his dad at a family barbecue.

His hand trailed up the frame of one of Kurt’s dad and a woman in a wedding dress, the photo taken in the middle of a laugh during their first dance. He guessed that was Kurt’s stepmother, also Finn Hudson’s mom.

The picture right next to it was smaller, with a very young Kurt smiling wide at the camera, wearing a nice blue polo and having a few teeth missing from his mouth. He was sitting on a woman’s lap, a woman with the same shade of brown hair sweeping over her shoulder, smiling up with Kurt. She had one hand around Kurt’s middle, the other over where his was clutching one of the swing’s chains.

“That’s my mom,” said the voice of Kurt over his shoulder. Blaine turned, dropping his hands to his sides like he had just been caught doing something wrong, but Kurt was half-smiling at him gently. “She died when I was eight.”

“I’m sorry,” Blaine said, glancing back along with Kurt at the photo. Even just by how she looked there Blaine knew she must have been wonderful.

Kurt changed topic, slipping his hand into Blaine’s for the second time that night and leading him to the bed to sit. “So, about that talk…”

“Shit.” Blaine hung his head, using his free hand to rub the back of his neck. “Look, Kurt--”

Kurt held up a finger, silencing him. “Don’t say anything, let me speak so I don’t forget anything.”

Blaine nodded quickly.

After tucking a leg under himself, still letting the other drape over the side of the bed, Kurt took a breath. “Alright, so during my vacation I had time to think…about us.”

His heart felt like it had plummeted down to the pit of his stomach. This was it. This was goodbye. Finally, Blaine had one good thing in his life worth living for and now it was being taken away and it was all his fault--

“I want this trust to go both ways.”

Well, his heart was surely back, because it skipped a beat. Or two. Or five.

“What?” Blaine shifted as well, crossing his legscomfortably. “Kurt, I trust you. I trust you more than anyone or anything.”

“That was the term I was using--” Kurt made a teasing smile, but soon went serious again. “I believe that you do, but Blaine...I feel like I don’t know anything about you.” Before Blaine could protest that that statement was ridiculous, Kurt raised his right hand, showing the little black letters. “You. Blaine Devon Anderson. I may know some things, the tiny parts that make you more than the local badboy.” His lips quirked upwards at the term. “But, every time we talk about something deeper than that...like your family, you get all--” Pausing, only because his point was proven by Blaine tightening his grip on Kurt’s hand at the ‘F’ word.

“I won’t….” Kurt continued softly. “I won’t judge you or anything Blaine, but why don’t you like talking about it?”

The breath Blaine let out was shakier than he wanted. He believed Kurt, he knew what he was
saying was true, but every bone in his body was fighting against his will to shut up and get out like it always did. He swallowed, twisting his mouth while searching for words and not meeting Kurt’s tender stare. “I’m not proud of it, okay?” Blaine responded, his voice thick. “And I know you say you won’t judge, but I know you’ll look at me different and treat me—”

“Blaine. We’re soulmates,” Kurt interrupted, firmly and sure. “You could tell me you grew up in a spaceship and I wouldn’t think of you any different.”

Keeping his eyes down at their tangled hands, Blaine nodded, feeling his chest tighten and suffocate his lungs with an unfamiliar emotion. No one has ever shown this much concern towards him, he didn’t know what to do. He felt like crying out of gratefulness.

But he didn’t. Kurt didn’t need to see him cry. “I trust you, Kurt,” Blaine repeated. “I’m just not ready to spill everything yet. One day I want to, but now…”

“Baby steps?” Kurt offered.

A relieved laugh escaped his lips. “Yeah, baby steps would be nice.”

“Alright.” The other boy shifted, his body a more relaxed stance. “What are you comfortable with talking about?”

That question stumped him momentarily, until something came to mind and Blaine looked up at Kurt’s patient eyes, showing him the tiniest hint of a smile. “My older brother, Cooper. He lives in L.A.”

“Oh!” Kurt nodded, his face breaking out in a knowing grin. “He’s the one that paid for your shoulder tattoo!”

“Yes, that’s the one,” Blaine said, pleasantly surprised Kurt had remembered that detail. “He’s like twenty-seven now, found his soulmate over the Internet right after he graduated high school, took a wad of cash and booked a flight to Los Angeles to be with her.”

“Oh, my god,” Kurt chuckled.

Blaine rolled his shoulders, feeling his muscles loosen from all the tension before. “Yeah, apparently he also got an acting gig for some commercial.”

“What does she do?” Kurt asked. “Have you met her?”

He didn’t answer at first, for the memory of Cooper giving him the old truck keys (even though Blaine couldn’t drive yet) stuck in his mind. That was at their previous house in Westerville, before they moved to Lima. His mother had locked herself in her bedroom, their father close to shattering everything in the house. But Cooper was grinning at Blaine, calling him ‘squirt’ and ruffling his curls, saying he’ll visit as soon as he gets things situated with Amanda. He then hitched his bag over his shoulders and turned out the front door, waving goodbye to him as he hurried to the airport cab.

That was the last time Blaine saw him.

He shook his head, saying to Kurt, “No, they haven’t come back to Ohio.”

“Oh.” Kurt nodded, looking down.

They stayed in a state of silence, neither of their eyes meeting but their fingers remaining interlocked. It was nice for Blaine, since his anxious heart rate was slowing, he could breathe evenly again.
“Thank you, Blaine,” Kurt eventually said, making Blaine look up and see his boyfriend’s gentle smile.

He wasn’t sure what drove him to, but Blaine found himself sagging into Kurt’s arms, wrapping his arms around Kurt’s slender torso and holding on tight, burying his nose into the crook of his neck. Kurt hugged back, huffing out an endearing laugh and rubbing small circles on Blaine’s shoulders with his thumb.

Blaine squeezed his eyes shut, pressing Kurt impossibly closer. He couldn’t bring up the words he wanted to say, how there was this aching weight lifted off his chest he never noticed was there. How he was so lucky to have him as his soulmate.

Instead, he felt Kurt plant a kiss on his temple and say there, “You look nice tonight, by the way.”

Pulling back, but still keeping contact with Kurt, Blaine looked down at his clothing. “Oh, yeah…it took me forever to find this shirt.” He tugged at the edge of the flannel fabric. “I thought you would like it…”

“I love it,” said Kurt, bringing a hand to rest against Blaine’s neck, his fingertips lightly threading where his curls stopped short. “Red truly compliments you.” The corners of his mouth quirked up flirtatiously.

Heat rose to Blaine’s cheeks and he ducked away sheepishly, only making Kurt chuckle. Now they were back in their usual, carefree bubble.

“Speaking of which…” Kurt said slowly, still playing with the ends of Blaine’s hair and glancing away, his own cheekbones flushing slightly. “I thought about something else over vacation…”

“Oh--”

“Nothing bad!” Kurt reassured Blaine’s crestfallen face, his flush still growing through his giddy smile. “Believe me, it’s not bad at all.”

He raised an eyebrow, seeing mischief play in Kurt’s eyes. “What is it?”

Kurt scooted nearer to Blaine, their knees overlapping and Kurt’s eyelids lowering. “Well, obviously I had missed you, and missed being close to you…” he trailed off purposely, letting Blaine catch how dilated his pupils were.

Clearing his dry throat, Blaine made great effort to keep his voice steady, “Yeah?”

“Mhmm.” Kurt nodded, leaning in, their noses almost bumping. “And I was wondering…if you wanted to try something?”

A mix of wanting to say hell yes whatever you want and the memory of Kurt asking to wait to do any ‘stuff’ filled Blaine’s mind. “I--what--?”

“Well, over the clothes, of course,” explained Kurt with an eye roll. He waited for Blaine to answer, his previous sultry shying into a small smile, as if he was worried Blaine would say no.

He brought himself to nod, unable to actually speak since his throat had gone completely dry again. Kurt’s smile broke into a wide grin, dimples showing briefly before covering the rest of the distance between the two, kissing Blaine eagerly.

Just as Blaine was ready to rest his hands on Kurt’s hips, the other boy pushed Blaine by the
shoulders backwards so he was lying on the bed, Kurt hovering over him, swinging a leg around Blaine’s waist to straddle him before knocking his breath away from yet another kiss.

In all honesty, Kurt had zero idea what exactly he was doing. All he was concerned about was rampant thoughts and visions he had all through vacation while he missed and craved for Blaine, and how he desperately needed him close now. He still wasn’t ready for anything skin-on-skin (they’ve only been dating for two months for god’s sake) but this idea...this he could do.

His tongue had tangled with Blaine’s, slick and wet and perfect. Soft little gasps and moans were escaping both of their mouths as the kissing became more heated, just as Kurt planned. He just hoped he would continue it right.

Blaine was all solid and warm under him, their chests inches apart while Blaine’s hands stayed twisted in his hair and over his shirt. It was as if he wanted Kurt pressed against him, but was hesitant to do so.

Just as Blaine tilted his head, deepening the kiss, pooling more arousal into his body, Kurt shifted himself. Half-focused on adjusting his legs to get aligned with Blaine’s hips and half-distracted by the way his soulmate was sucking on his tongue oh-so-good.

“Kurt,” Blaine whined, his eyes squeezed shut as he briefly separated, only to have Kurt chase his lips again. “Kurt--” he managed to breathe against Kurt’s mouth. “Kurt, Kurt, I need to...fuck, to cool...off...”

“Mhmm,” was the noise Kurt replied, pressing harder on Blaine’s lips, giving and taking and kissing kissing kissing. He needed to cool down too, obviously given the front of his jeans, but they weren’t going to do that. Not this time.

Kurt slowed down their movements, only to arch his body up, and slowly, carefully roll his hips down.

Blaine tore away from Kurt’s lips, throwing his head back and groaning inward, clutching his fingers on Kurt’s shoulders. “GOD, Kurt--”

“Was that okay?” Self-consciousness crept back into Kurt’s system. He didn’t even ask if Blaine wanted that, god he was so stupid, it probably felt weird or--

“Fuck, it was perfect,” breathed Blaine, his eyelids heavy and soon crashing his mouth to Kurt’s again, moaning right away and twitching his hips upward.

Smiling proudly against Blaine’s kiss, Kurt rolled his hips again. A little steadier this time, savoring the delicious friction he felt from the other boy’s clothed erection. Blaine groaned so ragged it was practically pornographic, and his hands went straight for Kurt’s ass, his fingers splayed as they rocked with Kurt’s hips. Keeping the rhythm.

If Kurt had a rhythm, that is. Usually he was an expertise at multitasking, but this time he wasn’t counting on a panting boy worrying his bottom lip between his teeth, gasping out a moan from Kurt while he was busy grinding for the first time in his life. Granted, it still felt mind-blowing-amazing: all hard rubbing against hard and aching hips searching for more and more.

The concentration to make the rocking work became too distracting for Kurt, for his eyebrows were furrowed and his mouth drawn down in focus, whereas Blaine did most of the kissing. He only noticed when Blaine ceased the kiss, chuckled, and flipped them over with one swift movement.
Kurt’s mouth dropped open in mild surprise, but was soon covered with Blaine’s once again. Hands were moving down, cupping Kurt’s ass and pushing it up, thrusting with Blaine’s hips in perfect melody.

*Amazing* melody. Breathtaking melody. The skilled friction Blaine was giving combined with him mouthing at his neck, sucking and licking swirls at that crazy-sensitive spot right under his ear, was enough to make the straining in Kurt’s jeans almost unbearable. He let out a choked-off whimper, holding on helplessly to Blaine’s hair.

“Oh my god, Blaine...I...I want…” he managed to pant out, the arousal squirming uncontrollably in his body.

“Whatever you want, sweetheart,” Blaine breathed, hot and husky in his ear. He pressed a kiss there before, “God, you’re so fucking hot.”

Kurt’s eyebrows knitted together, biting back another whimper. He jerked his hips up, hoping the message would be sent. He wasn’t even sure what he wanted, just that he needed *more*. More importantly, he trusted Blaine to give it to him.

Dropping Kurt’s ass back on the bed, Blaine lifted a hand around and hovered it over Kurt’s front, hesitating, and then asking, “This okay?”

After gulping once, Kurt nodded once. He considered closing his eyes to prepare for impact, but then Blaine was there. Palming him over top his jeans while his mouth still stayed breathing against Kurt’s ear.

It was overwhelming, it was incredible. The coiling heat was dangerously on edge, and he was torn between wanting to halt everything and keep going.

“B-blain...” Kurt stuttered, his voice coming out more ragged than he expected. It made his soulmate whine and mouth at his jaw. “I’m...I’m so...I’m close--”

“I know, I’ve got you. I’ve got you.”

He was ready to ask Blaine to kiss him once more, when his phone vibrated loudly on his nightstand. A ringtone began chiming.

The two froze in place; Kurt staring at the ceiling, wide-eyed and confused, and Blaine with his hand stilled at Kurt’s crotch and his lips centimeters from Kurt’s skin. He lifted his head away from Kurt’s neck to meet his eyes, his eyes matching Kurt’s bewilderment. It was after his heart had stopped rushing in his ears that Kurt processed the customized ringtone, remembering why it was playing.

“Wait, that’s--” He scrambled up to sit and reach over to his nightstand, unfortunately having Blaine move away from his body as well. Swiping the screen, Kurt read the name across the screen and swallowed.

“Who is it?” asked Blaine, his voice noticeably gone back to normal.

Kurt read the text message, and his mouth dropped. He still didn’t answer Blaine right away, so the other boy scooted forward and tried to look over Kurt’s phone. He didn’t need to read upside down, for Kurt was practically shouting, “My dad’s on his way back!”

“What?”

Kurt was hurrying to type back a reply and said to Blaine, panicking, “The restaurant they wanted to
go to was closed...oh my god, you need to go!"

Blaine was one step ahead of him, hopping out of the bed and almost tripping, attempting to smooth his clothing and hair. Kurt was up as well, hastily patting at his hair to see if it was out of place (which it was, greatly) and then turned to Blaine, asking, “Do I look at least decent?”

Studying him up and down, Blaine opened his mouth to say something, but then his eyes stopped at Kurt’s neck and he snapped it shut. “Um. Maybe not.”

Kurt’s hand went there, his jaw clenching. He spun to his mirror at the vanity and gawked at his reflection. “Jesus, Blaine--!”

“I’m sorry!” Blaine said, seeming to be in a predicament on whether he should keep apologizing or focused on leaving.

“I look like I just came out of a...I don’t know, porno or something!” Kurt laughed, going back to Blaine weakly, his hand still covering the obscenely large hickey a certain someone left there. And not to mention how his shirt was rumpled, his hair in a mess, his face flushed pink, and his lips all kiss-swollen.

Blaine was still smiling at him with warm eyes. “I’m taking that as a compliment to myself, I think,” he joked. He didn’t look too dashing himself, with his once-combed curls now a disaster and his flannel shirt in a state similar to Kurt’s. Somehow, Kurt thought, it was both sexy and adorable.

He shook his head, fighting back an adoring smile and he pushed Blaine towards the door. “Get out of here. It’s one thing for my dad to catch me looking like this, but for both of us--”

“I get it, I get it. The whole ‘shotgun off the wall’ deal.” Blaine smirked.

They made it out the front entrance and Kurt continued pushing Blaine towards his bike, because according to him his boyfriend wasn’t walking fast enough. Blaine was laughing and grinning, and even when they stopped by his motorcycle, he pressed a kiss to the corner of Kurt’s mouth.

“Till next time, sweetheart.”

“Hmm,” Kurt hummed, twisting his mouth in consideration. “‘Sweetheart.’ I think I like that better than ‘baby.’”

Blaine had swung a leg over the motorcycle’s seat and said before starting the engine, “Really? I have succeeded in finding the perfect pet name?”

Kurt rolled his eyes fondly. “Don’t get too cocky, or I’ll start calling you something worse.” He still allowed for one more goodbye kiss, lingering a second longer before, “Now get out of here, Casanova.”

“School starts in almost a week,” Mercedes pointed out to Kurt. “What are you going to do then?”

Kurt tilted his head and furrowed his brow, even though he knew Mercedes couldn’t tell through the cell phone. “Um, what do you mean?”

“I mean, what are you going to do about your certain soulmate, hm?”

He froze from scrolling through Facebook. It was only yesterday since he saw Blaine and sent him off after the impromptu interruption from his dad. The only reason he was spending this evening
lying on his stomach and mindlessly reading his friend’s status updates was because Blaine said he was busy at home.

“I don’t know. I can’t really...you know,” Kurt said, reminding himself that he still hadn’t told her that he and Blaine were officially dating, and he was sure the student body wouldn’t be thrilled about that.

“I’m just saying, are you planning on keeping this hidden all year?”

“Yeah!” Wasn’t it obvious?

He heard her take in a deep breath. “Kurt. People are suspicious already. Imagine what the talk will be if you wear gloves all senior year!”

“The talk will be worse if they find out the truth!” he countered.

“Kurt,” she said, like he wasn’t getting the point she was making. “What about Rachel? Do you think she’s going to remain perfectly okay not knowing what your Mark says?”

He groaned, not wanting to think about that. It was one of the reasons he would deny summer outings with Rachel, to avoid not-so-subtle hints to take off his cover-ups. “I’ll deal with her when I have to.”

“Honey--”

“What do you want me to do, ‘Cedes? You know how much it means to everyone that Glee club is on top, where it should be! If the entire school knew, that one of its members is soulmates with Blaine, the one who once keyed the entire football team’s cars, we’ll be dead meat all over again.”

“I know, Kurt.”

“I want to be out with him too!” he added, the ranting unstoppable by now. “I want to hold hands with him down the hallway! I want to be dancing with him at prom! But I can’t.”

“I know,” she said softly.

The words on his screen wouldn’t process in his mind anymore, so he snapped his laptop shut, staring fixed at his headboard. He felt bitter and frustrated and crushed, his hand was clutching numb at his phone.

“I can’t,” he repeated, sounding defeated even to himself.

Chapter End Notes

*hugs every single one of my readers* thank you so much for being patient for this next chapter it was late but I do hope you enjoyed and thank you again and again for reading! Ten chapters...whoa :)
Chapter 11

The first day of school usually meant avoiding slushies and hurrying to new classes with your eyes on the floor, never people parting the hall like the red sea when he walked down it.

It’s not like Kurt was complaining.

He had managed another day wearing his gloves without question, and strangely had he seen Blaine all day. Rachel, however, had scurried up to him right at the beginning that morning, announcing that there will be Glee club tryouts after school and he absolutely certainly must attend. Which is where he was planning on heading now, after he would successfully shove these new textbooks in his bag.

“Hi, Kurt!”

He jumped, the perky voice unrecognizable. A girl had popped up next to him with the biggest smile he’d ever seen; it pretty much filled her whole face. She was petite, with black, flowing hair all styled and curled and wearing a tight-fitting pink top which complemented nicely with her dark skin.

“Um...can I help you?” he asked, a little creeped out she hadn’t stopped smiling since she arrived.

She scoffed playfully, like he was being silly. “C’mon, it’s me!”

He stared back blankly.

“Rebecca Porter!”

Still not ringing any bells.

“You met me and my boyfriend at Rachel’s party?”

Oh, yes. The two were making out like their life depended on it in front of the refrigerator. Kurt remembered now. He nodded, awkwardly turning back to his textbooks.

“Anyway,” she smiled hugely again, “I was hoping you would tell me if my song choice for tryouts was alright?”

“You’re trying out?” It honestly surprised him. Rebecca never struck him as a Glee member. Her role in this school was dating beefy jocks while being pretty and popular.

“Of course! Everyone is!”

He glanced down the hall, where the auditorium doors were. A hoard of people were there waiting at the entrance, mingling and clutching songbooks.

Oh, no.

“All right, I’m singing ‘Rolling in the Deep’ and--hey, where are you going?”

Kurt had grabbed his bag and slammed his locker shut, striding past Rebecca and down the hall. He didn’t stop until he was in the auditorium, marching down the aisles until he reached where Rachel was standing, explaining something to a bewildered Mr. Schue.
“Rachel!”

“Oh, Kurt! Good, you’re here.” She shoved a clip board at him stacked with yellow paper, the top line reading ‘Glee Club Tryouts!’ and all the other lines completely filled with names. As was the next paper, and the next. “Read this. Look how many people have signed up!”

“I know, I saw outside…” He stared dumbfounded at the sheets, knowing just last year these pages were empty. “But why?”

“Because Glee club is popular now!” She put her fists on her hips, smiling at him like Rebecca had, like he was being silly. “The entire school wants to be in it!”

“But…this is ridiculous. You’re going to go through all these tryouts?”

Mr. Schue let out a sigh from behind her, like he wasn’t looking forward to it. But Rachel was bubbling with excitement. “I’ll know a keeper when I see one! Maybe we’ll be as big as Vocal Adrenaline!” She grabbed his hand, leading him to a row of seats where other members were sitting and called out, “Sam! Open the doors! It’s showtime!”

It was actually pure hell.

For starters, Rachel wasn’t kidding when she said the entire school wanted to try out. The first half-hour included at least three different solos of ‘Let it Go’ from Cheerios trying too hard, a hockey jock singing the unclean version of ‘Talk Dirty to Me,’ and a fidgety girl off the student council mumbling ‘Party in the USA’ at her shoes. Every time either Rachel or Mr. Schue cut them short, Mr. Schue at least being polite and thanking them for showing up while Rachel angrily crossed their name off the list.

Kurt massaged his temple, considering whether he should commit homicide or suicide first, when his phone vibrated, startling him. A lanky boy from the football team was beginning his song (‘Have You Ever Seen the Rain?’) in a croaky voice as Kurt glanced to his left hand side at Rachel, who was clicking her tongue at the list and then to his right side, where Mercedes was glaring daggers at this performer--probably praying for him to stop. Carefully, he pulled out his phone from his pocket and read the text.

“How can one suck so bad at singing?”

Kurt bit back a grin at Blaine’s message. He craned his head around, over the mob of McKinley students waiting for their turn in the seats and spotted him, just lounging by the auditorium entrance. Blaine caught Kurt’s gaze and waved.

“Yes, thank you for auditioning,” Mr. Schue said to the croaky boy just as Rachel scribbled out his name.

“I’ll be right back,” Kurt said, getting up just at the boy exited the stage and a bouncing, freckled-girl arrived on.

“Where you going?” Mercedes asked.

“Yeah! We’ve still got like, eighty more tryouts!” Rachel protested.

“More like five hundred,” muttered Artie.

“Um, bathroom,” Kurt quickly said as he shuffled out of the row, hurrying down the hall and looking back over his shoulder, seeing his friends give him an odd look before turning back to the
‘You Belong With Me’ soloist.

The auditorium door was in a shadowed area, fortunate for Kurt. He arrived up to Blaine, smiling brightly. “Which one sucked at singing so bad?” he whispered.

Blaine shrugged, his arms crossed and his back against the wall. He looked like how he normally was at school, dark and with his leather jacket and slight stubble across his jaw. It was almost bizarre to Kurt, since over the summer he had come accustomed to Blaine dressing different, more relaxed. More himself.

“All of them, basically. Especially that red-headed Cheerio who sang that overplayed Disney song. God, that was awful.”

Kurt snorted, ducking his head and glancing back at the filled auditorium. No one was paying attention to them, for the freckled-girl was making a scene about getting cut off. “What are you doing here?” he asked Blaine, still hushed.

“I missed you,” Blaine replied, putting on his crooked, coy smile as he reached for Kurt’s waist. Given their environment, Kurt backed up, giving Blaine a face that said, “Not here.”

So he re-crossed his arms. “And I heard the Glee auditions were today, so I figured that was where you’d be.”

“Are you gonna try out?” Kurt asked, genuinely curious. He didn’t even know if Blaine could sing, and if so, would Rachel be desperate enough to allow him in their club?

Blaine barked out a laugh, shaking his head. “Are you kidding? Hell no!”

“What are you scared to sing in front of a few Glee kids, Mr. Anderson?” Kurt teased, swaying near his boyfriend, nudging his sneaker.

“Oh, yes. You guys are very intimidating.” Blaine nodded in mock-seriousness.

Kurt chuckled, checking again to see if anyone was eavesdropping. Thankfully, they were all mesmerized by Rebecca Porter belting out an off-key note.

“So you wanna bail?” Blaine asked, his voice going back to his usual, flirty tone.

“I can’t, actually. I’m busy helping decide who’s worthy of being in Glee club, remember?”

“Oh, sweetheart,” Blaine drawled out the endearment, pushing off the wall and stepping near him. “C’mon, be rebellious, just once.”

“I am rebellious,” Kurt retorted smugly. “I’m talking to you in public.”

“Ha ha ha.” Blaine scrunched his nose in his sarcastic smile. “You’re so hilarious. I’m so glad you’re my soulmate. So glad, in fact, that I guess I won’t let you ride with me over to a date.”

“Wait, date?” Kurt perked up, grabbing Blaine’s hand. “What date? Say more about this ‘date.’”

Blaine chuckled, lacing his fingers between Kurt’s. “Well, if you’re interested, it involves me and you eating ice cream over at this river near Westerville.” The corners of his mouth lifted sheepishly.

“If that’s not too lame.”

“Will this also involve a certain amount of kissing?” Kurt asked, quirking an eyebrow.
“Oh, absolutely.”

Giggling, Kurt and Blaine snuck out of the auditorium and hurried down the empty hallway, still hand-in-hand until they reached Blaine’s motorcycle.

Jacob Ben Israel snickered to himself, plopping back down in his auditorium seat. He blended perfectly in this crowd, since every species of McKinley student was here, auditioning for Glee club. They paid him no mind when he pulled out his camera phone, snapping away at the doorway.

At this angle, he caught everything. The lighting was crap, but that didn’t matter, because Kurt Hummel had taken a hold of Blaine Anderson’s hand and smiled lovey-dovey at him. Then they ran out the door together.

And it was all on his camera.

With some photoshop lighting, he could post these in no time. He just had to wait for the perfect timing.

School was almost worth coming to now.

Sure, Blaine had skipped most of the first day, like how he always skipped last day of school and every useless day in between. But now that he was there, he figured he was in some of Kurt’s classes. Like Calculus, which he had a good view of Kurt’s back. Or in Biology, where Kurt was partners with Quinn Fabray and across the room Blaine was alone as per usual.

The only perk to this was he would sometimes catch Kurt’s eye and give him a wink. Kurt would flush and fix his gaze down at his desk, making sure not to look up again. And then Blaine would remember it was different now. Summer was over, their social statuses were back in tact.

He didn’t mind, since he would spend time with Kurt after school. Either at their abandoned park or Kurt’s house if it was luckily empty. It was then Kurt was back to his regular self, all bright eyes and dimpled smiles.

“You wear glasses?” Blaine asked during their first ‘study date’ at Kurt’s house, slack-jawed and holding up the pair of framed spectacles, like it was unbelievable they existed.

Kurt shut his Calc textbook and reached for them, only to have Blaine hold them out farther away. “Give them back, they’re my reading glasses!”

Blaine smirked and shifted on top of Kurt’s bed to sit on his knees, slipping the glasses over his nose and ears and striking a pose. “Look at me!”

The glasses made his vision blur, but he could see Kurt’s amused smile. “Yes, you’re very cute.”

Blaine gasped dramatically, dropping his hands on either side of Kurt’s crossed legs, his face inches from his boyfriend’s. “You really think I’m cute?”

Kurt laughed, throwing his head back. “How are you the same boy who smokes and rides a Harley?”

“Hey, I’m trying to quit,” Blaine said, allowing Kurt to slide the glasses off and then going in to nuzzle his neck, hearing Kurt squeal as his stubble scratched against the sensitive skin.
Their hangouts became rarer as the first month of school dragged on, given Kurt became distracted with Glee rehearsals and having to teach the new kids about practically everything. Not to mention Blaine getting detentions left and right, mostly for smart mouthing teachers or getting into almost-fights with a group of jocks. Weirdly, it had been the longest streak Blaine had gone during school without vandalizing or wrecking property.

October third was when he didn’t show up to school. He couldn’t answer Kurt’s concerned texts. He couldn’t see him when he had free time. He eventually did, however, pack up enough strength to dial up Kurt’s number. The clock read 11:39.

The line rang and rang. Blaine had his knees curled up to his chest and he sat up against the headboard of his bed, not even realizing he was rocking back-and-forth.

“Please, please, please, please pick up,” he whispered to the phone, begging into it where it was pressed against his ear. “Please pick up. Kurt, please pick up.”

“Hi! You’ve reached Kurt Hummel. If you could leave a message I’ll--”

Blaine hung up and dialed the number again.

A door slammed violently from downstairs. He winced, holding his knees to his chest tighter. He hated this. He hated this. He hated this. He needed Kurt.

“Please pick up,” he pleaded to the hollow ringing.

His jaw had been sore before, now it was burning. He forced himself to ignore it, desperately hanging on to the phone.

“Hi! You’ve reached Kurt Hum--”

Blaine hung up, throwing his phone at the wall. It didn’t shatter, but the battery fell out. He didn’t care. He allowed himself to bury his face in his knees, away from everything else.

Kurt’s phone flashed silently again. 2 Missed Calls From Blaine, it read. He didn’t see it, for he was too busy squeezing Mercedes’ left hand.

“Oh my god, I can’t breathe,” she squealed, staring at her right hand, which was up in the air, her fingers wide.

“Shh!” Kurt laughed, practically bouncing on her bed. It had been an emergency, Mercedes calling him hysterically, saying that an S had formed on her hand. Kurt had immediately rushed over to her house without another thought.

On Mercedes’ seventeenth birthday, no Mark arrived on her hand. She was devastated, but her mom said their family was full of late bloomers. Mrs. Jones reassured her that she herself hadn’t received Mr. Jones’ name until three weeks after her own birthday.

It had been almost four months, but now, slowly and steadily, a name was etching on her hand. Kurt was shaking from excitement. You could only make out two S’s and a J, and now he and Mercedes held their breath as an E made its way to join the name.

“This is amazing,” she said, smiling at her hand. “I mean, I know Sam said he would still be with me even if I didn’t get his name, but now--”
“Now you’re getting his name!”

“Were you like this?” Mercedes asked. “All heart-pounding and barely-breathing?”

It took Kurt a moment to realize Mercedes was serious. He remembered the day he got Blaine’s name like it was yesterday. “Of course. It’s exhilarating.”

She nodded, still watching as a V formed next to the E. “Sorry, it was a dumb question. Of course you’d be excited. Who wouldn’t be?”

Would Blaine? Kurt thought, his thrilled grin fading. He couldn’t picture Blaine hopping on his bed, waiting for his Mark to arrive. But given their time together, their small get-togethers. The dates. The ‘sweethearts.’ Those god damn glasses. Kurt was proven wrong. Blaine wasn’t what he was put out to be.

They waited without any other words until Mercedes’ soulmate name was fully finished. Samuel Jessica Evans. Kurt snorted at the middle name.

“Well, I guess I’m not the only one with a girly middle name,” he remarked.

Mercedes stared fondly at the name, her face glowing. “It’s after his mom. Like you.” She sniffed, and Kurt noticed tears were forming in her eyes.

“Oh, honey.” Kurt wrapped in her a hug, letting her lean into him. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing!” she laughed, still sniffling. “I’m just...god, I’m so happy.” She smiled into his shirt. “Who knew a name could make someone so happy?”

Kurt caught his own Mark, where it was resting on the bare hand over her shoulder. Blaine’s name stood out in black letters. Of course he remembered getting the name and feeling like his heart had plummeted. Now that name was his whole heart.

He nodded once into Mercedes’ dark hair, grinning to himself. “I know what you mean.”

Chapter End Notes

Really short filler chapter, sorry guys! The next one is longer, involves more plot and stuff :P Oh! And special shout out to all those who have commented so far, your feedback brightens my day every time! :)
I finally remembered, but I got the title from the song "Alone Together" by Fall Out Boy. If you haven't heard it before, I highly recommend it :)

It didn’t even look like lunch. It looked like something a cow barfed up. Yet, they claimed it was ‘nutritious?’

Blaine grimaced. *This is the last year of this shit,* he reminded himself.

He followed the line of students getting the school’s lunch to the cafeteria. It was loud and noisy, every table filled with chatter. He could see his own table in the back corner--the one he terrified a bunch of freshmen out of his very first day at McKinley. Just as he was about to step forward to it, a forceful smack sent his tray flying to his feet.

Stunned, Blaine looked up to see his attacker, about to spit fire and kick his cow-barf-covered-shoes in their throat, when he realized it was none other than Dave Karofsky.

“Oh, sorry, Anderson,” Karofsky taunted, making a fake pout as his letterman-jacket friends hooted out laughter behind him. “You weren’t planning on eating that, were you?”

Blaine clenched his jaw, glaring up at the other boy. Azimio was thumping Karofsky on the back, saying, “Nice one, man,” right when Blaine saw Puck and Sam walking out of the line, snickering at the scene.

The clogs clicked together in his mind. Those two sat with Kurt, who now sat at the lunch table in the center, which was right over…

Blaine’s eyes caught attention of the crowded “popular” table. Cheerios were craning their heads over along with many others, also interested in the scene. A few Glee kids were watching, as was Kurt. He was wide-eyed, sitting straight in his seat, his gaze fixed on Blaine.

Throat bobbing, Blaine flexed his hands into fists. He was trapped in a limbo, not sure whether to attack Karofsky or risk making himself look like an idiot in front of his boyfriend.

“What’s wrong, Anderson?” Karofsky laughed, shoving Blaine so he stepped more in the puddle of food. “Are you sad? Gonna cry? I thought I made your shoes at least half-decent.”

“What Want Davey to kiss it all better?” Azimio sneered, earning more cackles from their friends.

Everyone was staring by now. Kurt, the entire cafeteria, the kids blocked in from the lunch line. Blaine didn’t notice, nor did he really care. Because a bubble of rage boiled and burst inside of him at those words, at the memory of what Karofsky did, and what it had done to his soulmate.

A gauze-wrapped fist swung and slammed into Karofsky’s jaw. People cried out in shock around them. Karofsky stumbled, looking stunned, but Blaine wasn’t finished with him yet. He was grabbing the front of the other boy’s jacket and lifting his fist to swing again.
Then arms are around his neck, yanking him back and somewhat choking him. It was a second to process those were letterman-jacket arms, and more similar were charging at him, landing punches on his stomach. He buckled, hearing the lunchroom erupting.

Being matched five to one was nothing new to Blaine. He knew how to get free of the grasp and attack those nearby, but he only got the chance to hit Azimio by his temple when teachers showed up.

One of them was Coach Beiste, who took care of the jocks by grabbing their shoulders and yelling how incredibly immature and stupid they were. Someone else was yanking Blaine away. He struggled first by instinct, before whipping around to see who was holding his shoulder.

Lo and behold, it was that vest-wearing choir director Mr. Schue. He was staring at Blaine with anger and disappointment—no surprise there—before saying, “You’re coming with me to the principal’s office. Now.”

Not exactly being pleased with being lead by a hand on his shoulder, Blaine scowled and gave the group of jocks following him the dirtiest look he could muster. The crowd in the lunchroom was still buzzing, loud even as they exited. He didn’t look back to catch Kurt’s face, he’s not sure it would’ve been comforting anyway.

Kurt wished he could’ve waited, but life got in the way. Life made sure he couldn’t catch sight of Blaine in the hallway. Life was certain to keep him in Glee practice for hours. Life was being rather annoying in fact.

Instead, Kurt texted Blaine the moment he was free during rehearsal. “Are you ok? Did you get in trouble?”

Thumping his foot impatiently against his chair as Mr. Schue rambled on to the new kids on how important the song they were thinking about singing was, Kurt waited four minutes for Blaine to reply, “Yeah. 3 saturday detentions.”

Kurt frowned, his thumbs hovering over the keyboard. Well, that sucked. He wasn’t sure how to respond (even though a part of him screamed to type “HEY DON’T GET INTO FIGHTS!”). So he sent, “I’m sorry :(

Blaine didn’t respond for the next twenty minutes, so Kurt shoved his phone in his bag and crossed his arms. The words Rachel was now adding to Mr. Schue’s speech went right through his ears, too caught up in thinking about Blaine. His boyfriend, who still seemed to be a riddle he needed to solve.

“Yeah, it was frickin’ crazy,” Sam was telling Mercedes a few feet from him, also ignoring the lesson going on. “I think Anderson broke someone’s jaw. Like, for real, that guy needs a restraining order.”

“He needs a straight jacket,” added Santana, leaning in on the conversation. “I’m honestly surprised he hasn’t been expelled.”

Sam agreed, Mercedes looked uncomfortable. She glanced over at Kurt, who hadn’t even realized his jaw was clenched tight. He shifted in his seat, looking away from her. He needed to concentrate on life, who had given him clumsy dancers for new Glee members, ignorant friends and constantly reminded him, Don’t say anything. Don’t say anything.

Summer and school were polar opposites it seemed to Blaine’s life. Compared to now, summer had
been a trip to paradise. That’s why he found himself going forty in a twenty-five miles per hour zone. It’s not like he could care at this point.

The faster he could get away from that place which dared to claim itself as ‘home’ was the idea. The farther he was from yelling and screaming and objects being thrown and threats to kick him out for the thousandth time the better.

Blaine’s hand-me-down truck’s radio clock read 1:30 a.m. and the streets of Lima were dead. Not a pedestrian or (thankfully) cops in sight. He was gripping the wheel so tight his knuckles were going white. They just HAD to call my house when he came home. They just HAD to. God damn it. Fuck.

Sometimes the universe was fair and let the school inform his house of his bad behaviors when it was just his mother home. She would sigh and grunt to them, and when Blaine came home she would have forgotten. Those were the times Blaine would thank his lucky stars.

Except tonight was not one of those nights.

There was only one person now he wanted to see, to be near to. And that person slept with their phone always on vibrate.

It was out of bad habit, forgetting to turn his phone off at night. The vibration rattled against his nightstand, echoing his dark and quiet room. Kurt groaned and rolled over in his tangled bedsheets, reaching blindly for it and squinting when the bright light hit his face. He pressed the green answer button and pressed the phone to his ear.

“Mm, Blaine?” he croaked, rubbing his eyes. “What? What time is it?”

“Oh, cool, you’re up.”

Kurt glared up at his ceiling, fighting back a snarky response. Be careful what you wish for, because you may desperately want to talk to your boyfriend after he got into a fight and then you’ll get that conversation in the middle of the night. “Yeah, I wonder why?” he said, still too sleepy to worry about keeping sarcasm in check. “And why are you up?”

“...I needed to see you.”

“At--” Kurt pulled the phone back, temporarily blinded as he looked at the time. “One in the morning?”

Blaine didn’t reply at first, so neither did Kurt. They stayed in silence until Blaine sighed and asked, “Sneak out with me?”

“Are you kidding?!”

“C’mon!” And Kurt could practically see his boyfriend’s teasing smirk. “I thought you said you were a rebel, sweetheart?”

Kurt huffed out a breath, wanting to hit himself for how stupid sneaking out would be. But not two second later he found himself tugging on shoes and promising Blaine he’ll be out in a minute.

On the outskirts of Lima, one can find fields of crops dying out for autumn and the sound of cars on the distant highway, as well as Adele belting out a number one hit from Blaine’s radio.
After parking on the side of the road far from any distractions, the two made their way in the pickup's bed, their legs tangled and bodies cuddled close overtop layers of convenient blankets left back there. Blaine had to inconspicuously hide empty packs of cigarettes before Kurt hopped in with him, since in the past Blaine would come out here alone and take a drag under the stars. He had to admit it was way better with Kurt next to him, playing idly with his curls.

They were quiet and content, drinking in the peace and serenity of the cool nighttime up until Kurt asked, “Why the spontaneous sneaking out?”

He really should have expected to answer that question and not assume Kurt would have brushed that fact over, but instead Blaine kept his eyes on the sky overhead. “I need an excuse to see my boyfriend?”

His tone sounded strained for flatness even to himself, and Kurt noticed straight away. He detached his arms from around Blaine’s torso and propped himself on an elbow. Blaine’s eyes flitted over at the movement. He never expected he would appreciate Kurt in his comfortable and strangely plain pajamas. Maybe he just figured Kurt, even sleeping, would never wear a faded Hummel Tires and Lube t-shirt and sweatpants? When in fact, Kurt would still look breathtaking in anything.

“Was it your parents?” Kurt asked softly.

Blaine didn’t speak, only fixed his jaw and tightened his grip on Kurt’s waist.

Kurt exhaled, distracting his gaze by playing with the strings on Blaine’s old, black hoodie. “I know, if you’re still not comfortable with talking about them, I will respect that. But you’re making me worried with--”

“You don’t need to worry about me,” Blaine muttered, stopping Kurt’s hand and holding it in his own.

Kurt made a crooked smile, kissing Blaine’s scratched knuckles once. “Oh, yes I do.”

“No, you don’t!”

“Says the boy who fought an army of two-hundred-pound football players,” Kurt countered, his voice edged with teasing.

Rolling his eyes, Blaine let out a scoff. “That wasn’t my fault, they were asking for it.”

“Is that your excuse for fighting them?” Kurt questioned, his joking tone diminished. He was looking down at Blaine seriously, his head tilted slightly. “Because, I mean, you don’t have to--”

“Look, they just made me angry, can we not talk about it?” Blaine interrupted, harsher than he wanted, but his need to not get in another fight with the one person he truly cared about was stronger.

Kurt shifted closer to him, draping his legs farther over Blaine’s. The last verse of ‘Someone Like You’ was drowning out the cars on the highway by now. “We’re not going back into just ‘not talking about stuff’ alright?” Kurt said firmly. “I am not going to get mad at you, okay? Only if you keep quiet and mysterious.” He poked Blaine’s chest in attempt to lighten some of the mood. “So, why did those jerks make you mad?”

