Unlock My Heart

by xcaellachx

Summary

At age 16, a Mark appears on the wrist. A key means you are a Dom. A lock means you are a sub. A handshake or brush of the fingers will lead you to your soulmate. Kurt must adjust his way of seeing things in order to live up to the Mark he's been given. He is intent on living up to his own standards and nobody else's, no matter what. His soulmate has other ideas. Soulmate and D/s A/U, Klaine, Kelliot, very brief Kurtbastian.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

Prologue

Kurt woke up on his sixteenth birthday to a stinging pain on his wrist. He’d been expecting it and knew what it was, so he didn’t bother to look. He snuggled back into his pillow, keeping his wrist out so it wouldn’t sting from rubbing on the material.

Everyone in the world, on their sixteenth birthday, received the Soul Mark. It was a way to not only know if the person was Dominant or submissive, it was the way one would eventually find their soulmate. The Soul Mark was a tattoo-like black band that encircled the right wrist. Everyone got the black band. Under the wrist is where things differed. On the inside of the wrist, one would either get a skeleton key or a padlock. The people with a skeleton key were Dominants or Doms. The people with a padlock were submissives or subs. The marks looked real, like the key or lock was right there. The best tattoos didn’t look as good. Everyone experienced a change to their mark upon meeting their Soulmate. The black band around the wrist would adopt white letters spelling out the Soulmate’s name. If you were a sub, your mark would change again once you were claimed by your Dom. At first the Mark was the padlock, but it isn’t ‘locked’, the lock is open. When you were claimed by a Dom, typically through sex or a deep and true admission of love, the padlock would change and close. This would indicate that the sub is claimed and not to be talked to or touched by anyone unless given permission to by the Dom.

Soulmates were the most important thing in society. The fear of prison or retaliation kept people from harming Soulmates, especially subs.

Subs were cherished and loved by their Doms. They were cared for and most times pampered. In return, the sub supported and encouraged their Dom, served them, made themselves available at any time for sexual intercourse or anything else the Dom wanted or needed. Subs were never abused as it would physically and mentally scar the Dom for the rest of their life. The few cases of sub abuse were dealt with by the death penalty, fatal retaliation from the subs family, or even suicide. However, though abuse wasn’t tolerated, punishment was not just tolerated but expected. Subs were to behave in a manner set forth by their Dom. If they misbehaved, they were to be chastised. Chastisements were anything from lectures to ‘grounding’ to spankings and in extreme behavior problems, whipped.

From the age of sixteen forward, everyone was on the lookout for their Soulmate. Every day you would see people shaking hands, touching fingers, even the not-so-subtle high five. It was known that once you touched the hand of your Soulmate, you would find their name written into your band. If you met your Soulmate before the age of eighteen, you were free to move in with your Dom and their family or just the Dom. No permission was needed from the parents. Even if the sub was unwilling or scared for some reason, they were still to follow where their Dom went. Banks would grant home loans to Soulmates under eighteen, though you were likely to have interest rates through the roof. Most underage Soulmates stayed with the Dom’s family until high school graduation or age eighteen, whichever came first.

Kurt had been looking forward to getting his Mark because most of his friends already had theirs. They were treated differently, like they were more mature or worldly because they’d received their
Mark. After you received your Mark, your school classes would change. Before then, everyone learned together. After the sixteenth birthday, everyone was separated by Dom or sub. The classes then aimed the lessons specifically tuned for the group they were teaching. Doms would learn everything from Emotional States of Subs to Punishing Through Love to Sexual Education for Doms. Subs, on the other hand, had classes from Cleaning: From Linoleum to Hardwood, Cooking For the Finicky Dom, and Pleasing Your Dom In and Out of Bed. These kinds of classes were paired with the normal reading and writing. Most subs went to college as well, though the class offerings were different. Once claimed, a sub would need explicit permission from their Dom in order to go to college. Most claimed subs didn’t attend college, but stayed home in order to please their Dom.

Kurt knew he would send his sub to college if the sub wanted to. For the subs benefit, not his own. He intended to be a good Dom, treating his sub with love, fairness and as much equality as he could. The laws didn’t allow for equality across the board. But behind closed doors, he could treat his sub as he would want to be treated. Unlike most Doms, he would never require his sub to call him Master or Sir, he thought it was demeaning. His name was Kurt and that’s what he wanted his sub to call him. He wouldn’t expect lovemaking until the sub was completely ready. Hell, he wasn’t even ready for sex, why would he expect his sub to be? As for punishing, that would just never happen. It was sick and cruel to spank your sub just for making a small mistake. What happened to compromise? If a sub didn’t sleep well and was in a bad mood, why should he be punished twice? Once for showing a bad mood and once for not sleeping well. Yes, if a sub didn’t allow adequate time for sleep, they were punished. It was ridiculous, all the rules that were set forth for subs. He would be a different and new kind of Dom.

