**Delivery for Matchmaker**

by Marley93

**Summary**

Kurt hates his parttime job as a pizza courier for a lousy pizzaria. But hey, it brings in the much-needed money for that fabulous D&C bag he wants. Plus, it gives Rachel the chance to try and do some good for her friend.

**Notes**

I know Kurt would probably never take a job as a pizza courier, but for the sake of my amusement, he did. I'm very very rusty (again, I know), so forgive me for technical mistakes. I came across this plot idea on Pinterest, and just ran with it.

“Kurt! Eyes off your phone, now! Got a delivery, and they request you!”

With a sigh, Kurt locked his phone and slid it into his pocket. “Yeah, coming,” he said, acknowledging his manager's call without much enthusiasm. He really wasn't looking forward to delivering pizzas on his bike with nothing but a neon yellow raincoat to protect him against the pouring rain that was going on outside. Why hadn't he applied for a job at the Lima Bean Cafe? At least then he'd been warm and dry. Not trying to dry up next to a pizza oven in between deliveries.

Too bad they hadn't been hiring at the time he was looking for a job. His father was... wary of him helping out in the shop, ever since Kurt had suggested they remodel the garage. Or at least make it...
look a bit cleaner. How could Kurt ever be expected to find something if his father couldn't even explain where it was in the first place? Organized chaos, he called it.

Kurt just called it a mess.

Honestly, if it hadn't been for that amazing Dolce and Gabbana spring collection the magazines kept gushing about, Kurt wouldn't even have the need for a job. But he really wanted one of the bedazzled handbags he'd seen on the runway pages of last month's Vogue. He needed it.

So he needed money. And thus, a job.

As Kurt grabbed the bag with the pizzabox in it, he glanced outside. In his head, he bemoaned his fate a little more.

Why would people consciously send him to cycle through this weather? Why couldn't they just order from Pete's Pizzas? At least those deliveries were made by car. He would definitely order from Pete's Pizzas.

That had absolutely nothing to do with the cute guy who delivered the pizzas at Rachel's house a couple of weeks ago. They'd been having a sleepover with Mercedes, and Rachel had insisted they order from that specific place.

“They make the best pizza's Kurt,” Rachel had gushed. “Better than that place you work at. They use fresh ingredients, and have actual vegan toppings... Oh, and they deliver the food in electric cars! They're a very green company, all in all!”

Kurt, who had already figured out that a lot of restaurants made better pizzas than the one he worked at, didn't need much convincing. Besides, if a colleague of his delivered the pizza and saw that he was staying over at a place with two girls and no-one else... Well, he knew by now that those rumors could go either way, and he preferred neither.

By the time the doorbell rang, all three teens had gone to answer. Mercedes and Rachel took the pizzas, while Kurt paid the delivery boy.

The very handsome delivery boy who had instantly changed Kurt's appetite for something else than pizza.

“Uh... here,” Kurt had stammered, pressing far too much money into the boy's hand, pretending he didn't feel his face heat up when their hands made contact. “Keep the change. It's fine.”

The delivery boy had smiled brilliantly, revealing a set of very white, very straight teeth. “Thanks!” he'd said. “That's very generous of you.”

Kurt had just nodded and stared, drinking in the way the boy's eyes crinkled when he smiled. And how beautiful their color was. Like molten amber.

“Kurt, come on!” Rachel – of course – had pulled at his arm, snapping Kurt out of the trance just before it would get creepy. “We're hungry, let's go eat. Thanks for the speedy delivery, um...?”

“Blaine,” the boy had answered, still smiling widely at Kurt. “Thanks again. Kurt.” With a last wave at the girls, and an extra smile at Kurt, he'd turned around and headed back to the car.

No, Kurt decided. It had definitely nothing to do with that guy. Nothing at all.

Kurt checked the receipt to see where he'd have to go, and swore under his breath. “Rachel, you
sadistic little hag,” he hissed, recognizing the address as his friend's. Why would she do this to him? She knew he had to work; he'd told her so when he had to refuse coming over to her place to practice some dance moves for Regionals. She hadn't been pleased... Was this her way of paying him back? She didn't even like the pizzaria!

He was sorely tempted to either spit on the pizza, or drop it on the wet driveway when she opened the door for him.

Still contemplating the best way to get revenge, Kurt pulled the hood of his jacket over his head in an attempt to shield his hair from the rain, and stepped outside. He made quick work of shoving the pizza in his saddlebag, and jumped onto his bike, figuring he'd get less wet if he pedaled harder.

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“Regular Pepperoni up for delivery!”

Blaine started to get up, but Arnold, one of his colleagues, shook his head and left his seat at the canteen table. “I'll take this one, you finish your... whatever it is you're drinking.”

Blaine grinned at Arnold's wrinkled nose. “It's just a smoothie,” he said, holding up the glass with a thick, green substance in it. “I told you, you can try it if you want. It's really good! Especially with this weather outside.”

“Spinach shouldn't be in any kind of drink,” Arnold said, shaking his head. He headed to the counter, where the pizza was waiting to be delivered.

As Blaine took another sip from his smoothie, he felt a tap on his shoulder. Looking around, he saw Arnold holding out the bag with the pizza in it. “I think you should take this one, actually,” he said, a shit-eating grin on his face.

Blaine narrowed his eyes in suspicion. “Why?” he asked, getting up so he could read the receipt. “Who is it for?”

“Isn't this where that crush of yours lives?” Arnold smirked. “Tiny girl, even shorter than you-” he avoided a smack against the head, “dark hair, looking really eager...”