Kurt was sounding like the guidance counselor Blaine had seen more than enough times at McKinley. Except he knew this question wasn’t getting paid to be asked, that Kurt actually wanted to know, because he cared.
“They, you know, hit my lunch tray and…” Blaine waved a hand, feeling a bit stupid for admitting it out loud. “Well, Karofsky was one of them. And when Azimio asked if, well, he was mocking me so it shouldn’t have mattered…but he just said something like ‘You want Karofsky to kiss it better?’ and that just, I don’t know, snapped something in me. Remembering what he did to you.” He ended in a mumble, looking down where his and Kurt’s hands were together.

Weirdly, Kurt hadn’t said anything at first. But Blaine could hear his heavy breathing, and he wondered if he said something wrong. “It’s not like I wanted to fight them, it’s not--”

“You punched Karofsky because of that?” Kurt whispered.

Blinking, Blaine nodded slowly. “Yeah…”

Then Kurt was gradually beaming, shaking his head like he couldn’t believe it to be true. “Wow, okay,” he laughed, fighting to not smile again. “Okay, just to be clear, I don’t approve of your methods, Mr. Anderson.” Kurt shook a finger at him, seeing how Blaine’s face was cracking into a grin with the realization Kurt wasn’t angry. “But I will admit you did what I couldn’t do, so that I will applaud.”

Blaine was shuffling to sit up, staring at the still-chuckling Kurt. “You’re telling me,” he began, his tone going back to flirtation since all that heavy weight was gone, “that the famous Kurt Hummel is turned on by my bad boy behavior?”

Kurt laughed, following Blaine up and freeing their intertwined legs so he could sit comfortably as well, his back resting against the truck. “Okay, firstly, I am not famous. And second, who said anything about being turned on--?”

Blaine crawled over, straddling himself over Kurt’s lap, his smug grin stretching across his whole face. “It was implied. And I know it’s true because you’re blushing.” He kissed one of Kurt’s cheeks to prove his point.

And it made his soulmate flush harder and smile bigger. He shook his head again, linking his hands over Blaine’s neck. “You’re crazy.”

“Crazy about yooooouuu.” Blaine leaned in for a proper kiss, but Kurt used a hand by his hood to tug him back before he got the chance.

“Also cheesy. Have I mentioned that?”

Shrugging, Blaine said, “Doesn’t mean it’s not true, sweetheart.” He reached up and cupped Kurt’s face between his hands, dragging him in for a kiss.

Maybe this is how we should end every little argument, Blaine figured as their mouths moved easily together, their tongue’s teasing each other’s lips. With an awesome make-out session.

He snugged his lap firmer on Kurt’s, making the kiss dirtier while fingertips scraped Kurt’s scalp. Kurt moaned, breathlessly and wanting, arching his back and pulling Blaine closer. Blaine only grinned against his boyfriend’s lips, recognizing the already familiar hardness growing in Kurt’s pajama pants.

Holding the back of Kurt’s neck with one hand, Blaine trailed the other down his chest and overtop the bulge, rubbing Kurt through there. They had already passed that step, so Kurt didn’t hesitate, only encouraged Blaine by rolling his hips upwards. But Blaine’s mind was racing. His fingers were finding the waistband on the pants and were itching to dive into them.
Kurt broke it off with a smacking noise, stalling Blaine’s fingers while wrapping a hand around his wrist. “Not here, okay?”

Blaine blinked, still coming out of the kissing-daze. “What do you mean?”

Shyly, but not frightened or panicked like the other times they pushed limits, Kurt said, “I don’t exactly want my first blowjob in the back of a pick-up.”

A breath, and then Blaine couldn’t help bursting out into a fit of giggles, taking his hands and resting them on either side of Kurt’s neck, staring at this wonderful, gorgeous, pink-eared boy. “Who said anything about a blowjob?” Soon Blaine controlled his laughter and told him, “But, it’s alright. I get it, sweetheart.”

Kurt smiled, his shoulders relaxing in relief. His expression softened noticeably, both of their breathing evening out. Blaine’s forehead rested against his soulmate’s, his eyes closing and his mind drinking in the sounds of crisp leaves ruffling and Kurt’s quiet sighing.

And then. “I like you, you know that?”

Opening his eyes, Blaine met Kurt’s, realizing he was staring up honestly. Oddly, he seemed to be speechless for a moment, until Kurt said, “I mean, it was kind of established already, but I thought I’d say it out loud for, you know,” he shrugged, lifting one shoulder. “Confirmation.”

Blaine didn’t even catch that he was grinning, and when he did he grinned even wider. “I like you too. A lot.” He pecked Kurt’s lips. “Like, a fucking lot.”

Kurt giggled, his face scrunching in delight. So Blaine kissed him again. And again. And again.

During that same night, on the opposite side of town, Sebastian Smythe finished his shot and strided over to an emptier side of the bar.

The boy occupying the place was cradling his own bottle of half-finished beer between his hands, keeping his eyes fixed on the countertop. Sebastian had seen this boy plenty of times here since he discovered Scandals, so of course he had come to know his name.

He plopped himself down on the stool beside him, startling the boy. Sebastian flashed a smile at him, seeing how even though this boy was bigger than himself, he was shrinking back, like he couldn’t believe someone had chose to come over by him. “Hey. How you doing?” Sebastian started casually.

No reply, just confused blinking. Sebastian waved at the bartender for a drink and then said, “David Karofsky, is it?”

“How do you know that?” the other boy asked.

“C’mon, big guy. You’re the only one here from McKinley High School.” Sebastian laughed, Karofsky didn’t join in.

Rolling his neck, Sebastian adjusted to make himself more comfortable and changed subject. “Where’d you get that bruise, huh?”

Karofsky winced, like he had hoped Sebastian wouldn’t had noticed. It was sort of impossible, considering that horrible, purpling bruise was standing out right under Karofsky’s eye. “Got in a fight,” he muttered, bringing the beer bottle to his lips.
Sebastian nodded, accepting his own drink after the bartender handed it to him. “Interesting. Did you lose?”

Karofsky scowled.

If Sebastian’s hunch was right, that bruise came to him from a certain someone with a bad temper. If that was so, than his luck just kept getting better. He switched topics yet again. “Your Mark is under makeup, I see.”

Instantly, Karofsky pulled away his right hand from the counter. His cheeks were flushing, but Sebastian continued. “I mean, I don’t mean to be rude. But dude, it’s pretty obvious when you use concealer two shades lighter—”

“What the hell do you want from me?” Karofsky demanded, his voice edged with fear and a bit slurred. Probably thanks to his partially empty drink. Perfect.

Sebastian leaned in slightly, lowering his voice. “You wouldn’t happen to know a Kurt Hummel, would you?”

Karofsky tensed, his eyes widening. Sebastian only grinned bigger. “Wait, is that your soulmate?”

Sighing, Karofsky looked away. “No. I mean, I wish...I guess.”

“Hmm.” Sebastian sipped his own drink, raising an eyebrow. “Maybe you’ll get lucky and this Kurt guy will already have your name!”

“No…” Karofsky furrowed his brow. “Well, I dunno. No one knows really.”

“Huh.” Smirking, Sebastian traced the rim of his glass. “Well, maybe you should ask Blaine Anderson.”

Karofsky’s head snapped so fast Sebastian was surprised there wasn’t whiplash. “What did you say?” he asked, practically snarling.

“Oh, Blaine Anderson?” Sebastian asked innocently. “Do you know him?”

“He gave me this fucking thing.” He pointed angrily at the bruise, clutching tightly on to his bottle with his other hand.

“Oh!” Sebastian put on a shocked face. “You’re kidding. Well, rumor has it...well, I shouldn’t say…”

“What?!"

Humming, Sebastian leaned in so his smug face was inches from Karofsky’s blotching red cheeks. “Well, pal, let me tell you…”
“I sent in my application to NYADA,” Kurt told Blaine, watching his boyfriend fidget with the helmet strap. “If I make it into the finals, they’re going to send someone here and I’ll audition--”

“NYADA?” Blaine asked.

Kurt nodded, a smile tugging at his lips. It was after one of their dates in their abandoned park, their homework gone forgotten as they chatted away the late afternoon into evening, sprawled close in the grass. The autumn-leaf covered lot vacant save for Kurt’s Navigator and Blaine’s motorcycle. “It’s a performing arts school in New York City!”

“Wow.” Blaine broke out in a huge grin. “Holy fuck, that’s awesome!”

Kurt laughed, shuffling excitedly on his feet. If Blaine wasn’t already seated on his bike, he’d be pouncing into a thrilled embrace. “Yeah, it’s crazy. Rachel’s planning on going too.”

“You’ll make it,” Blaine assured, still beaming proudly up at him as his hand twisted to start the ignition. The bike grumbled and puffed, and Blaine’s grin changed to a frustrated frown. “I need to get this shitty thing fixed.”

Kurt cocked his head, fixing his mouth as he tried to ask the words casually. “Is that what you’ll do after you leave…?”

“Nah, I’ll probably just be home.” Turning, Blaine winked. “You can call me if you’re not too busy.”

Kurt smirked. “Oh, I’ll definitely think about it.” He paused before saying, “You know, if your bike is acting shifty I could always drive you home.”

“No, that’s fine.” Blaine shook his head quickly, returning his attention to snuggling the helmet over his curls.

“Are you sure?”

“Kurt,” he chuckled under his breath. “I live like ten minutes from here, I’ll be fine.”

Kurt complied, trying to hide a thrilled smile. He waved goodbye as Blaine kicked up the stand and whizzed off, leaving Kurt alone and ready to start the plan.

He doubted Blaine remembered, but it was their four month anniversary. Four months of being official boyfriends. Just the mere thought sent Kurt’s mind dizzy. It was unbelievable he had been with his soulmate for that long.

The late October sky was gradually graying when Kurt acquired the surprise gift: a bouquet of red and yellow roses. They sat carefully on his passenger seat, being glanced on every five seconds by Kurt. He didn’t want them crushed or ruined before he made it into the unfamiliar side of town.

Now, he wasn’t sure if Blaine wanted a gift, or even liked surprises. But the gesture was rather romantic on Kurt’s part, and he had never even been to Blaine’s house before.
His radio clock read a quarter after five when he pulled around a corner, entering a street with barren
trees and equally looking houses. Weeds and unattended lawns made their name as yards, and faded
homes with roofs missing tiles lined either side of the road.

Kurt swallowed. Once, he went to Santana’s home to carpool and she lived in Lima Heights, the part
of town where he felt like he would get mugged while still in his vehicle. He felt the same here,
except with the aura of aloneness.

Thunder rumbled overhead. Kurt’s eyes scanned each house until he spotted a familiar old pick-up
tuck parked in front of a brown house. Grinning, Kurt drove in behind it, putting his car into park
and grabbing the bouquet. His heartbeat was racing with anticipation, and a ridiculous smile refused
to leave his face.

The gray clouds were dropping sprinkles of raindrops, so Kurt hurried to the front porch, practically
bouncing in his skin. Maybe Blaine might be upset with the sudden arrival, and with Kurt inviting
himself over, but it was a surprise for a reason. And just thinking of Blaine’s face once Kurt would
thrust the roses out to him would be worth it.

Kurt hid the bouquet behind his back with one hand (to add to the suspense, of course) and lifted a
fist, ready to knock on the paint-chipped door. He never got the chance, for it opened suddenly on
it’s own.

Well, not on it’s own, since a tall, broad shouldered man stood on the other side. Kurt was startled,
and clutched the bouquet tighter behind his back. This man was staring at him with squinting eyes
under thick, furrowed brows. He had an olive skin tone and black hair slicked back from gel. His
outfit didn’t match the shabby home he emerged from: an expensive-looking steel gray suit and silk
black tie. In one hand he had a set of car keys, in the other he was gripping the doorknob.

And still staring down at Kurt, making him shrink back and feel defenseless and small under his
gaze.

“What the hell do you want?” the man demanded, eyeing Kurt up and down, suspicious.

“I...uh…” His brain froze up. It was too busy trying to add up the facts on who the man was and
what home he was in and oh god and oh shit and--

Footsteps could be heard behind the man, but he didn’t waver. He was waiting for an answer, and
Kurt’s palms were sweating from holding the flowers so fiercely.

“I’m here for Blaine…” Kurt said slowly, trying to appear he wasn’t frightened for his life because
this had to be his boyfriend’s father and this is how Kurt was meeting him and suddenly an image of
a bruise under Blaine’s eye appeared in his mind…

The man--well, Mr. Anderson--frowned and stepped forward, instantly making Kurt step back and to
the side of the porch, careful to keep the roses hidden at all costs. “We’re lab partners. We have a
project to do,” Kurt finished, thankfully without a single stutter, although his heart was pounding so
loud he was sure everyone on the block could hear.

Mr. Anderson never changed his expression, just a call over his shoulder, “Blaine, some kid is here
for you!” And gave Kurt one final glare before walking down the steps and to the driveway, the rain
pouring steadily for him to start jogging towards a sleek car. Quite a contrast, still, to the surrounding
neighborhood.

Kurt only had seconds to gape at what just happened to him when footsteps charged up to him and
Blaine came out of the doorway, staring at Kurt with absolute horror. “Kurt?” he squeaked, his voice small and unlike anything Kurt had heard come out of his soulmate’s mouth. Blaine’s head snapped to his father’s car pull out of the driveway and down the road, and then back to Kurt. “What are you doing here?!”

“I…” Kurt faltered, not sure what to say or even think.

Blaine grabbed his elbow and lead him down the creaky porch quickly, marching across the lawn and obviously to Kurt’s car. “You need to go--what the fuck were you thinking?!” He sounded only partially angry, mostly scared. It was scaring Kurt, what was going on?

“I’m sorry!” Kurt managed, struggling out of Blaine’s grasp and checking the flowers, which were being met with harsh pellets of rain. “I thought only your--your mother would be home!” Blaine had stopped, jerking him back to look at him. “I never…I didn’t know…”

Chest heaving, Blaine raking a gauze-wrapped hand through his soaked hair, looking away and huffing a sigh. The rain was falling harder now, flattening Blaine’s curls and making his black t-shirt stick to his skin. He must’ve been freezing, only wearing that, his jeans and sock feet.

“My mom’s gone, but...god, Kurt, do you have any idea what would’ve happened if--” Blaine began, then stopped and gritted his teeth.

Kurt pushed his drooping bangs out of the way, droplets running down his face and eyelashes. “I’m sorry, I didn’t know!”

“Then why did you fucking come in the first place?!”

Hitching his breath, Kurt realizing his eyes were stinging. This wasn’t suppose to happen. This was going horribly wrong. And it was his fault and Blaine wasn’t listening and--

“Here,” Kurt weakly held up the bouquet, watching the roses wilt under the storm. It looked rather pathetic, the red and yellow petals falling under the downpour. He felt his cheeks burn. Now he looked idiotic and humiliated. “I got you flowers.”

At least Blaine’s angry eyebrows inched upwards, a bit confused at the gift. His shoulders sagged, and he seemed to opened his mouth and only to be at a loss for words. He twitched his fingers before, “Flowers?”

“Yeah, it’s our anniversary,” Kurt explained, trying to sound annoyed but ended up with his voice cracking. He cleared it, shaking his head. “It’s…it’s our four month anniversary, okay?”

Blaine blinked, mouth parted. His entire expression had softened. But he still wasn’t saying anything, so Kurt babbled on, looking at the flowers and feeling the flush grow to his neck. “I wanted to surprise you but I’m sorry okay I didn’t mean for this to h-happen--”

“You got me flowers?” Blaine asked, his voice barely above a whisper. It’s almost as if he was in shock, which made Kurt purse his lips and throat bob. He thought it was pretty clear already.

“Yes, and I know it’s probably stupid now--”

“I love you.”

Kurt’s mouth stopped midway in continuing his sentence, freezing and certain his heart had jumped right out of his chest. What did Blaine say?
The rain poured loudly around them, and Blaine shook his head slowly. “Also, it’s not stupid.” His hazel eyes were shining, with droplets of water making his ridiculously long eyelashes point to look like tips of a star. Kurt swallowed, noticing Blaine had taken a step forward and was staring at Kurt wide-eyed and slow breathing.

“Did you say…?” Kurt started, the hand holding the roses shaking. Was he breathing? His lungs seemed to have forgotten to. His brain wasn’t functioning too well either, because it knew exactly what Blaine had said.

“I love you,” he repeated, the corners of his lips quirking up. Just saying those three words made Blaine’s entire body relax, the anger and fear built up before visibly fading. His hands wrapped around the stems of the bouquet, overlapping Kurt’s. Blaine smiled at them, the beautiful kind of smile that showed his teeth and made his eyes squint from happiness. “They’re beautiful, Kurt. Thank you.”

Kurt felt like his body couldn’t move and at the same time was buzzing. He blinked several times before saying quietly, “Wait, you really love me?”

Sniffing the ruined roses, Blaine nodded, smiling up at Kurt. “Yeah, I do.” He smiled even bigger, if that was possible. His eyes were bright and his face looked young and the curls had matted down completely.

Kurt let out a breath, a shaky one, that released all the tight tension that was building. He was beginning to smile too, just as Blaine reached a hand and placed it behind Kurt’s neck, connecting their lips in a wet, open-mouthed kiss.

Dreams of experiencing the epic Notebook kiss couldn’t compare. Kurt’s mind had been on a whirlwind, yes, but this, having the hot slide of Blaine’s mouth against his own anchored him to this crazy, wonderful boy. Neither could pull up for a breath long enough, for the other had chased them right back. Blaine’s free hand was cradling his neck surely and needly, while Kurt’s hand found their way to twist at Blaine’s drenched shirt, the flowers--or what was left of them--squished between their bodies.

He wasn’t certain how long they stayed, wanting and pulling and hungrily at each other, but it felt like hours. Kurt had separated first, panting as if he had climbed a mountain. The rain wasn’t lighting up anytime soon. But that didn’t matter. For Blaine had his eyes hooded while looking up at Kurt, shiny lips parted and grinning, and dark curls sticking over his forehead.

Kurt giggled breathlessly, his body vibrating against his soulmate’s. His fingers went to gently push the curls out of Blaine’s face, only to stroke down, feather-light fingertips ending up resting at the nape of Blaine’s neck. “I love you, too,” he whispered back.

“Kurt Hummel! We have got ourselves a problem.”

Turning away from his locker, Kurt saw Mercedes march towards him with a look of panic across her face. Her phone was held out, a web page pulled up on the screen.

Kurt wasn’t really in the mood for any gossip she was probably bursting to tell him. It had been a long Friday, and honestly he just wanted to grab his bag and head home. Any news about Kim Kardashian’s drama could wait.

“‘Cedes--” Kurt began, his tired eyelids closing briefly.

Mercedes only shoved the phone at his face, her lips drawn down in worry. “Look at this.”
Huffing, Kurt squinted at the screen, recognizing it as the poorly designed blog of Jacob Ben Israel. He groaned, rolling his eyes. “Oh, my god, why--”

“Kurt,” she hissed, glancing to the side of the hallway still packed with students having their last conversations before the weekend. She turned the screen to herself and read, “‘Is Kurt Hummel, one of the rising stars of Glee club, truly matched with local delinquent Blaine Anderson?’”

“What?!” He snatched the phone from her, scanning the rest of the blog post. Jewfro wrote on about the “obvious proof,” like how “both of them were seen hiding their Marks the day after their seventeenth birthday, most likely agreeing to hide their match from the world,” and “a romantic secret outing at the drive-in movie in Westerville.” He even got an interview with a Cheerio, who claimed to have seen Kurt sneak out with Blaine during Rachel’s summer party. Not to mention at the end there was a grainy picture of the two holding hands at the auditorium doorway. Proof after proof after proof.

Kurt gulped thickly, feeling as if his stomach had dropped to his feet. He scrolled down and up the page, trying to form his own words. Mercedes was watching him, biting at her lip.

“I...how…” Kurt stuttered out, bug-eyed and realizing his breathing had shallowed. This was never suppose to happen. This was a living nightmare.

“I don’t know, it was just posted--”

“KURT!”

The two spun around, seeing a green cardigan and yellow headband Rachel stomp towards him, her jaw fixed tight and eyes boring on Kurt. A cell phone was clutched in her right hand.

“What is this?” she demanded, thrusting the screen at Kurt’s face much as Mercedes’ did, the same article shown. Unlike Mercedes, who was concerned, Rachel was shaking with rage.

Kurt blinked, stammering, “I-I…”

“What the hell? Is it true?” Rachel asked, throwing her hands up wildly. “Because it makes a lot of sense, you know! Why you refused to show me, your best friend!”

“Rachel--”

“And already our new members are threatening to quit just because of this!” she added loudly.

“Rach, sweetie--”

“You knew about it, didn’t you, Mercedes?!” Rachel shouted to their other friend. People in the hall were staring curiously now.

“Rachel, calm down,” Kurt whispered frantically. “It’s not what it seems--”

“Oh, really?!” She spun at him, catching sight of his leather gloved hand and widening her eyes. “Then take off your gloves! Show me your Mark!”

Kurt hissed in a breath, glancing at Mercedes, as if he hoped she would have a plan to get out of this. She looked just as frightened at he did, mutually knowing the consequences.

“Rachel…”

“Care to explain, doughboy?” drawled Santana, coming up beside them with Brittany trailing along,
her cell phone up in one hand, the other propped on her hip. Jewfro’s blog was showing on her screen as well, except it was zoomed in on the grainy picture. “Because, believe me, I am more than interested to hear how the hell this happened.”

Kurt backed up, only to hit his back against the lockers. “Look, this is just a misunderstanding—”

“Alright, so clear it up!” Rachel said, stepping forward, making him feel even more surrounded. “Take off your gloves!”

“C’mon, guys, this is ridiculous—” Mercedes tried.

“It’s ridiculous that Kurt is denying everything and refusing to show his Mark, proving it wrong!” Rachel cut in.

“Kurt!” came the voice of Tina, rushing up next to Brittany. She didn’t look mad, thank god, but somewhat disappointed. “How could you? Your soulmate just has to be freakin’ Anderson?”

“No, listen—!” started Kurt.

“So it’s not?” Santana asked, raising a brow.

“Listen!”

“Take off your gloves, Kurt!” Rachel ordered, reaching to grab his wrist but only twist it away from her.

There was no way out. Five sets of eyes were staring at him, not to mention the onlookers in the back, intrigued by the girls’ shouting. Kurt cradled his right hand close to his chest, wishing nothing but to be sucked in by the ground and never seen again.

Blaine didn’t even get the chance to finish his drink at the poorly functional water fountain, for a large pair of hands grabbed his shoulders and slammed his back up roughly against the wall.

“Whoa! The fuck--?” Blaine started, struggling out of the unsuspecting strong hold.

“Shut up, Anderson,” snarled Karofsky in his face, gripping Blaine’s leather jacket shoulders tighter. He looked absolutely furious, even more so than the time Blaine punched his face. What happened? What did Blaine do?

The hallway was crowded, and given most of the students had seen the brawl in the cafeteria days before, they quickly began to take interest in the two now. A battle of the ages, they probably expected.

Blaine wrapped his hands around Karofsky’s wrists in attempt to pull him back, but the larger boy was determined by something Blaine didn’t know, and he saw his eyes flit at Blaine’s hands and widen. “Who’s your soulmate, huh?”

“What?” Blaine tensed momentarily, only to wrestle out of the hold faster not a second later. He thought to hide his bandaged-covered hand, but Karofsky had snatched it with an iron grip.

“If it’s...who I think it is…” Karofsky whispered dangerously low, so soft none of the other eavesdroppers could have heard.

He tried to twist away, shove Karofsky aside, find and get attention of someone who’d care—a teacher, a janitor. No such luck. The throng of onlookers were so dense, some glancing at Blaine and
then their phone screens, and then back to Blaine. Did he miss something?

Karofsky’s fingers had hold of the gauze, and Blaine froze. He quickly grabbed the front of the larger boy’s letterman jacket, the pin still too strong to make any progress. “You don’t want to do that,” Blaine warned, sounding more angry than he actually felt. It was definitely fear that made his heart race like crazy.

A look was given that said Karofsky could give two fucks on how dangerous Blaine made himself sound. The final struggle didn’t stop Karofsky ripping his gauze completely off his hand.

“We’re your friends!”

“Just show us!”

“Damn it, Kurt. You’re basically lying by this point.”

“Show us!”

Frustration was beginning to replace the anxiety. Kurt’s eyebrows were lowering, and his fingers flexed into fists. There was too much shouting, too many faces, too much attention drawn to him. It was infuriating.

“You want to see my god damn Mark?” he said loudly, shutting them up. In a flash, he tugged at the end of a fingertip, and whipped his glove off before thrusting the back of his hand at their face.

Mercedes gasped, Rachel gawked like she was insulted, and Santana’s eyebrows shot all the way up her forehead.

“Are you happy now?” he asked bitterly, snatching his bag and finally slamming his locker shut. He just noticed now, the hallway was silent. Those onlookers, only about a dozen, but they had all caught a look at his Mark. They appeared scandalized, and began chatter under their breath.

“Oh, my god--” Tina began behind her hand, but Kurt interrupted her as well.

“I hope you’re all fucking pleased with yourselves.” And he ducked his head and shoved his way past them, the need to go home stronger now more than ever.

“Hummel is your soulmate…” Karofsky said slowly, his eyes staring at the Mark huge with shock.

Blaine used this temporary moment of distraction to free his arm and elbow Karofsky aside, shoving him away and then meeting the gaggle of students who of course decided to stay after school today and watch him like he was some specimen at the zoo. They were whispering to one another, some saying, “So it’s true!” and “Just like Jewfro said!”

He hurried through them, pushing bodies aside to make a path targeting the exit.

Honest to god, he had no care on what McKinley thought of him. But Kurt, his hard earned reputation would be destroyed in minutes. Gossip traveled fast in this high school, and an unsettling thought made Blaine think Kurt already knew.

He refused to leave his room. He had made safety curled up in the corner of his bed, his shoes still on, his chest feeling like a meteor had just crashed into it. It was quiet and very alone, save for the constant knocking on his door.
“Kurt! Open up!” Finn yelled on the other side, still slamming his fists. “We need to talk, okay? It can’t be him, Kurt! Of all the guys in the world--no, Burt you don’t get it! Anderson can’t be Kurt’s soulmate, that dude’s a psychopath!”

He refreshed his text messages, waiting and waiting for the boy he loved to respond. Did students give Blaine odd looks throughout school? Did Blaine notice, or care? Had he known?

The thudding against the door toned out into white noise. Kurt buried his cheek against his pillow, curling up tighter and clicking a contact on his phone, pressing it to his ear and hearing the dial ring dully.

Please pick up. He bit harshly on his lip, tears threatening to spill. I just need to talk to you, please pick up. Please.

Blaine didn’t pick up.

For he was being yanked at his wrist, forced away from the staircase where he sought solitude in his empty bedroom. He hadn’t expected his motorcycle to break down, making him stop and get it fixed before he made it home. Which caused him to be ungodly late, late enough to meet face-to-face with his father.

He didn’t have his gauze on anymore, a bit forgotten since his mind was still wrapped around the fact that Karofsky knew, most of the school knew, and Kurt probably did as well. So when he barged in the house, running right into Richard Anderson, who caught his wrist before Blaine could make a getaway.

“Where’re you rushed off to?” Richard demanded, his breath reeking with alcohol. Blaine coughed and sputtered, trying to twist out of his grasp as he saw his mother peek around the corner, her eyes huge.

“Nowhere--” Blaine muttered, ducking his head, his feet digging into the floor.

Richard lifted Blaine’s right, exposed hand to his face, catching sight of the small black letters written there. “Fuck, kid. Is your soulmate’s name really--” he paused, focusing on the Mark, blinking twice and furrowing his brows. Blaine held his breath, clamping his jaw shut. Terror turned his bones to ice.

“Richard, leave him alone,” Blaine’s mother said carefully, finally coming up behind her husband and looking just as frightened as her son. Never once in Blaine’s life had he witnessed his mother stand up to Richard. It was like a timid mouse standing up to a bull.

The grip around Blaine’s wrist tightened painfully. He saw his father’s eyes burn with rage, and they snapped away from the Mark to meet Blaine’s face. “So, you’re a fucking faggot then?!?”

“Richard!” Maria stepped in, placing a thin hand on her husband’s shoulder.

He shoved her back, sending her tumbling to the floor. “You knew, didn’t you?!” he shouted, shaking Blaine once with so much might he felt sick. “You knew our son was a faggot and you didn’t fucking tell me?!”

Blaine would rather be facing Karofsky again, because at least he knew Karofsky felt some fear Blaine could use against him. Now, Blaine was the latter.

A large hand wrapped around his neck, slamming him up against the wall, his father practically
spitting fire at his face. Shouting and snarling that this wasn’t how he raised him, that his mother had been too soft, how Blaine was going to pay for turning out to be a fucking cocksucker of son.

And after the first blow to the head, Blaine started crying.

The bedroom was pitch black, save for the red glow from Kurt’s bedside alarm clock, which read 3:22 a.m. in blocky numbers.

He had some energy to change into pajamas before going back under his covers, slipping his eyes closed and sleeping. Much to his parent’s dismay, he hadn’t come down for supper or anything. Perhaps he’ll spend the rest of his high school career in this room, safe from cruel rumors and unwanted attention.

His cell phone stayed clutched in one hand, which was resting on the empty pillow next to him. At 3:23, it flashed brightly, vibrating and with the message across the screen: Blaine is calling.

Blearily, Kurt blinked his eyes open, blinded slightly and then taking focus in the words. He wetted his dry throat and hurriedly, with the little strength he had from this brief awakening, pressed the green answer button and pressed it to his ear.

“Blaine?”

A broken sob, and Kurt was sitting up. “Blaine? What’s wrong? Are you alright?”

There was a sniff and a pause, and a small, shattered voice said, “C-can you c-c-come and get me, please?”

Chapter End Notes

Chapter lucky number 13, yes? Thanks to everyone who has read so far, as always. This story has gotten over 100 kudos, it's crazy! So thank you thank you to every single one of you :}
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Sorry to keep you waiting, but here's chapter 14! Enjoy! :)

If Kurt thought the neighborhood Blaine lived in was scary during the daytime, it was terrifying at night.

Before he could let his imagination run wild on how many horror films had people murdered on empty streets with long, casting shadows and bone-thin trees, he turned the corner to the correct road. Thank god Kurt remembered what Blaine’s house looked like, and he pressed the break of his Navigator in front of it, peering out the window on any indication of life inside.

The silence from the rest of the neighborhood echoed the thudding of doors, some muffled yelling, and much to Kurt’s shock the sound of glass shattering inside Blaine’s home until suddenly the front door burst open, casting a yellow light.

Blaine rushed out from the porch and down the steps, away from the direction the shouts were coming from. He skidded to a halt beside the passenger door, and before Kurt could even form words on what the hell was going on, he hopped inside.

“Go,” Blaine croaked, pressing the heel of his hand to the side of his face.

Kurt stammered, the yellow glow from the streetlamps being the only source of light on his soulmate’s profile, and all he could make out in that moment before he slammed on the gas pedal was a horrible bruise under his eye and cut over his lip. The sheer panic of the situation took over as auto pilot, and soon he was whizzing away down the street.

They were both silent, Blaine holding the side of his head and Kurt focused on the vacant roads. He tried glancing over multiple times to get a better look at the damage, at whatever caused Blaine to call him so late at night.

He did, eventually, halt the car at a stoplight, turning to face Blaine and asking, “What happened? Wait, oh my god, are you bleeding--?”

Blaine winced at Kurt’s touch to his forehead, where at his hairline was dry, crusting blood. Shrugging, shaking his head, trying to pass it off as okay but having his eyebrows draw together in pain, Blaine mumbled, “My dad saw what my Mark was.”

Kurt’s breath hitched. Those words were like an anvil to his heart. To know Blaine was hurt this badly...because of him...

“I’m so sorry, Blaine,” he whispered, unsure whether he should reach out and comfort his boyfriend and if that would do more harm than good. Tightening his mouth, Kurt nodded and decided, “Well, you can at least stay over at my house for the night.”

“Kurt, I--”

He held up a finger, putting the other hand over the steering wheel. “No protests. Alright?”
Blaine looked tired and defeated. He looked up at Kurt through his good eye and half swollen one, sighing. “Alright.”

The drive there was quick, but the journey into the house was like sneaking into a high security bank. Kurt ushered Blaine in as quiet as he possibly could, one arm around the other boy’s back to steady him, careful to keep his voice as hushed as possible for the thought of waking his family and them seeing his boyfriend was too risky.

In the small, blue-painted bathroom, Kurt clicked on the light and told Blaine to sit on the counter top as he got washcloths and the first aid kit from the cupboards. The bright, fluorescent lamp on the ceiling made Blaine’s wounds more visible, and making them look ten times as awful.

“You don’t have to…” Blaine said, watching Kurt put the washcloths under soapy water and wring them over the sink.

“Blaine, you’re hurt,” Kurt stated, unable to look at the bruises and cuts without feeling his gut drop. “Just let me take care of you, okay?”

And Blaine let him, staying quiet and seated on the counter as Kurt stood in front of him with Blaine’s knees resting on either side of Kurt’s hips, dabbing the washcloth over the dry blood on his hairline and over his earlobe, examining the cut and wondering if it’s deep enough for stitches. He was careful not to bump the purpling bruises under his eye, extending the length of his cheekbone, and as he discovered another also by his jaw.

The sloshing of the water in the sink as Kurt would dampen the cloths again became the only sound in the bathroom. Kurt met Blaine’s eyes, catching how they were rimmed red around the edges, and asked gently, “This isn’t the first time he’s done this, is it?”

Blaine took in a breath through his nose, his gaze flickered downward. “Don’t worry, I’ve had worse.”

That certainly didn’t make him feel better.

He brought his focus back on the wet cloth in his hand, and lifted it up to where Blaine’s mouth was cut, gently dabbing it. He was careful not to meet Blaine’s watchful eyes this time, until he was finished and went on to the scratched hands.

Both were bare, without the gauze covering the permanent black Mark. Kurt took the right one in his hand and cleaned it up, washing the cloth over the dirt and crusted blood on the knuckles. He wondered if Blaine fought back, or they were simply from something else. Just the image of the broad, cold-staring man Kurt met possibly hitting or doing worse to his soulmate was sickening.

“Kurt? Are you okay?” Blaine asked, squeezing Kurt’s hand.

He nodded hastily. “Of course. But are you? Like, does it still hurt bad?”

“Well, not as bad, but…” Blaine broke off, beginning to blink rapidly, and looking at Kurt’s shoulder instead of his face. His hand was squeezing tighter, almost numbing.

“What is it?” he whispered, setting the washcloth aside and held both of Blaine’s hands in his own, soothing his thumb pads over his fingers when he saw Blaine’s hazel eyes begin to mist.

Blaine exhaled, shakily and cracked. He closed his eyes, his pursed lips trembling, and finally sagged forward, enveloping his arms around Kurt before burying his face in the crook of his neck. Kurt did the same, wrapping his arms around Blaine’s torso while stroking his back soothingly, feeling Blaine
shake against him and hearing soft, broken sniffs near his ear, the actual sobs muffled by Kurt’s
cotton white pajama shirt.

“I’m just so fucking scared, Kurt,” he whispered into the fabric.

Kurt held him, rocking gently, making soft shushing sounds, his heart somehow both clenching and
swelling and wanting him to cry along with Blaine as well. He couldn’t bring himself to, only
pressing a kiss to the side of Blaine’s neck and assuring him he was alright now, that he was safe.

Time passed, and Kurt was set on making sure Blaine was the first to detach from the embrace,
ducking his head and rubbing the tears away with the heel of his hand.

“Sorry about your shirt,” Blaine mumbled, his voice small, childlike.

His shoulder had tear stains, but that was it. Kurt smiled lightly. “It’s fine, don’t worry.” Which
struck an idea. “You should probably get pajamas, too.” And when Blaine looked confused, Kurt
added, “Well, you are spending the night here, remember?”

He quickly finished wrapping Blaine’s knuckles up in bandages from the first aid kit. And after
tiptoeing up to his bedroom—constantly double checking on Burt and Carole’s door across from his
to make sure he hadn’t stirred them awake—Kurt acquired in the dark a worn t-shirt and pajama
bottoms for Blaine, handing them to him in the bathroom and waiting behind the closed door until he
had changed.

When Blaine was finished and opened the door quietly, Kurt couldn’t help but smile with adoration
at the sight in front of him. Blaine was fiddling with the hem of the shirt Kurt had given him, his grey
Wicked one, also wearing too-long, white-and-red striped pants, the ends bunching up around his
ankles.

“What are you smiling at?” Blaine asked, running fingers through his already disheveled hair,
cracking a smile for the first time all night.

Kurt shook his head, taking his hand and leading him out into the darkened living room. “Oh,
nothing,” he sighed, the weight on his chest lessening a bit.

He got spare blankets and pillows and set them on the couch for himself, Blaine watching him from
the side. Kurt turned to him, extending a hand out for him to take. “Here, you can sleep in my room.”

Blaine’s eyes widened immediately. “Alone?” He stepped forward, clasping Kurt’s hand between
both of his desperately. “Wait, no--I don’t...please don’t leave me alone.”

“Okay, okay, um.” Kurt’s cheeks grew hot, because he thought it would be easier to explain in the
morning to his dad about one strange boy in his bed, instead of him finding them both sleeping in the
same bed together.

Thankfully, Blaine seemed to have read his mind. “Hey, it’d be okay if we just, you know, camped
out down here.”

Kurt’s shoulders relaxed. “Are you sure?”

Blaine’s smile grew. “Positive.”

In a way, it almost felt like a sleepover, setting up the layers of blankets on the carpet and fluffing up
the pillows at one end. They shuffled under a checkered patterned quilt, Kurt on the right and Blaine
to the left, both situating down and facing each other, their cheeks pressed to the pillows.
He could see Blaine’s eyelids drooping, obvious how utterly exhausted he was. Kurt himself stifled a yawn, unconsciously shuffling closer to Blaine, almost having them share the same pillow. Their knees ended up bumping, and not long after that their legs tangled together.

“Goodnight, Blaine,” Kurt whispered, blindly searching for Blaine’s hand in the sea of their quilt. Blaine caught him, twining their fingers together and resting them between their chests.

He was close enough to feel Blaine sigh, his muscles releasing tension. “Goodnight, sweetheart.”

They drifted off together, ending that crazy, hectic, nerve-wracking day with just them, breathing steadily and silently. Nothing but their laced fingers and matched heartbeats between them.

Saturdays meant opening shop at eleven instead of nine in the morning, but also for Burt Hummel it meant cooking bacon and eggs at nine instead. He didn’t mind it, since it was technically tradition and he got bacon in his stomach before work (much to Kurt’s disapproval, since he was suppose to be on a diet, so to speak).

He scratched the back of his neck as he passed his son’s bedroom, the door closed as usual. Since Kurt always slept with the door shut, this wasn’t out of the ordinary, until Burt walked down the steps to make way to the kitchen.

However, he slowed his pace when he caught a lumpy blanket in the center of the living room. Burt squinted his eyes, half-considering whether he was just imagining things, especially when one of those lumps turned out to be Kurt, sound asleep and holding hands with the lump next to him: a dark-haired boy with an awful bruise on his jaw, also in deep slumber and just so happened to be wearing a familiar shirt with green Wicked lettering.

Burt fixed his jaw, standing uncertainly at the foot of his steps with his face warming. Out of all the ruckus that happened yesterday after Kurt and Finn got out of school--Kurt locking himself away all night while Finn went on and on about who exactly Kurt’s soulmate was--and now this? He would like some clear answers.

Walking over to the back of the couch, still shuffling awkwardly, placing his hands on his hips and glancing around the room like he expected something to jump out, Burt cleared his throat. Loud. It at least make Kurt shift slightly, resituating himself and, much to Burt’s dread, closer to the strange kid lying next to him.

Burt glared down at them, crossing his arms over his chest. “Kurt,” he said plainly, not as loud as his cough but enough to make his son wrinkle his brow, rolling to his back and gradually blink his eyes open.

It took a couple seconds for him for him to take in his surroundings, calculate exactly where he was and who he was with. Once everything was falling into place, visibly Kurt’s body tensed and his eyes snapped fully awake. He sat up in a flash, clutching Carole’s quilt he was under and staring at Burt like a deer in headlights. “Dad!” he gasped, stuttering for more words, possibly an explanation, his face blushing so red it was traveling down to his neck.


Kurt was still a blushing mess when Burt had him alone in the middle of their kitchen, trying to gesture along with his stumbling words. “Dad, look, um, it’s not what it seems--I just, it was--”
Burt cut him off, crossing his arms sterner. “Is that who I think it is?” He nodded towards the living room.

Gulping, Kurt crossed his arms to mirror Burt’s, his Mark showing uncovered. “Yeah, that’s...Blaine.”

“The Blaine?” Burt gestured at the Mark.

Kurt exhaled, looking down at his hand. “Yep.”

“You mean, the Blaine Finn kept mentioning during that mess the other day?”

“Dad--”

“And now he’s having sleepovers at our house?!”

“DAD--” Kurt’s face flushed deeper, if that was possible.

Burt held up a hand to stop him. “Now, when I ask what the hell is going on, I want straight answers. No riddles or...empty responses and stuff. Clear answers, you got it?”

Kurt nodded slowly, his crossed arms tightening. “Alright. Just...please keep your voice down. He--Blaine--didn’t get a lot of sleep last night.”

Burt raised an eyebrow, and Kurt’s eyes grew huge. “Not like that!”

They didn’t sit down or get comfortable, Burt just stood there and let Kurt whisper-tell him about the events going on. How he and Blaine had tried to keep their Marks a secret, considering Blaine’s reputation and the new status of the Glee club. And soon some kid Burt had never heard of started gossip and things got out of hand, and Blaine’s father had found out, leaving Blaine injured terribly.

“His father beat him because of what his Mark said?” Burt interrupted, a hint of rage bubbling in his chest.

“Yeah. He needed a place to stay afterwards, that’s it,” Kurt finished, now leaning against the refrigerator. “I wasn’t just going to leave him.”