“Hey Kurt! You awake son?” Burt called from downstairs.

“Yeah, Dad,” Kurt replied loudly.

“Get your Mark yet?” his dad continued to yell.

“Yeah, Dad,” Kurt repeated.

“Okay, well, your birthday breakfast will be ready in a few minutes, bud. If your Mark is sore, rub some aloe on it,” Burt said.

“Thanks, Dad. I’m gonna take a shower, then I’ll be down!” Kurt smiled at the conversation. They could hold long talks simply by hollering at each other across the house from each other. He also appreciated how his dad hadn’t insulted him by asking what his Mark was. They both knew Kurt was a Dom, just like his dad was.

He got out of bed and stretched, groaning at the feeling of his back popping. Opening his closet, he got out the outfit he’d already picked out. Black skinny jeans, light blue tee, gray vest. He was wearing a t-shirt so his Mark would be readily visible. He, Puck, and Mike were going out for a Dom’s lunch during school. Words couldn’t express how excited he was to finally get on with his life. The Mark made everything possible. Even finding his Soulmate.

In the shower, he shampooed and conditioned his hair before taking a loofah to the rest of him. He was running the loofah down his right arm when he turned his wrist over, pride stretching a smile across his face. Looking at his Mark, he dropped his loofah.

What was supposed to be a skeleton key, was a very noticeable padlock, open and waiting for a Dom Soulmate to claim him.

What? What the hell was this? Kurt thought. How? Why? He was a Dom! He always had been! He
was a take charge kind of guy, he was comfortable giving instructions and having them followed. He had a ton of ideas and opinions on everything and people listened to him. How the hell could he be a sub?

Unbidden, tears began streaming down his face, mixing with the water from the shower. His life was over. Kurt slid down the side of the shower, sitting on the floor with the hot spray hitting him in the chest. Forget things like the Dom lunch he’d had planned. Forget the fact that his school schedule was going to change. Forget all of that. This mark, this gray and black padlock signified that someone out there had the power to make Kurt do whatever they wanted. Whether Kurt wanted to or not, he would be stuck obeying someone else, hell, everyone else, for the rest of his life.

He didn’t know how long he sat there, the water slowly cooling. His skin was pruning but he couldn’t bring himself to care.

“Kurt! You gonna use up the last of the hot water? Get your butt out and get downstairs!” his dad called to him.

“Yes Dad!” Kurt yelled and automatically stood, turned the water off, and got out to dry himself off. He was halfway dressed when he realized what had just happened.

“No,” he groaned, new tears falling. He’d received his first order as a sub and his body had acted on autopilot, eager to obey. This was how the rest of his life was going to go. Obeying someone else. Bowing to their every whim.

His life was over.
Chapter 2

One year later…

When Kurt turned seventeen, he realized it was also the first anniversary of his life as a sub. His father had been just as surprised as he was when he’d come downstairs that fateful day.

“Dad,” Kurt cried, coming into the kitchen.

“What is it, bud?” Burt asked, seeing the shock and horror on his son’s face.

“Look! It was supposed to be a key. Not a lock! A key!” Kurt said insistently.

Burt looked at the outstretched arm and couldn’t believe he was seeing a padlock on his son’s pale skin. Everyone who knew Kurt had been so sure he would be a Dom. You could watch his behavior and practically see the definition of Dom. But not according to the mark.

Burt pulled his trembling son into his arms. “I’m sorry, bud. This must be a huge shock to you. I’m certainly surprised. But you’ll get used to it. It’s not a bad thing.”

Kurt pulled away to look at his dad. “Not a bad thing? Are you serious? My life as I know it is over, Dad. People will be bossing me around until the day I die. How can that possibly be a good thing?”

“Settle down, son. It isn’t bad, just different. When you meet your soulmate, it will be so much easier for you. Believe it or not, you will be happy to be guided through life by someone who loves you,” Burt said.

Kurt was irritated that his father had told him to settle down, which he did, against his will. He couldn’t even show his real emotions, someone would always tell him to stop.

“How would you feel if you had someone telling you what you could or couldn’t do? I will never be glad to be ‘guided’,” Kurt said. He pulled back from his dad. “You don’t understand.”

“Hey, now, I’m willing to try. I may not be a sub, but I was married to one. We’ll educate ourselves on the typical sub’s life. Then you will see there is nothing to worry about.”