“She's not my crush,” Blaine said, a bit snappier than necessary. “Cut it out, Arnold.” He looked at the address again, and rubbed his neck. Maybe, if he was lucky... “I'll take this one,” he said. “No,” he added immediately after that, because Arnold had already opened his mouth to continue his relentless teasing. “No, I do not have a crush on her. She's not... my type.” Blaine shook his head and grabbed the pizzabox and his jacket, pushing past his colleague.

“Take your time!” Arnold said, coming after Blaine as he opened the back door of the restaurant and started to run to the car, head ducked against the downpour of rain. “Earn that tip, man!”

Blaine, knowing exactly what he meant, flipped him off from behind the wheel, and pulled out of the parking space.

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Why his boss had to skimp on buying proper rainjackets for his delivery boys, Kurt had no idea. What he did know, was that he was soaked from head to toe, shivering from the cold by the time he rang the doorbell at Rachel's house. He might as well ditch the hideous jacket. In fact, he might as well ditch the stupid job. By the time he'd have earned enough to buy the handbag he wanted, it would be out of season anyway. It wasn't worth this trouble.
Sniffling and muttering insults to his friend, who was taking her sweet time to answer the damn door, Kurt rang the doorbell a second time. “Rachel, I know you’re in there! Open up, it's horrible out here!” he yelled.

“Kurt?”

Kurt froze with his finger on the doorbell. He looked around, and felt his cheeks heat up.

In front of him, clad in the red-and-green clothes from Pete’s Pizzaria, looking absolutely confused, stood Blaine.

“Oh,” Kurt said dumbly. “It’s you.” His eyes slid down to the box Blaine was holding, and he frowned. “With a pizza.”

“Um... yeah,” Blaine said, giving the box a slight shake. “We got an order for a pepperoni pizza from this address. You?”

“Vegetarian,” Kurt said, feeling a mix of anger and embarrassment bubble up inside of him. “I'm going to-”

“You can stop ringing, Kurt, god,” Rachel’s voice cut him off at the same time as she pushed Kurt’s finger off the doorbell. “I've been standing here for like ten seconds, if either of you noticed. Oh, good, you got the pizzas Finn and I ordered.” She was smiling broadly, looking from Kurt to Blaine. The latter still looked utterly confused.

“I'm sorry, but why...” he started.

“What the hell, Rachel!” Kurt snapped, pushing the pizzabox he was holding into his friend's arms. “You could have ordered both pizzas at that place, you don't even like ours! And neither does Finn!”

He gestured at his own form. “Look at me, I'm soaked! I'm never going to get warm again, and I'll probably get sick, thanks to- whatever weird urge you had to make you order from two different places!”

“Yes, but-”

“Even my underwear is soaked!” Kurt went on, his voice shrill with anger. “Do you realize I still have four hours of work ahead of me? I can't take a shower for four more hours, Rachel! You-”

“Kurt, shut up for a moment!” Rachel snapped, taking the pizza from Blaine, who nervously kept an eye on Kurt. “Thank you. Here, keep the change- Kurt, I did it for your own good!”

“My own good?!” Kurt stared at Rachel, figuring she finally must have lost it. The stress about Regionals had finally broken her. “My own good?! How is getting sick my own good?”

“Oh hush, your vitamin game has never been stronger, and don't think I don't know you steam twice a week,” Rachel said, not looking impressed. “You won't get sick. No, I mean... Look!” She gestured at both boys in front of her, smiling broadly. “Now you two can talk properly! Do you really think I didn't notice how you were looking at each other when he delivered the pizzas for our sleepover? You've been gushing about him for weeks after, but I knew you'd never have the guts to ring up the place and ask about him.”

Kurt wanted to be swallowed by a hole in the ground. He groaned and buried his face in his hands.

“Wait...” Blaine said slowly. “Look, all this is very... nice, I suppose, but...”
“I told you, Rachel, you can’t just put people on the spot like that,” Kurt interrupted him, looking at his friend with a scolding expression on his face. “Even if he would be playing for that team, which he obviously isn't, judging by how uncomfortable you just made him, you have no business just...” he made a vague gesture with his hands. “Putting him on the spot like that.”

“Wait, hang on,” Blaine said, drawing Kurt's attention back to him. “What do you mean I'm obviously not playing for that team?” He crossed his arms over his chest. “I do play for that team.”

Kurt blinked. “You...You're...?”

“I'm gay, yeah,” Blaine said, sounding almost defensive. “And to be honest, I do appreciate that your friend set this up, because I...” he flushed, but pressed on. “I think you're- you're cute. And nice.”

“Well, you didn't have to cycle through this weather,” Kurt huffed. “Wait, did you just say you think I'm cute?”

There was a pregnant silence, which was broken by the click of the door falling in its lock as Rachel closed it, retreating now that she considered her job done.

Kurt stared at Blaine, and Blaine steadily looked back, the corners of his mouth twitching with the beginning of a smile. “Why don't we go back to my car?” he suggested. “We can toss the bike in the back, I can drive you back to...” he looked at the logo on Kurt's jacket. “Eat My Crust? Really?”

“Shut up,” Kurt huffed, although he couldn't help but smile at the suggestion. “Fine. Thank you.”

“No problem,” Blaine said brightly, beating Kurt to his bike and picking it up with ease. “Maybe I can even help you warm up a little, if that's okay with you.” He winked and started to walk towards the car.

Kurt stared at Blaine's back, and then kicked himself into motion, running after him to help him hoist the bike in the car.

He was more than okay with getting warmed up by Blaine.

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