Burt nodded, of course believing him. But something was still out of place. “I just don’t get it, Kurt. Why would your soulmate be someone like...that?”

“Like what?”

“You know…” Burt gestured his hands. “All tattoos and piercings and, god what did Finn say? He like, gets in fights and vandalizes everything?”

Kurt rolled his eyes, looking back towards the living room. “He’s not just all that, Dad.” He turned back to his father, his mouth tugging at a smile. “Opposites attract, I guess?”

Burt scoffed, shaking his head and trying not to laugh. “It’s just bizarre, I guess. To wrap my head around.”

Shuffling of footsteps could be heard approaching. They both simultaneously looked over and saw at the edge of the kitchen the kid they were talking about, looking shy and unsure. Blaine glanced at them both, shrinking back a bit. The appearance of him being quite a sight: wearing Kurt’s t-shirt and pajama pants that were too long for his legs, with morning stubble and a bedhead of dark curls sticking in all directions. The wounds Kurt mentioned were there, cuts and bruises from abuse, not a
random street fight others might presume.

Burt caught his son relax the second Blaine came into view, his face and eyes softening. Blaine obviously wanted to smile back, but still seemed scared out of his mind at the sight of Burt there.

He decided to make the first move and stepped forward, holding out a hand for Blaine. “We haven’t been properly introduced, it seems.”


“I know.” He glanced at Kurt and smirked, his son returning a slightly embarrassed blush. “I’m Kurt’s father.” Suddenly, he remembered why he had come down here in the first place. “You like bacon?”

Blaine was taken aback, searching for answers from Kurt. Kurt simply took his hand, leading him to the table while telling Burt they’d love some bacon.

While Burt cooked up breakfast, he overheard the boys’ conversations. Kurt asking Blaine how he had slept, if his injuries still hurt as bad, if he wanted anything else to eat. Blaine was surprisingly polite, quiet and probably still on edge, answering Kurt’s questions softly. It was after Burt handed them plates piled high with scrambled eggs, sausage and extra bacon that Carole joined the party.

She was startled by Blaine’s presence, and Kurt and Burt soon informed her on the situation (a brief run of it, given how Blaine was pinking at the cheeks at more attention being drawn to him). After learning about Blaine’s cuts and bruises, she immediately went mother-mode over him, examining how serious they were and assuring she had medicine in the closest that would help heal them faster.

Carole’s departure to the bathroom left Blaine wide-eyed and frozen, like being doted upon was something new. The thought left Burt feeling bad for the kid, for the reality though probably true, it was damn heartbreaking.

Then things took a turn for the worse when Finn woke up.

His step-son trudged into the kitchen, following the smell of breakfast while yawning. He stopped in his tracks once he caught Blaine seated next to Kurt, and his body instantly stiffened with anger.

“What the hell is he doing here?” Finn shouted, ready to go forward and tackle their guest but Burt was up, holding his shoulders and bringing him back.

“Finn, calm down--”

“Calm down? Burt, you don’t know who this guy is, what he’s done--”

“Finn!” Kurt was standing up as well, his hands balled into fists. Blaine’s expression was hard, and he glared up at Finn where he was seated.

Fortunately, Carole had arrived back and got her son to somewhat cool down, leading him out of the kitchen and down the hall. Kurt looked absolutely infuriated, and Blaine said he was finished eating.

Kurt agreed, taking Blaine’s hand. “We’ll get you clothes for today, okay Blaine?” He started marching out the kitchen, only to glance back other his shoulder at Burt. “And I don’t care what Finn thinks, Blaine’s staying for as long as he needs to.”

Blaine was sheepish when he also said to Burt before Kurt lead him up to his room, “Thanks for breakfast, sir.”
Burt huffed out a laugh. “You can call me Burt, kid.” And watched them both disappear up the stairs.

Blaine had to admit, he never could see himself wearing mustard colored pants that he had to roll up so they wouldn’t overlap his ankles. But Kurt kept convincing him that he looked rather handsome in that color, handing him a dark grey cardigan in exchange for his Wicked shirt.

They had both thought it best to reside in Kurt’s bedroom for the remainder of the morning, or until Finn decided to “mature and accept the facts,” as Kurt put it. He had told Blaine he would wash the clothes he arrived in, and let him borrow clothes Kurt owned for the rest of the day. Leading Kurt in a frenzy around his closet and drawers on what articles of clothing would look best on Blaine.

“Do you want a bow tie to complete the look?” Kurt asked after Blaine had shuffled into the cardigan, also frowning at the sleeves hugging his wrists.

“A bow tie?” He looked up at Kurt like he was speaking a foreign language. His boyfriend smirked and held up a black plaid bow tie in one hand and a red one with dots scattered around it in the other.

“Yes. A bow tie. You wear it around your neck.”

Blaine shook his head, staring at the ties with disapproval. “No thanks...they’re not really me.”

Kurt laughed, placing them back in his drawer. “Whatever you say, Mr. Rocking-The-Mustard-Pants.”

“Hey now!” Blaine protested, but Kurt was still laughing as he walked over to the bed, sitting next to Blaine on the edge.

Kurt himself was wearing brown pants that fit him perfect in every way imaginable along with a comfy burnt-orange sweater, looking like the autumn trees right outside his window. He was still smiling at Blaine, bringing his fingers up to smooth them through the curls, Blaine absently leaning into the touch.

“How did your dad find out?” Kurt asked, his teasing tone before now gone serious. He watched earnestly as Blaine’s breathing went uneven, his casual stance now rigid.

“I...well…” He had hoped to bypass all concerns related to what had happened last night, even now he had tried to suppress the memories out of habit. “Before, at school...Karofsky had confronted me and ripped off my gauze. I forgot I wasn’t wearing it when I got home.” He shrugged, staring down at his knees.

Kurt tilted his head. “Why on earth did Karofsky rip your gauze off?”

“I dunno. But, it was weird, like he wanted to know what my Mark said.” Blaine met Kurt’s eyes, seeing how they were just as bewildered as his. “Like, he must’ve had some idea because before he said ‘If it’s who I think it is...’ or something like that.”

“ Weird. Every one of my friends found out because of Jewfro’s stupid blogging website. Do you think Karofsky found out because of that too?”

Blaine shook his head. “Nah, this was before all that shit storm.”

“ Weird,” Kurt said again, his fingers in Blaine’s hair starting to stroke it again. He began playing with the curls on the ends. “It’s going to be hell at school on Monday.”
“Yep.” Blaine nodded once.

“Do you...is all your school stuff at your house?”

The only item Blaine had taken with him when he ran was his cell phone, that was it. His black shirt, faded jeans, and old sneakers were the only clothing that was truly his, the rest was at his own bedroom. He wasn’t really up to go back over there, and he had a feeling Kurt would refuse to let him set foot back in his neighborhood.

“It’s fine, it’s just my backpack and stuff.” Blaine smirked, attempting to lighten the mood. “It’s not like I was planning on doing my homework anyway.”

Kurt was thinking, pursing his lips and staring at Blaine’s face. “Do you think we should call the cops?”

“No!” Well, maybe yes. Except the idea of his parents--more so, his father--being furious that he escaped the house last night and ran away was still fresh in his mind. His father had noticed Blaine rushing out, throwing his wine bottle at the wall after him. Did he remember by now? Would he come chasing after him and drag him back, cutting him off from everything as punishment: school, his phone, his truck, Kurt.

“I don’t know,” Blaine said, overlapping Kurt’s extended hand with his, twining their fingers. “I don’t want to think about it now.”

Kurt nodded. “Okay.”

They stayed in a content little state of silence, their thumbs soothing each other’s skin. Blaine’s gaze had remained fixed on their linked hands resting on his lap, but he had caught Kurt constantly glancing up at him, so he finally asked, “What is it?”

“Oh, I just…” Kurt bit the corner of his mouth. “Is it bad that I’ve wanted to kiss you for the longest time, but I’m afraid that I’ll hurt you when I do?”

That was definitely a thought that sent Blaine’s heart soaring happily. “You could never hurt me, Kurt.” He closed the space for him, cupping the back of Kurt’s neck to bring their lips together, slotting them expertly and savoring the taste.

Kurt’s bedroom door was cracked open, so his dad wouldn’t get any wrong ideas on what they could possibly be doing. Sadly, this meant they couldn’t go beyond just kissing sweetly, which was careful as it was considering the cut above Blaine’s mouth still stung slightly.

Soon, Kurt was humming blissfully, and Blaine parted away just to see why. His soulmate’s face was at ease, his eyes blinking open lazily. “Have I told you that I love you today?” Kurt sighed, grinning.

Blaine chuckled, the funny things his heart was doing making him feel way better than what the last days had given him. “No, I can’t say you have.”

“Well, I do. I love you, Blaine Anderson.” He giggled, bringing Blaine back for another eager kiss, his fingers raking back in his curls.

“I love you, too,” Blaine tried to say between intakes of breaths. But Kurt was persistent, finding out he was able to kiss Blaine without irritating his cut, sucking playfully at his bottom lip, angling his head to deepen it.
Blaine simply smiled into it, holding Kurt close and feeling absolutely carefree and, for a moment, fearless.
Chapter 15

Oddly, Blaine didn’t feel any different sitting in the cafeteria that Monday afternoon. He was by himself at his own secluded table, pushing around peas with his fork. The entire morning wasn’t much of a change for him, in fact. Sure, he walked around now without layers of gauze, and he could feel people staring at his hand during class—probably to see if all the rumors were legitimately true.

Blaine would then give them a mean look if he felt they’ve been staring long enough, (his healing cuts and bruises added to it) and they’d shy away like they always did. Somehow, he still had that intimidating reputation, and even if students were curious, they weren’t brave enough to confront him.

Which was perfectly okay with him.

Even though now Blaine’s back was facing the rest of the cafeteria, he sort of felt vulnerable without his signature leather jacket. Right now he was only wearing the clothes he had arrived to Kurt’s house in: his black tee and blue jeans (which were freshly cleaned and smelled like Kurt’s detergent). But his jacket had been like a shell or a shield, and since he had left his home without it, he was practically exposed.

Sunday morning Burt had finally called the cops on Blaine’s parents, especially after Blaine confessed this wasn’t the first time his father had took his rage out on him. The police had apparently arrested his father and still had his mother in for questioning, but their house was under search. The details were still a little fuzzy, but they would be delivering Blaine’s items later today, as well as calling the next authorized guardian to look after Blaine, since he was still underage.

Who just so happened to be his older brother.

Blaine stabbed a pea with his fork, scowling. Even though Cooper was his favorite member of their dysfunctional family, he’d much rather spend his time under the care of the Hummel-Hudson’s instead of his neglectful brother.

The chatter of the lunchroom had mostly been background noise to him at this point. With the thought of Kurt on his mind, Blaine spun around in his chair, craning his head over the crowds of students for a familiar coif of brown hair.

Kurt wasn’t sitting at the table where he had resided the beginning of that year, where the jocks and cheerleaders mingled about. That short girl Rachel wasn’t either. She was eating at a table near the windows, annoyed and talking to Finn, the mohawk jock, and a trio of Cheerios. As well as two new faces Blaine didn’t recognize.

Suddenly, he spotted him out of the corner of his eye. Just coming out of the lunch line with his tray of food clutched tightly to his chest. He was nervous, and glanced over unsurely at the table Rachel
was at. When it appeared she was purposely avoiding eye-contact and two of those Cheerios were
glowering his way, Kurt hurried away in the opposite direction of the table.

Which was to Blaine.

Students were staring now, whispering behind their hands. All morning Blaine hadn’t interacted with
Kurt, and he figured that was alright. High school was a completely different dimension, where the
scandal of them being soulmates was still abuzz and Kurt’s reputation had crumbled to dust. Even
during the classes they shared together, Kurt kept to himself with his hands balled into fists and his
eyes down at his desk.

Except now Blaine was staring dumbstruck as Kurt rushed over to his lunch table and quickly sat
down in the empty chair to his right, still grasping either side of his tray as his jaw remained
clenched. People were definitely watching now, their chatter filling Blaine’s ears.

Blaine kept looking at Kurt, frozen in his own seat. He didn’t know if he should say something or he
should remain quiet like Kurt was. He didn’t even know if he should move. Kurt’s breathing was
steadying, and he shuffled so his shoulders were hunched and he became distracted by picking his
sandwich apart.

“Hey,” Kurt mumbled, still looking down at his food. He didn’t look angry or upset, only deflated.
He probably went through way more shit than Blaine this morning. Did any of his friends even talk
to him?

“Hi,” Blaine replied, trying to act casual and go back to push around his peas again. The eyes of the
surrounding students still could be felt boring on their backs. It didn’t bother himself for his was used
to it, much more he was annoyed by it for Kurt’s sake.

“Quinn didn’t even talk to me in Biology,” Kurt said, referring to his Cheerio lab partner. “She
barely even acknowledged my existence.”

“I’m sorry, Kurt.” In any other case, Blaine would have reached over and took his boyfriend’s hand
as comfort. Kurt hadn’t even bothered to wear gloves today, since there wasn’t a point anymore.

Kurt sighed, picking some tomato slices out of his sandwich. “It’s alright. I just…”

“Hiya boys!” came a sing-song voice, startling them both. The chair on the other side of Kurt was
pulled back, and in it plopped down a smiling Mercedes. She placed her tray down before waving
over at Blaine. “Hey there, Blainey!”

Blaine was stunned. First off, having more than one person sitting with him at lunch was a party by
itself. Now there was a perky girl who was treating both him and Kurt normal. Kurt was gaping as
well, possibly more shocked than Blaine at their new guest.

Mercedes began busying herself by opening her pint of milk, still giggling. “Oh, close your mouth,
Kurt. If my mom was here she’d be saying you’ll catch flies.”

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Kurt. If my mom was here she’d be saying you’ll catch flies.”

Kurt snapped his mouth shut in an instant. Then the scraping of chair legs could be heard again,
except on Blaine’s side.

“What’s up, dudes?” said the voice of the shaggy blonde-haired boy seating himself next to Blaine,
his plate piled high on protein food. Blaine recognized him as Sam Evans, a football player and as he
recalled from Kurt, Mercedes’ soulmate.

“Oh Blaine, hon. I’m sorry I didn’t ask,” Mercedes said, turning Kurt and Blaine’s attention back to
her. “Is it cool that we sit here with you?”

Blaine blinked. “Uh.”

“They didn’t have any more chocolate chip cookies,” complained a third voice, one that took a seat on Mercedes’ right. This girl had on a black and white polka-dotted dress and long, flowy hair. She flipped it over her shoulder and continued to the table. “So you know what they gave me? A frickin’ granola bar!”

“That sucks, Tina,” Sam said, mouth full of his own chocolate chip cookie.

Kurt was bugged eyed at them all, utterly flabbergasted. Had he thought his other friends had abandoned him as well?

Not a second later two more seats were taken up, these on the other side of Sam and with trays full of food. “You can have my cookie,” offered an Asian boy in a blue hoodie. The boy coming up next to him in a wheelchair rolled his eyes as Tina squealed, “Aww thank you, babe!”

Blaine turned to Kurt, meeting his eyes and giving a look that read, *What the fuck is happening?*

Kurt was at least brave enough to ask the question out loud. He leaned over to Mercedes and whispered, the others already caught up in their own conversations. “Um, w-why are...why aren’t you—”

“Sitting with Rachel?” Mercedes finished with a tiny smirk in her smile. “Well, for starters she is still beyond upset with you.”

“Yeah, well, not technically *you*, Kurt,” Tina added. “Just the fact that you’re matched with someone she despises.” She looked over at Blaine apologetically. “Sorry. I’m Tina, by the way,.”

“And I’m Sam!” declared Sam, drawing Blaine’s attention back to him. The blonde boy had a friendly grin on his face. “Sorry about that one time, dude. When, like, Karofsky and Azimio and their gang all beat you up? I mean, it might’ve been funny at the time—”

“Sam,” Mercedes warned.

“But, like, you’re Kurt’s soulmate now and Kurt’s my bro and so I guess that makes you my bro now too!”

“Don’t tell Rachel that,” piped up the boy in the wheelchair as he adjusted his glasses. “Or Finn and Puck for that matter. Or the Unholy Trinity. Listen, they’ve kind of gone into a silent treatment with you, Kurt.”

“No worries, we’ll deal with them later,” Tina assured, biting her newly acquired cookie. “But, we did lose all those new dancers and harmonizers for Glee club. And just a week before Sectionals!”

“Well, not *all* of them,” said the Asian boy—who now Blaine remembered as Mike Chang.

“Oh, yeah,” Mercedes groaned. “We’ve still got that daddy’s-girl Sugar Motta. As well as the Irish guy Rory. But who knows, they might just realize soon enough what it’s like to be in Glee club without popularity protecting you.”

“I would just like to point out,” said the wheelchair boy, “that I still haven’t been slushied yet today!”

“Artie, only half of the day is over with,” Tina told him. “Just wait, in no time it’s going to be
sophomore year all over again.”

The group agreed, going back to silence as they dug into their food. Blaine had noticed he’d unconsciously scooted closer to Kurt, probably since he hardly knew these people and for his entire career at McKinley they had loathed him. This one-hundred-and-eighty degree shift in their opinion towards him still made him a bit on edge.

Kurt looked somewhat guilty, probably since the gossip towards him had also brought his friends down on the social ladder. But still, there was a hint of relief in his stance. Blaine felt grateful for him too. Kurt’s worst fears had diminished; he had some of his friends back.

“So,” Mercedes said, turning to both Blaine and Kurt. “On a lighter tone, let’s get one thing Jewfro’s blog talked about straight: are you dating? And if so, why the hell didn’t you tell me, Kurt?” She nudged her friend playfully.

Whereas Blaine shrunk back with the sudden attention being brought to him, Kurt cleared his throat and replied, “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you, I thought it would be risky, ‘Cedes. And yeah, we’ve been dating for about four months.”

The girls at the table squealed in delight, making Blaine jump. Sam pouted out his lower lip, impressed. “Holy crap, you two have kept that a secret for that long?”

“We found out our Marks in April and May, Sam,” Kurt pointed out. “So, no one technically knew for like, six months.”

“Whoa! And I can’t even keep a secret about the special surprise I’m doing for our anniversary!”

“What surprise?” Mercedes asked excitedly.

Sam realized his mistake. “Nothing.”

The table erupted in laughter, even surprising for Blaine when he let out a soft chuckle. Perhaps he could get use to being comfortable around Kurt’s friends, to have them accept him. It did feel nice, in a way.

Kurt walked into Glee practice that afternoon, noticing how small their group had changed.

They had recruited a good chunk of Cheerios who wouldn’t sing, as Rachel ordered, but were there for their dancing abilities. Every single one of those were gone. Mr. Schue had accepted some students who had decent vocal chords for backup singers, their job to be harmonizing. They were no where to be in sight. The only new faces Kurt could see was pink-cladded Sugar and shy-looking Rory.

He personally had dropped their numbers from twenty-five members to fifteen.

All eyes had stared at him when he entered, most looked away. Down at their phones or back to their conversations. Mercedes and Sam had smiled at him from their corner, waving for him to sit by them.

He hurried over, keeping his chin up and pushing away the fact that Rachel conveniently moved herself to sit at the opposite side of the room. Kurt seated himself in the back corner, placing his bag on his lap and trying to glance over at the part of their Glee club who were obviously against him.

Rachel was babbling on and on to Santana, pointing at a spot on her sheet music that she most likely wanted Santana to solo, and making a lot of work to keep her eyes on the Cheerio instead of going
elsewhere. Finn was beside Rachel, his arms crossed and staring at her, so not even his head was facing Kurt—which wasn’t much change throughout the previous weekend, when all Finn did was hibernate in his bedroom and give Blaine every dirty look he could muster when they happened to cross paths.

Brittany was playing with the ends of her hair, oblivious to her surroundings. Next to her was Quinn, sitting straight as a board and scanning a book on her lap. Her jaw was clenched tight, as it was during Biology or when Kurt entered the room. Kurt couldn’t recall Blaine doing something personally to her, but she appeared just as angry as Rachel about the situation.

Santana caught his staring and made a smirk. She probably found his suffering amusing, or at least the fact that his and Blaine’s match was sort of out of the blue. Either way, she was still a part of the silent treatment, but not in a bitter way.

Puck, however, made it very clear he thought the whole thing was bullshit. His arms were crossed over his chest and he glared right at Kurt from his seat in the back row, making no indication of ignoring him like the rest. Kurt remembered Blaine giving Top-of-the-Badasses-Puck a black eye within the first week of his transfer. He remembered Blaine scraping a key across the side of Puck’s car. Those two had gotten into countless fist fights. Kurt being soulmates with Blaine to Puck was probably as bad as Tony and Maria being soulmates to Bernardo.

Mr. Schue came in, catching on to the tension across the room and cleared his throat. He began giving a speech about how although their numbers had drastically decreased, it didn’t mean they should lose hope. He continued going on about how they could change their set list or choreography. Kurt wasn’t paying attention.

He stared at the back of Mercedes’ head, thinking about how this was only autumn, the beginning of their senior year. Was this seriously going on until graduation? These people he used to call friends were now treating him like they did before they all came together for Glee club. Like he some pathetic outcast.

Just as Mr. Schue was finishing his oh-so-inspiring speech, Sugar shrieked. She bounded up from her seat in the middle, drawing everyone’s attention to her as she bounced in place. “My Mark! My Mark is appearing! Oh my god!”

Tina joined her in the jumping, grabbing her right hand and squealing as well. Quinn and Brittany hurried to their side, the boys craning their heads curiously. Mr. Schue attempted to get their attentions back to practice, but gave up when he realized no one was listening. Sugar screamed, “There’s an M here, holy shit!”

Rachel huffed and looked ready to shout for everyone to pull back focus. That’s when Kurt sprung up and rushed over to where she was sitting, using this distraction to his advantage and hearing Mercedes call after him.

“Rachel,” he said, halting beside her chair and ignoring the startled look from Finn. “We need to talk. This is ridiculous.”

“What’s ridiculous, Kurt Hummel,” she spat, keeping her eyes at the front of the room. “Is you keeping who your soulmate was from me all this time.”

He rolled his eyes, sighing out with frustration. “And this is exactly why! You’re practically treating me like dirt!”

“Guys, let’s not fight—” Finn tried, glancing between them.
“Oh, shut up, Finn!” Kurt spun at him. “You’re no better than her! All weekend you treated Blaine like he murdered a city, right after he got abused by his dad!”

Finn’s eyebrows furrowed, confused. “What?”

“Oh my god, there’s his middle name!” called out Sugar.

“Don’t you yell at him, Kurt!” Rachel said, whipping her head up at him, her hair flying behind her. “Your soulmate vandalized our auditorium, attacked numerous of our Glee club members--including Finn, and egged my house for shits and giggles! I’m not going to be buddy-buddy with him after all that, especially after you lied to me!”

“I didn’t lie--!”

“No one told me those bruises were from his dad…” Finn said softly, his expression ridden with guilt.

Neither of them listened to him. “You did too, Kurt! We are friends, we tell each other everything!”

“Yeah, and so-called friends wouldn’t turn on each other just because suddenly they’re not getting everything they want!”

“Excuse me?” Rachel gasped.

“There’s a W!” they heard Tina say excitedly.

“C’mon, Rachel. I know you may be mad about me keeping my Mark from you,” Kurt said, his body vibrating with fury. “But you’re mostly pissed because suddenly Rachel Berry is knocked down from the social ladder!”

“Well, sorry for liking our club finally not being treated like garbage!” Rachel hissed, their voices becoming louder than the girls’ excitement. “We’ve all wanted to be respected at this school, Kurt! So yes, maybe it’s not entirely your fault, but you got matched with Anderson. He’s the one with the trouble, you’re now with him, Glee club is the scum of this school once again!”

“Matthew James Waffenschmidt?” Sugar seemed bewildered at her soulmate’s name. “He doesn’t sound like a Channing Tatum.”

“Sugar Waffenschmidt?” Quinn tried out.

“And I am allowed to be upset about that, Kurt!” Rachel continued, her own cheeks flushing with anger. “In case you haven’t noticed, I’ve worked my butt off to be that high on the social ladder. And now that I’m at the bottom again because of your stupid Mark--”

“Berry, calm your tits, alright?” came the voice of Santana, turning around in her seat to face them. “I’m pissed too, you know. Even though the Unholy Trinity is still somewhat popular, thanks to our cheerleading status, we’re still getting nasty looks. Do you see me spazzing out at Lady Face?

Rachel scoffed at her. “Like you’ve got room to talk, Santana.”

Santana held up her hands. “I’m not saying that Anderson dude isn't an asshole, because he is.” She shrugged at Kurt. “He is, not even you can deny that. But I certainly do not want to hear you and Porcelain bicker throughout the rest of the year. Hello, this is our last year together. So both of you, shut the hell up and get over yourselves.”
“Santana!” Brittany waved over to her girlfriend. “Sugar’s gonna marry the guy who invented waffles!”

Kurt gave one final glare at Rachel, another to Finn who had remained quiet during the last few minutes, and turned on his heel to march back where Sam and Mercedes had been watching the whole argument. Why did he even bother to try? It just made him even more infuriated at things out of his control.

“She’s a complete, self-centered diva!” Kurt told Blaine later that evening, angrily folding up Blaine’s one and only leather jacket that was delivered to Kurt’s house. The two had the house to themselves, since Burt was still at the shop, Carole was running errands, and Finn was off hanging out with Puck. “Why do I even call her a friend? She’s just so...ugh!”

Blaine nodded, filtering through the box lying between them on the living room floor. The police had given Burt two boxes of Blaine’s belongings earlier that day (he didn’t have much stuff, anyway), informing that Blaine would be needed in for questioning related to his father’s violent attacks and mother’s behavior, as well as Cooper was leaving L.A. to come to Ohio for him.

It was bittersweet, going through his personal items while also with the overbearing cloud of Cooper’s arrival meaning Blaine would be taken away from Kurt’s home. He tried to bury that thought away and focus on the present, more specifically Kurt’s on-going-on’s of that Monday.

“And Finn taking her side is absolute crap,” Kurt continued, dropping the jacket in the pile of the other folded clothes and throwing his hands up. “He’s my brother! And he said he would have my back no matter what!”

“Sometimes people don’t like surprises,” Blaine said, uncrossing his legs just as his foot was about to fall asleep and finding a pack of cigarettes at the bottom of the box. He frowned. Hadn’t he got ridden of all of them?

“They were all so fucking pleased on my birthday,” Kurt muttered, reaching his arms in the box as well, scouring without purpose. “But when they find out the truth suddenly it’s time to declare war!”

“Yeah, well, it’s high school,” Blaine sighed, gathering the cigarette box and casting a crooked smile at Kurt. “People will forget about this in no time.”

Kurt scoffed, returning the smile halfheartedly. “But I’m in Glee club. We were target number one for bullying, and now we will be again.”

Blaine didn’t respond to that, but the corners of his lips lowered. He looked down on his lap, where he was holding the box, and Kurt’s eyes followed as well. “Are those cigarettes?”

“Yes.” Blaine nodded, then held them out to him. “Could you pitch them for me, please?”

“Alright.” Kurt took the small white box but still looked at it curiously. “Why are you quitting, anyway?”

“You didn’t like it when I smoked,” Blaine said simply, shrugging his shoulders.

For a moment, he saw Kurt’s breath hitch. His lips remained parted, but he seemed rather touched by that statement. All the tension from the ranting earlier had diminished and he met Blaine’s eyes, his smile reaching them. “You’re quitting...because of me?”

“Why wouldn’t I?” Blaine asked, only a little confused. Was it that much of a surprise?
Kurt exhaled, tossing the cigarette box onto the couch and crawling around and over to Blaine, seating himself by his side before leaning his head against his shoulder. “You’re...something, Blaine Anderson.”

“I’m something?” Blaine laughed, turning his face to Kurt’s head and pressing his mouth to his hair. “Damn, Kurt. You should be a poet.”

Kurt’s chuckles vibrated against him. “Hush, you.” And he reached into the box in front of them, rummaging around and picking a random item, holding it up. “Now why on earth do you have a bracelet?” He giggled some more.

“Don’t make fun!” Blaine snatched it away from him, clutching the string of tied leather with colorful, wooden beads in his hand. “I made this all by myself. It’s Blaine Anderson copyrighted.”

“Mhmm.” Sitting up straighter, Kurt failed to nod seriously when a grin broke across his face. “May I ask the story behind this precious bracelet?”

“Well,” Blaine opened his hand, the worn, handmade bracelet sitting on his palm, “one Mother’s Day I wanted to make my mom something, like the good kid I was.”

Kurt rolled his eyes and bit back a laugh, like the words “good kid” couldn’t possibly associate with Blaine.

Blaine shoved him playfully and continued. “And so I got this kit at the Westerville Wal-Mart, right? It probably cost me a good two bucks.”

“You poor thing.” Kurt pouted teasingly.

“All my hard-earned savings, gone!” Blaine added dramatically.

It made Kurt laugh, which made Blaine’s heart swell. “Okay, okay. So your two bucks went to the greatest Mother’s Day gift the world had ever seen?”

“Well, she didn’t receive it.” Blaine explained, staring at the bracelet in his palm. His spirits were lowering at the forming memories. Poor, younger Blaine. Crying at his bedroom doorway while his mother slammed shut to her’s once again. “That’s why I still own it.”

Kurt caught the shift in the mood and grabbed Blaine’s free hand, holding it in his own. “Did she reject it?” he asked in the soothing tone of voice, the one he used when he wanted Blaine to make sure it was okay to open up.

Blaine shook his head, exhaling deeply. “My dad had just started his drinking problem, I think. So she didn’t talk to anyone. But,” he lightened his voice, knowing these last few days had been shitty for both of them and wasn’t really up to more sad thoughts. “That’s a good thing. Now…” Blaine began untying the knot, fully aware Kurt was watching his every movement. “This can belong to…” He held on to both ends of the brown leather string, grinning to Kurt. “You!”

Kurt blinked, huffing out an astonished laugh. He was still taking in the story while also being charmed by Blaine’s gift, so he held out his left handed wrist, shaking his head and sighing.

“Like I said, you’re something,” Kurt teased, watching Blaine tie the beaded bracelet around him.

“And you totally pull it off!” Blaine exclaimed, gesturing at Kurt’s newly finished accessory.

He caught the tips of his boyfriend’s ears reddening, and the smile he was wearing made those
outrageously gorgeous dimples appear.

“Well, what other artifacts do you have, huh?” Kurt asked, unable to hide away his grin from Blaine but going back to digging through the box yet again. “The Holy Grail perhaps?”

Blaine gave him a look but laughed, waiting as Kurt blindly searched for a random item, bumping into many others, and finally found one he was satisfied with, lifting it out with one hand and--

“Oh.”

“Oh!” Blaine scrambled upwards on his knees, his own skin immediately going hot.

Kurt had picked out an opened box, one that Blaine hadn’t used in a long time. He’d even forgotten it was there in his bedroom, but if he thought about it, it probably had gotten kicked under his bed or dresser after one night. After he had come home and had used one of those which the box previously held…

“T-Trojan?” Kurt said, his voice forced to be steady as his eyes never tore away from the colored box, which also said in huge bolded letters the size, oh god Blaine wanted to die right there. “That’s a...good brand. I guess.”

“Kurt...this isn’t...oh my god,” Blaine stammered, managing to take the condom box of horror from his hands and awkwardly place it back in the box--which was stupid because obviously those had expired and he should be pitching them and he and Kurt hadn’t even discussed going that far or even if he wanted to and there Blaine was shoving a partially full pack of fucking condoms into his box of personal belongings and why hadn’t he burst into flames at this point, his face was on fire.

“Blaine, it’s fine,” Kurt laughed nervously, but his embarrassed flushing was still evident and growing. He kept himself looking at anywhere in the living room besides the cardboard box and Blaine’s face. “The police are very thorough, on their inspections, you know.”

“Still, god--” He rubbed a hand across his face, scrunching his eyebrows together and wishing he could say something or apologize but what would he say? Sorry that the cops decided to throw in something to do with my past sex life, and now it’s making both of us think about our sex life even though we hadn’t really thought about it before and I don’t want to push you or make you feel like I’m pushing you because you don’t deserve that, Kurt, and I’m a dumb fucking idiot who can’t stop rambling in his own mind.

“Blaine?” piped up Kurt, scooting closer to his boyfriend, his anxiousness dying down. “You know I’m not upset, right? We’ve had this discussion, this isn’t a big deal.”

“But it’s still fucking humiliating,” Blaine countered, dropping his hands to his lap and looking up at Kurt even though his head remained down. “Because now I’m making you feel--”

“Feel what?”

“Feel...pushed out of your comfort zone, or something,” he said, gesturing wildly. “Because, we haven’t...and you...haven’t...which is fine! It’s fine, it’s a-okay! I don’t want you to think it’s not fine because it totally is, I don’t care! I mean, I do care! I care about you!”

Another huff of nervousness escaped Kurt’s mouth. His lips were quirking in a half-smile, which told Blaine he hadn’t completely made everything awkward. “And I care about you too, don’t worry. And like I said...it’s not a big deal. When we’re...when I’m…”

Blaine got what he was saying. “Which doesn’t have to be anytime soon, remember?”
“I know, Blaine.” Kurt’s half-smile grew a teensy bit more. “But I do want to, sometime. I don’t know when...but definitely not right now, or here, on my living room carpet.”

Snorting, Blaine ducked his head. Leave it to Kurt to lift the tension with humor.

Kurt grabbed his hand again with the one bearing the new bracelet tied around his wrist. “I just need...baby steps.” His lips were fully smiling gently now, both of them remembering the term.

Baby steps. Blaine nodded, his fingers catching on to the leather strips. They could both use baby steps. Their entire world could use baby steps, too.
Chapter 16

Hey everybody! So sorry this chapter came out later than I wanted, but I hope you guys enjoy it nonetheless! ;)

“Wait...they’re still together?” Sebastian asked in disbelief. “You’re kidding, right?”

The larger boy nodded, staring at the beverage cradled between his hands. Sebastian scoffed, scowling out where his group of friends were moving drunkenly to a Madonna song on the mostly-empty dance floor. Originally, he had planned to join them in doing the exact same thing, but after he saw that David Karofsky guy sitting alone at the bar like always, he couldn’t resist a brief catching up.

Until he discovered his plan hadn’t worked out.

“Why do you care, anyway?” Karofsky said, glancing over to where Sebastian was leaning on the bar next to him. The horrible bruise he had last time healed, Sebastian noted. Also that Karofsky wasn’t as intoxicated as last time, so unfortunately there was less blind trust. “Did you, like, know Anderson or something?”

“As a matter of fact, I do. Or did, anyway.” Sebastian sighed, bringing his bottle of beer to his lips. “We knew each other at Dalton.”

Karofsky still looked confused. Rolling his eyes, Sebastian huffed out a breath and clarified, “We fooled around, dumbass.”

“Oh.” Karofsky made a face of disgust, like the picture of Anderson and Sebastian fucking was too disturbing. “So that’s why you wanted me to expose his Mark?”

“No.” Sebastian took another swig, savoring the bitter taste of his drink and gazing out at his friends, all of them having a splendid time without him. “Anderson always had a bad reputation at whichever school he went to, so it was pretty fucking obvious the same went for McKinley. Especially since he gave you that god awful bruise.”

Karofsky instantly lifted up a hand to the side of his face, also showing the wrong makeup color smeared across his Mark. He narrowed his eyes up at Sebastian. “So?”

“So? Dude, you don’t understand. Whoever was Anderson’s soulmate would be dead meat right along beside him for the rest of their precious high school life. I was kind of counting on that Hummel guy dumping his ass because of it. You know, the secret of his Mark getting out.”

“What? Did you want revenge or something?”

“God, you ask a lot of questions.” Sebastian chuckled at him, gulping down more of his beer. If he was thinking clearer and his vision wasn’t blurring slightly, he would have stopped this conversation a long time ago and go dance like an idiot with his friends. “It doesn’t matter now, does it? I bet his dad found out too. Probably beat the shit out of him.”
Karofsky shook his head. “What?”

“Details, details, big guy,” he drawled, slamming his almost empty bottle on the sticky countertop. “You’re giving me a headache. And no offense, but you’re not my type, so I’m not gonna try and get a one-night stand from you.” He straightened his back, ready to walk away.

“But, your Mark!” Karofsky protested, his brow drawn in puzzlement.

Sebastian frowned, looking down at his right hand. He scoffed, shaking his head. “Dude, this whole soulmate mess is bullshit.” Raising his hand, he showed off the little black letters he received his seventeenth birthday. “My parents have married and divorced three times. This isn’t exactly a happily-ever-after-guarantee system. Besides,” he shrugged, lowering his arm, “how do I even know if this... Adam Vincent Crawford guy even has my name? That’s happened before, you know. The names not matching up.”

“But…” The poor guy looked defeated, like a little kid being told Santa Claus doesn’t exist.

“So, screw the system. I’m going to go fuck a hot stranger and forget about it in the morning.” After winking once, he started to leave Karofsky by himself yet again. Sebastian stopped, though, to slap his shoulder and tell his crushed acquaintance, “Hey, don’t give up hope just ’cause I’m a pessimist. I’m sure your Prince Charming is out there waiting for you.”

Karofsky blinked rapidly, blushing blotches appearing on his cheeks. “W-what?”

“Also, why are you covering your Mark here? This is a gay bar, man. No one’s gonna judge you.” He shot him a cheeky smile and strutted away, finally approaching his friends and being greeted by hollers and whoops.

Looking back to his drink, Karofsky frowned. The smear of his mother’s makeup still hid his Mark, for reasons hard to explain to that lanky boy the bartender called Smythe. Even though Karofsky had trusted him, even talked to him if he didn’t know his first name was beyond him. But he had a point; why be ashamed of it here?

He started using the pad of his thumb to rub the makeup off, exposing the permanent black lettering. No one knew what his Mark said, not even his family members. Partly because he had gotten a boy’s name, but also for some reason the universe or Mother Nature or whatever fucked up. His skin only read two names.

It freaked him out the morning of his seventeenth birthday. He had seen other people’s Marks to know you get your soulmate’s first, middle, and last name. Probably to make it easier to find them, his dad always remarked. Especially since his mother’s maiden name was Mary Johnson. His dad would say it was her middle name--Anastasia--that stood her out from all the other Mary Johnson’s in the world.

The concealer was all off, now coated across his thumb pad. Karofsky stared at it, having that same gut-dropping feeling he always got when he read it. No, it wasn’t Hummel, although before he half-wished it would’ve been. It wasn’t a name he recognized either.

A first name and a middle name. Whoever his soulmate was either wasn’t born with a last name (highly unlikely), or the world had screwed him over yet again. That was his life, wasn’t it? Constantly getting the short end of the stick.

He sighed, lifting up his glass to take a drink of his almost-forgotten beer. Drowning out the loud noise of the crowd of people, definitely not thinking of whoever Sebastian Andrew could be.
Come Wednesday, Kurt was sort of siding with Blaine now on his older brother’s arrival. The social service people assured Blaine over and over that Cooper had promised to stay in Lima so he could finish his senior year at McKinley, and while that was great news, it still hurt to know his boyfriend wouldn’t be with him at his home anymore.

“I bet they practically threatened him if he didn’t,” Blaine said to Kurt that afternoon, lounging on Kurt’s bed while Kurt sat cross-legged in his vanity chair, organizing his facial creams and listening to Blaine. “Like, if I know Cooper--and I do--I know he wouldn’t just leave his dream life to take care of me.”

“They must have told him the situation,” Kurt pointed out, scooting the smaller jars in front of the taller ones. “Besides, you haven’t seen him in...what, nine years? People change.”

Blaine groaned, burying his face in one of Kurt’s pillows, only to make Kurt chuckle to himself.

After school, they found the house practically empty to themselves. Burt was out in the shop, Finn had football practice, and Carole was out digging the leaves out of her flower beds. Kurt informed her that he and Blaine would probably just watch a movie, but somehow they managed to just hang out in his bedroom (with the door shut for the first time. Quite rebellious for Kurt).

Thankfully, the medicine Carole and the doctors social services made Blaine go and see was healing his bruises and cuts. The scars at his hairline and mouth were a whitish pink color, and Blaine said the bruises didn’t hurt as much anymore. It was progress, and Kurt couldn’t be more grateful.

“We’ll still hang out like this, right?” Kurt asked, breaking the silence they had settled in. Blaine lifted his head up from the pillow, his eyes squinted in confusion. “I mean, after you move out. I know it probably won’t be as often, which sucks, but still. Could we?”

“Of course, Kurt.” Blaine smiled, propping himself up on his elbows.

Kurt returned the smile, close-mouthed and looking back to his facial creams. It had been stupid to worry, he knew that. He also knew that Blaine staying forever was impossible, and that staying with a proper guardian would be best.

“Hey,” Blaine brought his attention back to him, and Kurt saw he was reaching out a hand. “C’mere.”

He let out an exaggerated breath, acting like getting up from his seat was the worst thing Blaine could’ve brought upon him. But after Kurt took his hand he smiled genuinely, rolling onto the bed beside him, their legs automatically overlapping.

Blaine rolled onto his back, Kurt on his stomach, as he brought up their linked hands and kissed his fingers. “Don’t you worry about me, sweetheart.”

“I am going to and you can’t stop me,” Kurt said, his voice hinting at teasing and the corners of his mouth twitching upwards. He looked down at their joined hands, seeing how his Mark was facing him. “I’m just going to miss you, alright?”

His boyfriend made an adoring pout and let out an “Aw,” kissing Kurt’s fingers yet again. Kurt gave him a look, making sure Blaine caught it before he moved in to connect their lips.

Their hands slid apart, only because Kurt was shifting to get overtop the other boy and cup either side of Blaine’s face while Blaine trailed his fingers down to Kurt’s waist, lazily holding him as their mouths chased one another’s.
Kurt tilted his head, teasing his tongue past Blaine’s lips, grinning to himself when Blaine eagerly responded. He had kissed Blaine countless times and will probably kiss him countless more, and still he will never get old of the tingles he received when doing so or the unique, amazing taste that was just Blaine. Their legs managed to slot together, Kurt’s straddling one of Blaine’s thighs. He scooted farther down it, trying to catch their breaths as quickly as they could before going right back to kissing.