Despite his father’s insistence that he would get used to the idea of being a sub, he hadn’t. The day after he got his mark, he had gone to school wearing gloves. He’d hoped that he could fly under the radar without anyone seeing his mark. Not so much. Karofsky and Azimio had cornered him and ripped his gloves off. They had then used him as a ping pong ball and shoved him back and forth between the two, telling him he needed to obey them and just kill himself.

Luckily, Mr. Schue, the glee club leader, had walked by. Karofsky and Azimio were judged guilty for abusing a sub and were expelled from school. That was the only thing positive that came out of Kurt being a sub.

Thanks to those asses, however, all of his classmates then knew what he was. As much as he’d been friends with the Doms in glee, they quickly found reasons why they couldn’t hang out. Kurt was devastated. He hadn’t noticed the subtle difference between how Doms and subs were treated by their peers. Now he was grouped with the subs of glee, Tina, Sugar, and Joe.

After that first day, he went into a deep depression. A couple weeks after he got his mark, hoping to break him out of his funk, his dad had arranged with a coworker from the garage for Kurt to spend a
weekend with him and his sub. Kurt only agreed to go to make his dad happy because he knew his dad was worried. He should have turned down the offer. Spending the weekend with Mark and Julie was like living a nightmare. Julie tried to take Kurt under her wing, but he couldn’t listen to how happy she was when her Dom ruled over her. Mark told Julie what to do, what to wear, what to eat. He told her what to cook for dinner, when to go to bed – she had to go to bed earlier than her husband. Kurt couldn’t see how Julie could be happy, all he could see was her being treated like she was a child, like she couldn’t make up her own mind. Seriously, telling her what to wear? Kurt knew it would be a cold day in hell the day he let someone else tell him what to wear.

After that idea tanked, it took six months before Kurt finally started coming back to himself. Well, back to his new self. He fought against every submissive trait he saw in himself. He deliberately disobeyed his dad and his teachers. His father stopped trying to push him to accept who he was and his new station in life. That helped Kurt relax.

There were several incidents where Kurt spoke out against Doms ruling over their subs. That came about from watching Tina and Mike discover they were Soulmates. Tina had been dating Artie. But one day Tina and Mike were paired up to dance. The moment they touched hands, they cried out. The glee club went quiet and watched as the two looked at each other with new eyes. They’d kissed passionately and ended up sitting in the back of the room quietly for the rest of the hour.

The next day, Tina didn’t come to school. Kurt had asked if she was okay and Mike said that she was fine, but wouldn’t be returning to school.

“Why not?” Kurt had asked, horrified.

“Honestly, I don’t owe you an explanation,” Mike had said coolly. “But I made the decision that she would be safer at home and she’d get a better education if she were home schooled.” Soulmates would move in as soon as they’d found each other.

“How is it fair to take her away from her friends and shut her away?” Kurt argued.

“She will have allotted times to socialize. Really, though, Kurt, this is none of your business,” Mike said, using a stern voice.

Kurt had taken it farther by going to the principal and insisting that Tina should be allowed to be in school where her friends were. His dad was called in and he’d gotten lectured about staying out of Soulmate’s personal business. Mike was so pissed after that, it was three months before Kurt was invited over to have tea with Tina. She was no longer allowed coffee, another travesty that Kurt couldn’t understand. Tina told Kurt it had taken time to adjust to not being around her friends every day, but she was happy because she was with her Soulmate. He saw her mark and was surprised that it was a locked padlock. That meant that she’d been fully claimed. She just blushed and changed the subject when Kurt had asked her about it.

Kurt was withdrawn and surly, never wanting to talk about Soulmates. He knew things would change once he met his Soulmate, so he was determined to never meet him.

Kurt continued to wear his favorite gray leather gloves and refused to touch anyone. He slowly started telling people he was a germaphobe so nobody would try to touch him. When he went to get coffee at the Lima Bean, he would slide his money or card across the counter so he didn’t have to touch the cashier. He always waited until they set his coffee down before picking it up. He wouldn’t even touch women, he was taking no chances. People eventually stopped trying to shake his hand or touch his arm. The girls in glee stopped hugging him. Kurt wouldn’t tolerate any touching. He couldn’t find his Soulmate if he didn’t touch anyone. That was perfectly fine by him. No Soulmate meant nobody running his life. He didn’t care if meeting his Soulmate could be the happiest moment
in his life. He would be happier staying independent.

When Junior year ended, Kurt began making plans for his summer vacation. He was starting work on a fashion line that he would eventually submit to Parson’s in New York. That was where he wanted to go to college. Every day after school, he went to the Lima Bean to sit and sketch designs.