He heard Blaine whine from his throat, muffled by Kurt’s needy mouth. Kurt considered it was either from the fact his knee was rubbing against the unmistakable bulge in front of Blaine’s jeans, or that Kurt was unconsciously dragging his own hard-on down Blaine’s thigh. Whichever, it made Kurt smile mischievously, a spark of pride in his chest that he made this boy feel that way.

“Kurt--” Blaine began, only to be shushed by his boyfriend’s lips. “Kurt...I’m...” Kurt kept interrupting him with a kiss, each harder than the next, his hips grinding down more and more.

Blaine did manage some self-control to reach one of his hands up and hold it to the side of Kurt’s neck, stilling him for a moment as their pants echoed the bedroom. “Sweetheart...slow down, or I’ll--”

“I know,” Kurt replied simply, quirking the corners of his lips and waggling his eyebrows before diving to Blaine’s neck, attaching his mouth there right where the faint facial hair met smooth skin.

“Oh--fuck, okay,” Blaine groaned, twitching his hips upwards while tilting his neck for more access. “Alright...that’s, shit Kurt, okay what--”

“I was thinking about what we talked about,” Kurt told him breathlessly, his mouth centimeters from Blaine’s ear before pressing a kiss to the skin beside it. “About baby steps and taking it slow.” He nuzzled his nose there, humming. “And...I just realized how much I love you and,” he chuckled, hearing Blaine whimper under him. “Can I just try something please?”

The hand Blaine had resting on his neck twisted in his hair as Blaine hastily nodded, but quickly met Kurt’s eyes, his own drawn in concern. “But...you know you don’t have to do anything because you feel, like, obligated, Kurt.”

Kurt rolled his eyes. “I want to because I want you, Blaine.” He leaned in for another kiss, making Blaine crane his head up after him. “But, you know,” Kurt added after pulling back, “still going slow.”

“Of course.” Blaine grinned up at him, his hazel eyes just a rim around his dilated pupils.

Betraying his sultry before, Kurt giggled excitedly and propped himself up, purposely nudging the front of Blaine’s jeans with his leg and successfully making his boyfriend hiss and drop his head down on the pillow. He brought a hand down there, trying to remember the maneuvers that made his own head spin as he began massaging the hard bulge. Blaine was biting his lip and suppressing moans, clutching on to one of Kurt’s arms. Daringly, he even gave it a slight squeeze and Blaine instantly writhed under his fingers.

Only then did Kurt take a deep breath and pushed up the hem of Blaine’s black t-shirt, giving him more room while exposing the olive-toned belly. Only a few inches of it, including the belly button and the thin trail of hair under it that got darker and thicker farther down, making Kurt’s ears redden. But the belly itself looked both solid and soft at once, and more than anything Kurt wanted to bury his nose there, but he noticed how Blaine’s chest had hitched. He brought his eyes up and met his gaze.
“What are you planning, sweetheart?” Blaine asked, his voice mixed with flirtatious and actual curiosity. Kurt shot him a coy smile, trying not to appear as nervous as he was beginning to feel.

His hand ceased its motions as he brought his fingers up to the button of Blaine’s jeans, ready to unbuckle it but the room had gone dead silent. He looked up at Blaine’s face, seeing how his breathing had shallowed and his wide eyes were fixed on Kurt.

“Um.” Kurt gulped, keeping his voice steady. “You gotta tell me if I’m doing this wrong ‘cause honestly I have no idea what I’m doing.”

Blaine broke out a gentle smile, the hand on his arm stroking soothingly. “You’re fine, you’ll be fine.”

Kurt nodded and exhaled through his nose, smiling back apprehensively before turning his attention back to where his fingers had frozen. He managed to undo the button clasp without shaking, and eventually got the zipper down while chewing on his lip.

Why he suddenly had the urge to do this, Kurt had no idea. But he couldn’t deny that he craved for something more intimate with his soulmate, even if it wasn’t ‘going all the way with full nakedness’ yet, as he put it. He noted that the boxer-briefs Blaine was wearing were blue, and more importantly the straining underneath was more prominent than ever. Kurt hooked his fingertips underneath the waistband, checked to make sure his heart wasn’t beating so rapidly it might burst out of his chest, and gave one final glance at Blaine for the a-okay.

The hand soothing his arm had stilled a long time ago, and now Kurt could feel it was sweating after he freed Blaine’s flushed and swollen cock. Kurt heard him take a breath, and then a slight moan when Kurt tentatively wrapped his hand around the length.

“This okay?” Kurt asked, trying to focus on his boyfriend’s reactions instead of marveling at his hot and throbbing cock that was being stroked lightly with his thumb pad.

“Yes, just, god, holy shit--” Blaine panted, giving Kurt a smirk that said you sneaky asshole as he visibly restrained himself from thrusting up in Kurt’s hand.

Kurt huffed out a laugh, his thudding heart getting a sense of accomplishment. He tugged his hand upwards and slowly back down, afraid he’ll rush into it too fast and trying to recall what felt good on himself. But this was a completely different angle and just completely different all around. Blaine’s cock felt similar and not like his own at the same time, and he couldn’t even wrap around the fact that this was actually happening and he was making his experienced boyfriend whimper and moan by his motions.

He twisted his hand, making Blaine’s hips arch upwards and beads of precome appeared in the slit. Blaine pulled Kurt forward with the grip on his arm, his jaw gone slack but he managed, “Fuck, sweetheart--I’m going, shit, to come all over u-us.” He sucked in a breath of air as Kurt thumbed over the head, catching the sensitive spot just under it.

Instead of halting, Kurt just started stroking faster, feeling confident and wide-eyed that Blaine was this close. He tried a new angle, picking up speed and watching in awe as Blaine’s breathing became more ragged and his face scrunched up, his grasp on Kurt’s so tight nails were digging into his skin.

Kurt almost jumped when his soulmate cried out, spilling over his fist and on his bare stomach. His pumping had gone rigid, too amazed to stroke Blaine through it. He miraculously remembered just as he neared his end.
Blaine was trying to catch some air, collapsing on the bed and relaxing all his muscles. Kurt let go of his softening cock to reach over to his nightstand, grabbing the entire box of tissues and taking a handful to clean off the pearly whiteness on his fingers.

“What’s with that smug grin, huh?” Blaine teased, still gulping for air, his face pink down to his neck. Kurt hadn’t even realized he was grinning and tried to stop himself, but that only increased it and he chuckled down at Blaine.

“Oh nothing.” He started wiping up Blaine’s belly, and realized quite a bit of the come had gotten on his shirt. Wincing, he said, “Crap, your shirt--”

“I don’t care,” Blaine told him, tucking himself back in and giving Kurt a dazed, dopey smile. “That was so fucking amazing.”

Kurt shrugged, acting modest when in fact he was beaming with delight. It’s not everyday your first given handjob is a success. He tossed the soiled tissues in his trash bin and was about to excuse himself to take care of his own throbbing business, when Blaine grabbed his waist and flipped him onto his back, having the wind knocked out of him briefly until a pair of damp lips were covering his own.

“You’re--so--” Blaine told him between every kiss, his sweaty hands moving from framing Kurt’s face to grabbing on the front of his burgundy button-up, tugging the ends out of his dark skinny jeans, “fucking--incredible.” He made the final kiss extra long and dirty, pulling back with a smack and a crooked smile. “Like, holy shit, Kurt Hummel.”

“Your post-orgasm haze is endearing,” Kurt remarked, only to have his breath catch when Blaine’s mouth latched on to his neck, instantly sucking at the sweet spot and making Kurt’s eyes roll to the back of his head.

The hands at his shirt had crept under, spread out over his abdomen and leaving goosebumps in their wake. Blaine’s right hand slid lower, over top Kurt’s crotch and rubbing down roughly, making a broken moan escape Kurt’s throat and his cheeks heat up. “Let me take care of you, sweetheart,” Blaine mumbled against his skin, his voice gone low and raspy like it always did before Kurt’s gut coiled with arousal. He mouthed at the sensitive area once more before saying, breathy, “God, let me suck you off, please.”

His mind short-circuited briefly as his throat went dry. And Kurt thought what he had done not two minutes ago was enough adventure for one day, but the way his cock was pulsing under Blaine’s palm and the way he was probably leaving a bruise under Kurt’s ear made him push back any second-thoughts and fears.

Swallowing, he somewhat wetted his throat and nodded, his fingers twining in Blaine’s curls relaxing. “Yeah, okay.”

He felt Blaine smile against his neck and pull away, kissing Kurt full on the mouth and then on the underside of his jaw before scooting down his body, situating himself between his thighs and getting right to action. Kurt found himself smiling to the ceiling, sweeping his bangs off his forehead while he wondered how long Blaine had ached to hear him agree to that.

It was when his zipper was undone he tensed, the logic of his mind replacing how turned on he currently was and snapping to look at Blaine. His boyfriend was busy pulling down his pants slightly, giving him room and clear sight of Kurt’s white boxer-briefs.
“Wait,” Kurt said just as Blaine’s fingers reached up at the gray waistband, chiding himself for stopping what was just about to happen. Blaine’s lust-filled eyes immediately went to worry, and Kurt quickly continued, his entire face burning. “Just don’t...laugh, okay?”

After a beat, Blaine’s face broke and an endearing smile stretched his lips. “Oh, sweetheart.” He brought himself up to Kurt in a swift motion, kissing him sweetly, reassuringly. “I would never laugh.” And he pressed his lips to Kurt’s once more. Kurt sagged down on the bed, letting Blaine take control and feeling his racing heartbeat slow to a less-anxious rate. If there was anyone he would trust to do this, he reminded himself, it would be Blaine.

Blaine detached first, shooting Kurt a wink before going back down to where his fingers were itching at the waistband. He licked his lips, making sure he got a nod from Kurt before bringing it down. Kurt’s heart beat was ringing in his ears, but he’s certain he heard Blaine breathe something like, “Gorgeous.”

He gasped when a hand wrapped around his length, but soon sagged back again with a groan, closing his eyes while Blaine stroked him--almost teasingly, that jerk. A huff of breath could be felt against the sensitive head, and Kurt only got one look at a sly grin on Blaine’s face before he parted his mouth and licked up along the side.

“O-oh, god--Blaine--” Kurt whined, his back arching as white-hot electricity sparked his veins. His legs bent and his toes curling, and Blaine had barely done anything.

His boyfriend’s eyes are hooded with those ridiculously long eyelashes fanning his cheeks, teasing his tongue around the head and smirking when Kurt would moan and whimper, trying to muffle the sounds with his hand or knuckles. One hand was pumping idly around the base, Blaine’s other hand snaking under his thigh to hold on to his waist, thumbing his exposed skin gently.

Kurt barely managed to keep his eyes open when a hot, wet mouth sunk over him and a cry escaped his throat. He dropped his head to the side of the pillow, so overwhelmed as he bit back grunts of pleasure and excessive pants as Blaine bobbed down his cock, hollowing his cheeks and sucking back up tortuously slow.

“Mmph, oh, oh--fuck.” Kurt’s chest was heaving, and his skin felt too hot, too uncomfortable under his clothing. He also had no idea what to do with his hands. They fumbled for grasp on the comforter, then bunched into fists and clutched at the pillows, Kurt’s jaw going slack. He looked down at the top of Blaine’s hair, watching it move around his length, taking him in.

He reaches a hand down, threading his fingers in Blaine’s curls, his fingertips scratching slightly at the scalp. Blaine hummed, the vibrations rattling throughout his body and wanting to make Kurt writhe and thrust up, but afraid he’d might hurt Blaine.

The heat deep in his gut grew and squirmed impatiently, and Kurt tried to form intelligent words through his pants to warn Blaine. “I-I’m...I’m...holy shit.” He threw his head back as Blaine applied pressure with his tongue. “B-Blaine, y-you gotta...I’m gonna…”

Blaine hummed again, sucking Kurt down even deeper, his cock bumping the back of Blaine’s throat. Kurt moaned lowly, twisting his fingers in Blaine’s curls. The arousal kept building, he couldn’t stop it.

He came with a shout, his entire body shuddering through it. Blaine kept his mouth around him the entire time, stroking him through it with his hand while he swallowed down the spurts, licking the tip clean.
Kurt’s brain was a dizzy mess, feeling sweaty and spent and absolutely blissful. His skin was buzzing and he was sure his disheveled shirt was sticking to his chest. Blaine finished cleaning him up with that fantastic mouth of his, tucking him back in and re-zipping his pants. Kurt’s view of the ceiling was soon replaced with an oh-so-familiar face, his mouth pulled up in a smug grin.

“Hey there,” Blaine said, showing his teeth as he smiled wider, bracing his arms on either side of Kurt.

Kurt snorted, shaking his head and running a hand through Blaine’s hair he’d tugged on countless time through that unbelievable experience. “What’s with that smug grin, huh?” he repeated the line from before, breathless beyond belief. His face was probably flushed and shined with sweat, but Blaine still gazed down at him like he was some sort of angel sent from above.

At the corner of Blaine’s lip was some excess of come from before, and Kurt naturally reached up a thumb and swiped it off, breath hitching because that was way hotter than it was suppose to be. Blaine watched his every movement, his eyelids still hooded with desire. Kurt’s fingers trailed absently to his temple and behind his ear, resting his hand on the back of Blaine’s neck.

“Whoa,” he said.

“Whoa?” Blaine raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah. You’re whoa. And that blowjob was whoa. Oh my god, like, that was the best blowjob I’ve ever had.”

Blaine laughed, tucking his face in the crook of Kurt’s neck. “That’s the only blowjob you’ve ever had.”

“Then I’ll expect more in the future,” flirted Kurt, massaging Blaine’s scalp, feeling utterly carefree. Blaine’s chuckles vibrated against him, and he felt a chaste kiss pressed to his skin.

“God, I’m so in love with you,” Blaine whispered, like it was a secret.

Kurt hummed, slipping his eyes closed while still threading the dark curls, his breathing slowing down and heart finding a normal pace. He heard his boyfriend sigh contently, snuggling his chest against Kurt’s.

A door downstairs echoed as it shut. Kurt snapped his eyes open, tugging Blaine’s head up to look at him. “Uh, maybe you want to take a shower or change before my family...you know…”

“Sees the evidence of the mind-blowing orgasm you gave me?” Blaine smirked, his eyes glinting with playfulness.

“Oh my god, get up,” Kurt giggled, blushing once again as he and Blaine scrambled up, their movements still sedated. After looking down at his dampened shirt, Kurt considered changing as well and tried to think up a story to explain to his father why he’d do so.

“Hey.” The word made Kurt look up, and Blaine met his mouth with a quick kiss. “I wasn’t kidding, that orgasm was mind-blowing.”

“Well, you’re very welcome,” Kurt responded airily. “And mine was too, by the way.”

Blaine grinned, diving in for yet another kiss when Kurt pushed him away, laughing as he lead him out the door.
The social service people were very polite. They explained to Kurt’s parents about how Cooper would be renting an apartment in Lima, and how Blaine’s father would be going on trial within the next month. All during this, Blaine and Kurt loaded Blaine’s few belongings in the nice van that smelled like gallons of air freshener.

“I’ll be less than ten minutes away,” Blaine told Kurt after they loaded the last box in, shutting the trunk door together.

Kurt nodded, giving a small smile before Blaine reached out and wrapped him in an embrace, sneaking a kiss to the shell of his ear while the adults were still distracted.

“Not here, Blaine,” Kurt whispered, making a face at him and pinking at the cheeks. He brought up the hand that wore the leather bound, beaded bracelet Blaine gave him, smoothing down some unruly curls while smiling gently.

The adults were saying their farewells, the social service workers heading their way to the two boys, who disentangled from their hundredth goodbye hug. They were just about to ask Blaine if he was ready to go, when a shout came from the doorway of the Hummel-Hudson household.

“Wait! Hold on!”

Everyone turned at once, watching the towering figure of Finn run out, scanning his eyes around until they rested on Blaine. He marched on over, Blaine stiffening his jaw as Kurt stepped forward, prepared to yell defense at his stepbrother.

“Kurt, wait...I just wanna say something,” Finn said, stopping in front of them. He shifted on his feet, swinging his hands at his sides and looking oddly nervous. For the last week Finn had taken every chance to get out of the house or hide away downstairs. Why was he suddenly talking to Blaine right before his grand departure?

“Look...dude,” Finn said to Blaine. “I just wanted to tell you that, look I’m sorry for acting like a total ass. I didn’t really take the time to get to know what was going on and accept you and stuff. It was just, years of grudge, you know?” He pursed his mouth, glancing at Kurt for help but receiving nothing but a waiting stare. “And, yeah, that was it. I’m sorry...Blaine.”

Blaine nodded up at him, dropping the whole scowling attitude. He saw how the adults were practically holding their breaths, Kurt tightly crossed arms loosening a bit. He smiled slightly, slugging Finn’s arm lightly. “It’s cool, man.”

Finn laughed with relief, rubbing the spot Blaine playfully punched. Carole came up beside him, her turn to hold out her arms for Blaine to walk into, hugging him tenderly and telling him to be safe. That was another thing he was going to miss about this house; Carole warm kindness. Burt was next, shaking Blaine’s hand firmly and saying to stay out of trouble, giving him a wink afterwards.

Kurt was last, embracing Blaine yet again, this one lingering and so close their heartbeats were pressed together. “Love you,” Kurt told him quietly into his ear.

“You too,” Blaine said, pulling back and half-considering kissing him, even if it was in front of Kurt’s family and government workers. “And I’ll see you soon, I promise.”
“It worked out kind of perfect, in a way,” Cooper told him, continuing his conversation as he walked into Blaine’s new bedroom. “My agent said it could be my hiatus from acting. And after three months of Free Credit commercials, it was definitely time for a vacation.”

Blaine rolled his eyes, sitting cross-legged and stuffing the remaining clothing he owned into the dresser drawers. His new bedroom was larger and far nicer than his previous one, even if it was technically temporary. The walls had forest green wallpaper and the furniture was all made of a dark wood. There was a bed in one corner, a square window with brown curtains beside it, and soft ivory carpet underneath him. Compared to his other homes, this apartment was practically a castle.

Cooper had greeted him with a slap on his back when he arrived, already jumping right into talking about himself before Blaine even set foot inside. Kurt was right, his brother had changed in nine years. At least his appearance, which used to be ripped jeans with a sleek leather jacket, a piercing over one eyebrow and a cigarette between his teeth. Now Cooper actually looked like an adult; his dark brown hair combed nicely while wearing a deep red sweater over top a collared shirt, not a single tear on his pants.

Blaine looked down at his own leather jacket, his fading jeans. Had his brother really been that much of an influence on him?

“Ohio is so cute, you know? I’d almost forgotten the simplicity of midwestern lifestyle.” Cooper chuckled to himself, crossing his arms and leaning against the closet door, watching Blaine fiddle with the end of his jacket. “C’mon, squirt. You’re more talkative during my annual Christmas phone call!”

“Well, it was different then, I guess,” Blaine mumbled, avoiding eye-contact while busying himself by dragging the practically-empty box of belongings near him, filtering aimlessly at the items.

Cooper’s high-energy act dropped a notch. He scratched the back of his neck, sort of swaying unsurely before heading to Blaine’s bed, seating himself at the edge of the mattress and face his younger brother, who still kept his eyes fixed at the bottom of the box. “So...I haven’t told you about Olivia yet!”

“Who?” Blaine asked, sighing and looking up at Cooper with an exhausted expression.

He was fishing out his wallet from his back pocket, flipping it open and holding it out for Blaine to see. In it was a small family picture taken at one of those professional photographer places. Cooper was in it, smiling next to a pretty lady Blaine could only guess was Amanda--Cooper’s soulmate. She had flaming red hair that fell in curls around her shoulders and brown eyes all squinty with happiness. And sitting in Amanda’s lap was a round faced, brown-eyed baby girl, a chubby fist in her mouth and a pink bow tied up in her dark brown hair.

Blaine nodded, shoving down the lump in his throat. Cooper was literally living the picture-perfect life, leaving Blaine behind in the dust to deal with the nightmare that was their parents.

“How old is she?” Blaine managed to ask, turning back to rummaging through his belongings.

“She’s turning one in December,” Cooper said proudly, gazing down at the picture. “I mean, me and Amanda talked about kids right after we got married, but with both of our focus on our careers it seemed to be forever until it actually happened--”
"Wait," Blaine interrupted him. "You got married right after you met her?" Cooper had barely
graduated when he ran off to find his soulmate. He was less than a year older than Blaine was now!

His brother laughed, stuffing his wallet back in his pocket. "No, no, no. She was still in culinary
school when I finally met up with her, so I took up acting while she finished school and then bada-
bing, bada-boom," he held up two finger-guns, winking. "Cooper and Amanda Anderson became
official!"

Blaine tried to smile halfheartedly, and Cooper took notice of his lack of enthusiasm right away.
"Blainey...what’s bothering you?"

"What’s--wow, oh my god." The million dollar question, Blaine thought. "Well, firstly I just want to
know how much these social service people are paying you to leave behind your perfect family to
come take care of me?"

Cooper blinked, taken aback. "Sorry?"

"Because why else would you decide to drop everything now and come back for me?" Blaine
continued, his voice growing louder. "If there wasn’t something in return for you?"

Cooper stared at him, his mouth parted in shock. "Blaine...I came back because of what Dad did--"

"This isn’t the first time, you know!"

"Actually, I didn’t know!" Cooper shouted, his voice challenging Blaine’s. "When the police called
me, that was literally the first time I’ve ever heard of this happening!"

Blaine laughed bitterly, shaking his head. "But of course...it’s not like you would’ve found out if
you’d come home!"

"I’m here now!" Cooper argued. "Doesn’t that matter?"

"You promised me you’d come back as soon as you found your soulmate!" Blaine yelled, his voice
echoing across the bedroom walls. "You told me right before you left, that you’d come back! But
you didn’t until Dad ended up in jail and Mom’s in rehab and I’m all injured and scarred!"

It shut Cooper up, whether Blaine wasn’t exactly sure if he wanted that or not. They sat facing each
other, but not looking at one another. Blaine was breathing through his nose, his jaw clenched from
that burst of anger he’d wanted to shout for years. Cooper had his hands on either side of him
gripping the edge of the bed, his eyes darting back and forth at his knees, like he was thinking.

"Look...I know I’m not the world’s greatest brother or anything," he finally said carefully, and
Blaine could feel his eyes boring on him now. "I wanted to come back to Ohio after my first year in
L.A., I swear. Amanda wanted to meet you guys so bad...but we were a college student and an
inexperienced actor. We didn’t exactly have a lot of money back then.

"And then Maria told me about how you guys moved to Lima after you being expelled, and I figured
everyone was moving on and needed to adjust without me. I did try to keep contact...even though
my life got insanely busy. I sent you that huge check of money every birthday...a Christmas phone
call to check up on you. I am sorry though, Blaine. I should’ve gotten a hint that Dad had taken a
turn for the worse. He wasn’t the same after my mom died."

Blaine shrugged, still refusing to look up at him. "Yeah well...you being Dad’s favorite, it didn’t
exactly get better after you left."
Silence grew heavy between them, Blaine’s final words hanging in the air. He remembered the look Cooper gave him when he first saw the healing cuts and bruises on his face. It was a moment of heartbreak, quickly masked by an upbeat smile. Perhaps his brother hadn’t entirely changed. Perhaps he still was the one to make light of a bad situation. The one to tell Blaine grossly funny jokes as they hid away in their bedroom, waiting for their father to finish his yelling downstairs. The one to squeal his truck tires in order to make Blaine giggle as they took a break from their broken home.

Still the one trying as best as he could to look after Blaine.

“That’s why I’m hoping we can start over,” Cooper finally said, his voice sincere enough to make Blaine look up. His brother’s blue eyes were watery and he was smiling gently down at where Blaine was still cross-legged on the carpet. With that one look, that weight of anger and resentment built in Blaine’s chest towards Cooper chipped away with every exhale.

“Anyway,” Cooper shifted to sit up straighter, rubbing his hands together and his smile growing. “We’ve talked enough about my soulmate. What about yours, little brother?” He craned his head, catching sight of Blaine’s right hand. “Who is this Kurt?”

At the mention of his name the corners of Blaine’s mouth twitched upwards. “Oh. Yeah, he’s...he’s great.”

“Can I meet him?” Cooper asked excitedly.

“Uh...”

“C’mon, it’s not like I’m going to show him any baby pictures or tell embarrassing stories! Although...I do remember that one time when you were six--”

“Okay, no!” Blaine shook his head fiercely, scrambling to stand on his feet. “You’re not meeting him. Ever.”

Cooper laughed, standing as well, linking his hands behind his back and stretching. “Whatever, man. This moving-in has made me fucking exhausted.” He pointed at Blaine. “You want a smoke? That isn’t irresponsible, right? Since you already do and I’m just offering you one instead of saying no and increasing the chance of you getting some illegally?”

Blaine gave him a pointed look. “I’m trying to quit, Coop.”

“Oh! Good for you! Why?”

He felt his cheeks prickle up with heat for some reason. “I’m doing it for Kurt,” he said with a mumble.

“Aw,” Cooper cooed, his eyes going big and doey and mouth turning into a tiny pout. “See, you dress like a baddie but really you’re a softie.”

“Shut the fuck up.”

School became tolerable, as Kurt handled it freshman and sophomore year. People getting suddenly quiet when he walked by them, those stares and whispers during classes, the typical bottom-of-the-food-chain respect.

He was busy packing up his bag up for the end of the day, slipping in his music binder for Glee practice in ten minutes. Which meant sitting there silently since everything he would suggest would
get cut off loudly by Rachel, who still held an unyielding grudge.

At least he could use that time to block out the memory that happened right before second period:

“Kurt Hummel!” had shouted the voice of Jacob Ben Israel, rushing up to him in the hallway with a portable microphone in one hand and one of his skinny nerdy minions trailing behind with a camera. “Do you have any comments on the rumor about Rachel Berry kicking you out of Glee club because of your Mark?”

Kurt, first startled by the sudden ambush, tilted up his chin and glared at Jacob. “First off, Jewfro, Sectionals is less than a week away so why the hell would she cut a team member last minute?”

“Are you concerned about the lack of supporters from McKinley at the Sectionals performance?” Jewfro continued on, shoving the microphone closer to Kurt’s face while pushing his chunky glasses up his nose. “Since not one month ago the entire student body practically promised they’d be there, and now they’re all taking bets on how fast you guys are going to lose.”

Kurt clenched his jaw, glancing at the camera and prepared to make a snarky response about Jewfro’s pathetic life when the warning bell rang overhead, and Kurt promptly pushed them aside and strode off to Biology.

At least Jewfro couldn’t make some shitty blog post from the information Kurt told him.

He now sighed, hitching his bag over a shoulder and shutting his locker door, turning, then immediately being met with cold, harsh liquid.

“Fucking got him!” yelled the captain of the hockey team, Nelson. An empty slushie cup in one hand, and high-fiving his friend with the other.

Kurt gasped, blinking the red juice out of his eyes, knowing if he’d rub it it’ll just burn right away. God, how could he have forgotten how awful these things were?

He was just checking the damage of his jacket--freshly cleaned, pure white with black buttons and cuffs now drenched in red, when another voice joined the group.

“What the fuck is your problem?!” demanded the leather jacket, faded jeans with huge ripped holes at the knees Blaine, coming up beside Kurt and then grabbing the front of Nelson’s jersey.

“Chill, Anderson,” Nelson laughed nervously, his wavering smirk betraying him. His small group of friends were already backing up cautiously. “Just taking care of some business.”

“Business, huh?” Blaine sneered, his eyebrows drawn down dangerously low, his grip on the jersey tightening. He was shorter than the jock, but his fury made him even more threatening.

“Gotta remind where these losers belong--”

Blaine didn’t let him finish, for he had shoved Nelson harshly into the row of lockers, the metal echoing and causing passerbys to stop and look.

Nelson’s buddies were stepping back and close to simply turning and running away, one of them shouting, “Teacher!” and the onlookers now staring in that direction. Whereas Nelson was trying to keep composed, the wind still knocked out of him as Blaine raised a fist.

“Blaine!” Kurt cried, rushing forward and grabbing his arm, halting him before his soulmate could cause any more trouble.
Blaine was still determined for a moment, until he heard the shout of Coach Sylvester above the crowd of students, “What’s going on?!” and realized why Kurt had stopped him.

“We need to go,” Kurt whispered, gently pulling him away from Nelson and darting them off in the other direction, ignoring the stares they got from the students they passed.

“Here, bathroom,” Blaine said, the angry-low voice he had before cracking into his regular one. He turning left, leading him and Kurt into the Boy’s Restroom.

There was a freckled freshman boy washing his hands at the sink, but with one intimidating glare from Blaine he was hurrying out in a flash. Kurt felt a bit guilty, but leaned against one of the sinks anyway, feeling how cold the slushie liquid seeped through his clothing and chilled his skin.

“Damn…” he heard Blaine breathe, walking up in front of him with his whole face full of concern. “Is it...I mean, does it stain?”

Kurt shook his head, smiling sadly. “No, but it’s terrible to get out.” He sighed, glancing at his reflection in the mirror. The red droplets streaked his face, still dripping off his chin and down his neck. It was an image he had thought he’d left behind last year.

Blaine continued looking at him like a heartbroken puppy, even though he himself had skin with worse wounds. “Well...you should at least get cleaned up.”

“Blaine, I have Glee practice to get to in like, five minutes--”

“And you’re going to show up looking like this?” Blaine raised an eyebrow, hinting at a smile while he reached over for some paper towels. “That’s not the Kurt I know. Always got to dress to impress.”

“Mmph.” Kurt dropped his bag to the tiled floor, watching Blaine bunch up the paper towels and putting them under a running faucet before extending them up to Kurt’s face, biting down on his bottom lip while doing so.

“Blaine, I can--let me--” Kurt protested, attempting to take the soggy towels from Blaine’s hand but he pulled away, giving Kurt an amused look.

“Hey now, just let me help my boyfriend,” he said, waving a finger teasingly at Kurt before dabbing the towel at his cheek.

A bit reluctantly, Kurt kept his hand braced behind him on the sink’s edge, watching Blaine focus in concentration, discovering that dabbing wasn’t enough and tried rubbing the dye away.

“See?” Kurt said, ceasing his movement by covering his wrist with his fingers. “Now will you let me do it, please?”

“Nope.” His soulmate shook his head firmly, his curls bouncing slightly. “But seriously, how long does this take to get out?”

“An hour or so,” Kurt answered, suppressing memories of previous experiences with this. “So I was just going to do it after practice.”

“Well that’s bullshit, why does this school even have slushie machines if this happens?” Blaine demanded. “Wait, have you gone to class like this?”

“Welcome to the unpopular fate of Glee club.” Kurt smirked, the joking not reaching his eyes.
“Listen, I really need to get to practice--”

“They can handle on their own for a little bit longer--”

“Blaine, Sectionals is coming up soon!”

He squinted at the unfamiliar word. “Sectionals?”

“Yeah, it’s the first round of competition. And I still need to perfect this dance move with Tina, since she’s my partner during it.”

Blaine nodded slowly, looking down at where the wad of paper towels was clutched in his hand. “When is this competition?”

“Next Thursday... wait, are you thinking about coming?” Kurt asked, his miserable attitude before replaced with hopeful curiosity.

Blaine fixed his mouth in a frown-pout he did when he didn’t want to admit something. “I was just wondering--”

The door opened, and a boy with choppy hair and huge headphones entered the bathroom, freezing in place once he saw the two close together at the sink, both of them staring at him.

“OUT, ASSHOLE!” Blaine shouted at him, using that same tone of voice he had around Nelson. The boy squeaked and turned right around, the door swinging behind him.

“Jesus, school’s over. Why isn’t anyone going home?” Blaine muttered, mostly to himself as he became distracted by taking one of Kurt’s hands, rubbing away where the stray red droplets had landed.

Kurt made a face, with his mouth slightly curling into a smirk. Blaine caught it, and he defensively asked, “What?”

“You do that thing all the time,” Kurt chuckled. “Where you put on that scary, rebel act around everyone but then you go back to me and you’re all puppy-dog sweet--”

“What?” Blaine repeated, sputtering and shaking his head. “I do not!”

“Do too!”

“No...I don’t--no! Look, you’re my boyfriend. You don’t annoy me like everyone else at this hellhole.”

Pausing, Kurt tilted his head. “What about...before you found out your Mark?” he asked softly. “Back when I was just another member of the school’s show choir to you? Did I annoy you then?”

Blaine’s hand had stalled on dabbing away the slushie mess as he listened to Kurt speak, his eyes down. He took in a breath, snapping himself to continue the clean up before answering, “Never. You were always different than them.”

The answer certainly surprised Kurt, pleasantly and rather touching in a way. He wasn’t sure what to say, but for some reason felt like smiling. Instead, he just studied his soulmate, remembering the time that seemed like a hundred years ago, when Blaine would sneer at passing students and mess around in classes. Smoke in the bathrooms just like this one. Never listened to teachers, never listened to anyone for that matter. Make some sort of snarky remark at Rachel, who would just yell at him back.
Kurt eventually snapped at them to shut up, and Blaine would comply. He’d always listen to Kurt, even if sometimes it was with a cheeky grin.

“Will you have to throw out this coat?” Blaine asked, bringing him back from his reverie.

Kurt looked down at it, the red splatters somewhat drying but still evident. “Probably. Which sucks, I got an awesome deal on this jacket too.”

After scrunching up the soiled wad of paper towels, Blaine tossed it towards the trash bin, missing and turning right back to Kurt like he had actually made it in. “So, you still going to practice?” He leaned forward slightly, his eyelids only a little hooded in that way he did when he was aiming to seduce. “Because if you don’t...you’d get to relax over at my brand new, never-before-seen by your eyes apartment.”

Kurt snorted, unswayed by his attempts at lowered voice and sudden closeness, pushed Blaine away by the shoulders. “How about, I do go to practice since I’m already late and that’ll give Rachel another reason to complain, then I go home and shower, and finally I,” he held up fingers to make air-quotations, “‘relax’ over at your new apartment.”

“You drive a hard bargain,” Blaine replied, feigning disappointment but when in fact was grinning with delight.

Well, later that evening Kurt technically did see the entryway, the kitchen and dining room. Blaine pointed to the left side, saying how that door was Cooper’s room, and then to the right, pointing out the door to his room. Then of course lips crashed together and hands went to waists as they scrambled to get to his bedroom.

“This is your room?” Kurt gasped out, twisting his head away from Blaine’s mouth to look around. Blaine was fine kissing across his boyfriend’s jaw instead, and hummed in response before leading Kurt backwards to the bed.

It’s not like he had planned anything before, but they were teenage boys who were in love with their hormones skyrocketed, and not to mention Kurt was freshly cleaned and smelled like apple-scented shampoo. Besides, since moving out and not waking up in the same house as his soulmate anymore, Blaine just craved his presence even more.

“Wait, Blaine,” Kurt managed to say in between kisses, scooting to sit upright and having to physically move Blaine back as well, having him kneel in front of him. “Isn’t your brother here?”

“Nah, he’s out. Visiting old friends or whatever,” Blaine answered, noticing how heavily he was already breathing. Not that he cared really, since Kurt was in the same state. “So we have the whole place to ourselves.” He smiled coyly and dived in to kiss him again, then his cheek, then a path down his pale throat.

He could feel Kurt giggle and twine his fingers through Blaine’s hair, arching his head backwards and sighing. “T-this is your idea of ‘relaxing?’” he asked.

Blaine removed his mouth to say, “Mhmm,” only to go right back in, trying to find another sweet-spot that made his soulmate melt under his fingertips. He sucked at a few areas that caused Kurt to whimper and squirm, but nothing compared to that spot Blaine had already discovered.

His hands were all over--cupping the other side of Kurt’s face, around his back, up his torso. While Kurt’s hands kept him steady sitting up, making sure he didn’t fall backwards and thud his head on the headboard. His hands did come up, however, when Blaine’s went to fumble with the buttons of
“Hey now, allow me,” Kurt said breathlessly, miraculously making Blaine lift his head and watch his boyfriend carefully undo the buttons. “This just came out of the wash, I would not like it wrinkled anytime soon, Blaine Anderson.”

“Whatsoever you say, sweetheart,” Blaine teased, waiting with body yearning to be close to him again.

Kurt undid the last button of his deep purple button up, folded it gently and probably extra slowly just to make Blaine wait longer, that jerk. Blaine allowed him to pull off his own white undershirt, finally revealing his bare torso.

“God,” he breathed out, feeling as awestruck as the first time he saw Kurt like his. All lean and lined with muscle and soft skin. Kurt was biting back a smirk, shrugging a little and tilting his chin up confidently. It was enough to make Blaine plunge forward and capture his lips.

Their tongues met instantly, hungrily lapping each other with their mouths moving slickly. The small room echoed with gasps and small moans, the mattress and bedsheets crinkling under their movements.

“You—mmph—know,” Kurt said, and Blaine knew he would keep talking, so he went for his collarbone, mouthing and scraping his teeth as Kurt continued, stuttering whenever Blaine would bite down a bit harder than usual, “You’ve seen me shirtless twice now, and I-I’ve never e-e-even seen you shirtless once s-so…”

He detached his mouth to meet his boyfriend’s eyes. “So you think we should be even?”

Kurt gave him a look, his cheeks flushed and hair already falling out of its coif. “Well, it’s only fair.” He grabbed the ends of Blaine’s black shirt, rucking it up only an inch when the door abruptly burst open.

“Hey, squirt, I’m home!” shouted the only other person could possibly be there.

Kurt squeaked, letting go of the shirt in a flash, hunching his shoulders and ducking behind Blaine. Blaine had snapped around while Kurt did this, making such a shocked and furious face at his older brother he’s surprised Cooper didn’t back out of the room instantly.

Instead, Cooper kept his hand frozen at the door handle and the other at the frame, pursing his mouth in consideration at the boy hiding behind Blaine. “Wait, so Kurt’s here?”

“Cooper, GO.”

“Hi, I’m Blaine’s brother!” Cooper said cheerily, like he hadn’t just obviously walked in on something.

Blaine wildly gestured at him. “GO.”

Kurt had waved smally, the flush on his face now pure red. His arms were crossed over his chest, looking maybe more embarrassed than Blaine. Cooper looked over at Blaine, still smiling. “I’m sorry, were you in the middle of something?”

“Cooper, I swear to god—”

“Alright, alright, I’ll go!” He started closing the door, but before doing so added, “I’m not like other brothers, you know. I’m a cool brother.”
“Oh my god.” Blaine buried his face in one of his hands.

“Let me know if you guys need anything. Some snacks, a condom—”

“LEAVE, COOPER!”

“Nice meeting you, Kurt!” And his older brother closed the bedroom door, loudly whistling as he walked away.

Blaine groaned, turning back to his boyfriend and certain nothing he could say could make up for that humiliating moment. Kurt, at least, didn’t look as startled to have some stranger see him in a compromising situation, but was actually smiling amused.

“So...that’s my brother,” Blaine mumbled, wishing he would have spontaneously combusted on the spot.

Kurt snorted, reaching up to curl his fingers around Blaine’s neck. “I could tell. I like him. He quotes Mean Girls.”

Blaine closed his eyes and groaned louder, dropping his head to Kurt’s shoulder. He heard Kurt snicker and run fingertips through his hair.

“Leave me here to die,” mumbled Blaine.

“Aw, honey, I’m sorry.” Kurt laughed adoringly anyway. “But do you think he’ll also come watch us at Sectionals?”

“No!”

Kurt laughed more at that, warm and musical. He kissed the top of Blaine’s head, tucking his nose there and stroking his fingers soothingly.

Backstage at the McKinley auditorium was abuzz. New Directions’ kickass performance included a Mercedes Jones solo and a dance number that Kurt perfected along with Tina.

Sadly, Jewfro had been right. The audience supporting the New Directions mostly included family members, not a single student fan in sight.

Kurt pulled out his phone from his black jeans, tapping a reply to a text and heading towards the dressing room exit, the noise of his teammates discussing their performance and now the performance of Vocal Adrenaline going on right now getting fainter with every step.

He walked down the hallway, bypassing a couple of boys from the Warblers missing their blazers sprinting to their own dressing room. At the end of the hallway, his destination, was indeed what his text message promised. His boyfriend lounged there against the wall, his leather jacket no where to be seen and his hair combed to be socially acceptable.

“Hey, stranger.” Kurt waved, restraining from flinging himself in Blaine’s arms. He had seen him in the crowd, sitting next to his dad and hooting the loudest when the team took their bows.

“You were awesome,” Blaine said, standing straighter and grinning broadly. “Like, way awesome. More than awesome...that was incredible, Kurt.”

“A man of many words,” Kurt teased, but thanked him nonetheless. “Also, you never told me all your Dalton friends were part of the Warblers.”
“Oh,” Blaine’s smile dropped slightly, and he looked to the side. “Um.”

“Wait,” Kurt held up a hand, coming to a realization that made his jaw drop. “Were you--?”

“No!” Blaine said quickly, shoving his hands into his pockets with blush blooming across his cheeks. “I mean...not...” he drawled out the last word as long as he could before, “officially.”

“What?” Kurt’s dropped jaw turned into a huge smile.

“Oh, shut up.”

“You--”

“Kurt, I said shut up.”

“--were apart of a show choir?” he gasped, probably drawing attention to some parents making their way back from the bathroom.

Blaine crossed his arms, like he was trying to regain some sort of badass-ness he’d earned before. “Like for a week, okay?”

“Oh my god.” Kurt had his hands held up in disbelief, totally stunned and overjoyed with this information. “Why a week?”

“They kicked me out because of my ‘unruly behavior.’” Blaine answered, still not looking at him. “But Nick and Jeff and all of them still remained my friends and...stop looking at me like that!”

“Sorry,” Kurt snickered, attempting his hide his smile. “I’m just...oh my god, my soulmate can sing--”

“Used to,” Blaine interrupted.

“Oh, Blaine.” He reached and took his hand, slipping their fingers together. “I love you so much, you know.”

Blaine grumpily scoffed in reply, however with the corners of his mouth twitching upwards.

“Kurt!” called a voice at the end of the hall. They both turned, seeing Sam poke his head out the New Directions dressing room door. “Team meeting!”

Rolling his eyes, Kurt looked back at Blaine and said, “I guess I need to go.”

“That’s okay, I’ll see you afterwards,” Blaine told him, his mood lightening a bit. “After you’ve won, might I add.” He winked. “Besides, I drove here on my bike so perhaps me and you could--”

Kurt unlaced their hands, pointing a finger at him. “Watch your luck, Blaine Warbler.”

He started leaving with the look of Blaine’s wide-eyed and deeply frowned face behind him. Chuckling to himself, Kurt shook his head, looking at his feet as he came nearer to the door, before completely knocking into someone.

“Whoa! Hey!”

“Watch where you’re--oh.” The someone he’d run in to was one of the blazer-less boys he passed earlier, tall and brown hair with a face made for the smirk that soon grew on it. “I know you.”
“Well, I don’t know you, so if you’ll excuse me,” Kurt huffed, stepped to bypass him and make it to the dressing room.

The boy stepped in front of him, blocking his path. “You should. I’m one of your soulmate’s very good friends.”

Kurt blinked. This boy’s face wasn’t one he’d met at Scandals, but now that Kurt was getting a good look at him he did seem somewhat familiar. “I’m sorry, but I don’t--”

The boy held out a hand. “Kurt Hummel, my name is Sebastian Smythe.”
Chapter 18

A memory of Nick shouting at them through a closed door, along with the reason Blaine wanted to hurry out of Scandals as soon as possible. The reason being some person named “Sebastian” and that person having relations with his soulmate in the past--

But how had he’d known he was Blaine’s soulmate? They’d never met, only seen each other at a distance. But that wasn’t the issue now. Kurt clenched his jaw, ignoring the hand the Warbler was offering to shake. He squared his shoulders, making himself appear taller and pushing aside the flare of jealousy in his chest.

“Well, Sebastian,” Kurt said evenly, glaring coldly up at the smug boy. “I can’t say it’s nice to meet you too, but I have a team meeting to get to--”

“C’mon, Kurt--I can call you Kurt, right?” Sebastian asked, blocking his path yet again. Kurt was only ten feet from the dressing room door...maybe he could just knock this asshole aside and sprint…? “Or do you have a nickname? I bet Blaine gave you a nickname.” He grinned in a wicked way, one that just infuriated Kurt more. “He used to call me ‘babe’ like, all the time.”

He’s doing this on purpose, Kurt reminded himself, practically screaming in his mind. He probably wants to make you jealous. “Listen, I don’t even know how you know me, but I need to go--”

“Oh, didn’t Blaine tell you?” Sebastian asked in a high, innocent voice, crossing his arms and widening his eyes in mock-interest. “We hung out over the summer...out at Westerville parties. I noticed you weren’t there…” He tsked. “Bummer.”

Kurt couldn’t help but roll his eyes. “I don’t know what you’re trying here, but I have no interest in what you have to say whatsoever.”

“Kurt!” shouted the voice of Mercedes from somewhere behind the closed dressing room door.

Sebastian paid no attention to it and continued on, “I was just curious, as very good friends should be about their very good friend’s soulmate.” Drumming his fingers against his arm, Kurt caught the black letters etched on to the other boy’s hand. He could only fully see the first name--someone named Adam--but that was it. Sebastian wore his Mark like it was nothing more than an inconvenient blemish. “Which from my gatherings it looks like he hasn’t been completely honest with you…”

“We’re fine.” Kurt gritted his teeth, knowing he should be heading away from him and towards his team, but feeling too resentful now.

Sebastian merely shrugged, almost obnoxiously. “Oh, I’m sure. Being matched with Ohio’s infamous delinquent whore must be a breeze.”

That was it. Kurt was balled-fist and seeing-red, prepared to smack that weasel-smirk off this preppy shithead’s face when the door opened. Mercedes’ head poked out, searching quickly and spotting her friend. “Hon, what are you doing? Get in here!”

The blood rushed down from his ears and he could see clearly again. Kurt shot one final scowl at Sebastian, ignoring his lifted eyebrow and subtle sneer before marching off towards Mercedes, unaware his fists were so tight his knuckles were turning white.
The envious and rageful cloud in his chest refused to leave. He felt it while New Directions clapped on stage as the Warblers won their second-place trophy and Sebastian accepted it. He felt it pang when New Directions took the win for first place and while he saw Sebastian applauding politely along with everyone else and his eyes were skimming the crowd, finding their destination and winking.

It faded to a small voice towards the back of his mind when he met up with Burt, Carole, and Blaine afterwards, almost being knocked out of breath when Blaine wrapped his arms around him and congratulated him excitedly. Only to freeze and back away when members of New Directions approached them.

“They’re not going to bite you, Blaine,” Kurt told him, watching Rachel unhook her arm from Finn’s and striding off to her dads, making a show of pursing her lips and keep her eyes away from Blaine’s direction.

Blaine then asked if Kurt wanted to join him to visit some of his Warbler friends, nodding over to where Nick and Trent were chatting to their own parents. Kurt declined, the cloud of jealousy expanding when he noticed Sebastian nearby the rest of the Warblers. Part of him said he should just grab Blaine’s hand and march over himself, announcing to all the Warblers that they were indeed soulmates and very happy together.

But no, he went with the easy route. The one that ached the cloud in his chest as he rode home with his family, listening to Finn persuade Carole to get first-place worthy pizza to take to the celebration party at Quinn’s house later. Personally, he wasn’t feeling like going to a party involving a good percentage of the people still ignoring him. He just wanted to go home and eat cheesecake on his bed and not think about anything at all.

Blaine could tell something was off, but he couldn’t place a finger on what.

He had thought they were finally in a good spot--Kurt getting the victory at Sectionals, his friends (well, part of them) in total support of their relationship, Cooper granting Blaine a safe place for the first time in his life. So why Kurt was being distant, he had no clue about.

To top it all off, Blaine wasn’t even sure if it was his fault. He tried to ask during their “study dates”--which actually shifted towards real studying now. Kurt would shrug it off with a forced smile, assuring Blaine everything was fine, his voice always pitched a few notches up.

“*Mercedes says my voice gets a tad higher when I lie. And when you lie, Mr. Anderson, your smile goes inward, not up.*”

Now, Blaine never considered himself good with words. How the hell was he suppose to figure out what was going on without sounding demanding?

Granted, he tried. He tried getting some sort of hint as the autumn weather dragged on. But his boyfriend remained passive, almost to the point where Blaine considered nothing was wrong. That he was over thinking. Doing that thing where he doubted something good would never last too long.

If Kurt kept saying he was fine, then he was fine.

Right?

It was near the end of the month Kurt decided to finally put an end to this. To wrap up loose ends both he and his soulmate had ignored. He loved Blaine too much to have that cloud control whether
he wanted to be around him or not. Did that mean Sebastian had won?

“It’s so fucking great that they dropped off my truck at the apartment,” Blaine was telling him one lazy Friday afternoon, his fingers playing through Kurt’s chestnut hair while they lounged on Kurt’s bedroom floor. It had been far too long they had simply relaxed around each other, especially at the Hummel-Hudson home. Especially since Blaine moved in with his brother. “But Cooper still kind of claims it as his truck too, since it originally was? But that was like, ten years ago.”

Kurt nodded, his eyes continuing staring up at the ceiling. They had somehow drifted from resting on the bed then on to the floor; Kurt on his back with his hands folded over his chest and Blaine on his side right next to him, propping himself up with one arm while fiddling with his hair, smiling now and then. Meanwhile Kurt’s mind was mostly elsewhere, mostly on what a certain smug-face Warbler informed him of.

He heard Blaine chuckle softly, petting his locks. “Are you daydreaming on me, sweetheart?”

The pet name. Kurt shot up, his hands flying to either side of him, startling his boyfriend. His eyes were bugged and holding his breath, surprised himself by that sudden reaction. He slowly glanced over to Blaine, nervous and dreading on how to explain what just happened. Blaine, wearing his worn black hoodie and gray sweatpants, had sat up as well. Hesitantly reaching out to Kurt with his mouth parted slightly. He was taken aback and unsure, probably thinking he had said something wrong. Oh, boy.

“Kurt? What’s…are you okay?”

“I need to ask you something,” Kurt blurted quickly, so fast it was likely Blaine didn’t hear it all. “And…I need to tell you something, too.”

“Okay…” Blaine said slowly, his hand still hovering out to him.

Swallowing thickly, Kurt crossed his legs under him, turning to his soulmate and not meeting his eyes. He wondered how to word this, and what the hell kind of reaction he would get from Blaine. “Okay, uh, firstly…at Sectionals, right after I left…’’ He took a deep breath, knowing he could tell Blaine anything and he shouldn’t be scared, but Sebastian was just so… “I ran into someone. Someone who said they were your, um, ‘very good friend.’”

Blaine’s eyebrows knitted together. “Who?”

The memory of Blaine wanting to hurry out of Scandals came to his mind. How his entire expression shifted, how he became at the mention of Sebastian. What on earth had happened?

“He said his name was…Sebastian?”

And there it was. The far-off eyes, the tight jaw. The way Blaine straightened his back and stared fixated at Kurt. “What did you tell you? I bet it was…listen, that guy’s a grade-A asshole and lies about everything so it probably wasn’t true, okay--?”

“Blaine!” Kurt cut in before his boyfriend could get too carried away. “He was just being annoying, and really irritating, and…yeah, he asked about you, so I--”

“Blaine!” Kurt cut in before his boyfriend could get too carried away. “He was just being annoying, and really irritating, and…yeah, he asked about you, so I--”

“Kurt, he’s a liar, “ Blaine interrupted seriously, grabbing Kurt’s shoulders. “And just bad news all together, okay?”

“I know, Blaine.” Kurt was beginning to feel exasperated on how his point wasn’t getting across, reaching to take Blaine’s hands and hold them in in atop his lap. “And yes, he riled me up and made
me want to punch him in his stupid prep-boy face, but he made me...he said things about…” His voice was trailing off, especially due to the face Blaine’s palms were sweaty and his teeth were gritting roughly. Kurt inhaled deeply, letting the determination take over. “I want you to tell me everything.”

At least that took Blaine aback. “What?”

“Blaine Anderson, you are my soulmate,” Kurt said firmly, twitching his right hand reflexively. “And I know you are still wary about talking about your past, and I understand since I got a glimpse at it and it was awful, but,” he paused, catching his breath. “I need to know. I need to be sure about the person you really are. If that makes sense...I just want to know everything. From beginning to now, I don’t care. From your mouth. Not some snobby jackass’s.”

The speech left Blaine frozen, gripping Kurt’s hands so tight it almost hurt. The words hung heavily in the air, but Kurt didn’t regret them. The two of them had been through so much crap—together and apart—and this was the missing piece. The unanswered question to his soulmate’s mysterious puzzle.

“Kurt…” Blaine began, his eyes steady and voice small. “It’s not a pretty story…”

“I don’t care,” he replied. “Blaine, I’m never going to judge you for it, you know that.”

“But,” Blaine’s tiny voice cracked, and he gulped. “I’ve been avoiding it for so long…”

“And I am still going to be here afterwards.” Kurt squeezed their linked hands surely. “I’m always going to love you.”

It was moments of Blaine evening his breathing, looking at their hands, Kurt’s name visible on Blaine’s skin. He eventually nodded, clearing his throat and taking in a deep breath.

“Like I said, it’s not going to be pretty…”

“Well, it wasn’t terrible at first. I always accepted what happened in our family when I was little. I noticed how my dad’s Mark didn’t match up with my mom’s, and I accepted that. I accepted that my dad would come home from his fancy job at the car dealership and sometimes smelled like beer. I accepted that we didn’t have the nicest house in town even though my dad had the nicest car. It’s weird to think about now...how I never questioned anything at first. How I even called my dad ‘Superman’ at one point.

“Cooper was the only one who told me like it was. My mom usually brushed everything I asked her about those things under the rug. But Cooper would just say it. He said how Dad had a drinking problem and my mom didn’t like it. He told me how Dad wasn’t ever like this around his mother. He always talked about he couldn’t wait to get his Mark, then he’d have an excuse to get out of that shitty house.

“My parents started fighting badly after Cooper left town. I heard it all from my room, especially how Dad blamed the entire thing on Mom and then on me and every other person on earth and god himself, multiple times. I still wasn’t that old when I overheard him hit her for the first time…”

“So, I started spending as much time out of the house as possible. Which was boring until junior high, since everyone in our neighborhood knew I was the child of two people who didn’t have matching Marks—which I guess is a bad omen? I dunno, but things changed when I entered eighth grade because that’s when I--”

Blaine stopped, snapping his mouth shut and looking back down.
“When you started your activities?” Kurt offered gently, attempting to be casual about it.

Blaine nodded, rolling his shoulders. “Yeah. I hung out in groups of people who smuggled their parents cigarettes and broke into their whiskey cabinets and were enthusiastic about the whole new world of sex and all that.”

“Can I…” Kurt jumped in, but hesitated when Blaine’s eyes met his. “Uh, may I ask who you...who your first was?”

Blaine smiled halfheartedly. “I would tell you if I remembered.”

Nodding, Kurt let him continue.

“So, um, you know that’s when I started gaining a reputation. And not just with sex, but how I wasn’t the greatest in school and the teachers always looked down at me. Anyway, one day I was in a fight with some kid in the hallway and it got out of control and I ended up breaking his nose. His parents were furious, and...my dad was too. He, ah, pulled me out and sent me to go to Dalton Academy, since it was a private school that would keep me in line and everything.

“But, holy shit, it just got worse because suddenly I was surrounded by guys who were all over the new kid. Um, I’ll spare you the details and skip freshman year. It was kind of rebellious, since I knew my dad was homophobic as hell and it felt kind of...I dunno, achieving to know he would have despised what I was doing.

“And then I met Sebastian my sophomore year, right after I got kicked out of the Warblers.”

Blaine stopped again, a thick lump growing in his throat. This was the part he was dreading, and also knowing he couldn’t ignore anymore. Kurt waited patiently for him to go on, smiling reassuringly.

“As you already know, my reign at Dalton’s show choir lasted a week. But I met all my friends there and then Sebastian as well. And Sebastian...I dunno, but he wasn’t like the others. He stuck around after we fooled around in our dorm rooms. He always wanted to be with me, like always. He was the first person who complimented me on my attitude instead of pushing me down about it, and since no one had ever done that I...I wanted him to stick around. I was so stupid, Kurt. I should’ve realized…

“Nick and Jeff and everyone tried to tell me about Sebastian, how he was a player and everything. I didn’t believe them, or more so, I didn’t want to believe them. I mean, he was the first guy I felt like I could tell stuff I’ve bottled up to. He was the first I ever told about my family, about what my dad did to me when he was angry—which was more than often. He even said he loved me at one point.”

Blaine swallowed, pausing and remembering how he never said ‘I love you’ back, because he had mostly been in awe and also being fucked on his dorm room bed. Not the most romantic experience, and definitely one he could spare Kurt the details of.

“Alright. But when did you decide not to like him anymore?” Kurt asked, breaking the silence.

“Oh. That was sooner than you’d think. We were, uh, fooling around in a janitor’s closet.” Fooling around as in Sebastian had my pants down and his mouth around my dick. Still, specifics he didn’t need to say aloud. “And a teacher caught us.”

Kurt gasped, and Blaine shrugged again. “He was absolutely furious. Grabbing us by our jackets and dragging us out, screaming how we were in so much trouble and all that. Threats I was used to, until the teacher promised us our parents would find out about everything. That’s when I freaked out, because if my dad knew what I was doing...I would’ve…”
Thankfully, Kurt understood without him elaborating. “So I turned to Sebastian, thinking he would talk us out of this. But he just stood there...smirking at me. Like my life wasn’t on the line or anything. And it was worse since he was fully aware of the consequences I was facing. So I went and yelled at the teacher, who screamed back, tightening his iron grip on my arm like my dad had done so many times and I snapped and punched him.”

“You punched a teacher?” Kurt asked, like he wanted to make sure he heard right.

Blaine clicked his tongue, twisting his mouth. “Yep...Dalton has a no-violence policy and...I broke it pretty bad.

“So...I was expelled. And I visited Sebastian before I completely moved everything out of my dorm. I figured I could talk to him about meeting up after I moved to Lima, since that’s what my dad decided to do because his company was closer to there and a new school where I could go to. But after he opened his door Sebastian just started...looking at me like everyone else did. Like I was dirt.

“He then told me to go, that he didn’t want to be seen around me. That my use to him was over or whatever.”

“Use?” Kurt repeated.

“Yeah...like I was just there for a good fuck,” Blaine said bitterly, fixing his jaw. “And that I was foolish enough to believe that it was something more...but before he closed the door he said to me, ‘Don’t worry, maybe I’ll see you again when you become a prostitute and finally put your talents to good use.’”

“Oh, my god.” Out of shock, Kurt covered his mouth with his hand.

“Yeah...I almost punched him too if the security guard hadn’t come looking for me. God, it’s just...I regret everything to do with him so much, Kurt.” He closed his eyes briefly, his lips pursed as his fingers squeezed Kurt’s even more. “Because I’m an idiot who actually believed...believed I was loved after so many years of neglect. And Sebastian knew that, he totally knew that! He knew I needed someone like him in my life and used that to his advantage, so I would continue being his ‘fuck-buddy’ or whatever until that was no longer possible. I dunno, maybe that’s why I wasn’t ready to talk about my past right away...I was afraid the same thing would happen again.”

Kurt was nodding, watching Blaine with the same expression he had when Blaine spilled about Cooper, and during when he revealed the truth about his bloody bruises. With absolute care and concern. It made Blaine’s thudding heart beat steadier, that’s for sure.

“But not this time,” Kurt told him, bringing their linked hands up to his chest, where his own heartbeat was. “I’m here to stay, remember?”

Blaine nodded shakily, feeling like he could breathe again. Like a great weight had suddenly left him, a sensation one gets after they step off a thrilling roller coaster. With the knowledge that what you did wasn’t as scary as you thought, that you feel relieved after the ride is over. Except Blaine was so at ease now that he felt like he could cry.

Kurt kept him anchored, squeezing his fingers and smiling gently, rubbing his thumb soothingly at his skin. Blaine’s eyes grazed over to where Kurt’s Mark was standing out against his pale skin, where his name written there in black lettering. Never in his life had been more grateful that they were matched, and he was here now. With Blaine and accepting him for all he is and was.

How did he get so lucky?
Before any waterworks could threaten to spill, Blaine tugged his soulmate over and kissed him deeply, breathing in his taste as he felt the light feeling in his chest fill up with warmth. Kurt hummed in to it, tilting his head slightly as he dropped their hands only to link them around Blaine’s neck.

“I love you,” Blaine breathed against his lips, opening his eyes so Kurt could see his sincerity. “I feel like I don’t tell you enough, but I want you to know. I need you to know that I love you so much, Kurt.”

He watched Kurt’s shoulders relax while he exhaled. A corner of his mouth went up. “And I love you, too. And I want you to know that. I love my brave, handsome boyfriend.” In a very Kurt-fashion of lightening the tension, he tapped Blaine’s nose with his pointer finger and broke out in a grin at Blaine’s scrunched face afterwards.

“I’m not brave,” Blaine disagreed, blinking in mild confusion.

“Yes, you are. Not everyone can open up about something like that. So...thank you. For telling me. And accept that you are brave!”

Blaine rolled his eyes exaggeratedly. “Whatever.”

Scoffing in just as much theatricality, Kurt mockingly pushed him away but soon pulled him back in and pressed their lips together again, allowing Blaine to move closer so he could slide his hands up and cup the back of his neck, the other holding his waist.

“My family’s downstairs,” Kurt interrupted, frowning in disappointment. His eyes flickered at the bed, and Blaine understood.

He smiled and pecked Kurt’s cheek before saying, “That’s alright. I don’t mind just kissing you, you know.”

“Yes, but now that we have done that I really wanna do it again--”

Shaking his head fondly, Blaine cut him off with another kiss, swallowing the surprised squeak from Kurt’s throat. “What have I done? Not that long ago you were just innocent and--

“I’m sorry, what was that about kissing? I think we should get back to that, yes?”

And of course, Blaine laughed and obliged.
The end of November crept up faster than expected. Before they knew it, Thanksgiving break was upon them, and Blaine had a feeling he wouldn’t be spending it with Kurt.

Every evening at their humble apartment, Cooper would sigh dramatically and rattle on and on about his day, like his vacation was utterly exhausting. But what he would talk about the most was about how much he missed L.A. and his darling Amanda and sweet Olivia, then he would mention how they should plan on visiting them soon.

The holidays were here. Blaine was dreading the inevitable words to come out of his brother’s mouth.

On the last day of before break, Blaine was at his locker after the final bell rang, stuffing notebooks between textbooks inside his crummy backpack. He wondered if this was the heaviest his backpack had ever been, considering he next to never brought his homework him. But Kurt was determined for him to get an A in Biology, so studying those huge ass textbooks it was.

Speaking of which, out of the corner of his eye Blaine spotted a certain checkered skinny jeans and navy blue cardigan boy stride up to him, his bag swung over his shoulder and a warm smile on his face.

“Hey there,” Kurt greeted, stopping beside Blaine and leaning against his neighbor’s locker.

After the whole ‘move half of New Directions to Blaine Anderson’s lunch table’ event, Kurt had grown more and more used to the students filtering the hallways staring at the two of them, and frankly he didn’t care at this point. “You’re my soulmate,” Kurt had told him. “If anyone’s got a problem with that, then they can shove it.”

“So yesterday Finn was trying to convince Carole to have us eat in the living room for Thanksgiving dinner, because there’s some football game going on or something,” Kurt said to him now, gesturing his hands along with the story. “But she’s really keen on keeping the tradition of eating at the table and as a family, and, oh my god, Finn was practically begging to just have it this one time since he’s a senior--”

Blaine had a sucked in a breath, causing Kurt to stop. “What is it?”

“Uh…” He awkwardly zipped his bag shut, glancing away from his boyfriend. “Nothing. It’s just...I think Cooper’s wanting us to go to L.A. for Thanksgiving and I wasn’t looking forward to it…”

Now Kurt was tilting his head, furrowing his eyebrows but curling his lips up a little. “Wait...Cooper didn’t tell you?”

“Tell me what?”

“Oh! Oh, Blaine…” Kurt had broken out into a full grin, only making Blaine even more bewildered on the situation. “I asked if you could join us and my dad called your brother and he said he would love to! So, of course you’re not going to L.A. when I’m cooking my famous, irresistible pumpkin pie!”

“Hold on,” Blaine shook his head, clearing up what he just heard. “So I am going to be with you during the holidays?”
Kurt nodded excitedly.

If they weren’t in the middle of their school hallway, Blaine would’ve scooped him up and kissed him from becoming purely overjoyed.

“And, as you all know, I am one of Michael Bay’s cousin’s neighbor’s closest friends,” Cooper was telling the Hummel-Hudson table that Thanksgiving day, pointing a forkful of mashed potatoes at Carole, who was the most fascinated. “So there was no way I wouldn’t get this role, you know?”

Kurt saw his father frown, not recognizing the director’s name. Finn was nodding; his eyebrows scrunched together a bit. The minute Cooper and Blaine had arrived at Kurt’s front door--Blaine waving shyly at Carole while Cooper flashed her a big smile her way and brought her in for a surprise hug--Finn had leaned over and asked Kurt quietly, “Why does Blaine’s older brother look familiar?”

“Because he’s the guy from the Free Credit commercials,” Kurt explained, tugging at his brown sweater and then adjusting his orange neckerchief. He watched as his stepmother turned red in the face at the realization of that fact as well, gawking up at Cooper and pushing strands of hair behind her ear.

“Wait, so he’s like, famous?” Finn had asked.

“Yes, Finn.”

Finn was befuddled, glancing at Cooper--who had worn a fine suit jacket along with a diamond-patterned tie, while Blaine was wearing the nicest shirt he owned: that red, plaid button-up shirt that he always had the sleeves rolled around his elbows, his blue jeans a little frayed at the bottom. He couldn’t wrap around the fact that these two were related.

While Cooper continued his epic tale at dinner of auditioning for a potential Michael Bay movie, Kurt turned to his right, where Blaine was seated next to him. “Do you like the food?”

Blaine nodded enthusiastically, practically scorching down his turkey, mashed potatoes, corn, dinner roll, and stuffing all at once. He would often catch himself, slowing down his chewing and taking a sip of water, only to be pulled back in by the sweet smells of Carole and Kurt’s cooking. “It’s amazing. It’s probably the best meal I’ve ever had.”

Huffing, Kurt was about to counter that when Blaine added, “I’m serious! We’ve…I’ve never had a Thanksgiving like this.” He gestured at the table, where the cooked turkey sat in the middle on top of a silver platter and piles of other food were in the other glass dishes, only used for special occasions. There were tall candles lit, flickering slightly. The adults had wine with Carole’s nicest glasses, and Kurt’s pumpkin pie was up on its own little pedestal.

Kurt considered this, thinking how although this was an elegant meal--seeing how it was Thanksgiving--he had never really appreciated it as much as Blaine was now. What on earth were his Thanksgivings like back in the past?

He shook his head, going back to his own plate. Blaine had shared with him his story; there was already an answer to his question.

“Oh, my!” Carole now gasped at Cooper, throwing a hand over her heart.

Cooper nodded solemnly. “It was traumatizing, to say the least.”
“What are they talking about?” Kurt whispered over to Blaine, fighting back giggles at his boyfriend’s brother’s theatricality.

“With my guess, he probably was almost late to his audition or something. Dramatic, I know.”

As Kurt kept suppressing his laughter, Burt cleared his throat at the head of the table, still somewhat bewildered at Cooper’s elaborate stories. “Anyway…uh, Cooper, is it? What’s your family doing in Los Angeles?”

Cooper sat up, clearing his throat like he was about to give another climactic speech. “My beautiful wife is most likely busy writing her cookbook filled with recipes only the finest chefs in California know,” he quickly winked over at Carole, who had smiled eagerly at that news. “Did you know a coworker of her’s was soulmates with one of Hollywood’s newest, upcoming directors? It was great! I got my first acting gig from her!”

“Oh, wow!” Carole exclaimed, her eyes practically hearts at this point.

“Hey, is it true?” Finn jumped in, his eyebrows still down in confusion. “That sometimes actors and stuff get their Mark surgically removed so no one knows who their soulmate is?”

Cooper waved a hand. “I may have heard a rumor or two. But mostly the, as you know, top professional actors and actresses I work with mostly cover their Mark with makeup when we film. It’s the most common thing to do, plus the surgically-removing-crap is expensive as hell.” He then shrugged nonchalantly, taking a bite into his dinner roll.

Finn’s mouth was parted in shock. “But why? Doesn’t it…hurt?”

“It’s probably like removing a tattoo,” Kurt told him, strangely feeling somewhat touchy on this subject. A person hiding their Marks was something he wasn’t unfamiliar with himself.

“Nah, it’s way more difficult than that,” Cooper explained, casually slumping back in his seat with an arm around the top of the chair. “That’s why it will eventually, let’s put it as, grow back, you know? Everyone knows your Mark may fade slightly when your soulmate dies, but this is different. If your soulmate is still here, so is your Mark. Forever. No amount of technology could get rid of that.” He smiled proudly, like he had just solved a riddle.

“So…makeup and surgery…why don’t celebrities just use gloves?” Finn asked. “That’s what Kurt did.”

Cooper frowned. “What?”

“Finn!” Kurt hissed at his stepbrother.

“What?” Finn said to him, seeming like he was wondering what he said was a mistake.

“Enough about soulmates!” Burt declared, clapping his hands before rubbing them together. “Kurt, would you want to cut your pie now and kindly give a piece to me?”

Kurt did so with red cheeks and tight jaw, unsure why he was so worked up. Perhaps he was just trying to forget those couple months of hiding, of being scared. He especially didn’t like the look Cooper was giving him as he passed around slices of his pie.

Thankfully, the tension ended when Finn asked to excuse himself to go watch some of his football game in the living room, Burt soon joining and offering Cooper to come along. Of course Blaine’s brother did, and commented thoroughly on every commercial played in between.
Blaine and Kurt offered to help Carole clear the table after they were done with their own pie (Blaine claiming it was the most delicious pumpkin pie he had ever tasted, making Kurt smile again) and she then assigned them for washing and drying duty at the sink as she wrapped up the leftovers.

“I think your brother hates me now,” Kurt mumbled quietly to Blaine, handing him a rinsed plate for him to dry.

Blaine gave him a look. “No, that’s ridiculous. He’s been asking me all the time about you. What your interests are and how we met and constantly wanting me to swear he’ll be Best Man at our wedding and stuff.”

Instantly, heat rose to Kurt’s cheeks. But he shrugged it away just as fast, not wanting his thoughts to be distracted on wedding and married and oh wait isn’t that what soulmates eventually do? “But he looked pretty upset when Finn mentioned about me and my gloves.”

Surprisingly, Blaine chuckled as he accepted a wine glass to dry off, swiveling the towel around the inside. “He just went into ‘big brother protector mode.’ And with nine years out of practice, he’s not very good.”

“But--”

“No but’s. I will assure him later that I love you and that the only reason you hid your Mark was for safety. I did the same, no worries.” Blaine stepped closer to him, wrapping a free arm around his waist to pull him in for a quick peck on the cheek.

Kurt sighed, putting another dish under the running sink water. “But…I don’t want him to think I did that because I was ashamed of you or anything…”

“Sweetheart, you’re worrying too much.”

“Am not,” Kurt pouted, thrusting the cleaned dish at Blaine playfully, hearing him laugh again. “Well, maybe Christmas dinner will be less awkward.”

His boyfriend blinked. “Huh?”

“Oh! I totally forgot.” Kurt turned off the water, drying off his hands quickly before turning to him, his palms out in anticipation. “I asked Dad and Carole to invite you guys over again for Christmas dinner and they said yes!” He grinned excitedly.

Oddly, Blaine didn’t have the reaction he was expecting. It would mean that was their first Christmas together, with the romance of a fireplace and mistletoe and snow and presents. Why was he looking so distraught and guilty?

“Um…I need to tell you something too…” Blaine said slowly, the towel wrung between his hands.

Kurt straightened his stance and waited, for a fleeting thought fearing he had somehow pushed it, that Blaine never really wanted to spend Christmas with him.

“Cooper told me on the way here that…well, he’d be in fact taking me to L.A. over Christmas break,” Blaine told him, his voice gradually getting quieter. “So I could meet his family.”

“Oh!” Relief trumped his tiny feeling of disappointment. “Oh, that’s alright! That’s actually pretty awesome, getting to go to California!”

Blaine shrugged, mindlessly wiping some silverware with the towel. “Yeah, but…our first Christmas
together…”

Kurt silenced him by placing a hand over top his, squeezing reassuringly. He was glad they were at least on the same page. “Blaine, it’s fine. We’ll make it work, we’ll…exchange presents after you get home. We’ll still be able to text and all that. I mean, I’m not going to say I won’t miss you because I will…”

“But I’ll have to spend that whole time with Cooper’s family!” Blaine cut in, absolutely horrified now. “Imagine Cooper’s soulmate. Cooper’s perfect other half.”

They both glanced over at the living room, where of course Cooper was distracting Burt from the big game by reciting another ridiculous tale. The two boys laughed together, turning back at the same time to face each other.

“It won’t be terrible, I bet she’s really nice,” Kurt said. “Maybe your sister-in-law is in fact the exact opposite of Cooper. You know, because they say your soulmate isn’t necessarily an exact replica of you, but that they...complement you.”

“Hmm.” Blaine’s eyes were down at where their fingers were idly twining together, their own Marks clear as day. “You’ve got a point there.”

Christmas time definitely a significant change in L.A. than in Lima. For starters, no snow.

It was bizarre to step foot outside in the middle of December and not feel chilly. It was even crazier to still see holiday decorations and Santas across billboards during this warm weather.

Blaine, having never set foot out of Ohio in his life, was shocked by this new atmosphere. He was more than happy to have Cooper lead him around and tell him about everything, like pointing out palm trees decorated with lights, but drew the line when his brother told him to take off his leather jacket simply because of the heat.

Cooper’s house in a Los Angeles neighborhood was more than impressive, with tall windows and colorful lights strung across the sides. Amanda greeted them with open arms, her smile so big it could be seen for miles and her flaming red hair all tied up in a ponytail. She rushed out of the front door after they exited the cab in front of the house and threw herself at Cooper, planting a kiss right there and then. Blaine stood there awkwardly, fumbling with the luggage handle until she detached herself and went to embrace Blaine with no warning, exclaiming how it was so amazing to finally meet him.

Yep, definitely soulmates, Blaine decided.

His niece was a different story.

“You have a niece?” Kurt asked him over the phone during the first night away, his voice tinny on the other end.

Blaine was lying sprawled in his guest room’s bed—which was far superior to any bed he’d ever owned. And thankfully his room being far down the hall from Cooper and Amanda’s. “Yep. Olivia Suzanne Anderson. She’s turning one tomorrow.”

“Aw!” Kurt cooed.

If only he knew. If only Kurt could witness the chubby, big and curious eyed baby who was donned in a snowman-themed onesie, squealing and giggling and crawling as fast as her tiny limbs could take her after her new and fascinating Uncle Blaine.
And Blaine, who had never had the opportunity to be around small children in his life, was absolutely terrified of her.

“Blaine, you’ve had countless fights with all the huge jocks at school,” Kurt pointed out when he mentioned that. “I’m sure a baby isn’t a big deal.”

Yes, how could a toddler frighten the well known rebel teen Blaine Anderson more than anything?

He decided to change subject, asking Kurt on how his winter break was going. Kurt took in a deep breath before telling him about what his Christmas list consisted of: items of every shape and size to take to New York City, including clothes and furniture and even a very specific type of blender.

Blaine stayed quiet and listened intently, watching the bright moon outside his square window. He hadn’t let his mind linger on college, or life outside high school in general. He’d just always thought he’d be at Kurt’s side no matter what...and Kurt’s heart was set on NYADA.

Blinking, he figured he would worry about that some other day. Right now his biggest worry was surviving these couple weeks through the heartache of missing his boyfriend, a niece who could produce insanely loud babbling, and also Cooper’s wife who apparently had a big surprise for Christmas day.

This was different than missing him over the summer.

When Kurt was gone for vacation over the summer to visit family, he and Blaine had gotten in an argument beforehand. There was tension and guilt and a feeling of zero closure. There was also that empty weight in his chest that came along with longing to be at his side again, to touch his skin one more time and breathe his scent. They hadn’t even been in love then.

Now they were, and the longing was replaced with raw yearning, the need to kiss him once more or to watch Blaine’s lips say his name. To enclose him in his arms and hear his laugh. To tell him he loved him while Blaine smiled in the crinkled eye, toothy, beautiful way.

Never before had Kurt wanted the holiday break to be over as soon as possible.

He tried to reason himself that he was overreacting, that he was behaving like those people at school who acted like they’d never see their significant other again after third period. He distracted himself easily with researching about NYADA and New York, making lists and plans, even though his audition for the school’s Dean of Vocal Performance and Song Interpretation wasn’t for a couple of months and there was no guarantee she would choose him.

Mercedes also helped him take his mind off things, but only by shopping at the mall for the perfect present to give to Blaine.

“Does he want anything specific? Socks?” she asked, walking by the Men’s Clothing Section display of snow white socks.

Kurt frowned at them before scanning the rest of the clothes surrounding them. “No...although he does only own like, one nice shirt.”

“So get him another one!”

“No, that’s not...meaningful or romantic…”

Mercedes rolled her eyes, passing by a rack of neck ties. “You’re making this way too difficult,
honey. Wanna know what I got Sam? A gift card to GameStop and that boy almost cried out of pure happiness.”

Kurt sighed, looking to his right as a display of colorful bow ties, most of them being Christmas red and green. Mercedes must have caught his tiny smile at them. “Get him one of those!”

“Oh, like he’d casually wear a bow tie,” Kurt retorted, smiling wider at the image. It was actually kind of adorable.

“Ugh, fine. Maybe you’ll just give him a special present…” She winked at him, poking his arm and smirking. “Unless,” she hesitated, “you guys are still just comfortable with kissing.”

“Huh?” It took him a second to register what she was inferring to. “Oh. No we--I mean! We, um, nothing--”

“What?” Her jaw dropped as a huge gasp escaped her mouth, making many customers stare. “What happened?! Oh, my god, did you--?”

“Shush!” he hissed, cheeks burning as more heads turned toward them. He quickly grabbed her hand and lead her out of the Men’s Section before any eavesdroppers could overhear her thrilled squealing.

“When? Why haven’t you told me!” she demanded, tugging at his coat sleeve.

Kurt shot her a look, continuing his bright blushing as they headed towards a different area of the store. Yes, he felt bad for not informing her about his and Blaine’s big step, and also not revealing to her how he was deliberately trying not to think about that subject too much over break. Especially about--

He stopped, examining the area they had entered, briefly ignore Mercedes attempts to pry details out of him. Sparking an idea, he said, “I think I’ve found the perfect gift.”

In which he wrapped with his magnificent gift wrapping skills, mind you.

It was only when he was texting Blaine on Christmas Eve that feeling of longing crept back into his chest again.

“*Its really wild,” Blaine’s message told him. “Coop and amanda have taken me to all these places. like neighborhoods with a ton of christmas lights. You wouldve loved it :)*”

Kurt smiled to himself, sitting alone on his bed with an opened laptop and scrawled notebook to his right. The NYADA itinerary could wait.

“I’m so glad you’re having a good time!” he responded honestly.

“I miss you” Blaine said next.

Kurt’s breath hitched, his smile fading a bit. “I miss you too. Only a couple more days”

“Yeah. No new years kiss though :(”

“We’ll, its not like you can’t kiss me any other time ;)”

“**Well. Damn you autocorrect” Kurt quickly added after the last one. He scolded technology for ruining a sultry moment.
“but I wanted to make the new years kiss special!” continued Blaine. “With like fireworks and stuff?”

Kurt snorted into the back of his hand. “Next year” he promised.

It was a few minutes of silence before another text alerted his phone. “Wanna see how badass your soulmate is?”

Muffling his laughter again with his hand as to not disturb his entire household, who was most likely sleeping at this ten o’clock hour in preparation for Christmas day, Kurt replied, “Oh boy…”

The next alert was a picture message, so Kurt waited for it to load and once it did, couldn’t control the giggles that burst out of him.

It was obviously a selfie, taken by none other than his boyfriend. It was angled so you can see the cute little girl sitting on Blaine’s lap, her chin dribbled in spit and her brown eyes gazing up at him. What the real kicker was Blaine’s face was an exaggerated frown, his niece’s a happy smile, and their clothing an ugly Christmas sweater complete with knitted snowflakes and trees for Blaine (amusing contrast to his shadow of stubble and silver piercing) and a reindeer onesie for Olivia, even having hooves covering her tiny feet.

Kurt had to take a moment to collect himself before typing back a response. “You two are adorable!!”

“Excuse you. We’re manly as hell.”

“May I ask about the sweater? ;)”

“A christmas surprise from Amanda. we had to take a family photo wearing these. It. was. Awful.”

Kurt bit down on his lip from grinning so much. “But I see you’ve tamed the beast that is Olivia”

“Oh yeah. Apparently you give her the attention she wants and she instantly falls in love with you. Not so different from her dad”

Humming, Kurt scrolled back up to the picture, staring fondly at it while warmth swelled his heart. He then remembered when he said back to Blaine that he loved him for the first time, recalling the rapid beating of his heart and then suddenly his body rushing with relief, like he had taken a leap of faith and landed in safe arms. But now, while the thought of I’m so in love with him rang proudly in his mind, there was also the content voice that sighed, How on earth did I get so lucky?

Just to think a year ago Kurt looked at Blaine in a totally different light. But he knew now that the whole ‘I-do-what-I-want’ bad boy attitude wasn’t Blaine, not really. It was a label given to him, but it wasn’t really him. Kurt was so thankful he got to see and experience and love this side of him.

And, he was grateful Blaine got to see his true self as well.

“Merry Christmas, Blaine”

“Merry christmas sweetheart :)”
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Holy crap, 20 chapters?? That's crazy, it's insane. Thank you all so so much for reading for this long, I love each and every one of you. Enjoy the chapter!

“Alright. As a celebration for our return to good ol’ Lima, I’m going out with some buddies. By the way, if I get too drunk I’ll just camp out at their place instead of waking you up, because I’m a nice brother.”

Blaine rolled his eyes from where he was lounging on the couch, flipping through the channels without purpose on their apartment’s boxy TV. It was a relaxing hobby after their outrageously long flight back with Cooper still talking about his precious family like he hadn’t seen them not two hours ago, and also distracting from having to unpack his suitcase. “Fantastic news.”

“So no funny business,” Cooper added, shrugging on his coat by the doorway.

Blaine craned his head around the armrest, giving his brother a deadpan look. “Don’t worry, I won’t turn this place into a meth lab.”

Cooper pointed a finger firmly at him. “You know what I mean! I’m talking about how you’ll...most likely invite your dearest Kurt over and I just ask you to keep things away from where we eat.”

In less than a second, Blaine’s blank expression transformed to a gaping face of shock. “Oh my god! No! God, Cooper!”

“I’m just saying!”

“Jesus christ, go!”

Cooper reached for his phone on the kitchen counter and grabbed the door handle. “I’m just saying, I was your age once too and I know what it’s like--”

“We’re not having this conversation,” Blaine grumbled, slumping back farther into the already sagging sofa.