He would watch people as they went about their lives. People open to touching someone else on that off chance that he or she was their Soulmate. He could barely hold in his sneers at the sickening lovey-dovey displays that would go on between newly found Soulmates.

One afternoon, Kurt went up to the counter at the Lima Bean and ordered his second coffee. The barista slid his change across, she was used to Kurt’s odd ways. The quarters balanced on the dollar bills slid off and fell to the floor. Kurt turned around to pick them up when he saw a familiar face. The gold eyes with their funny triangle eyebrows twinkled at him.

“Here you go,” the young man said, holding out the change.

“Oh, um, thanks, but just go ahead and drop that into the tip jar, if you don’t mind,” Kurt stammered. He quickly walked down to the pick-up area.

He always blushed when he saw the private school student. He went to Dalton Academy in Westerville, Kurt had overheard him telling the barista that the week before.

Kurt had first noticed him a couple weeks ago. He was maybe an inch or so shorter than Kurt with gorgeous black hair that was gelled down into a stiff helmet. Kurt couldn’t help but appreciate his well muscled arms and his perky ass.

They always seemed to be at the Lima Bean at the same time of day. Kurt had ignored the young man’s smiles at first. But now, he would return the smile, usually with a hot blush on his face.

Based on the boy’s mannerisms, Kurt was guessing he was a sub, though he wouldn’t take a chance by touching him. Not that somebody that gorgeous would be his Soulmate.

Two weeks later, Kurt was busily sketching when he heard a discreet cough. Looking up, he saw the private school boy smiling down at him.

“Hi, I’m Blaine,” he said.


“It’s nice to meet you, Kurt,” Blaine said, holding out his hand.

Kurt turned even more red. “I’m sorry, I don’t shake hands. Germs and all,” he said.

“Oh, no problem. Mind if I sit?” Blaine asked.

“Um, okay, sure,” Kurt said.

“I figure we’ve seen each other here often enough, we might as well meet,” Blaine said with a smile as he sat.


“What are you drawing?” he asked, looking at Kurt’s sketch pad.
“I’m working on a fashion line,” Kurt said shyly.

“Really? That’s great! Is it just because or are you some famous designer that I’m going to hate myself for not knowing?” Blaine winked.

“I’m, um, going to be submitting it to design colleges in the fall,” Kurt admitted. “Parson’s in particular.”

“Parson’s. Like on Project Runway?” Blaine asked with a surprised smile.

Kurt nodded.

“Kurt, that’s fantastic! How exciting. Wouldn’t it be cool if Tim Gunn was your teacher?” Blaine said, practically bouncing in his chair with excitement.

“That would be a dream come true,” Kurt admitted, smiling at Blaine’s enthusiasm. “Are you graduating next year too?”

Blaine nodded with a grin. “Yeah. I’m going to try and get into NYU. I want to be a music teacher.” He leaned toward Kurt, who, in reflex, sat back. “I’d prefer to get signed to a recording studio just between the two of us,” he said.

“Do you sing, then?” Kurt asked.


“Oh my gosh, we competed against you, didn’t we? I’m in the New Directions at McKinley,” Kurt told him.

“Yeah, you guys went up against us at regional’s and kicked our butts,” Blaine said good-naturedly.

“We did, didn’t we?” Kurt said with a twinkle in his eye. “We won Nationals, too.”

“Congratulations. That is wonderful! You must be so proud,” he said.

“We are pretty happy. Having a national championship trophy cuts down on the slushy facials in the hallway,” Kurt said.

“Slushy facials?” Blaine questioned.

“Yeah, the jocks like to get cherry slushies and throw them in our faces,” Kurt said, shaking his head.

“What the hell!? Has it happened to you?” Blaine asked, a hard edge to his voice.

“Oh yeah. All the time. I usually carry two spare outfits with me on a typical day. That way if I get thrown in the dumpster and get a slushy, I will be able to change,” Kurt said, sketching and not noticing the glacial expression on Blaine’s face.

“And does the staff do anything?” Blaine wanted to know.

Kurt snorted. “Of course not. I’ve shown up in Principal Figgins office covered in slushy and he didn’t do anything about it. He said it wasn’t on the list of actions that came with punishments. You get used to it eventually. Maybe not the stinging in the eyes, but you’re able to handle cold a lot better after getting hit so many times,” he said.
Blaine’s jaw was clenched and his hands were shaking.

Kurt looked up and looked at him questioningly. “What’s the matter?”

“Kurt, that shouldn’t be allowed!”

“Yeah, well, a lot of things shouldn’t be allowed but are anyway,” Kurt said, shrugging.