“Make sure he treats you right!” Cooper called after him, exiting the door with a final bang.

He knows deep down that he truly does appreciate Cooper caring, but for the love of god could he not be embarrassing for one minute?

Coincidentally, Blaine’s cell phone vibrated against the wooden end table. He snatched it and read the message:

“I heard you guys came home last night!! Mind if I stop by and give you your Christmas present?” read the text from Kurt.

Another realization dawned over him. Blaine shot up from the couch, almost throwing his phone across the room and dashed to his bedroom in the process remembering he should probably answer
his boyfriend back.

“Sure! Coopers gone too so we dont need to worry about him”

Then he tossed his phone on his bed, catching it bounce from the mattress and onto the carpet before he quickly going to his hastily stuffed suitcase by his closet. Why didn’t he unpack this earlier?

Christmas was about a week ago, so Kurt’s present was probably buried under the lumps of clothing from the trip. He couldn’t even wrap it at this point!

Thank the lord he finally found it just as the doorbell rang. Hiding it behind his back, Blaine hurried to the door, skidding to a halt in front of it, smoothing down his hair and shirt, and taking in a deep breath before opening it up.

Standing on the other side was the bundled up in a black coat and red scarf, swept hair sprinkled with January snowflakes, and cheeks pink from the cold Kurt, who mirrored Blaine in matching smiles.

“Hey,” Kurt breathed, like he had been waiting to say that forever. In his mitten hands he held a nicely red and white wrapped box, including a bow tied up at the top. Blaine shuffled on his feet. His gift was still in the store bag he bought it in.

Before he could think twice, Blaine thrust his present out at him. “I-I got you this.”

Only a little startled, Kurt’s smile grew before he erupted in giggles. “And I got you this.” He traded their gifts; Blaine now possessing the fancy box and Kurt the wad of plastic bag.

“Here, come inside,” Blaine said, reaching around when Kurt stepped in to close the door.

His boyfriend carefully set his present on the nearby kitchen counter top before shrugging off his coat, his scarf, and mittens, revealing his choice of outfit: a maroon top with black buttons up the front and nice fitting steel gray pants. He patted down his shirt before looking at Blaine. “What are you waiting for? Open your present!”

Blaine tore his eyes away from Kurt’s body and nodded, tearing away the ribbon and wrapping paper, aware Kurt was watching excitedly. What could he have gotten him, anyway? It’s not like Blaine needed anything or even mentioned anything he wanted--

He eventually opened the box lid, hearing Kurt hold his breath in anticipation. Peering inside Blaine saw a pair of black, thick leather gloves.

“Are these…?” he asked slowly, raising his head up at Kurt.

“Well, the lady at the store said they were the best motorcycle gloves in stock,” Kurt explained, his smile even bigger than earlier. “And I remembered all the times I’ve been with you and your bike you’ve never had gloves on and, well, like she said these were the best ones and I’m not really an expert on that stuff nor have I ever been to that part of the mall in my life and--do you like them?”

The feeling in his hands had left momentarily. Blaine was racking around in his brain for a compliment worthy enough, one that could explain how much his heart was swelling with emotion. Instead, he managed to get out, “Kurt...it’s perfect.” He broke out in a genuine grin, hoping he understood that no one had ever taken the time or thought to get something like this for him.

Kurt clasped his hands and pressed his lips together, like trying to restrain himself from bursting with success. He reached for the small plastic bag Blaine had given him, and before Blaine could
apologize for the poor wrapping, Kurt reached in and took out the palm-sized item.

“Oh, my--” he started, before laughing cheerfully at the small snow globe in his hand. Under the glass orb were tiny models of skyscrapers and trees, white sprinkles dancing around them. Kurt had a hand covering his mouth from all the giggles, his bright blue eyes sparkling.

“Um, yeah,” Blaine said, setting his new gloves aside, now using his free hand to rub the back of his neck while blush crept to his face. “It’s cheesy, I know. But I thought you would bring it to New York as, like, I dunno. I just thought you would like it.”

He was this close to hitting himself for sounding like an idiot, but Kurt just sighed and grinned at him, cradling the snow globe close to his chest. “It’s adorable. Thank you.”

Blaine shrugged, flustered and lifting up a corner of his mouth. Kurt liked his gift. He thought it was adorable.

Wiping his palms to his side, not quite sure on why, Blaine collected himself and added, “I also have something else.”

Kurt, after placing the snow globe next to Blaine’s gloves on the kitchen counter, glanced over at him curiously. Before he could say a word, Blaine stepped forward and placed both hands on either side of his face, bringing him in for a deep, open-mouthed kiss.

Their lips fit wonderfully together, Kurt inhaling sharply through his nose out of pleasant surprise, fingers finding their way around Blaine’s shoulders as their kiss turned into more wanting and hunger. Blaine backed him up against the door, faintly hearing Kurt’s shoulders knock against it.

He angled his head, savoring Kurt’s taste while massaging his soft lips, ones he hadn’t had against his own in what felt like ages. Kurt’s hands were skimming down at his hips, settling there and bringing Blaine impossibly closer to him.

“That,” Blaine eventually said, separating them but still centimeters away from Kurt’s mouth, “was to make up for our lack of New Year’s kiss.”

Kurt chuckled happily, dimples showing up on his cheeks while fingertips trailed up to the back of Blaine’s neck, where his curls were shorter. “God, I missed you,” he sighed.

“Missed you, too.” Blaine went to brush his lips down his jaw before nuzzling his nose against the crook of Kurt’s neck--his favorite place in the world--taking in the sweet scent and smiling.

They stayed like that for a bit, in their somewhat embrace. Kurt’s hands were stroking through Blaine’s hair. Their breathing was synchronized. It was so peaceful and content. Blaine never wanted it to end.

Except, Kurt’s hands then stilled and his chest stuttered. Blaine brought his head up, meeting Kurt’s gaze with his eyebrows knitted slightly in concern. “What is it?”

He saw Kurt hesitate, although his eyes were flickering back and forth between Blaine’s eyes and mouth. “I...I need to ask you something,” he said softly, swallowing afterwards.

“Alright.” Blaine straightened up, letting Kurt take his hand in his own. He waited for Kurt to continue, but his soulmate was stepping away from the door, past the kitchen area.

“Not here,” Kurt said, leading Blaine towards his bedroom doorway. “C’mon.”
“Kurt, are you sure?”

The hands twined in Blaine’s were sweating, but Kurt nodded confidently. They were sitting comfortable across from each other on Blaine’s bed, their shoes off and their knees bumping. “Yes, I’m sure. I love you and I trust you and...I want you. I want all of you and I want you to have all of me.” His cheeks were threatening to heat up. That speech sounded better in his head.

Blaine’s eyes never left his. His Adam’s apple bobbed and he nodded, the pad of his thumb unconsciously stroking over top Kurt’s knuckles. “Okay. Yeah, okay.”

“Unless,” Kurt second guessed himself, his spine going rigid, “you don’t want to, which is alright!”

“No! No, of course I want to.” Blaine’s gaze flitted to Kurt’s mouth, his eyelids hooded. “I’ve wanted to since…but I just want to make sure you’re one hundred percent ready--”

“And I am, Blaine.” Kurt shifted closer to him, bringing his free hand up to Blaine’s neck, catching the glow of the lamp light over his Mark. “I’m so ready.”

His boyfriend nodded again, overlapping his hand over Kurt’s, keeping a tight hold on both. “Alright.” A small smile crept on his lips. “If you insist.”

Laughing lightly despite his heart thudding wildly, Kurt ducked his head and bit the corner of his cheek. Okay, this was really happening.

“Um...so,” Blaine broke the silence that settled between them. “H-how do you want to do this?”

Kurt blinked. Suddenly horribly drawn cartoon images from those pamphlets his dad had given him during ‘the Talk’ popped in his vision. He just expected them to start making out and see where it went from there. Now he had a choice?

Blaine was waiting for an answer, so while the heat on Kurt’s face just grew, he answered after clearing his throat, “U-uh, I...you could, um, be top this time. Since you know what you’re doing. Out of the two of us.” He laughed nervously, rubbing the back of his neck. He at least hoped he could hide his anxiousness without stammering.

“Allright,” Blaine agreed, still rubbing his knuckles soothingly. He kept looking at Kurt, like he was waiting for him to say more. But what else was he suppose to say? The pamphlets never covered anything like this.

“So...” Kurt drawled out, glancing around the room, as if the right words would appear magically somewhere. The only source of light from the bedside lamp made the walls an even darker green and shadows in the corner. The door was shut, although they would be the only two here for the rest of the night. “How--I mean, what do we do first?”

A wider, crooked smile broke across Blaine’s face. “Well, we could start off by kissing.”

Kissing. That was easy, something Kurt was used to. He nodded quickly, probably more times than necessary, and ignored how much his blood was thrumming through his veins before surging in.

Except Blaine had stopped him, cupping his hands on either side of Kurt’s face while chuckling softly. He allowed Kurt to take a breath, then closed the distance between them, letting the kiss be tender and chaste.

Well, that didn’t exactly slow down Kurt’s heart rate. It continued pounding loudly in his ears, drowning out the small gasps escaping either’s throat. Blaine kept the kiss slow and steady, never
letting it get heated and wild like he was expecting to happen right away. Kurt let him, even though his hands were now awkwardly finding their way to Blaine’s shoulders and he felt like every move he made was being watched and cataloged. Which was stupid because this was Blaine, his soulmate-

“Kurt?”

Oh, god. He froze, Blaine pulling away and looking at him with worry while Kurt stared back wide-eyed. Oh, god, how could he had screwed something up this early?

“You’re shaking,” Blaine said.

Kurt looked over to where his hands were resting at Blaine’s shoulders, trembling uncontrollably against the white fabric. He swallowed thickly, attempting to steady them but only making it worse. His heart was so loud in his chest he’s surprised it wasn’t echoing around the room.

“We...we don’t have to--” Blaine began slowly, reaching to take his wrists, trying to calm him.

“No, I want to, I do,” Kurt interrupted. “I’m just...I’m...I’m a little nervous, that’s it.”

“About what?”

“About...I dunno, how if I’ll...” He shrugged, mumbling, “If I’ll mess up and ruin it.”

“No, no, Kurt...no,” Blaine scooted even closer to him, their faces inches apart and their knees overlapping. “You could never...It’ll be perfect no matter what.”

“Well, I know it’ll be perfect for me,” Kurt protested, flushing from having to explain himself. “I’m just worried it won’t be...perfect for you.”

Blaine visibly relaxed, looking at him with gentle hazel eyes. “Of course it’ll be perfect for me.” He didn’t let Kurt counter again, for he had already gone to kiss him again, mouth open and warm.

Kurt found himself melting back against it, forgetting his tingling skin and whirlwind thoughts. *Focus on Blaine*, he told himself, his fingers clasping on to the front of his shirt, *just focus on Blaine*.

While they kept chasing each other’s lips, Kurt’s fingertips skimmed down his boyfriend’s chest until they caught the hem of his tee. He got a good grip on it and tore apart from Blaine, asking quietly, “Can I take this off?”

Blaine grinned, brushing their noses. “Of course.”

Kurt waited until Blaine lifted his arms for him to tug off the shirt, revealing his soulmate’s bare chest. He tossed the shirt to the floor, hearing Blaine chuckle at the action. It was then Kurt let his gaze wander over to him, taking in the sight.

He was all olive-toned and smooth, lean muscles on his arms and chest. His breath hitched slightly when Kurt’s eyes raked over him. Sure, there were fading scars on his ribcage and abdomen, as well as the ones on his face from the attack months ago. The mean-looking skull tattoo over his shoulder could be seen, as well as the other on his opposite shoulder, with thick black lines criss crossing over one another. It was like he was a work of art.

There was goosebumps on Blaine’s skin, making the hairs on his arms stick up. A corner of Kurt’s mouth twitched up when he saw the adorable belly bunching a little over Blaine’s jeans. He was both solid and soft.
“You're beautiful,” Kurt breathed out before he could stop himself.

Blaine snorted, shaking his head. “Sure.”

“No! I’m serious!” he insisted, sitting up straighter. “Look at you!” His fingers gestured at him, right before they hovered over where Blaine’s heart was, where the silhouetted tattoo of birds were in flight.

“Two little blackbirds,” Blaine said, notably repeating the comment Kurt made when he first saw them so long ago.

Kurt nodded, letting the pads of his fingers touch the skin there, trace over the birds. So smooth. God, he was gorgeous.

It was then Blaine went and kissed him again, fully and deep. Granting Kurt access to explore the newly exposed skin, shivering and grinning when Kurt would graze up his ribs or over the trail of hair under his belly button.

Soon Kurt realized his own shirt was still on, and it didn’t take a genius to know that needed to leave too if he wanted to keep things moving forward. He tried to simultaneously continue kissing Blaine while fumbling to his buttons, planning to discreetly slide it off as fast as possible.

“Allow me,” said Blaine, covering his hands and gently pushing them away. Kurt licked his lips, sitting back and watching him carefully undo each button, starting from the top and working his way down to the bottom. It was nerve-wracking, for some reason. Unable to do anything but look.

Once every single button was free, Blaine pushed the maroon shirt off Kurt’s shoulders and gingerly set it on the floor, knowing full well Kurt hated wrinkles. He then took the ends of Kurt’s undershirt and pulled that over his head, the elbows only tangled in it briefly, leaving Kurt shivering from exposure.

Blaine had seen him shirtless before, but even so he was staring at him like the first time, with a parted mouth and dark eyes. Like Kurt was beyond this world.

“Wow,” Blaine sighed, shifting forward and entering Kurt’s space. “Look at you.”

Kurt rolled his eyes, flustered but apparently endearing enough for Blaine to dive in to kiss him again, eagerly and breathtaking.

This was the kind of kissing he was hoping for. Hot and dirty and out of control. With hands grabbing at skin and twisting in hair. Blaine had pulled Kurt up to his lap at one point, sucking at his lower lip before pressing kisses down his neck, worshiping every spot he came across. Kurt arched his back, petting Blaine’s dark, unruly hair as tiny whimpers were being stifled.

Blaine’s mouth inched downwards, past his collar bone until it made way to one of his perked nipples, lapping at it and causing Kurt to cry out.

“Oh, o-kay--mmph, god.” Kurt clutched at his curls, holding on as the new sensation electrified his veins, especially when Blaine’s tongue swirled around the bud and then nipped at it ever so lightly. “Blaine.”

If one of Blaine’s hands wasn’t splayed around Kurt’s back, he would’ve been toppling backwards. He held on to him, keeping Kurt anchored as he skimmed over to his opposite nipple, giving it the same treatment and leaving Kurt moaning for more.
Kurt soon tugged at Blaine’s hair, getting him to lift his head so he could kiss him properly, with teeth clanking and tongues needy. Pressing forward, Blaine leaned Kurt back on the bed, their mouths never separating.

Once Kurt’s head sank into the pillow he sighed inwardly, reveling in the feel of Blaine over top him, his elbows propping him up on either side of Kurt. The nerves built up in him before had diminished one by one, until he came to a halting realization.

“Wait,” Kurt said, pulling them apart and looking into Blaine’s lust-filled and a bit confused eyes. “I...crap, I didn’t bring any supplies.” He smacked a palm on his forehead, because how could he forget the most important part of this night that he had planned to do.

“Don’t worry!” Blaine reassured, lifting himself a little higher so he could look at him better. His cheeks pinkened. “Uh...Cooper had...gotten me some. To prove that he was indeed a ‘cool brother.’” He ended it in a mumble, glancing away from Kurt.

Kurt stared up at him for five whole seconds until he burst out in giggles. “What?”

“He also got me a box of Oreos.”

“Oh my god,” Kurt laughed, his body warming with delight. He watched as Blaine reached over to the nightstand, pull open the drawer and take out a small pack and bottle, setting next to the lamp before going back to his previous position above Kurt.

“Remind me to thank Cooper sometime,” Kurt said.

“Don’t you dare.”

Kurt kept laughing until he leaned up and captured Blaine’s lips.

While he still knew that they had the rest of the night for this, and Blaine had pretty much proved he was in no rush, Kurt was still getting impatient. He felt lighter now, more at ease, with his fingers itching to be at Blaine’s waist, more specifically where his jeans were still zipped up. They blindly fumbled to get there, trying subtly to get them off before Blaine could even be aware. Sadly, Blaine broke the kiss this time with a smirk and a, “Need some help there, sweetheart?”

Blushing, Kurt dropped his hands and permitted his boyfriend to unzip his jeans, scrambling up to push them off and discard them to the floor along with the rest of their clothing, leaving him only in his red boxer-briefs.

“Nice,” Kurt remarked at the underwear, forcing his gaze not to stay fixed on Blaine’s nicely toned thighs.

“Oh, shut up.” Blaine smiled and swiftly kissed him again.

But just like with the shirts, Kurt knew to seal the deal his own pants would need to come off next, and then their underwear as well. And then there was no going back, that this was happening. His stomach swooped, either out of excitement or anxiousness. Maybe both.

Speaking of which, Blaine’s slick lips had attached themselves to the sweet spot right under Kurt’s ear, sucking indelicately at the sensitive skin. Kurt bucked his hips and whined while grasping on to Blaine’s bare shoulders, his cock twitching in interest under the restraint of clothing.

Blaine noticed quickly and crept his hands to the buckle of Kurt’s belt, simultaneously undoing it while leaving a hickey at his neck. He must’ve heard Kurt’s breath hitch when his fingers reached
the zipper, for he raised his head and asked, “Okay?”

“Yeah, yeah, of course,” Kurt said after a gulp, lifting his waist up and watching Blaine drag his gray pants past his black boxer-briefs, knees, and ankles. Kurt stepped out of them, seeing how Blaine carefully set them aside as he did the shirt. Despite the atmosphere being incredibly warm, he shivered. No one had seen him this exposed.

“Still nervous?” Blaine asked, hovering over him again while his arms snaked under Kurt’s torso.

In response, Kurt shrugged, desperately wanting to get back to kissing before he could over think himself.

So Blaine brought him close, chest to chest, and connected their lips once again.

It didn’t take long for the two to unintentionally begin grinding, Blaine rolling his hips down and making Kurt’s moans muffled against his mouth. It felt more than amazing, the heated skin and delicious friction combined was more than enough to start waves of pleasure.

Then there was tugging at his waistband, and once more Kurt interrupted things with a panicked, “Wait!”

“What? What is it?” said Blaine, wide-eyed with worry as his fingers froze in place.

“Nothing, I just…” He bit at his lip, damning the flush at his cheeks. “Could we...together?”

“Oh! Absolutely.” Blaine’s face relaxed into a grin as he sat up, taking Kurt’s hand to help him as well. They faced each other, although eyes were down as they focused on hurrying their last layer off, casting them away and meeting their eyes at the same time.

Even though Blaine had seen everything before, that nothing was new here, his whole skin went hot. This was different. This was both of them totally bare and vulnerable. It was terrifying, exhilarating.

Kurt got a short look at his entirely naked boyfriend sitting in front of him, and didn’t even have the time to come up with words to describe how utterly breathtaking he was until Blaine had tackled him, tumbling both of them back on the mattress.

“You’re so gorgeous,” Blaine breathed against his damp mouth, kissing him senseless. “God, I love you, Kurt.”

He was about to say, “I love you, too” when a fist wrapped around his half-hard cock, pumping it to its fullness while Kurt hissed. There was a good amount of space between their bodies now, but god Kurt needed more, needed him close.

“Blaine, I--hmng,” He groaned when a thumb swiped over the slit. “I-I-I…” He dug his nails into his soulmate’s skin. “I’m ready.”

Blaine paused, meeting Kurt’s eyes. “You’re sure?” After receiving Kurt’s confirming nod, he nodded himself, asking, “Mind getting a pillow for me?”

Furrowing his eyebrows out of minor confusion, Kurt handed him the one next to him and had Blaine scoot it under his hips, lifting him up somewhat. After grabbing the bottle from the nightstand he uncapped it, the room going silent save for their heavy breathing. He coated some lube on his finger before eyeing Kurt, face reddening when he saw his knees pressed together. “U-uh...Kurt, could you…?” He indicated at them, figuring Kurt would get the message.
“Huh? Oh. Oh, yeah.” It felt strange for a moment, spreading his legs apart like this. Until Blaine was leaning over him like before, using his free hand to pet his loose brown hair soothingly while the other crept between him.

“Just relax, sweetheart,” he told him, a cold, new sensation rubbing against his hole, making Kurt want to jolt.

Breathe in through the nose, out through the mouth. Kurt couldn’t help but groan when the finger started pushing inside, stretching past his rim.

“How?”

“Y-yeah...just...weird,” Kurt replied, possibly breathing in and out more than needed.

“Good weird or bad weird?”

“Ahh...good weird.”

Blaine kissed the corner of his mouth, murmuring against his skin as his single finger gradually began to drag inside him. Kurt grew accustomed to the feeling, first uncomfortable but then finding his body taking the digit easily while gasping moans escaped his throat, Blaine kissing them away.

Soon after coating his fingers again, Blaine added another finger, shushing Kurt as he went stiff and loud whimpers, his thumb stroking his cheekbone. He was slow and gentle while working him open, always asking if he felt okay.

Blaine made sure he got an affirming nod from Kurt before pushing in three fingers, opening him up and making Kurt arch off the mattress, closing his eyes and fighting to keep his excessive pants controlled.

“Relax,” Blaine repeated in a whisper, his lips brushing at his ear before pressing a kiss there.

“I’m...” Kurt managed, trying to reach down where Blaine was still flushed and hardening, wanting to touch him, to tell him he was ready now.

Then the fingers slid out of him, leaving Kurt feeling empty. But Blaine was already grabbing the pack of condoms and hastily trying to get one out, his own hands shaking and slipping.

“Blaine?” Kurt asked breathlessly, propping up on his elbows. “You okay?”

“What? Yeah, definitely.” Blaine smiled crookedly and stroked his leg, tickling the hairs against the grain. “I just...I love you so much.”

“Love you, too.”

Then, Blaine tore open the crinkled packet, carefully rolling on the condom before slicking himself up with more lube, biting on his bottom lip in concentration. Kurt watched as his boyfriend situated between his legs, lining his cock up and holding his waist, seeming just as nervous and eager as Kurt was.

“Ready?” Blaine asked, his voice coming out in an exhale.

“Mhmm.” Kurt nodded quickly.

“If you need to stop, we can--”
“I know, Blaine. Just...go slow?”

“Absolutely.” He got a tighter grip on his hips. “Relax, sweetheart.”

Kurt took a deep breath, his exhale coming out as a groan when Blaine started easing in, slow and gently. There was a burning stretch, his muscles clenching until he forced himself to breathe again, bracing on to Blaine’s biceps as some sort of anchor. He managed to tell Blaine to keep going, the dull ache prodding throughout his body.

Blaine kept his promise, giving Kurt time to adjust, double checking on permission to push in deeper. His toes curled, and it almost felt too intense, too much. Until he was fully seated, then Kurt let out a long breath, and then it felt...*amazing*. He felt stuffed and oh god, Blaine needed to *do* something.


Blaine obeyed, his pelvis slowly, slowly dragged out and then just as tortuously eased back in. Kurt’s eyes rolled to the back of his head. *Holy shit, Blaine.*

His boyfriend must have taken that as a good sign, because he started moving again, his cock dragging perfectly, gradually picking up speed, ripping out ragged moans he didn’t even know Kurt could make. He scrambled for grip on Blaine’s arms and back and the swell of his ass. Everything felt so good, it was overwhelming.

“So...*fuck*, Kurt,” Blaine huffed above him, beads of sweat glistening his forehead. “You’re s-so…” He thrusted harder, both of them groaning together. “So fucking hot, sweetheart.”

“B-Blaine…” Kurt managed to say, his mind short-circuiting rapidly as Blaine kept going, then shifted his angle slightly, and when he rocked in he hit a spot that--

“Oh, *GOD*.” Kurt saw stars, his head falling back to the pillow while his jaw went slack. He could make out Blaine smiling a little, then hitting that same spot again and again. It made white-hot pleasure spark throughout every inch of his body.

The arousal was coiling already, droplets of pre-come leaking, sticking to his belly. He desperately needed to be touched, to be snapped and have release. But his hands were useless as he could barely think clearly. Blaine must’ve read his mind, for a sweaty hand wrapped around his rock hard cock, stroking it in time with every thrust, echoing cries from Kurt’s mouth.

It was so much, so fantastic, and he was so close. He yanked Blaine closer to him, burying his face in the side of neck while the churning continued ever so steadily, Blaine’s fist jerking faster around where his length was trapped between their bellies. He was right there, so dangerously on edge, panting puffs of air at Blaine’s damp skin.

“B-Blaine--B-B-*Blaine--oh shit*, I’m so c-close--” he stammered.

“I know, I know--*fuck*--me too.”

Blaine squeezed around his cock with a harder thrust, and Kurt shouted out his name as he crashed. Shuddering and gasping, spurtng white over Blaine’s knuckles and both of their chests, Blaine rocking him through it, pressing a long kiss at his temple.

Kurt was gasping for air as he finished the aftershocks, his skin buzzing wonderfully. He couldn’t even process words, much less come up with a coherent thought. But he did realize Blaine was still moving, grinding harder and harder, grunting in Kurt’s ear. *Fuck--I-I’m gonna…”* He froze, his face scrunching up as he came, his cock pulsing inside Kurt as he shuddered above him.
The room was coming back in focus as their chests heaved for air, clinging on to one another. Their bodies were slowly coming down from the high of their orgasms, Blaine softening in him. Kurt didn’t know how long, but eventually Blaine looked over at him, taking in his probably red, sweaty face with hair in a mess. “Holy shit.” He broke out in a dopey smile, resting their foreheads together. “That was so amazing.”

Kurt could only nod, closing his eyes, swallowing a gulp of breath. His limbs felt heavy and his thighs were beginning to ache. But Blaine was right, that was amazing. More than that, it was the most intimate, mind-shattering thing he had experienced.

Blaine brought himself up, gradually pulling out of Kurt and taking off the soiled condom, wrapping it up and tossing it away. Kurt wasn’t sure where he got the strength, but Blaine was getting tissues and cleaning them up, kissing down Kurt’s chest when he wiped up the drying come.

“I love you,” Blaine told him after disposing the tissues, snuggling down at Kurt’s side. His temples were glistening, as was the tips of his barely-there scruff. His dark hair a disarray of curls, locks plastered to his skin. His lips and cheeks were pink, pupils still blown wide, and he looked both sexy and beautiful, Kurt was sure he was imagining some of it.

But Blaine was certainly there, hot and sweaty and burrowing his nose in the side of Kurt’s neck for the second time that night, where it was most likely just as sweaty and gross. He didn’t mind or complain, though.

“That was…” Kurt started, his eyelids made of lead and voice a little hoarse. His heart was going a million miles an hour while his limbs pleaded for rest.

“Whoa?” Blaine offered, chuckling softly.

He laughed too, brushing his fingertips through Blaine’s hair, feeling him hum at it. Blaine might be teasing a bit with the term, but in honesty, what other way was there to describe all that?

“No,” Kurt sighed, smiling. “It was better than whoa.”
Chapter 21

Sunlight danced behind his eyelids. The bedsheets were soft, twisted, and smelled different. Smelled wonderful. His cheek was pressed into a cool pillow, warm skin was against his back. A strong arm was wrapped around his middle, soft breaths tickling the back of his shoulder.

Kurt blearily blinked his eyes open, taking in his surroundings. For starters, he was staring at a forest-green wall with vertical, thin white stripes. A square patch of bright sunlight hit it, lighting the room. Except, his sleep muddled mind soon realized, this wasn’t his bedroom. This wasn’t his bed.

The arm around him shifted, holding him closer. Then he smiled, remembering where he was, and who he was with.

He saw his left hand was laying on top of Blaine’s, relaxed after being linked throughout the night. The brown leather beaded bracelet Blaine had given him was still tied around his wrist, and as he soon noticed, being the only thing he was wearing.

Kurt exhaled, closing his eyes for a moment, desperately wanting to go back to sleep and bask in how calm and quiet everything was. But his heartbeat was quickening, waking up the rest of his body, recalling why exactly he was there, more specifically what they had done the night before.

Unable to sleep, Kurt carefully rolled over to his other side, making sure his boyfriend wouldn’t wake as well. His arm stayed around him, a warm and comforting weight as Kurt resituated himself, facing his dozing soulmate.

Blaine’s cheek was resting at the edge of the same pillow Kurt had used, his mouth parted as he snored softly. His long eyelashes fanned his cheeks, the morning sun coming from the window next to the bed glinted off his silver ear piercing and made a halo around his wild curls. He looked younger, more at peace, and so breathtaking.

Kurt sighed, bringing a hand up to gingerly brush some loose hair off his forehead, his fingertips skimming over a scar from not so long ago before trailing over his ear. Blaine hummed in his sleep, leaning in to the touch and smiling a little. Instantly, Kurt’s heart swelled. He wouldn’t mind waking up to this every day.

He tried to think on what occurred after the mind-blowing amazing sex, and he could only vaguely remember telling Blaine that he could stay as long as he wanted, for he had told his dad that he having a sleepover with Mercedes. Then there was scrambling under the covers with lazy goodnight kisses and heavy limbs. One thing must’ve lead to another because Kurt fell fast asleep, Blaine spooning him from behind.

Speaking of which, Blaine made a small snuffle sound, burrowing his nose more into the shared pillow. Kurt stilled his hand, but it was too late for his boyfriend was already gradually coming awake, opening his golden-honey eyes and taking in focus of what was in front of him. The corner of his mouth quirked up as he inhaled deeply. “Hey.”

“Hey, you,” Kurt whispered, smiling at him and returning to gently brushing his fingers through his bedhead of curls.

“Were you watching me sleep?” Blaine asked just as quietly, voice somewhat croaky, closing his eyes and widening his own smile.

Kurt held in a laugh. “You snore, you know,” he whispered, which only made him giggle. Why
were they whispering, anyway?

Blaine shook his head. “Nah.”

“Do too.”

“Mhmm.” He moved his arm around Kurt’s torso, only to drag his hand down to rest on his hipbone, rubbing circles there with the pad of his thumb. “Sleep well?”

“Yep,” Kurt sighed, scooting in closer to him, their legs tangling.

“How are you feeling?” he asked with a more serious tone.

Kurt lifted a shoulder. “Just a bit sore.” He smirked. “But I think it’s worth it.”

“So you,” Blaine met his gaze, eyes alert and wide. “You liked it?”

After bursting with giggles, Kurt nodded. Was that even a question? “Did you…?”

“Of course,” Blaine answered immediately. “God, it was...I mean, I’ve never done--well, I’ve never felt so connected with someone while doing that. If that makes sense.”

“Well, we *are* soulmates,” Kurt pointed out, eyes flitting to where his Mark was on the hand petting Blaine’s hair. “That might’ve helped.”

Blaine chuckled softly. “Maybe. But even if we weren’t. Even if Marks never existed...I bet it would’ve anyway.”

Kurt gave him a look. A world without soulmates? That was some sci-fi fantasy imagination, and a bit frightening to think about for reality.

They stayed in a quiet and content state for a few minutes, breathing slowly, trading warm smiles while nudging each other with cold toes or bony knees. Kurt was perfectly fine with staying like this for the rest of the day, for the rest of forever even.

Until Blaine asked after taking a breath, “What time is it?”

An excellent question, considering Blaine had no clock on his nightstand. “Why?”

“Well, Cooper might be coming back anytime now and I don’t want him to catch us and never let me live it down--”

As if on cue, a faint vibration from the floor could be heard. Blaine squeezed his eyes shut and groaned, burying his face in the pillow. “Yep. That’d be him.”

Laughing, Kurt swiftly planted a kiss on his boyfriend’s forehead. “That’s okay. The world needs us and I need to shower.”

Blaine opened an eye and lifted up an eyebrow at Kurt, his grin flirtatious. It took Kurt a second, but he dropped his jaw and shoved him playfully. “No, you cannot join me.”

“Aw nooo.” Blaine feigned disappointment as he brought himself up on his elbows, rolling Kurt to his back so he could lie above him, brushing his lips across his jawline.

Huffing out more laughter, Kurt weakly pushed at Blaine’s chest, squirming when feather-light touches grazed down his throat, the faint stubble scratching like sandpaper to his skin. “Blaine!
Blaine--I am in no state for round two. My mouth tastes awful.”

Blaine pulled back, only to give Kurt a pout that quickly transformed into a giddy grin. He bumped their noses—a habit he had when he was extra affectionate—and asked in an exhale, “What are you doing tonight?”

Kurt shot him a curious look. “Well, it’s the last Saturday before winter break is over…”

“So you’re free?”

He squinted an eye. “Why do you ask?”

Blaine’s grin broadened. “Me and you should celebrate.”

“Celebrate?”

“Yes! Celebrate our awesome,” he kissed the tip of Kurt’s nose with a loud smack. “incredible,” he gave the same treatment to his left cheek. “out of this world,” he kissed his right cheek, “sex we experienced.”

Kurt threw his head back against the pillow, giggling. “It was my first time, Blaine. I doubt it was out of this world.”

“I’m being serious!”

“They say the second time is better.”

“So much to look forward to.” Blaine went in and made home at the side of Kurt’s neck, nuzzling his face there and sighing happily.

After a few moments of Kurt chuckling at his soulmate’s addiction for cuddling and the bizarre fixation he has on his neck, he asked, “Alright, so, what’s your idea on celebrating?”

He felt Blaine smile widely against his skin.

“You’re crazy!”

Blaine turned back at Kurt, who was laughing while Blaine lead him across the parking lot. “I’m not kidding, Kurt Hummel. You’ll thank me later for this.”

This area of Lima was always quiet at night, so Kurt’s astonished voice rang all around the lot. “Or maybe not!” he teased.

They arrived at Scandals in Blaine’s worn pick-up truck, Kurt all freshly showered and dressed in his black coat and red scarf, covering his dark blue shirt and white skinny jeans. His shiny boots made footprints in the light snowfall, right next to similar prints Blaine’s sneakers left on the pavement. He wasn’t as jaw-dropping in his fashion choices: his leather jacket and charcoal-grey tee as well as the blue jeans he hadn’t washed in three days.

The bar was lively at this late hour, the music booming before they reached the door. Blaine held it open for them, the warm air quite a contrast to outside. They had to let go of each other’s hands in order to shrug off their jackets as quickly as possible.

“‘Sup, Robbie!” Blaine greeted to the bouncer, waving as he rejoined his hand with Kurt’s. Robbie looked up from his phone, glanced at Kurt, and gave Blaine a toothy grin and a thumbs up.
They walked out the entrance hallway and into the larger room, where the vibrating rock music was pounding from the speakers. Everywhere was packed, filled with college kids probably home and bored with their winter break, dancing drunkenly in the middle of a colorfully lit dance floor. Blaine tugged Kurt’s hand and lead him to the barstools, luckily finding an empty seat and allowing him to sit there while he got the bartenders attention.

“Blaine…” Kurt said, adjusting his striped neckerchief which covered the marks Blaine left last night. “You’re sure this is a good idea?”

“Sweetheart,” Blaine said, leaning with one elbow against the sticky countertop, facing him with a very business-like expression. “I firmly believe you deserve to live one night of your high school life tipsy in a place with a bunch of dancing strangers.”

Kurt snorted and rolled his eyes, folding his hands on his lap while taking a good look around. “But we don’t know anyone here…”

“Exactly. There’s no douchebags or overbearing friends.” Blaine took his hand and weaved their fingers together, kissing his knuckles. “Just you and me.”

After Kurt ducked his head and smiled fondly, the bartender came over and greeted Blaine like old friends, taking Blaine’s order before hurrying to get their drinks. Blaine kept a tight hold on Kurt’s hand, noticing how his eyes were widening. Not with nervousness, but excitement. He was looking at the people jumping to the loud music and the ones laughing at the other end of the bar. The corners of his mouth were twitching upwards.

When the bartender returned and Blaine slid him the money, Kurt eyed the drink curiously as he accepted it. He raised an eyebrow at Blaine. “What is this?”

“The best thing you will ever taste in your life,” Blaine replied, taking a sip out of his bubbly drink, the exact same as Kurt’s.

“In my life?”

“Yes, it’s that good.”

He got Kurt to laugh, and soon bring the glass to his lips to take a sip himself. His boyfriend furrowed his brow, pulling the drink away and staring at it as he swallowed the liquid. “Interesting.”

“Right?!?” Blaine said, gulping down more of his own.

Kurt laughed again, shaking his head and drinking some more.

A few minutes later, Kurt couldn’t stop smiling as he slammed his glass to the countertop. “Wow…okay, it is good.”

“Told you!”

“But not the best thing I tasted in my life,” he added, pointing a finger at Blaine.

The barstools had cleared enough Blaine got his own stool, and he leaned back on it, running his hands through his hair. “You’re insane, Kurt.”

Kurt giggled and scooted forward, bumping their knees. “But that doesn’t mean I won’t have some more.” And to prove his point his grabbed his beverage and gulped more down.
People kept steaming in, making the heated room even more crowded. Blaine caught how both he and Kurt’s drinks were over halfway gone, so he turned to him and asked, “You wanna go and dance?”

Kurt perked up, thrilled with the idea and clutched on to Blaine’s arm as they weaved their way through the bodies. The two were laughing excitedly, already feeling a bit light and silly and invincible--

“Hey, long time no see!” said the voice of the person who stepped in front of their paths. The boys froze in their path, their smiles fading at the sight of the boy.

“Literally, what a coincidence!” said Sebastian, his brown hair somewhat disheveled and a beer bottle in one hand.

What Blaine had building deep inside his chest was nothing compared to how Kurt was reacting. He felt Kurt’s grip on his arm tighten, fingernails biting into the skin. His soulmate was stiff as a board, glaring up at Sebastian with a clenched jaw and wide, rage-filled eyes.

“Kurt Hummel, I hope our darling Anderson hasn’t been much of a burden on you,” Sebastian continued, his mouth curved in a smirk. “Has he finally decided to fuck you yet or do you have like, a chastity ring--”

At once, Kurt’s grip left his arm and swung in a fist right at Sebastian’s jaw. The sound of knuckles slamming against skin could be heard over the bar music. While Blaine cried out, “Holy shit!” Sebastian went stumbling backwards, just as shocked as Blaine and knocking into some people. He barely touched the side of his face when Kurt charged at him again.

Thankfully Blaine grabbed his elbow just as he was about to strike again. “You’re disgusting!” Kurt snarled at Sebastian. “How dare you even speak to him?! You horrible, fucking monster--”

“Kurt, Kurt,” Blaine said, holding him back from causing more unwanted attention, especially since someone was calling for security. “C’mon. He’s not worth it.”

His boyfriend struggled in his grasp, still glaring daggers at the other boy. “But--”

Well, now there wasn’t a choice, since Robbie was marching over, ready to kick out whoever wanted to start a fight. Blaine tugged Kurt away from the confused and bruised-jaw Sebastian, leading him into the center of the dance floor, where the throng of bodies were the thickest.

Kurt was still breathing heavily, his eyebrows down in anger. He didn’t say anything until Blaine stopped and faced him, running his hands through his curly hair. “You punched him in the face,” Blaine breathed, still in a state of shock.

Nodding, Kurt craned his head over the crowd. “Yeah, and I would’ve done more if you hadn’t stopped me. God, why does he always show up at the worst times--?”

“You punched him in the face,” Blaine stated again.

Kurt’s fierce expression fell into an amused laugh. “Yes, Blaine. I did.”

“You...oh my god, Kurt.”

“It felt great,” he added, smile a bit smug.

Blaine just now noticed his mouth was parted in disbelief. He closed it and shook his head. “That
was the most badass thing I've ever seen.”

Kurt snorted, stepping closer so they were almost swaying in place, a convincing match to all the other dancers around them. “Mhmm. I’m sure.”

“Kurt, I couldn’t even punch him in the face!”

“Well, I’ve got to look out for my boyfriend,” Kurt teased, his lips curling up shyly. Blaine laughed, tempted to claim his lips but realizing the music had changed, into something more upbeat and lively.

Frowning at the jumping people surrounding them, Kurt asked half-shouting, “So...that’s how they dance here?”

“Well, sort of!” Blaine half-shouted back, taking Kurt’s hands and moving his arms in a swaying motion. “Just...go with the flow!”

Laughing again with his head thrown back and his eyes closed, Kurt mimicked his dance moves. He hopped on the soles of his feet and swivelled his hips, occasionally lifting up his hands in a ‘raising the roof’ way, giggling along with Blaine. They blended in perfectly, the floor vibrating under their shoes.

Unable to help himself, Blaine’s hands drifted to Kurt’s waist, bringing him closer so their hips were inches apart. Kurt made an “Oh!” and blush bloomed high on his cheeks. He pushed some loose bangs out of his face and looped his arms around Blaine’s shoulders, giggling when they started moving to the beat again.

“This isn’t how I pictured our first dance,” continued Kurt, keeping his body in rhythm with Blaine’s, a little uncoordinated and his ears red.

Blaine met his eyes curiously. “What do you mean?”

“Well...I...” Kurt hesitated. “Like, I pictured it at prom. God, I really want to slow dance at prom, you know?”

The bubbly drink from earlier made every noise ten times louder than they probably were. Blaine blinked and shook his head. “No, I don’t. I hate school dances, they’re so fucking stupid.”

He saw Kurt’s mouth twist into a frown, but he said nothing more. Although, he did ask after a few minutes of silence, “How are you doing?”

“It’s really hot!” Kurt yelled as the crowd’s volume increased, tugging his neckerchief undone and letting it drape on his neck, exposing his hickeys. “And my skin feels like it’s vibrating.”

Blaine hummed and slid his hands around Kurt’s back, where the fabric of his shirt was damp. He pulled his soulmate even closer, releasing a small gasp out of Kurt when their chests touched. Blaine smirked, rolling his and Kurt’s bodies to the music.