“Doesn’t it make you mad?” Blaine asked.

“It used to. Now I just deal with it and move on. Speaking of moving on, I need to get going. I have to go work for my dad for a few hours,” Kurt said, packing his sketch pad into his messenger bag.

“Oh, okay. Well, any chance you want to be here at the same time tomorrow?” Blaine asked, a small smile on his full lips.

“I suppose I could be,” Kurt said shyly.

“Great. I’ll just happen to be here, too, around eleven,” Blaine said, grinning now.

“Okay. Bye, Blaine,” he said.

“Bye, Kurt,” Blaine said, waving.

For the rest of that week, they met up at the Lima Bean every day at eleven. They discussed their family lives. Blaine had one older brother, Cooper, who was eight years older. The topic of gay marriage came up and they shared their anger over it. A gay person could only get married if they were with their Soulmate. Some states were starting to allow it no matter what, but not all of them. Some people never met their Soulmates, but still found love. That was Kurt’s secret wish, though he would be happy being alone as well. They covered sports, or in Kurt’s case, the lack of sports. Fashion, Broadway, music, all spoken about over multiple cups of coffee. They shared about their friends. Blaine told him about the Soulmates Jeff and Nick and his other friends Wes, David, and Trent. Kurt told him about Rachel and Mercedes and Sam. He didn’t bring up any Soulmates, it just made him angry.

Friday found them discussing the merits of cheesecake as a dietary staple.

Kurt took his lid off his coffee and stirred it with his straw. “Breadstix has great cheesecake. Their breadsticks, however, suck,” he said with a smile.

“Well, maybe we should go there for dessert sometime,” Blaine suggested lightly.

“Maybe,” Kurt said. He scooped up some whipped cream with his straw and sucked it off.

Blaine smiled. “You’ve got, uh,” he started to say. Instead he reached over and lightly ran his finger over Kurt’s chin.

Kurt never realized that Blaine had wiped whipped cream off his face.

The two gasped at the electric sensation of Blaine’s finger on Kurt’s flesh.

All Kurt could think was NO!

Blaine’s finger seemed to burn across his skin and that burning feeling continued across his right wrist.
“No,” Kurt whispered. “No, no, no, no!” He yanked his long sleeve back and saw it as it happened. White letters popped up on his Soul band. Blaine Anderson. Blaine Anderson was his Soulmate. That meant only one thing to Kurt in his panicked state. Blaine was a Dom. Blaine was his Dom.

His eyes were wide with horror.

Dimly he heard a laugh. Looking at Blaine, he saw the boy grinning and holding out his right wrist. His wrist that now said Kurt Hummel.

“Kurt! You’re my sub!” he cried out ecstatically, his golden eyes sparkling with joy.

Shaking his head, Kurt refused to acknowledge the words. “No, no, no!” he insisted.

He stood abruptly, grabbed his bag and without a backward glance, ran out of the Lima Bean. He was in his Navigator, putting it in reverse when he looked up. He saw Blaine standing at the door of the coffee shop. Kurt barely gave a thought to the hurt look on Blaine’s face before he was racing out of the parking lot.
Kurt couldn’t believe this was happening to him. He was driving through town feeling almost paranoid that Blaine might have followed. Thinking of a safe place he could hide away for a while, he thought of his mom. Minutes later, he was pulling up to the cemetery and getting out, leaving his phone in the car. Walking to his mother’s well-loved tombstone, he sat down, tracing his fingers along her name.

“Mom,” he whispered, tears running down his face. “What am I going to do? I don’t want a Soulmate! I want a Dom even less than that! I don’t want someone to control my life, my words, hell, even my wardrobe. I remember when I went and stayed with Mark and Julie. Mom, he told her what to wear! He made her call him Sir and she told me when we were alone that when they had sex, she was supposed to call him Master. How utterly egotistical and twisted. Of course she told me that it helped put her in the right frame of mind to worship his body. Yuck! People aren’t supposed to worship other people. Hell, I don’t believe in god, Mom, but even I know that most people worship god, not man. I don’t know what to do, Mom,” he said, running his fingers down her headstone.

“I wish you were here. I know Dad didn’t treat you like a slave. I have bits and pieces of memories of you and Dad fighting. Dad never told you to back down or be quiet,” he gave a soft snort. “Hell, I think he enjoyed you being snarky. I know I got that from you. The thing is, Mom, I really liked Blaine. He was so sweet, funny, sincere. I never even thought about whether he was a Dom or sub. I was just completely comfortable in his presence. Now though, I can’t even think about him in the same way. All I can think of is how he said ‘Kurt, you’re my sub!’ He was so happy, ecstatic even. He didn’t even say Soulmate, he said sub. He automatically went to the place where he would have power. Did he think I was going to immediately drop to my knees and worship him? Is that what he wanted from me? Was I supposed to shout ‘You’re my Dom! Please, rule my life!’ I have been just fine for seventeen years. Dad has never even had to discipline me. But I’m supposed to welcome this stranger, that I barely know, into my life and start doing whatever he tells me to do? I don’t think so. It’s just not going to happen. I am no man’s servant or slave. Plain and simple. I know Dad is going to be upset that I ran off like I did, but I couldn’t help it. Oh, god, Mom, does he have power in my life now? Like Mike and Tina? Can he take me out of school without Dad’s permission? Does he have that kind of power over my life? Mom, please, help me,” Kurt said, breaking down and crying.

Kurt blew a kiss to his mom and headed back to his car. He drove home slowly, taking his time. Should he tell his dad that he’d met his Soulmate? Would his dad force him to find Blaine? He didn’t know for sure. For the time being, he would just leave things as they were. He was glad he hadn’t given Blaine his phone number. If he stayed away from the Lima Bean, it should be relatively easy to avoid Blaine.

Pulling up to his house, he sees that his dad is home, the old blue truck sitting in the driveway. Suddenly he missed his dad, missed his comforting presence. He hurried to the door and pushed it open.

“Dad, I’m home,” he called.
“Hey bud,” Burt said coming around the corner from the kitchen.

Kurt went up to his dad and hugged him fiercely. “Dad,” he sighed against his father’s strong shoulder.

“You okay, sport?” Burt asked, rubbing his back.

“I am now,” Kurt said, giving his dad one last squeeze before taking a step back.

“How was your day?” his dad asked.

“Not the best so far,” Kurt said evasively.

“Keep an open mind, son,” he said.

Kurt looked up at him. “What?”

“Hi, Kurt,” a voice came from behind his dad.

Kurt’s stomach plummeted to the floor as he recognized that voice. Blaine walked up to him, his golden eyes large and filled with a quiet joy.

“I need to go,” Kurt mumbled, his eyes filling with tears, and turned around. His hand was on the door knob when his dad’s voice stopped him.

“Kurt, you need to give the guy a chance. Hear what he has to say. You owe him that much,” Burt said, putting his hand on Kurt’s shoulder and turning him around. He pulled Kurt’s sleeve up and looked at his wrist, nodding to himself.

“Why? Why do I suddenly owe him something?” Kurt wanted to know. He looked at his father, knowing his expression gave away his feelings of betrayal.

“Regardless of how you feel about Doms and subs- which is just a fact of life – this man is your Soulmate. That is why you owe it to him to hear him out,” Burt said.

“How the hell did you even find me?” Kurt demanded.

“You are the only Hummel household in Lima,” Blaine said simply before taking a step closer.

“Kurt, please come talk to me,” he said, holding his hand out.

Kurt stared at him for a minute before stepping around him and going to sit in his father’s recliner in the living room. Blaine followed and sat across from him on the sofa.

“Thank you for giving me a chance,” Blaine said quietly.

“Thank my dad. If it wasn’t for him, you would already be out the door,” Kurt replied.

Blaine just looked at him for a long moment before nodding. “I know you’re upset, though, I don’t know why. We are Soulmates, Kurt. This is the most important and rewarding relationship you will ever be a part of.”

Kurt scoffed. “Rewarding for whom?”

Blaine tilted his head to the side, confused. “For us both. Is that not how you see a Soulmate relationship?”

“I could ask you the same thing. Have you ever been around Soulmates?” Kurt asked.
Blaine nodded. “Of course. It is a mutually beneficial, harmonious mix of two lives born to complement each other perfectly.”

Kurt stared at him for a moment, a perfectly arched brow raised in the air. “As far as I can tell, only the Dom benefits; getting a servant and sex slave.”

“You don’t think subs benefit from a Soulmate bond?” Blaine asked.

“I think I made that pretty obvious. But you obviously think there is some benefit. So why don’t you enlighten me?” Kurt said snarkily.

Blaine’s eyebrow rose. “Don’t be rude, Kurt.”

Kurt took a deep breath, refusing to acknowledge Blaine’s direction, though he felt the urge to obey deep in the pit of his stomach.

“As for the benefits, subs are taken care of by their Doms in every way. Mentally, physically, and spiritually. All of their needs are met. In return, the sub finds joy and peace in serving their Dom,” Blaine said.