“Oh, wow...” Kurt breathed, his cheek pressed to Blaine’s. Blaine chuckled and crept his hands downward so they rested on the swell of Kurt’s ass, drawing him in so he could intentionally grind against him. Kurt’s pink mouth formed an ‘O’ and his eyes soon fluttered shut.

The speakers kept thumping louder and louder, Blaine rocking his waist with Kurt’s, the front of their jeans hardening the longer they went. He squeezed Kurt’s ass once before raising a hand to hold one side of his neck, Blaine’s mouth going to nip at his earlobe and then suck soothingly at it. His boyfriend squirmed and bit back a moan, clutching at Blaine and grinding faster.
Both of them were panting, unable to focus on the music or what surrounded them, until Kurt froze and stared over Blaine’s shoulder. “I see him,” he said coldly into Blaine’s ear.

“Ignore him,” Blaine replied, knowing exactly who he was talking about. The hand at Kurt’s neck trailing to where his shirt was buttoned up, his fingers messed with each tiny button, popping all five free.

“Blaine?”

“You said you were hot, right?” he asked, mouth pulled up in a smirk as Kurt’s collarbone was shown and glistening. “Besides, it’s just you and me tonight, remember?”

“To celebrate.” Kurt nodded, his crotch rubbing against Blaine’s again, and it was his turn to smirk when Blaine shuddered out a groan. They were both so hard and sweating so, so close to each other, with the drink heating their veins.

An idea sparked in Kurt, he saw it in those blue-green eyes. He looked at Blaine, pupils blown wide and mouth parted in excitement. “I have an idea.”

“Oh?” was all Blaine could squeak out because when Kurt had an idea, it was usually out of this world amazing.

Kurt dropped his arms and grabbed Blaine’s hand, guiding him through the other people grinding and sweating like they were. Blaine couldn’t see ahead because of that, therefore he couldn’t guess what on earth Kurt was planning…

Even though his soulmate had only been here once before, he seemed to know exactly where his destination was. They came to a thinner area of the throng and arrived at a door marked as the Men’s Restroom. Blaine gulped, his heart pounding in his ears.

“Sweetheart--?”

“C’mon, Blaine,” Kurt giggled, high and musical like it had when he was drinking the beverage from before. He dragged them both inside, locking the door behind them.

The small, square restroom was a quieter escape from the deafening party on the other side, but before Blaine could ask what or why, Kurt framed his face and kissed him deeply.

Surprised, Blaine’s knees went weak while the kiss instantly went to hot and open and slick all at once. Kurt was wild, uncontrollably so. Clutching at his shirt and rucking it up to push a hand up his chest, gripping his curls, sucking at his tongue and lips all while making Blaine back up to the door, a sort of deja vu moment. Except a hundred times sexier.

“Swee...Kurt,” Blaine managed to breathe out while Kurt tried to keep kissing him, to keep their mouths connected. “W-what’s this grand idea of yours?”

His boyfriend’s kiss-swollen lips quirked up in a sly smile, his eyes hooded and a small chuckle coming from his throat. His fingers trailed from Blaine’s hair down to the collar of his shirt, leaving goosebumps behind. “I just wanted to show you that I love being your boyfriend.”

Blaine raised an eyebrow, noticing the tiniest hint of drawl in his voice. “Are you drunk?”

“No! I’m…” he snickered. “I’m tipsy. And I love you.”

“Yeah, but--” Blaine stopped mid-sentence, only because Kurt attached his mouth to the side of his
neck while his hands lowered down to his waist and over the zipper of his jeans.

Before Blaine could even ask, Kurt was pushing down his jeans while sucking at his skin, causing Blaine to moan and him to mouth at it harder. But he did eventually get Kurt to look at him right as he was beginning to palm over his underwear.

“Kurt.” Blaine cleared his throat, trying to breathe evenly. Even though he was most likely in a state similar to Kurt’s, he needed to be the logical one here. “Now, I don’t want you doing anything that you’re going to regret…”

Kurt rolled his eyes. Whatever that drink did to him, it made him more relaxed and definitely more forward. “Never. I love you.” He kissed Blaine hard, bumping the back of his head to the door while his hands continued on, hooking at the waistband and pushing down his underwear as well.

Even though he was *this* close to smacking himself from stopping this, Blaine grabbed Kurt’s wrist, looking into his eyes. “Are you positive you’re not drunk?”

“Oh, my god, Blaine. I had like, barely one drink,” Kurt remarked. “I feel light and…and…so in love right now.” He grinned crookedly, holding Blaine’s hips as he kissed him once more.

A slender hand wrapped around his dick, making Blaine moan against Kurt’s lips before ripping away. “Holy shit.”

Kurt kept smiling, obviously pleased with himself as he kept stroking him, steady and agonizingly slow. He waited until Blaine was a whimpering mess, and then sank to the cement floor on his knees.

Blaine had his back pressed to the door, the music outside white noise to his heartbeat drumming. “Kurt…?”

His boyfriend smirked up at him, before closing his eyes and slipping his warm mouth around the flushed head.

Blaine stuttered out a babble of curse words and groans, his knees threatening to give out solely on the fact of how *incredible* everything felt. Kurt hummed proudly, swirling his tongue experimentally, keeping a grip around the base. He’s slow and careful, bobbing around the tip while licking up the sensitive area.

And Blaine, he felt like someone short-circuited every fiber of his mind. His lungs were heaving for air and he couldn’t stay still, throwing his head back and biting down on his lip, clutching into Kurt’s hair while doing all that he could to not thrust his hips forward.

Kurt then flattened his tongue up the shaft, tearing a broken whine from Blaine. It was too much, and he’s right at the edge of release and Kurt took him in again, sucking and pumping his hand.

“K-Kurt--Sweetheart--*fuck*, oh god,” Blaine finally said, eyelids straining to stay open from all the pleasure. “I’m so close...*fuck*.”

He pulled away from him, looking up at Blaine with eyes dark with lust. “Can I...you know, s-swallow you?”

Groaning, Blaine nodded, watching Kurt go back enthusiastically, bobbing his head faster, even dipping his tongue in the slit and--

That did it. Blaine was crying out probably loud enough that others could hear from the other side
and came spilling into Kurt’s mouth. He shuddered and gasped, hearing Kurt choke briefly before adjusting and swallowing it all, licking him clean.

His vision was dizzy and his heart was in his ears but he didn’t care, because Kurt, his wonderful Kurt was standing, bringing his boxer-briefs and jeans back up. He was wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, cheeks pink and lips pulled up smugly. He looked so beautiful, with his hair sticking up where Blaine had grabbed at it, his shirt a little wrinkled and the neckerchief threatening to slip off. His eyes were sparkling and his skin warm and sweaty.

He glanced at Blaine, taking in his his flushed face and rumpled hair. “How was it?”

“How was--?” Blaine blinked, shaking his head and placing his hands on either side of Kurt’s face. “That was so fucking amazing. I don’t…I’m just…”

Kurt’s blush deepened. “I’ll get better.”

“Oh, my god, I don’t think I can handle that.” Blaine laughed brightly, pulling him in for a kiss, tasting the faint trace of come. He did break away from Kurt, who was smiling giddily, and added, “We need to celebrate more often.”

Kurt nodded, trying to be serious but bursting out with laughter before tugging Blaine back in for another kiss in the tiny, secluded bathroom.
In Blaine’s opinion, report cards were fucking stupid. Why remind him on how terrible he was doing in his classes when absolutely no one cared anyway? Well, with the exception of this time. When he actually did care about whether he passed the class or not, because passing the required classes meant being able to get into a college.

He held the envelope in one hand as he stuffed his notebooks into his locker with the other. While his other classmates ripped them open the moment they got them, Blaine kept his sealed. The Biology benchmark grade was in there, determining whether he passed the class or not. The class Kurt was so determined on him succeeding in. If that grade was any less than a C...he was screwed.

Huffing out a breath, Blaine squared his shoulders and glared down at the envelope. It was just a simple letter, why was he getting so worked up about it? It was like pulling off a Band-Aid, he just needed to get it over with now. So he tore it open, yanking out the folded paper and fumbling to read it.

His eyes skimmed down. When he read his grades, his stomach dropped. It was a plain and clear, the black letter D written there, mocking him. Telling him that he was a failure even after he finally wanted--

“Blaine! Guess what!” shouted the voice he loved but definitely didn’t want to see right now.

Blaine crammed the report card into the pocket of his leather jacket before turning and putting on a smile. “Hi, Kurt!”

His boyfriend came bounding up to him, a report card in his own hand and the widest smile he’d ever seen. “Guess what I got on the benchmark!” He shoved the paper at his face, practically bouncing from excitement. “An A!”

In fact, Kurt got straight A’s on his entire report card. Blaine blinked in awe, and then smiled at him. “Wow, Kurt…”

“Oh, this is so great!” Kurt squealed, tucking the letter back in his bag. “And right before Carmen Tibideaux is coming for my NYADA audition! Remember, she’s a dean and a really well known alumni and so amazing.”

“You’ll get in, no doubt,” Blaine told him, idly messing around with his backpack, rearranging notebooks and textbooks, not meeting Kurt’s eyes.

“Well, I hope I will. I mean, the only thing I really need to worry about is Rachel, who’s auditioning the same day as me.” He scoffed, his enthusiastic smile turning into a frown. “It’s been, how many months? And she’s still on a silent treatment. I mean, at least Santana and Brit are now friendly, but god she just needs to let it go already.” Then he perked up, grinning at Blaine again. “Oh! But Mercedes wants to know if you want to come on a double date with her and Sam. She’s thinking about this Pizzeria that just opened up--”

“Um, I dunno,” Blaine mumbled.

Kurt paused, slightly confused. “Oh. Okay, then.” He shifted awkwardly but changed topic. “Anyway...what did you get on your benchmark?”

“It’s nothing, okay?” Blaine accidentally snapped. When he realized his mistake, he grimaced, not
wanting to see whatever Kurt’s face may be. “Look, I gotta go home.”

“Okay…” Kurt tried to reach out to him, but Blaine had already slung his backpack over his shoulder, shot Kurt a half-smile, and hurried down the hallway of filtering students with his head down and shoulders hunched.

Whatever, Kurt thought as he rummaged through his PE locker for his deodorant. If Blaine didn’t want to talk and act all pissy, it was whatever. They could talk later, but right now Kurt needed to worry about gathering his things for Glee practice in less than five minutes.

The boy’s locker room smelled exactly like one would think: like stale sweat and Axe cologne. Right now it was empty, thank god, besides someone showering in the back. Kurt usually didn’t spend too much time in here, especially after school when there was no point, but now he had to endure the atmosphere if he needed to get his deodorant, because there was no way he was leaving dance rehearsal smelling like--

The shower stopped, and whoever the boy was was now mumbling to himself, inaudible and unimportant. Especially since Kurt had nabbed his tropical deodorant, hiding between his emergency sweater and cans of hairspray.

He hitched his bag higher on his shoulder and turned to head out, except the other occupant to the locker room had turned the corner, facing right at Kurt with his damp shirt and hair, a towel slung around his shoulders. But it wasn’t the clothes Kurt was focused on, it was the person wearing them.

“The hell are you doing here?” growled Karofsky, his face twisted in anger and he stepped forward, large hands clamped into fists.

Kurt stepped back against the lockers, clutching the deodorant in one hand and keeping his chin tight. “It’s the boy’s locker room,” he managed without faltering.

“Exactly, so why are you here?” Karofsky demanded, now up to him and grabbing at the collar of his shirt. It was a horrible déjà vu moment, the memory of the last time the two were here alone. Kurt standing up to him and Karofsky screaming at his face before grabbing his face and kissing him.

Kurt pushed him away, with enough strength to surprise them both. “Just fuck off, okay?” He turned, ready to head towards the exit.

Except Karofsky had stepped in front of him, his scowl even deeper than before. “You were trying to watch me shower, weren’t you?”

Kurt could only roll his eyes. “Oh, get over yourself. Like anyone would want to see that.”

He stepped aside again, ready this time when Karofsky strided a hand to grab his shirt again. His fingers wrapped around the larger boy’s wrist, halting him before any damage could be done. Kurt was not going to deal with this torment today.

Except, out of the corner of his eye, he caught something. A little black smudge on Karofsky’s skin. His gaze darted down at the damp hand he was clutching, and only got a second to read it before Karofsky yanked it away.

Kurt felt like he was going to be sick.

“You…”
“That’s none of your fucking business!” Karofsky yelled, hiding the back of his right hand behind the other, his expression furious but his eyes filled with fear, cheeks breaking out in red blotches.

“You soulmate is Sebastian?!” Kurt squeaked, the words sounding even more ridiculous saying them. Granted, it was only two names, oddly. Sebastian Andrew. But of course the universe would match up the two most terrible people in Kurt’s life.

Karofsky seemed confused, and actually took a step back. “What do you mean?” he asked in a small voice, like he was suddenly afraid of Kurt.

Kurt threw up a hand, now more enraged with this development than their encounter before. “Sebastian Smythe! Scandals extraordinaire!” Bile rose to his throat. Oh god, how was he going to explain this to Blaine?

The jock blinked, utterly lost. But his face visibly transformed, registering Kurt’s words and then having a shocking realization. “Smythe?”

Just as Kurt was about to either burst from rage or puke from disgust for the whole situation, the locker room door thankfully opened. They both turned, seeing Coach Beiste enter, seeming pretty chipper until she caught both of them facing each other with scared faces and heaving chests. “Hey! What’s going on?”

Karofsky gulped, shrinking back. Kurt, however, straightened his back and shoved the deodorant in his bag. “Nothing, Coach. I was just leaving.”

As he strode towards the door, Beiste took his elbow and asked in a whisper, “You sure you’re okay?” And he nodded, hitching up his strap higher on his shoulder and going out the door.

While he briskly walked to the choir room (where he was probably late to, and would probably meet a very annoyed Rachel Berry) he fished out his cell phone, scrolling to Blaine’s number. How on earth was he going to explain this? He just hoped his boyfriend would pick up quickly…

Blaine’s cell phone vibrated inside his backpack, which he didn’t have with him.

The backpack was in his truck, which was parked outside a rehab center.

Blaine himself was sitting in a folding chair with his arms crossed, not liking the crisp and clouding chemical smell of the building. The nurse who was made sure he had everything correctly signed by a guardian so he could be there had left, abandoning him at a small table identical to the other guests visiting patients.

The person he was visiting, however, was someone he thought he didn’t want to see for a long time.

Maria Anderson looked anxious in her own folding chair. Her thin hands were clasped on her lap, her back rigid. From the months she’d been here it looked like there was progress, for example her skin appeared healthier. She no longer reeked of tobacco smoke.

“How...how have you been?” she asked quietly, the first to break the ice but still staring at the table between them.

Blaine shrugged. “Fine.”

She nodded.
Why had he agreed to do this? Cooper first advised against it, saying that everyone needed space to heal. Then he sided towards a small visit...figuring it would be good to have some sort of closure before the school year ended.

Maria blinked twice, pushing a strand of wiry hair behind an ear. She glanced up timidly at her son, her breath catching. “I thought I’d never see you again…” she said, her voice sounding like she was close to crying.

Blaine stiffened his arms. This woman had ignored him. Neglected his needs for a majority of his life. She was damaged, yes, and had moments of concern every now and then. But if she truly cared, if she truly paid attention to him…Blaine might feel some sympathy towards her.

When it appeared Blaine wouldn’t be responding any time soon, Maria took a breath and tried again. “H-how’s your brother?”

“He’s fine.” After a beat, Blaine shifted in his chair and added, “We went to L.A. over Christmas… to see his family.”

Maria’s mouth parted. “Oh, and...how are they?”

Blaine tried to think of their last conversation, and it was probably when she had asked him about his Mark. Damn, this rehab center must be superb if it was getting this much words out of her. “Alright. His wife’s a chef...” He sighed, torn with what he was about to say next but blurted, “Cooper has a daughter. Olivia.”

His mother gasped, a hand flying over her chest. “Really?”

Blaine nodded. “Yeah, she’s one now.”

The hand over Maria’s chest went to her mouth, covering her...delighted smile? When was the last time Blaine had witnessed that?

They sort of stayed in a silence while Maria was still overwhelmed with this information, Blaine glancing awkwardly around the area. Was he suppose to say something else? How long were these things suppose to last?

He instead cleared his throat, bringing his mother’s attention back. “Anyway...I kind of need to tell you something.”

She dropped her hand, folding it back on her lap, and let him continue. “I...well, I’m probably not going to visit again.”

Her face fell. “Oh.” Then she nodded. “I-I understand--”

“No, well, because I’m leaving Ohio after graduation.” If I graduate, he bitterly reminded himself.

Maria looked at him, hazel eyes similar to his drawn in consideration, then flickering down at where his right hand was exposed. “To be with...him?” She gestured at his Mark, somewhat hesitantly.

Blaine’s throat tightened. For some reason her even mentioning Kurt made his blood boil. “Maybe. But Cooper says if that doesn’t work I can always room with him in L.A.”

Maria was still staring at him, her happiness over Olivia completely gone, replaced with a hard deadpan. “You’re going to leave everything to be with your soulmate?”
Taken aback, Blaine sat straighter. “Yes--”

“I did the same for your father,” she said, her voice firm, which was...bizarre. “I quit my dream job and ran off to marry him. Look where I am now.”

Blaine blinked, utterly startled. Where the hell did this come from? It was like was he talking to a completely different person than he knew less than a year ago. “What do you mean?”

“This center had made me realize, Blaine,” she said seriously (since when was his mother serious? Since when did she show any emotion at all?!) “That I am my own person. And you are your own person. Apart from your soulmate and apart from what they become. And in case if you aren’t aware, I do not want you ending up like me.” Maria then set her jaw, crossing her arms in an identical manner as her son.

Blaine’s mouth was hanging open, so shocked he was at a loss for words. Who did she think she was? After all these years, and finally giving him advice after she was put through therapy and he wasn’t her responsibility? “In case if you aren’t aware,” he snapped, hoping no nurses could hear, “there’s nothing for me in this shithole. And I love Kurt, okay?”

She hung her head down at her hands. “And I thought I loved your father. You do realize that, right? That the illusion of soulmates makes you love them no matter what.” Her smile was small and sad. “Which is utter bullshit. I know that now.”

“Then why do we have soulmates, huh?” Blaine asked, leaning forward on the table, his anger fueling adrenaline.

Maria’s gaze met his, and this wasn’t a scared mouse he was so accustomed to. She was strong now, she knew she was safe. “No one knows, Blaine. Random alignment, perfect offspring, who knows? But if it was designed for love, why would your other half hurt you the way your father did to us?”

Blaine fixed his jaw, stunned but not ready to back down anytime soon. Her words seeped into his skin, settled in the air. The other’s conversations around them had zoned out a long time ago. “Dad was a psychopath who conveniently had two people with his name, but only one on himself. Maybe if he would’ve found you before Felicia things would’ve been different.” He saw her tense at the mention of Cooper’s mother. “But you know what I’ve realized after being safely away from you guys? That happy endings can exist, if you’re willing to fight for it. Unlike what my precious childhood showed me.” He sat back, watching her expression go to astonishment, feeling satisfaction in his chest.

“I did try, Blaine,” she argued, eyes welling up with tears. “It was all so much, you have no idea--you’re so young, how could you? I wasn’t prepared to be a mother for two children all at once while dealing with a husband who loved his dead spouse more than me!”

“I’m your kid,” Blaine stated. “That wasn’t my problem.”

Her mouth dropped, shocked. Blaine figured Cooper’s idea of closure wasn’t going to happen anytime soon.

Wiping his palms on his knees, Blaine craned his head at the large clock on those plain, white walls. He supposed he’d overstayed his visit, so he stood, aware his mother’s eyes were on his every movement. “I’ll tell Cooper you said hi,” he told her, almost scornfully.

Maria was still gaping at him, positively hurt and baffled but Blaine was already walking out the crowded visitor’s room and far away from that horrible decision.
Backstage of the McKinley auditorium, Kurt was bouncing on the balls of his feet, nervous out of his mind because Carmen Tibideaux was sitting out there, about to hear him sing.

He rarely got anxious on stage now, but this was life or death. This either promised his dreams of New York becoming a reality or crushed them all in a split second. He could not mess this up, no matter what.

The other boy ahead of them who traveled from another school with an incredible opera voice was close to finishing his solo, ticking down the seconds Kurt would perform his number. One he took great thought in picking out, and consulted Mercedes in her opinion over it (which she approved greatly with plenty of squeals).

At any other time, he would be asking the girl pacing across the room about her thoughts over “Not the Boy Next Door.” But ever since he entered the auditorium Rachel had conveniently been distracted, doing voice exercises in the corner, not ever meeting his eye.

Kurt sighed and crossed his arms, tearing his eyes away from her pacing and back to where he could watch the boy sing between the curtain. The rest of the house was practically empty, save for Mr. Schue and Finn, both here to support him and Rachel. Blaine couldn’t make it, claiming he had car troubles.

Actually, Blaine had been acting really weird lately.

For example, when Kurt was finally gotten a hold of him after he discovered Karofsky’s Mark.

“What the shit?” was Blaine’s initial reaction over the phone.

“Yeah, it’s unbelievable! Do you think Sebastian knows?”

“Who knows...but still...ugh.”

“It makes my skin crawl.” Then Kurt had sighed, remembering, “So what were you doing before?”

“Huh? Oh...I was just...really nothing.”

Suspicious, Kurt asked, “Really?”

“Yeah, nothing important, you know?”

And just at the beginning of this week they were hanging out at the tiny living room in Blaine’s apartment, homework abandoned with Kurt excitedly talking about his audition and how he couldn’t wait to start moving to New York if everything worked out right. Blaine’s smile faded gradually throughout their conversation, eventually settling at unease and staring down at his textbook.

Kurt had asked if anything was wrong, and he brushed it aside, quickly changing topic to snacks and drinks.

Now backstage, Kurt snapped back from his reverie when Rachel was tapping her foot impatiently, staring fixated at the curtain even though she couldn’t see anything, for Kurt was at the only area where you could sneak a peek of what was happening onstage.

He raised an eyebrow, waiting to see if she would glance his way. Unsurprisingly, she stayed frozen and unmoving, ignoring his existence.

Exhausted and frustrated, Kurt decided to be the bigger person here, marching up to her side and
stopping two feet next to her, where she still paid no attention to him. He exhaled, letting his shoulders relax before saying, “Good luck, Rachel.”

She straightened her stance, tilting her chin away from him and replying, “You too.”

“Rachel!” He wasn’t planning on snapping, but enough was enough. This act was getting old. “When will this end? Remember at this time last year we were planning on going to New York together?”

Well, at least that made her glance briefly at him, before crossing her arms tighter. “Remember when we were already planning our auditions before we were even seniors? Why did that have to change?”

“You know why,” she said coolly. “Because of your--”

“Who cares?! Really, who cares, Rachel?” he demanded, wishing he wasn’t getting all riled up before the biggest performance of his life. “These are the facts. Blaine is my soulmate, and that’s not changing, no matter how much you sulk. And I want him with me in New York,” Kurt paused, steadying his breathing, “and I want you with me too.”

He saw her furrowed eyebrows soften, inching upwards at his words. Her mouth was still thin, but her breath had hitched. Rachel turned to face him, her eyes still upset but there was a hint of surprise hidden there as well.

“Kurt Hummel?” said the voice of the stage manager, poking his head backstage. The two spun, seeing him waving in Kurt’s direction. “You’re up!”

His heartbeat stuttered, the nerves jittering once again. Puffing out his chest, smoothing down his silky black shirt, Kurt collected himself. He didn’t need to worry about Rachel now, the only person he needed to worry about was Carmen.

“Kurt--” Rachel started, stepping towards him

He ignored her, holding his chin high as he strode towards the curtain, stepping outside on the brightly lit stage, more than ready for the audition of his life.
“And then she said even Hugh Jackman would’ve been proud!” Kurt gushed, the biggest smile stretching his face, squinting his eyes. “And...and...she said it was such a bold risk, Blaine!”

Blaine nodded and smiled back, hearing the results of Kurt’s NYADA audition for the last hour and a half. It was usually the same comments, except with different wording and unique hand gestures. Still, he’d never seen his boyfriend this happy, and he wished he would’ve been there to watch him, but…

He shook his head quickly, putting away his troubled face. He didn’t want to think about New York or college now. All he was focused on was Kurt’s excited babbling while he fumbled to get his tie undone, as well as the buttons of his vest.

“Oh my god, and Finn and Mr. Schue gave me a standing ovation…” Kurt continued, sort of in a daze where they kneeled on top of his bed. The Hummel-Hudson house was empty this Thursday afternoon, allowing the boys to be alone for the first time in weeks. It took some effort to get up to his bedroom, for Kurt would stop and blurt out another detail of his performance.

Not that Blaine minded, he could listen to Kurt talk like this all day if it made him this overjoyed. But now they were so close to finally be able to be just them and touch one another, with Kurt’s tie and vest discarded to the floor. Kurt somewhat paid attention to what Blaine was trying to accomplish, but his mind was still rambling on about NYADA.

“I couldn’t believe it, Blaine. The acceptance letters should be mailed around graduation, which means we’ll get to find out if New York is really coming true--”

Oh. There it was. Blaine hesitated, the topic of school and the future making him tense. He ceased with the white buttons on Kurt’s top and swiftly kissed him, keeping a hand cupped around his neck to deepen it, moaning.

Kurt made a noise in surprise, then hummed with giddy happiness. He pulled away with a breathless gasp, his smile showing dimples. “Whoa, getting eager, tiger?”

“You’ll get in,” Blaine told him, kissing him once more before finishing the unbuttoning process. “You’re talented beyond belief...of course they’ll pick you.”

His soulmate scoffed, a little flustered but soon realizing what Blaine was attempting to achieve, so he began helping by unbuckling Blaine’s belt, undoing the zipper of his jeans. “I hope I do, then everything will fall into place and be perfect…”

Blaine’s throat tightened, so he promptly pushed off Kurt’s shirt and exposed his bare chest, latching his mouth on Kurt’s sweet-spot, immediately cutting off his sentence and releasing a low groan from
him.

After thanking every deity that Kurt had that wonderful feature, Blaine sucked a hard bruise on that spot, causing Kurt to writhe and squirm, his breath catching and failing to slide off Blaine’s jeans.

“You are amazing,” Blaine said after detaching from Kurt’s skin, his nose nudging at his jaw. “Trust me, you’ll get in.”

Kurt chuckled, fingers messing at the edge of Blaine’s black v-neck shirt. Blaine got the message and quickened the progress by sitting back and taking his own shirt off, as well as hurrying out of his pants.

“Wow, you’re wasting no time!” Kurt teased.

“I want you,” Blaine breathed, lunging forward and capturing his lips, his hands on either side of Kurt’s face, angling him so they made it dirty, made it hot. “I want you so bad. We haven’t…in forever…”

“It hasn’t been forever,” giggled Kurt, slipping his eyelids shut as Blaine went in and kissed him again, falling backwards on his comforter, their bodies bouncing slightly against the mattress.

The sun streamed through the window, bright against the gray, late winter sky. The heater in the house thrummed around the walls, and Blaine kept kissing Kurt, nipping on his bottom lip between the edges of his teeth. He savored the taste of him, the feel of his body under and pressed against his. He didn’t want to think about the slim possibility of his future now, all he needed was Kurt.

Who was trying to wriggle out of his own pants, black and leather and skin tight, shaping his legs deliciously. He had to physically push Blaine away, laughing with delight as he sat up, unzipping his fly before bringing his pants down.

“Flawless,” Blaine sighed, raking his eyes over Kurt’s long and pale legs, up to the lines of his abs and firm biceps and practically having his mouth water with how stunning he was.

“What?” Kurt looked at him funny, color rising to his cheeks.

“Well, you are.” To make sure Kurt didn’t protest, he connected their lips once again, guiding him back down on the bed, his elbows caging around Kurt’s head as their tongues teased into each others mouth with expert familiarity. Blaine groaned, rolling his body, slotting their hips and rubbing down.

“Oh, fuck,” Kurt gasped, having to tear away and drop his head down on the pillow, his eyes squeezing shut. “Oh, wow.”

Blaine smirked, grinding down harder, reveling in the clothed friction and moaning along with Kurt. It was better than great, but he needed more.

“I want…” he said, his eyes struggling to stay open with the amount of pleasure rushing in waves throughout every inch of him. Kurt’s hands had twined in his hair and skimmed over his sides, finding home at his ass and, “God, fuck--K-Kurt.” He dropped his head down to Kurt’s shoulder, whining raggedly while his boyfriend’s amazing fantastic absolutely incredible fingers began kneading at the flesh.

“You want what?” Kurt asked, his voice low, seductive.

The arms bracing him up quivered. He was breathing unsteadily already, his dick throbbing and leaking in his underwear, creating a wet spot on the front. “I want...god, I want to ride you,” he
Kurt’s fingers stilled and his chest hitched, but when Blaine brought his head up and studied his face, Kurt’s eyes were wide and so dark with lust. He bit at his lip and nodded at Blaine, his mouth twitching up in anticipation. “Okay.”

After kissing him again, Blaine allowed Kurt to reach over where he had a plastic bag from the drugstore under his nightstand, he himself hooking his thumbs under his green boxer-briefs and tugging those off, tossing them on the floor along with everything else.

When Kurt looked back over at him–lube and unopened box of condoms in his hand–and saw Blaine completely naked and stroking himself. His eyebrows shot up and mouth clamped shut.

Blaine only smiled crookedly at him, shuffling closer. “Like what you see, sweetheart?”

It was meant to be a joke, considering Kurt had seen and had his hands over Blaine before, but his boyfriend still gulped and nodded, blushing deeply with the bulge in his underwear growing more prominent.

Blaine chuckled, letting go of his cock and taking the supplies from Kurt. “Lay down, okay?”

Kurt nodded again hastily, situating back on the bed while Blaine set the condoms on top of the nightstand and the lube to the side. He wished every time he wanted to be distracted and forget about the world could be like this. With Kurt spread out and eager for him, breathless kisses and rough moans awaiting them both.

“I need to--” Kurt started, reaching for his own waistband but Blaine stopped him, nudging his legs apart and settling between them, leaning down to graze his lips on the inside of his thigh, hearing Kurt whimper and gasp, “Blaine!”

“I told you, you’re fucking flawless,” he said, soothing his cheek against the smooth and sensitive skin. He knew the stubble would scratch and send shivers all over his soulmate, and his point was proven when Kurt bucked upward, throwing his head to the side, jaw hanging open.

His nose found way to the front of Kurt’s underwear, where he smelled musky and purely like sex and Blaine couldn’t help it, his throat tore out a broken groan. He closed his eyes and nuzzled at the clothed area, hearing Kurt whine uncontrollably and beautiful.

“Want you,” Blaine said again, his voice needy and wanton even to his ears. His fingers had naturally crept to the waistband. He sat up on his knees as he pulled them off of Kurt, discarding them before grabbing the lube.

“If I…?” Kurt asked, glancing back and forth at the bottle in Blaine’s hand and him.

“God, please.” Blaine thrust the bottle in his hands as he dived in for a kiss, the noises they made both wet and loud. “Work me open, sweetheart,” he murmured against his lips.

This wasn’t like their first time, Blaine knew that. Kurt was comfortable and less flustered and embarrassed. Nobody had to worry about screwing up or pushing too far. Now they were frantic and desperate and so unbelievably in love. It was only the longing to touch that kept them tethered.

Kurt had uncapped the bottle, watching as Blaine relocated so he was almost straddling his boyfriend, his waist braced up high in the air, giving Kurt plenty of room. Swallowing after he tilted some lube on his fingers, Kurt glanced up at him with a mix of excitement and concern. “Um…I’ve never done this before, so--”
“You’ll be fine,” Blaine cut in, pecking a kiss on his forehead. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too! And I don’t want to hurt you…”

“And you won’t.” He then smiled gently. “Trust me, you’ll be fine.”

Kurt nodded, settling back down on the bed, a grin creeping on his lips. He snuck a hand between their bodies, hesitantly feeling his way behind Blaine’s balls until the tip of his finger caught on the hole, making Blaine hiss and tense.

He took that as a good sign, for Kurt gradually began easing the single finger inside, watching how Blaine was grunting and shaking above him. His arms kept threatening to give out, and his eyebrows were knitted tight, but he kept encouraging Kurt to keep going, for it felt so good.

“Mmph, another,” Blaine said, fighting to keep his body upright.

Kurt nodded, sliding his finger out as he coated two now, pushing them inside Blaine slowly. Even though Blaine’s jaw was slack and he was doing his best not to rock down on the fingers, Kurt was marvelling up at him. He even started pumping those long fingers steadily, smiling when Blaine cried out and dropped his head down on his shoulder.

“Damn--fuck--uhng--” Blaine stammered out.

“So I’m doing okay?” Kurt asked with a little laugh.

“Oh, my god. Don’t stop.” He pressed his forehead harder against at Kurt’s skin, pinching his eyelids shut. “Another. Sweetheart, add another.”

Obviously, this wasn’t the first time Blaine had experienced this. But never like this, never with this much white-hot pleasure surging through him. He moaned deep from his throat when three fingers now entered him, stretching him open. Kurt was breathing heavily, using his free hand to pet Blaine’s hair, almost soothing him while his other hand worked him open.

Blaine sucked in a breath, composing himself before brushing his lips to his boyfriend’s ear, whispering that he was more than ready. He felt Kurt’s fingers leave him, making him crave for them again. It didn’t take long for Kurt to roll a condom on himself, slicking more lube on right before Blaine’s lips went right back to mouthing at Kurt’s jaw, making him sigh while he reached behind him, taking Kurt’s hard cock and lining it up.

“Blaine?”

“Mmph?” He may have pressed his mouth harder when he felt the tip catching against his hole.

“I love you.”

Blaine opened his eyes and met Kurt’s, the corners of his mouth curling. “I know.” And he kept his eyes on Kurt’s face as he gradually leaned back and sank down.

“Oh! Oh, oh my--” In a span of a second, Kurt’s eyes widened and his ears went cherry red, his fingers clutching at Blaine’s arms.

He dropped slowly, taking his time, savoring the sweet drag of it all. His face twisted in pleasure, holding Kurt’s cock steady until he didn’t need to anymore. Kurt’s staring unblinking, holding his breath, in absolute awe.
When he’s fully seated, Blaine grunted and tipped his head back. Every nerve of his body is on fire, fueled with arousal. His hands were braced over Kurt’s chest. Kurt, who he was looking at now with his jaw hanging, had once called Blaine beautiful. If that was true, than Kurt must be an angel.

He was tempted to crash their lips again, but instead he lifted up and dropped down hard, both of them gasping. Kurt’s hands gripped tighter as he went again, dragging up and back down, picking up a rhythm, their skin slapping becoming the only prominent noise around them.

“Fuck, it’s so—” Blaine tried to say, but groaned when he angled himself perfectly, the brush on his prostate causing heat to jolt his veins. He hit it again, grinding faster, hearing Kurt gasp his name over and over.

Then there was a slight pinch at one of his nipples and he collapsed forward, his arms giving out and his forehead falling to Kurt’s.

“Was that okay?” Kurt asked, index finger and thumb still rolling his stiff nipple. Blaine nodded quickly, still rocking his hips, so unbearably close to release.

There’s moaning and whining passed between them, until Kurt’s free hand wrapped around Blaine’s untouched cock, jerking it with the motions. It was too much, Blaine clenched and fucked down once more before he snapped, shouting and coming down all over their bellies, coating Kurt’s fingers. Colors popped in his vision as he shuddered uncontrollably.

He wasn’t sure how long he shook with aftershocks, but it was soon enough to to realize Kurt was still clutching at him, thrusting his pelvis upward one, two and three times before his face went red and he squeezed his eyes shut, spilling into the condom. Blaine watched him with shallow breaths, unable to believe how stunning his soulmate was as he crashed down from an orgasm.

“Oh, my god.” Kurt slumped on the bed, completely spent and smiling lopsidedly.

“I know, right?” Blaine laughed, his aching thighs managing to bring himself up once more so he could slide off, wincing with how sensitive he was now. While he grabbed some bedside tissues, Kurt removed the condom and tied it up carefully, tossing it in the trash as Blaine starting wiping their mess.

“Perfect,” his boyfriend sighed after Blaine finished and settled beside him, kissing his shoulder before draping an arm over Kurt’s sweaty chest.

“What is?”

“Everything. You.” Kurt smiled wider, his dimples showing.

Blaine huffed, feeling exhausted himself. “‘M not perfect.”

“Well, you’re perfect to me.” And that was the last thing either of them said before drifting off to comfortable silence, so overcome with bliss and content. Just being the two of them before the rest of the world forced them back into reality.

At Glee practice, Kurt was nothing but a chatterbox to his friends. After their win at Regionals and now the preparation for Nationals, Mr. Schue made sure they put in twice as much effort. But for Kurt, all he did that day was talk about New York and all his plans for it, including all the new ones since his audition was a success. Especially when rehearsal had ended, and they were gathering their water bottles and sheet music.
“I want to be the first to know when you get into NYADA, Kurt,” Mercedes said firmly, shaking a finger at him.

“Don’t worry, I’ll probably be shouting it all across the neighborhood,” he joked, fishing out his pocket mirror from his bag so he could check to see if all that dancing had messed up anything.

Tina slung her own bag over her shoulder, looking at him curiously. “What’s Blaine going to do after graduation?”

Kurt froze, snapping the mirror shut and frowning. “Well...he’ll probably be going to New York too...” Because that made the most sense. Blaine never talked about other colleges or going anywhere else. In fact, he didn’t talk about graduation much at all.

“Oh, that’s awesome!” Mercedes smiled. The other Glee members were filing out around them, exiting the choir room. Rachel had been one of the first to leave, hauling Finn in tow. Kurt had caught her glancing over at his and the girls’ conversation throughout all of practice, but once their eyes made contact she would be the first to look away.

“But...he won’t be going to NYADA?” Tina asked, a little confused.

Kurt laughed, zipping up his bag before hitching it over his shoulder. “Tina, he’s not a music person.”

“So what’ll he be doing?”

He faltered, a bit taken aback by these simple yet unanswerable questions. They shouldn’t be stumpng him, but they were. “Look, I don’t know for sure. We haven’t really talked about it.”

“Graduation is just around the corner...” Mercedes said in a sing-song voice, leading their small group towards the door, waving goodbye to Mr. Schue on the way.

He rolled his eyes. “Fine, I’ll ask him tonight. We promised to hang out right after practice so--”

“No offense, but is he even going to graduate?” Tina asked, coming up on Kurt’s left as they walked down the hallway. “I mean, he’s been in plenty of my classes and never really got good grades--”

“Of course he will!” Kurt defended, somewhat frustrated at this point.

“I was just asking!”

“Everybody, hush,” Mercedes cut in, pushing open the school’s front door for the two. “Kurt, I’m sure everything will be fine. Tina, stop being so nosy.”

“I was just asking a question!” she protested.

Kurt stepped out in the early April air, the sunlight warm against his skin. He tugged at his yellow cardigan, straightening it out just as Mercedes called out, “Hiya, Blaine!”

Looking up, he could see his boyfriend lounging in the parking lot, curly hair and shadow of stubble and torn blue jeans, leaning against his bike--finally being able to ride it after months of winter. He waved a little over at Mercedes, who giggled along with Tina before walking the opposite direction, saying farewell to Kurt.

Kurt’s shoulders relaxed, smiling at his soulmate as he hurried towards him, bag bouncing behind him until he skidded to a halt and threw his arms around Blaine’s neck. They met with a quick kiss
and Blaine saying, “Hey there, sweetheart.”

“You’re wearing the gloves!” Kurt said, stepping back so he could see them properly.

Blaine lifted a hand and flexed his leather clad fingers. “Yeah. They’re pretty awesome.”

“A successful Christmas present, then?”

“Oh, for sure.” And they both burst out in laughter.

Until Blaine asked, “So, how was practice?”

“Oh, Tina and Mercedes and I were talking about New York all during it,” Kurt told him, adjusting his back on his shoulder. “Like, Mercedes mentioned doing some research on apartments. Since there’s no point to be sharing a dorm—”

He saw Blaine tense and his jaw go tight. His hazel eyes were down, not looking at Kurt. So Kurt stopped mid-sentence, giving him a bewildered face. “What is it?”

“What is what?” Blaine asked, almost defensively, stuffing his hands in the pockets of his jacket.

“You did that thing where you….” Kurt gestured his hands, “go all weird when I talk about New York.”

“No I don’t!”

“Yes, you do! And you’re doing it now!” He crossed his arms over his chest. “C’mon, what did I say?”

“You didn’t...you...it was nothing, okay?” Blaine said, lowering his eyebrows, still not looking his way. “Can’t we just get going to my place?”

“No! I want to know what’s bothering you.” Keeping his stance, unmoving and stiff, Kurt waited for an explanation. He wasn’t an idiot, Blaine did that defense mechanism every time he would talk about NYADA or life beyond high school. How he would change subject or distract Kurt with something else. Not that it usually troubled Kurt, but now it was just strange. Especially after his conversation with the girls.

Blaine crossed his own arms, fixing his jaw. “What’s wrong with a dorm room? Isn't that what people do when they go to college?”

If this was a change of topic, it just annoyed Kurt more. “Except I figured you would appreciate us living in an apartment together,” he responded sharply.

“Well, who says I want to be living an apartment?” Blaine snapped.

Shocked by that statement, Kurt parted his mouth before collecting himself and saying, “What, so you want to be living there alone?”

“Who says I want to be living there in the first place?!”

“NYADA is in New York, Blaine!” Kurt said, voice close to shouting. It was like he was talking to a wall. Why was Blaine being like this?

“I know! And you’re going to NYADA, I get it!” He took a step back, flourishing a hand Kurt’s way.
“What’s that suppose to mean?!”

“It means...it’s not like I’m going to get in any college there!” Blaine told him, his entire body rigid, his gaze glaring at Kurt. “And you know this!

“I...I wasn't expecting you to…” Kurt began.

“And so what, you expected me to just...I dunno, sit there and wait for you to return home?” Blaine asked, now yelling so loud his voice echoed around the empty lot. “Do nothing all day and just wait?”

“No! Of course not, what are you talking about?!”

“Because I actually do want to do something with my life, Kurt!” Blaine was shaking with anger, and Kurt soon noticed he was as well. “And compared to New York, L.A. is looking pretty great at this point!”

Kurt blinked, shaking his head. “L.A.?”

“Yeah…” Blaine coughed, taking a few breaths. “Cooper offered me to come with him back to his home when the school year ends. I could live with him and, I dunno, find some work to do.”

Kurt’s throat felt thick. “I thought we were going to New York, to stay together.”

“Well, there’s nothing for me there, so…”

“Blaine, we’re soulmates.” Kurt stated as if it wasn’t apparent. Wasn’t the reason why they were dating and in love in the first place.

His boyfriend shrugged, staring at a place somewhere over Kurt’s shoulder. When he didn’t say anything, Kurt scoffed and continued, “That means we’re meant for each other, meaning we probably should stick together!”

“And do whatever you want?” Blaine asked, his hands going to fists. “Because I don’t exactly remember you asking me if that’s what I wanted.”

“I thought it was already obvious!”

“To you, maybe,” Blaine said coldly, having that expression on his face Kurt remembered over a year ago. When Blaine looked upon him like he was just another person who he was against in this world.

His own face was turning to a glower and his cheeks were flushed with frustration. “Fine, whatever!” Kurt threw his hands up, stepping back away from the bike, from Blaine. “At least I know my future has some promise without you in it, anyway!”

He knew that would cut deep, and he saw it visibly through the flicker of raw hurt across Blaine’s otherwise furious expression. The flare of satisfaction was only there briefly as Kurt turned on his heel, striding to where his car was on the other side of the lot.

He didn’t look back, but could hear the motorcycle’s engine roar to life. Angrily, he flew the door open and slammed it shut when he was inside his quiet Navigator, throwing his bag on the passenger seat. His hands were shaking violently and his vision was swimming with tears.

The sound of the bike could be heard whizzing away, leaving Kurt alone with his heaving lungs
choked gasps of air. Before he could even try and stop himself, he collapsed against the steering wheel and started crying.
Chapter 24

The bleachers at the football field was truly the perfect hideout at this time of year. Football season was over, no one had used them since last fall, and it would be the last place anyone would expect Blaine to be.

He was reclined back on the cool metal, one knee bent and the other dangling over the edge of the bench. It was quite peaceful, considering every other student was inside for their last class of the day. The sky he faced was cloudless and a pretty blue color, one that Kurt would rave over and look gorgeous against his skin--

Sighing, Blaine threw an arm over his eyes and forced himself to forget that thought.

They hadn’t talked since their argument in the parking lot. He wondered if Kurt even wanted to talk to him, especially since Blaine practically ruined his plans. Well, just the plan that he would be at Kurt’s side while his dreams came true. His soulmate made it very clear that even without Blaine in the picture, Kurt’s future was still bright.

He groaned. It’s not like he didn’t want to be with him there. He had longed to leave Ohio ever since Cooper did so long ago. But the thing was, the real world was frightening as hell. And, as the classes he had skipped today told him, he wasn’t exactly smart enough for it.

The free hand hanging over the edge of the bench was brought up, and he peeked a glance at what he was holding. An old little box he had hidden where the sketchy Skank girls relaxed right under where he was. Opened and battered, with only two cigarettes left in it.

He had promised to never smoke again, but as he studied the pack, maybe he could use something to calm down. To help him forget all his fuck-ups.

“Anderson!”

Blaine snapped his head up, recognizing that voice. Except it wasn’t one he really wanted to have conversation with.

At the bottom of the steps to get up the stands was none other than Rachel Berry, wearing a pink petticoat and yellow stockings. She was glaring up at him, stomping up the stairs with her hands balled in fists. “I need to have a word with you!”

What was she, his mother? He exhaled dramatically, draping an arm over his eyes yet again. “Sorry, we’re closed for today.”

Ignoring him, Rachel continued up the empty bleachers until she was only a couple rows down from him, her hands going on her hips. “It’s about Kurt.”

Well, that got his attention. He opened an eye at her, frowning. “Since when do you care about him, anyway?”

Her eyes flickered at his Mark, and her nostrils flared. “He was my friend before you showed up, and I intend for us to be friends again when we go to NYADA.”

“Before I showed up--?” Blaine flew upward, sitting and gaping at her.

“And since he wants you to be with us there,” she continued, stance stiffening as if those words were
torture to get out. “I would like to set some ground rules.”

Blinking, a bit bewildered at what she was saying, Blaine raised a palm out at her, shaking his head. “Wait, hold on--”

“Firstly,” Rachel held up one finger, like she had already prepared this. “You are to give me my space and not get in my way.”

“Um--”

“Secondly,” she held up two fingers, “do not steal any of my belongings.”

“Oh, well now he was stumped for excuses.

“I’m not going to talk about this with you,” he said, going back to his previous position to laying back and gazing up at the sky.

“Yes, you are!” protested Rachel, marching down the aisle towards him, her disgust at him replaced with determination. “Is this why Kurt has been moping around all week? Did you two break up?”

“No! I mean, I don’t--that’s none of your fucking business!”

“Are you going to a college somewhere else?” She stopped directly beside him, crossing her arms and staring down at where he was relaxing. “Is it across the country?”

“Jesus, you talk too much.” But he was sure Rachel was hopeful he actually was vanishing far away. “And just a heads up, I’m not going to college anywhere.” He hid his face away again, refusing to look at her.

“Why? Don’t want a higher education? Or does your criminal record have something to do with it?”

“GOD, will you SHUT UP?!” He bolted up in his seat, the sudden sunlight blinding him but apparently Rachel didn’t even flinch. “I’m not smart enough to get accepted into a college! My grades are as low as ever and I don’t even know what I would study or do there! I don’t belong at a school, I’ve always hated it! I’m not good at anything, especially not anything that would help in fucking New York City!”

For once, she didn’t respond right away. Her fingers tapped against her arm and the corner of her lip curled up in the tiniest hint of a smirk while Blaine breathed heavily, feeling almost worse with admitting those words out loud.

“Anderson, you drama queen,” was all she sighed, waving a hand in the air.

He sputtered, “Excuse me?” while also gaping at her, stunned.

“Kurt isn’t expecting you to go to a college. No one is, really.” She tilted her head, lifting her eyebrows. “And have you been to the Big Apple? Of course someone like you would fit right in.”
Blaine wasn’t sure if he should take that as an insult or not. He shook his head. “Look, that doesn’t mean I won’t--”

“Be able to keep up? To make a life there?” She chuckled. “Since when do you have a plan for anything? For all I’ve known you, you’ve been that ‘actions first, consequences later’ type of guy.”

“Yeah, but…” Christ almighty, now he was actually blushing from embarrassment in front of Rachel goddamn Berry. “Things changed after Kurt. I actually don’t want to fuck up anymore but that seems inevitable so will you please just leave me alone?”

But of course, she stayed right where she was, studying him up and down. “Have you told Kurt any of this?” she asked, more gentle than before.

Exhaling deeply, Blaine hung his head down at his knees. “No. I haven’t, okay?”

“Well!” She briskly clapped her hands, startling him. “There’s your problem, isn’t it? It doesn’t take a genius to know you’ve got to communicate to prevent this sort of stuff happening in a relationship.” And then she...smiled at him? Reassuringly? “And it also doesn’t take a genius to know that if none of this pressure to have a ‘successful life,’ you would be at Kurt’s side, wherever he was, in a heartbeat.”

He scowled and turned away, mostly because he knew she was right.

Rachel tucked her coat before taking a seat beside Blaine, still keeping a good distance of space between them. It wasn’t going to take a heated argument and a sudden heart-to-heart spill to have them be best buddies. “You’re not going to screw up anything, you know. Everyone has that fear with a big change. You’re just lucky you have someone like Kurt to be with you through it all.”

“But...my brother offered for me to come back with him to L.A....” Blaine said, trailing off because for some reason, the thought of going back to that big city sent his heart pounding anxiously.

“Your brother wants this. Kurt wants that. What do you want, Anderson?” she asked, folding her hands on her lap. “It would be nice to know so I can start planning the apartment decor accordingly.”

Huffing out a breath, Blaine shook his head and looked down at where he was still holding the stupid pack of cigarettes. Rachel Berry may be annoying and loud, but even he had to admit she was the only one to say those things that made his thoughts clear as crystal.

Of course he knew what he wanted. He knew it since his seventeenth birthday.

The digital clock on Kurt’s nightstand changed to 11:30. His Calculus homework had been tossed aside hours before, kept in a heap at the foot of his bed. His phone was among the pile, forgotten and blinking with a new text message from Tina. Most likely asking about which prom dress looked better on her.

Kurt himself was sitting hunched over at his desk, staring at the only source of light in the room. He had been too preoccupied to realize night had grown around him.

His laptop screen had dozens upon dozens of tabs opened, each of them referring to the same subject. Time spent cruising through Google searches lead him to multiple articles and blogs and Wikipedia pages.

One explained the phenomenon of asexuals or aromantics receiving Marks, sometimes ending up with a platonic soulmate, and those who don’t get any Mark at all and are perfectly alright without
another half in their life.

A news post talking about the rare cases where (much like Mercedes’ situation) people get their Marks after their momentous birthday. It usually has to do with genetics in the bloodline, the article said. The longest anyone had gone between their seventeenth birthday and getting a Mark had been three years.

There was a blog post freaking out over a popular young adult book-turned-movie about a fifteen year old girl who discovers she has two very attractive boys both having her name as their Mark, and the entire plot revolving around who she will choose.

A feature about a scientific theory that soulmates happen because when the universe was created, their atoms were near each other, drawing them back together once again.

One trashy gossip website exploding over a hint of Lorde’s soulmate. There was even a paparazzi picture included, zooming in on the girl’s right hand, making out a fuzzy name. But the authors had researched and identified him as a regular guy. From another photo, it seemed as if the poor boy was ambushed by reporters.

Some woman being interviewed that her Mark only contained a first and a middle name, for her soulmate was an orphan and never given a last name.

A Hollywood column discussing the newest Disney movie in the works, about a princess who doesn’t have a Mark on her hand. Of course this blew up controversy with parents across the nation.

One informational page giving stories about bisexuals who have been misunderstood by society. Just because their Mark says a certain gender, said one of the interviewees, doesn’t mean they can’t be attracted to another one as well.

An article explaining how polygamous soulmates worked.

A page about how transgender Marks are written.

An essay about the earliest reading of people receiving their soulmate’s name.


Marks. Marks. Marks.

Kurt’s brain felt numb. Nothing was giving him the answers he wanted.

The knock at his door was what jolted him from his daze of endless scrolling and clicking. He almost hit his knee on the desk with how fast he turned around, a little dizzy with his vision having to adjust.

“You still awake, kiddo?” asked his dad from the doorway, keeping his knuckles at the frame as he looked at Kurt curiously. He noticed how the textbook and papers were untouched while Kurt’s computer had a hundred things going on at once.

“You still awake, kiddo?” asked his dad from the doorway, keeping his knuckles at the frame as he looked at Kurt curiously. He noticed how the textbook and papers were untouched while Kurt’s computer had a hundred things going on at once.

“Um, yeah,” Kurt responded, keeping his voice casual even though it was hoarse after hours of silent Internet surfing. He stretched his arm over his head, his tense muscles gracious with the movement. How long had he been sitting there, anyway?

“What’ve you been up to?” Burt asked, nodding and squinting at his laptop.

“Just...stuff,” Kurt said, slowly shifting his body to somewhat block it. If his dad say what he had
been reading, then questions would start being asked, and Kurt certainly wasn’t up for that.

Burt said, “Uh-huh,” in the way that he knew Kurt wasn’t telling the truth. He crossed his arms, putting on a game face that meant he was prepared for a heart-to-heart talk. Again, Kurt definitely didn’t want anything touchy feely at the moment.

“Dad--” warned Kurt.

“Listen, I know something is up with you,” his dad said, ignoring him and walking in the room. “You’ve been acting off, you’re slacking on your school work. Hell, you haven’t talked about New York for maybe a week!”

Kurt stiffened in his chair and glared up at him. “Everything’s fine, Dad.”

He chuckled, shaking his head. “Yeah, it sure seems like it.”

“I’m serious! You don’t need to worry about anything!”

Burt gave him a look. “Then what happened to Blaine?”

Now, Kurt usually prided himself with keeping an impassive face. He would be as stagnant as a statue during all Glee rehearsals involving Rachel’s bickering so her fire couldn’t be fueled. He hid his fear from bullies throughout the years. But now, even he could feel his expression betray him and fall.

Burt coughed, standing near the shelves lined with Kurt’s pictures. “So, boy problems, then?” He looked a little unsure. Kurt had to remind himself that his dad was still learning and trying his best.

He turned his gaze back at his laptop. “Kind of. Maybe. He’s just…” Exhaling, his eyebrows went down and he spun at his father, gesturing at the bright screen. “None of these explain any of it!”

Burt frowned. “Any of what?”

“Any...of…” Kurt stumbled for words, suddenly the anger of frustration making a return, reminding him on why he had started his search in the first place. ‘Soulmates are suppose to be perfect for each other! The other half! The key that fits all your locks and stuff!”

He seemed to have just confuse his dad more, but still he continued. “We shouldn’t be arguing this much! We’re suppose to know each other inside out and finish each other sentences and all that crap that we’ve been taught since we were kids!”

“Okay, so,” Burt held up a hand, pausing him, “what exactly happened? And say it with less shouting, please.”

Kurt rolled his eyes. “It’s not a big deal. It wasn’t supposed to be a big deal, but...okay, I’m going to NYADA. That’s not changing. And Blaine...he…” He raked a hand through his already unkempt hair. “He suddenly doesn’t want to go to New York anymore! Like, out of the blue he suddenly decides--!”

“Well, did he say he wanted to?”

“No, but it was pretty much implied because he never mentioned going anywhere else--”

“Have you talked about the two of you going there?”

“There was no need to, it was just always known between us--”
“Kurt, slow down,” his dad said gently, an amused smile creeping on his mouth. He held up a hand, stepping forward so he was leaning at the corner of the desk. “First off, as everyone needs to know with a relationship, your partner is not a mind reader.”

Kurt opened his mouth, ready for another quick remark, but paused and blinked. Burt went on, “And by the way, soulmates don’t automatically finish each other sentences.”

“But...we’re suppose to be each other’s perfect other half,” Kurt told him, sounding a little defeated.

“Yes...and no.”

“Well, then what else are soulmates for?!” Kurt demanded.

His dad chuckled again, looking down at where his own Mark was on his skin. Faded lettering reading *Elizabeth Claire Fowler.* “Maybe so people aren’t alone in this world?” he guessed. “No one knows for sure. We’ll probably never know.”

“But, Dad,” Kurt protested, sitting up taller. “If Blaine doesn’t come to New York with me, then we won’t be together! And soulmates have to be together—”

“You also have to compromise,” Burt said. “And discuss issues. And talk about your problems. Relationships take work, Kurt. No matter with who.”

“I know. And—”

“So, did you try compromising with him?” Burt asked, lifting an eyebrow.

“I--” Kurt frowned. “Why are you taking his side?!”

“I’m not taking anyone’s side! I’m trying to figure out what’s going on! And from what it looks like...it seems there was a lot miscommunication.”

Unable to think of a statement backing him up, Kurt slouched in his seat and crossed his arms furiously, glowing at the laptop screen with those dozens of tabs still opened. “It’s not something I can compromise, Dad. New York is a set deal, and it’s not like I can just...find another NYADA in Los Angeles...” He exhaled sharply, his heart aching. “But I can’t just force Blaine into doing something he doesn’t want…”

“Compromise,” Burt pointed out.

“But I just can’t! What do you expect me to do, drop all my dreams and just live in Ohio with him forever?”

“No,” Burt said carefully. “I expect you to make the choice on what means more to you.”

A dreaded weight took up space in his chest. Kurt knew that was the ultimate ending decision, except he never wanted to hear those words said aloud.

“You’d think soulmates would make life simple,” he remarked, flitting his own eyes at where Blaine’s name stood out on his right hand. “Knowing who you’d end up with. The system should be a flawless happily-ever-after guarantee.”

Burt laughed, the corners of his eyes creasing with wrinkles. “Kid, we could literally have our soulmate at our side from the moment we’re born. That wouldn’t make love any easier.”

Kurt smiled half-heartedly, watching his computer fade to black, automatically going to sleep from
going so long without being used. He barely heard his dad say goodnight and leave as he spaced off, his throat thick. The more his tired brain went back and forth between Blaine and New York, the more he felt sure.

Sure about what he would sacrifice in order to keep what his heart needed.
Chapter 25

The reason Kurt didn’t go to prom last year was simple: he didn’t have a date. Why spend an entire evening going stag while all his friends were part of a couple, linked arm-in-arm? Besides, staying home and eating popcorn while watching *The Notebook* was way more satisfying than the potential of feeling miserable in a tux.

So, why was he there at McKinley’s decorated and crowded gymnasium now if he was dateless one again?

“I am not going to let you be alone by yourself again, Kurt,” Mercedes told him, practically dragging him out of his house the day of the big dance. “You’ve always wanted to dress up and go to prom, and now is your last chance!”

“What does it matter?” he said, even his new black suit couldn’t bring a smile to his face. “It’s not like there’s a point.”

“Yes, there is!” said Mercedes’ date Sam, looking happier than a kid in a candy store with his bolo tie, hopping into the front seat of his car. “You get to hang out with us!”

“Hooray, the third wheel,” Kurt muttered, which only resulted in Mercedes elbowing him in the stomach.

His friends made sure he wasn’t excluded in anything. Sure, the Glee club was still at the Mega-Loser Position for the school, but no one seemed to care anymore. Graduation was around the corner, and they wouldn’t have to worry about the drama of McKinley anymore.

Hell, even the ones that ignored him before had warmed up to him once again. Quinn, looking like a princess in her purple gown, had asked Kurt to be her partner when the first slow song played. Britt and Santana claimed him later on and all joined hands to spin in a circle. Puck--a surprise to Kurt that he hadn’t been caught yet and kicked out for spiking the punch bowl--had playfully nudged him during a very bouncy and lively number.

So, it wasn’t exactly as miserable as Kurt thought. In fact, he was having loads of fun.

Except.

Kurt shook his head and fixed his jaw tight. No way was he going to think about Blaine right now. Blaine, the only other person he wanted at his side and posing with under that arch of balloons and holding hands as they jumped around to an upbeat song sung by Artie in the middle of the dancing throng of students. The person who Kurt still hadn’t talked to about whatever the hell the future held for them both, since he never saw Blaine at school.

“You okay?” Mercedes asked, coming up next to him at the punch bowl (which Kurt was hesitant to get a drink out of, since there was a chance of alcohol in it and Coach Sylvester was watching over it like a hawk). His friend looked gorgeous tonight, her hair all styled and up on her head and her dress a deep violet, with a single sash over a shoulder.

He shrugged, managing a small smile. “Yeah, of course.”
She shot him a look. “Hon, it’s okay that you miss him.”

Kurt huffed out a breathy laugh, letting his eyes wander back to the rest of the loud gym, where students in every shade of color for their gowns and their dates grogging them not exactly school appropriate on the dance floor. “He would’ve hated prom, anyway. Too many people that he despises. Formal attire. All those horrors.”

Mercedes laughed brightly, making him chuckle as well. God, he was going to miss her next year. She got accepted into UCLA, while also dreaming of getting a record deal. Which, with that voice and determination, Kurt was pretty certain she would be dominating the music industry in a matter of no time.

“Excuse me, why aren’t you two dancing with me?” Sam asked, hurrying up to them with his blonde hair a mess from being way too active the last couple of hours. His bolo tie was even crooked but his smile was still wide as ever.

Kurt craned his ear at the nearest speaker. The Glee club was asked to sing this year, so the school wouldn’t have to go to the hassle and hire a DJ. But that didn’t mean the song choices were decent. “Because Brittany is singing Fergalicious.”

“Exactly!” Sam grabbed both their wrists, making Mercedes giggle uncontrollably and Kurt a bit confused. “That means we have to make Fergie proud!”

Okay, Kurt had to admit he would miss Sam too. Even while the three shimmied and spun on the dance floor, receiving many stares from others around them.

They had to stop when the music was over, letting Principal Figgins take the stage. He tapped the microphone to get the crowd’s attention while the trio caught their breaths, glancing at each other and grinned even bigger.

“I’m gonna go get some punch,” Mercedes told Kurt, jutting her thumb at the refreshments table.

“I’ll come with!” Sam said eagerly, hooking her arm around his so he could use this chance to be a gentleman and lead her over.

Kurt shook his head and chuckled as they walked away. Figgins was naming off the prom king and queen nominations, mostly including jocks and Cheerios, much to no one’s surprise. Finn was nominated too, being the quarterback and all.

“Um. Hey, Kurt?”

He spun around, the familiar voice instantly making his skin prickle and his muscles tense. This wasn’t someone he was anticipating in seeing tonight. This wasn’t someone he was anticipating in seeing anywhere.

“What do you want, Karofsky?” Kurt demanded, glancing around quickly. At least he had witnesses.

Dave Karofsky shifted awkwardly on his feet. He was wearing the proper clothing for the dance, however ill-fitting his suit was. Had he come with a group of friends? There was no boutonniere on his jacket, so he was dateless like Kurt?

“I...um, wanted to say something,” the other boy started, freeing his hands from where he had stuffed them in his pockets. Kurt half-expected his Mark to be showing, but it was smudged with makeup, hidden like usual.
“Alright, so say it,” Kurt snapped, crossing his arms and trying to appear less anxious than he felt. Won’t Mercedes and Sam hurry up?

Karofsky gulped, looking nervous. “Uh, okay. Well, I wanted to apologize for being an ass to you all through high school, you know. I didn’t...I wasn’t...I mean, I’m—”

“Okay, I get it,” Kurt interrupted, refusing to accept the apology. A simple sorry didn’t excuse years of torment and fear. A death threat and a forced kiss. “Why?”

He blinked, a little startled. “Well, I wanted to let you know I was sorry before we graduated. I know now what’s it’s like to be...different and stuff.”

Kurt squinted and then glanced at his right hand. “Does this have to do with your Mark?” he asked, quieter so people nearby couldn’t eavesdrop.

Gulping, Karofsky nodded and ducked his head. “Um...yeah. I went to Scandals to find Smythe--Sebastian. He was there but...” He blinked several times, frowning deeply. “He--he totally humiliated me. I know he was drunk at the time, but, still. He was mocking me for even thinking such a thing. That we could be matched as soulmates.”

“Oh, my god...” Kurt’s gut twisted. That was his fault, leading Karofsky on. Thinking his Sebastian Andrew was the same person as Sebastian Smythe.

“Yeah. And I tried to reason with him but he just pushed me away and spat in my face. It turned out his middle name wasn’t even Andrew. It’s Thomas.”

Kurt nodded, swallowing a lump in his throat. He felt horribly guilty. To put someone through thinking they had their soulmate near and then having that ripped away. “I’m sorry,” he told him, never dreaming he’d say those words to Karofsky.

Karofsky shrugged, a tiny smile curling his mouth. “But it’s alright, I mean. Who would want a douche like him to be your soulmate?” They both chuckled. “But, I did find my Sebastian Andrew in the end.”

Kurt’s eyebrows shot up. “Really?”

“Yes.” Karofsky swung his arms before holding his right hand, almost smiling fondly. “Um, he messaged me through Facebook...he was a foster kid growing up, never having a last name. Explains a lot...but it turns out he lives only thirty miles from here!”

Managing a smile, Kurt congratulated him. Truly he meant it, but the topic of soulmates made his chest hollow, especially since he was reminded his wasn’t here.

Figgins then declared Finn’s name into the microphone, and the student body cheered. Kurt’s attention snapped to the stage, where his stepbrother looked shocked but a grin broke across his face, accepting his crown as prom king.

He vaguely heard Karofsky say goodbye to rejoin his group of friends, and before Kurt could open his mouth to say the same, Mercedes and Sam had rushed up to him, bouncing excitedly.

“Finn won!” Mercedes squealed, clutching his arm.

As their principal cleared his throat to quiet everyone down, opening the envelope up for the winner of prom queen, Kurt glanced around to find Rachel. Surely she must be beyond upset that her boyfriend will be dancing with a Cheerio who used to invite her to parties and now treated her like
“Rachel Berry.”

Oh. Problem solved.

A little stunned, Kurt clapped along with his friends, hearing over the gasps and applause that there must’ve been a write-in candidate. However this happened, no one knew. But Rachel took the stage with wide eyes and just as much surprise as anyone else, receiving her crown. The other girls nominated gaped at her, utterly confused.

“How did two Glee kids win?” Sam asked over the noise, still smiling and whooping at the new prom royalty.

Mercedes laughed. “Beats me. But I’m still happy for them.” They watched the middle of the dance floor clear out, allowing Rachel and Finn to share their dance. Rachel looked around frantically, like she thought this was a joke. Like an army of slushies were going to jump out and drench them.

“We’re going to go by Mike and Tina,” Mercedes told Kurt. He nodded, crossing his arms and still watching the new king and queen while the two went away. Being prom queen was basically saying you were the best of the best. The number one at this school. Everything Rachel wanted, really. And she got it.

He tilted his head and sighed. Quinn was singing on stage, smiling down at her friends and waving to Puck. Other couples were joining in the romantic slow song. He caught Brittany and Santana among them, their arms draped around each other and their noses bumping.

“Excuse me?”

Kurt’s breath hitched instantly and he whipped around, taken by surprise. That voice shouldn’t be here, yet it brought his heart soaring.

Standing there just a foot or so away from him, wearing a tuxedo that was crisp and sharp and fit him like a glove, completed with a black bow tie. Clean-shaven, with his dark hair—often wild and curly—tamed and styled handsomely, giving him an entirely new look. His eyes were bright and nervous, his hands holding a cream colored box.

“Blaine?” Kurt whispered, believing he was in a dream because there was no way this was actually happening.

“Hi.” Blaine’s mouth lifted up a corner, shuffling on his feet. He was also donning shiny black shoes, something Kurt knew he would’ve turned his nose up at. What was going on?

“I--what are you doing here?” he asked, eyeing around much like Rachel did. Like he was awaiting cameras to pop out.

Blaine stepped forward, wetting his lips and inhaling deeply. “I’m here to give you this.” He opened his little box, revealing red boutonnieres. Matching red boutonnieres. “That’s what couples do at prom, right? Wear little flowers?”

Kurt opened his mouth, unable to say anything because his mind was reeling, trying to string together all those thought out speeches and apologies he had prepared for this moment. But he was so astonished and bewildered, nothing intelligent could be formed.

Blaine had abandoned the box to the side, tossing it carelessly to the floor and going right up to Kurt
so they were inches away, pinning the boutonniere to his jacket and chewing on his lip to concentrate. Kurt blinked, remembering Blaine had most likely never done this before. That he never wanted to go to prom.

Thank god the crowd was thin back in this area because Kurt could barely breathe anyway.

“Blaine…” Kurt started, watching his soulmate pin the other flower to his own jacket, smiling to himself when it was accomplished. “How did you know I was here?”

Blaine looked at him, and then over his shoulder. “Thank Rachel.”

He shook his head, furrowing his eyebrows. “What?”

The song was changing. It was Mercedes’ voice now, singing out what sounded like the first words to *At Last*. Blaine swallowed, wiping his palms on his pants and glancing up at Kurt, appearing hesitant.

He held out a hand. “May I have this dance?”

Kurt’s heart skipped a beat, but he quickly recovered, nodding and putting his hand into Blaine’s.

This was unreal. Blaine pulled him close and slipped his other hand around Kurt’s waist, swaying them on the spot, moving slowly in a small circle. Kurt’s free hand went to Blaine’s shoulder, the way they danced made their cheeks brush together, and Kurt somewhat relaxed. Their bodies fit together like they were made for each other, like puzzle pieces.

His blood was still rushing through his veins. He desperately wanted to say something. Needed to say something, more like it. But suddenly he heard a soft hum right next to his ear, and then an even softer voice sing.

“At last...the skies above are blue...my heart was wrapped up in clovers.”

His mouth parted. Blaine was singing, and his voice was rich and beautiful and filled up Kurt’s body with warmth.

“The night I...looked at you…”

“Used to sing,” Kurt breathed, amused and completely awestruck.

Blaine chuckled. “Shut up,” he mumbled bashfully.

“I...I thought you never wanted to go to a school dance.”

“Not at all.” Blaine squeezed their joined hands, the one where his own Mark was. “But you always wanted a slow dance at prom.”

His chest stuttered. *Oh, Blaine.*

“You look gorgeous, by the way,” Kurt blurted before he could catch himself. He was sort of glad they weren’t face-to-face, or otherwise Blaine would’ve seen his deep blush. “Like a prince out of a fairytale.”

He could feel Blaine smile against him. “You do, too.”

“I didn’t know you owned a tux.”
“I don’t…but after Rachel texted me and said you were at prom alone, it was Cooper’s mission to make sure when I arrived, I at least looked the part.” He huffed out a laugh. “He thought it would be more romantic than showing up in sweatpants.”

Kurt let out a little laugh too. Suddenly, his heartbeat quickened, remembering those speeches. He wetted his throat, knowing he should say it now. “Blaine, I need to--”

“But I wanted to tell you--”

“No, let me go first.” He brought his head back so he could meet his soulmate’s eyes. “I need to say this before you say anything, alright?”

Blaine nodded. “Okay.”

After taking another deep breath, Kurt composed himself, not even aware the song had changed again and most students were just mingling around them now, too caught up in just the two of them to notice or care.

“A couple nights ago I stayed up researching about soulmates,” he said. “Scientific theories, religious theories. Why Marks didn’t always match or why some people are born without them. Why sometimes people just don’t fall in love with their soulmate. Because I was trying to figure out why, if we were soulmates, everything wasn’t easy going and love and sunshine and stuff.”

Blaine listened, still swaying them in their dance. His gaze never wavered.

“I mean, that’s what this whole system is supposed to be, right?” Kurt continued. “A way to fall in love and guarantee meeting your other half? To have everything be perfect and happy all the time?

“But...the more I thought about it, the more I realized how even though we fight and disagree and go through so much crap...that we’re still so lucky, Blaine.” His chin wobbled as he smiled. “That I’m so lucky.”

“Kurt...”

“Maybe this system doesn’t promise love for everyone. Maybe it is so we don’t end up lonely. But I know one thing for sure and that is that I do love you more than anything,” Kurt said, his previous speeches vanished and his heart doing all the talking. “And I’m so sorry for everything before. I never meant what I said to you. It was just...things were finally looking up, with NYADA and New York, that I just wanted you to fit in my plans too. Because nothing could be more perfect than the Big Apple and the love of my life.”

Blaine’s eyes softened and he smiled a little too. Kurt saw him open his mouth to say something, but he interrupted and continued quickly, unable to stop himself, “And I don’t want to leave you. You’re more important than some drama school. Besides, Los Angeles has UCLA. Mercedes is going there, and I bet I can apply for second semester--”

“Kurt, sweetheart,” Blaine said gently, grinning.

He shut his mouth, waiting for him to speak.

Blaine seemed to think for a moment, exhaling and then saying, “I’m sorry, too. I’m part of the problem, too. I wasn’t being completely honest.”

Kurt blinked, confused, but Blaine went on. “My...grades weren’t the best. I might just barely pass high school, but for college? No way. And I...Kurt, I didn’t want to disappoint you.”
“Disappoint--?”

“You believed in me more than anyone else did,” Blaine told him. They were still slow dancing, unaware that pretty much all the other attendees had stopped, too tired for the night. “I didn’t want to let you down and for you to know how bad I had done. Plus...I went to visit my mom recently, and it was really weird. She completely changed. But she was ranting about me living my own life and not going with you.”

“Which--”

“Hey, I’m not done yet,” Blaine teased, his smile back on his lips. “Now, I know I shouldn’t have overthought on what she said. But I was so worked up as it was...I dunno, I kind of just snapped.”

“Blaine, I don’t blame you,” Kurt cut in. At least Blaine was being reasonable while he had been just plain old selfish.

“Sweetheart, you don’t understand,” Blaine said gently. “You’re so talented and smart and have all these great opportunities ahead of you. And trust me, I want you to follow your dreams and become everything you were meant to be. But...I was just scared. That I wouldn’t be good enough to be there beside you.”

His heart dropped his feet. How could Blaine even think such a thing? “What about L.A.?” he asked quietly, because there was still that option for Blaine.

“Oh, god. Okay,” Blaine shook his head as his expression grew horrified, “Kurt, you realize that if I decided to go there after senior year, that means I’ll be living permanently with Cooper’s family. Like, twenty-four-seven. That’s fucking terrifying.”

Kurt laughed, trying to stifle it but also not wanting to. He hadn’t felt this light and warm in weeks.

“You should still be able to live your own life,” Kurt pointed out seriously. “Without me dictating your decisions.”

Most people in the gym were just talking in small groups or finishing the beverages. The two of them were officially the only ones dancing.

“I know, and I will.” Blaine smiled wider, the corners of his eyes crinkling with how happy he was. “And maybe that will be in New York.”

“Wait,” Kurt ceased their swaying so he could look at Blaine clearly. “Are you saying…”

“I love you, Kurt Hummel. And wherever you go, I want to be with you no matter what.”

He could breathe again, and he was gasping with the news. “Are--are you serious? You’re not just saying--”

“Nope. Whether you get accepted into NYADA or not, I want to be at your side and keep falling in love with you for the rest of my life.”

His eyes were watering and his vision was blurring but he still broke out in a smile, covering his mouth with how overwhelmed he was. “Oh, Blaine…”

“And Rachel told me that there’s, like, a ton of motorcycle shops there,” Blaine said to him. “Maybe I could get a job and help fix them and stuff, I’m good at that!”
Kurt was actually brushing away a stray tear when he remembered, “Since when did Rachel make conversation with you?”

“Since we both realized we care about the same thing.” He tilted his head and nudged their noses. “You.”

Kurt giggled, feeling so incredibly happy and whole he went to cup his boyfriend’s face, ready to dive in for something unbelievably overdue, but Blaine hesitated.

“How’s still people—” He eyed towards their classmates, all who tormented and now surrounded them. Those who controlled them for months. Kurt shook his head confidently.

“I don’t care.” And in front of everyone, the school, the prom attendees, he surged forward and kissed Blaine. Kissed him with everything he had and held dear, their mouths slotting perfectly. Like they were made for one another.

He heard subtle gasps, a few sounds of disapproval.

But who cares?

Because he and Blaine were both one again and pressed close, unable to be apart long enough for air for the other chased them right back, deepening the kiss and almost going wild with it, so fiercely in love.

As if on cue, the newly crowned queen rushed up to them, her dress mermaid-shaped and a light pink, the tiara sparkling atop her flowy brown hair. They were forced to separate quickly. “Hey, guys!” she said with a large smile, the first Kurt had received from her in months. “Oh, my god. Blaine, you made it.” She gave him a look that silently said, thank you.

“Um, we were just talking about you,” Kurt told her, separating a bit from Blaine so they could face her but still keeping their hands linked. “Rach...Blaine’s coming to New York!”

“I know!” she squealed, throwing her arms around him and tightly hugging him. “We talked after school one day. Trust me, I already have the apartment color scheme planned out.”

Her smile toned down a notch. “Kurt...I’m so sorry for how I treated you. I was being stupid and, I am really sorry about it all.”

“Tonight is the night of apologies, I guess,” he joked, then playfully giving her a squeeze. “But it’s all taken care of now. Thank you.”

“Did you made it in NYADA?” Blaine asked her.

“Our letters came in two days ago!” Rachel said. “I mean, I tweeted about it like a madman, but yes I did.” She raised an eyebrow at Kurt. “Does he know?”

Blaine frowned. “Know what?”

“What his letter said!”

“Oh! Well, Blaine,” Kurt beamed proudly, waiting a beat for anticipation, “I got in, too!”

“What! Oh, my god, Kurt!” His soulmate wrapped him in his arms, congratulating him as they sort of spun around, Blaine holding him so close while Rachel laughed next to them.

“That’s amazing, you’re amazing,” Blaine breathed into the side of Kurt’s neck, continuing to hold
him. “Oh, my god.”

“So, we’re going to New York?” Kurt asked him, not being able to stop grinning.

Blaine nodded, burrowing his nose at that spot like how he used to, like how he always did. “We’re sticking together, sweetheart.”

“Forever?” Because, yes, Kurt knew right then and there that’s what he wanted. It was such a sure feeling, just picturing Blaine with him for the rest of his life felt more than right. He wanted him through thick and thin and the good times and bad. Through love and loss and better and worse and everything in between. Kurt never experienced such a powerful sensation.

Blaine pulled back to meet his eyes, smiling in that beautiful way.

“For eternity.”

Blaine Anderson was called many things in his lifetime, but never a city slicker. But, as he collapsed on their new bed, exhausted from hearing Rachel’s orders on where to put what and how to hang this, he was certain this adjusting to big city life was only the beginning.

Their new bed, he reminded himself, burying his nose in the soft pillow. One he brought, laying right next to Kurt’s. Four months after graduation (which Blaine did pass, thanks to the many tutors from Glee club helping him during summer school) and countless boxes shipped from Lima to the great NYC, the three found themselves at the end of their first day, bone-tired out of their minds.

Somehow, Rachel was still a bundle of energy, wanting to explore all the grocery stores and shops nearby. Kurt and Blaine only groaned in response, therefore she headed out on her own.

“Is it bad that I kind of want her to get distracted by all the wonders of our new neighborhood and be gone for a few hours?” came Kurt’s voice, instantly making Blaine perk up. His boyfriend had pushed the make-shift wall that was a large white sheet open (yeah, sheet. Their apartment wasn’t even separated by doors. Rachel said it added to the lifestyle here. “Very Rent-like,” she explained) and smiled down at him, his brown hair falling a bit out of its coif and over his forehead. He had exchanged his cardigan for a simple t-shirt, and his red skinny jeans had a dollop of paint on the knee.

“And why is this?” Blaine asked cheekily, rolling on to his back as Kurt climbed on to their bed beside him. Their bed, he thought again. In their room.

“Maybe because I want some extra time with my soulmate all to myself,” Kurt said coyly, his lips curled in a smirk. He propped up on his elbows, looking down at Blaine who hadn’t changed out of his sweaty v-neck and blue jeans with way more paint splatters than Kurt’s. Damn, moving in was draining.

Blaine hummed, his eyelids feeling heavy as he brought a hand up, sliding it across the back of Kurt’s neck. Maybe he could conjure up some energy and pull himself up to kiss his boyfriend, but his muscles thought otherwise. Why did couches weigh so much? And why did they have to live on the third floor?

Right then, Kurt yawned. Loud and with a little head shake. “God, I’m sore.”

“Me too.”

“But it’s only nine o’clock!” Kurt glanced at their alarm clock--one of the few items they actually got
set up in their room today. That, their bed, a dresser they agreed to share, and a mirror set against a wall. Everything else was still in boxes, waiting for another day. “The night is still—” he yawned again, failing to stifle it, “young.”

“We had a long flight,” Blaine pointed out, continuing to run his hand along the back of Kurt’s neck. “And Rachel decided once we arrived would be the perfect time to begin decorating.”

“I swear, she doesn’t understand that even males have limited stamina.”

“But you still love her.”

“But I still love her,” Kurt sighed, smiling contently. He was leaning into Blaine’s touch, his elbows giving out until he was laying on the bed right up against Blaine, sharing the pillow with him. “I love you, too.”

Blaine chuckled, tilting his head and seeing Kurt’s brilliant blue eyes stare up at him, his eyelids also struggling to stay open. He smiled widely. “Love you back, sweetheart.”

L.A. wouldn’t have given him this. Wouldn’t let him see Kurt’s dimples show from those words or the way even after over a year of dating blush would rise on his cheeks. How he’s now promised to wake up next to this face every morning and kiss him goodnight before they fall asleep together. New York didn’t even give him this, really.

His eyes flitted to the black letters on Kurt’s right hand, now resting at Blaine’s shoulder. No, New York didn’t technically give him this, he remembered. He wetted his lips and said, “Can I ask you something?”

Kurt nodded, his brief moments of closing his eyes growing longer and longer.

“If...Marks never existed,” Blaine started, saying his words carefully. He’d wondered this before, of course. “If we lived in a world where no one knew their soulmates and we just had to choose for ourselves or whatever.” He hesitated, unaware that his own hand, the one with his Mark, had reached to find Kurt’s right hand. “Would you still choose me?”

His boyfriend studied him, not responding at first and making Blaine fear that maybe he had said something wrong. What kind of silly question was that, anyway? A world without Marks. He still kept eye contact with him, however, biting his lip and feeling his face flush.

“Always,” Kurt said. “And a hundred times more.”

A smile appeared with an exhale, his body relaxing. Why he had worried, Blaine had no idea. He was grinning uncontrollably, causing Kurt to giggle and snuggle closer against him.

“Remember, Rachel still has the chance of being distracted.” Kurt told him.

“And not returning for the next few hours?”

“Yes, and I was thinking…”

“Yeah?”

“Could we…”

“Mhmm?”

“Take a nap together?”
“Oh, my god, yes. I love you, yes.”

They drifted off quickly, their limbs tangled in order to keep each other close. Snoring and nuzzling noses into crooks of necks and possibly drooling on someone’s shoulder (although Kurt would never admit to it). Enclosed in one another’s arms in a safe little world they called “home.”

The End.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, it's really the end! I was almost reluctant for it to be over, I had so much fun writing this story and even got excited getting to write the next part. I hope you enjoyed the story as much as I did creating it. Thank you, thank you, thank you to everyone who has read, reviewed, and stayed with it until the end. I cannot say it enough, thank you! :)

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