Kurt could tell by Blaine’s expression that he truly believed what he was saying. “Who decided that subs need to be taken care of to that extent? As for experiencing joy and peace in serving a Dom; you’ve got to be kidding! That is the most ridiculous thing I’ve ever heard. So, you are saying, for example, that you, the Dom, babysit a sub, tell them how and what to think and feel. In return, the sub gets all giddy from being a household servant and sex slave. Oh yeah, that makes perfect sense.”

Cynicism dripped from each word.

Blaine stared at him for a long moment. “Kurt, you don’t get it at all. Subs are born with a built in need to serve their Dom as well as the need to be watched over and guided. The Dom carries the burden of making the tough life decisions so the sub doesn’t have to.” Blaine paused. “Look I can tell I’m not getting anywhere here. Can you at least give what I’ve said some thought? Take the chance that I, as your Soulmate and Dom, have your best interests at heart.”

Kurt shook his head. “I’m sorry, I just can’t buy that. I’m perfectly capable – sub or not – of making my own decisions for my life. Can you take the chance and believe that I don’t need a Dom? This is why I wear gloves. I liked you. Now, knowing I’m expected to kneel at your feet and thank you for the oxygen I breathe, I’m no longer interested. I’m sorry. I hope you can find someone to make you happy. Because it’s not going to be me.”

Blaine just smiled at him sadly. “You already make me happy, Kurt, just knowing the simple fact that you’re mine.”

Kurt gritted his teeth. “I. Am. Not. Yours! I am my own person! Why do you want to force this on me? Can’t you see this isn’t what I want?”

“It may not be what you want, but it is what you need. I’m not giving up on us,” Blaine stated. “I’m sad about this whole situation. I was ecstatic, filled with such joy. The guy I have a major crush on turns out to be my Soulmate. I got to enjoy it for less than a minute. It was the best seconds of my life so far. We should be celebrating, Kurt. Instead, I’m having to convince you to even give it thought. It breaks my heart. You know, Kurt, some Doms wouldn’t be giving you this much leeway. I have seen Dom’s tie up their subs in order to get them to cooperate.”

Kurt’s eyes widened. “So I’m supposed to be grateful that you aren’t abusing me in order to get your way? Forget this. Get out! Get out of my house and don’t come back!” Kurt yelled, his fragile
temper breaking.

“Stop yelling. Now,” Blaine told him sternly, his voice reeking of power.

Kurt’s mouth closed of its own volition. A half second passed before he realized how fast he had obeyed. With a shriek of fury, he ran out of the den and into his room, locking the door behind him. He quickly went to the stereo and turned it up. If he turned it up loud enough, he wouldn’t be able to hear Blaine if he decided to come up there and start spouting off orders. He smiled at the irony of the song that came up first on his mp3 player.

Grew up in a small town
And when the rain would fall down
I'd just stare out my window
Dreaming of what could be
And if I'd end up happy
I would pray

Trying hard to reach out
But when I tried to speak out
Felt like no one could hear me
Wanted to belong here
But something felt so wrong here
So I prayed I could break away

I'll spread my wings and I'll learn how to fly
I'll do what it takes til' I touch the sky
And I'll make a wish
Take a chance
Make a change
And breakaway
Out of the darkness and into the sun
But I won't forget all the ones that I love
I'll take a risk
After a half hour, Kurt heard his dad’s voice yelling between songs. “Blaine left Kurt, come on out now,” Burt called.

Kurt turned off the music and went downstairs to talk to his dad.

“We need to talk, son,” Burt said.

“I know. But Dad, I need you to understand, I beg you to understand. I am supposed to live the life that Blaine wants me to live. How is that fair? I want to make my own decisions,” Kurt said, pleading with his eyes.

“Kurt, if Blaine is a good Dom, which it appears he is, he will let you live the life you want as long as you are safe and well taken care of. Give him that chance,” Burt said gently.

Kurt stared at him, tears of disappointment streaking down his pale cheeks. “I’m going to bed,” he said. “Lots to think about.”

“Okay son. Oh, uh, I gave Blaine your phone number. I hope that’s okay,” Burt told him.

Kurt just shook his head and went up to his room. He was so upset, he skipped his skin care regime and just crawled in bed in his boxer briefs. Not even a minute later, his phone beeped, indicating a new text message.

Kurt didn’t want to read it. What if it was an order? The preview screen just said ‘This is Blaine’. Kurt thought for a few minutes then typed his own message.

‘Please. I just need time. Can I have a week to adjust to all of this?’

Kurt waited for a tense few minutes until he heard the beep. Slowly easing the phone open, he saw Blaine’s response.

‘Of course, my sweet Soulmate. I can do that for you. Thank you for asking so nicely.-B’

Thank you for asking so nicely? My god, the balls of this guy. He really thought Kurt said please because he was trying to be submissive of the year?

Oh well, what Blaine didn’t know couldn’t hurt Kurt. As for needing a week, well, that was just to keep Blaine away for a while until he could think of a new plan.

Kurt turned his phone off and was feeling somewhat satisfied as he drifted off to sleep.
Kurt

Kurt enjoyed his freedom every day that week. He went shopping with Mercedes, worked with his dad. His dad had been hesitant about allowing the week, but seeing the immediate change in Kurt convinced him. Kurt had jumped into his dad’s arms and thanked him profusely.

“Did you thank Blaine?” his father had asked.

Kurt looked at him, frowning. “Why would I?”

“Kurt, he’s the one who is allowing you to have this week. The least you could do is thank him,” Burt said sternly.

“I don’t have to thank him. This is my life and he was trying to take it over. I only asked for the week because I knew it would get him off my back. Why should I thank him for butting out of my life?”

“Son, you don’t seem to understand the situation you’re in. Blaine is your Soulmate and your Dom. That gives him rights in your life. Rights that I can’t do anything about. He is allowing you this week. If he didn’t, he could easily make you obey and follow his commands,” Burt told him. “If you gave in and let him in your life, you would be so much happier.”

Kurt glared at his father and for the first time was mad at him. “Why are you doing this? I thought you were on my side? Why would you willingly give your son to some guy we barely know? How do you know that I would be happier with him? What do you know about him? Oh, right. You know nothing because he just waltzed in here and claimed that I am his,” Kurt said, crossing his arms protectively around himself.

“Kurt, don’t be deliberately obtuse. Your Soul band has his name written all over it. You respond to his commands. I think that’s pretty irrefutable evidence, don’t you?” his father was getting angrier by the minute.

“I’m not being obtuse. And I refuse to accept that his name on my wrist should be the end of my freedom,” Kurt said in a harsh tone.

“Okay Kurt. I’m trying to have a civilized discussion with you and you can’t seem to cooperate. I know this will only piss you off even more, but I feel it’s necessary,” Burt said. His voice went deep, a Dominant tone which Kurt could not ignore. “Go to your room and stay there. Now.”

The Dom voice shook Kurt to his core. The submissive in him could not ignore a direct command from someone of power. It ripped through him like the words had blades that cut through his ‘self’. “Yes, sir, he said quietly. Without permission, his body turned around headed up the stairs. He wanted to fight back, to rail at his father for going Dom on him. It was unfair. If he reacted like this from a dominant person, how could he ever hope to fight Blaine’s orders.

Kurt found himself in his room wishing he could have ignore the command. No such luck.

Kurt stayed in his room all that day, only coming out when Burt called him for dinner. They didn’t speak throughout the meal. Kurt cleared the table when they were done. He loaded the dishwasher
and wiped down the counters, even going so far as sweeping and mopping the floor. Finally there was nothing left to do but return to his room.

When his dad went to bed, he stopped off at Kurt’s room and told him he could leave his room in the morning.

Kurt was relieved and he decided he would try harder in order to please his father. He couldn’t stand it when they weren’t getting along.

. . . . . .

The rest of the week passed quickly. He had made an effort to behave better and his dad told him he was proud of him. The only downside to the week was the lack of good coffee. He’d found a new coffee stand, but it wasn’t as good as the Lima Bean. He wouldn’t risk running into Blaine, so drive-thru coffee it was.

That Friday, Mercedes was over to visit. They were discussing her crush on Sam and how it was breaking her heart.

“He doesn’t even know I’m alive. How could I possibly be his Soulmate if he hasn’t even acknowledged my existence?” she said, tears in her eyes.

Kurt wrapped his arms around his best friend. “Oh, Mercedes, please don’t cry. You are fabulous and if anything I bet Sam is overwhelmed and hoping that you are his Soulmate. One of you are going to have to give in and either say something or touch at some point. Otherwise, you’ll never find out,” Kurt said, rubbing her back soothingly.

“Thank you, Kurt,” she said, sniffing. “He is so wonderful and beautiful. I just want to be in his arms, knowing everything will be fine.” She sat up, wiping her eyes with the tissue Kurt handed her.

Kurt watched as she ran her finger over the padlock on her wrist.

“Do you think I’m weak for wanting my Dom in my life?” she asked hesitantly.

“Of course not, Mercedes. You and I are different. You feel connected to your Mark. I don’t. You will be happy with Sam or whoever is your Soulmate. I could never be happy with Blaine,” he said. “By the way, are you sure he is a Dom?” Kurt asked.

“Yeah. I was sitting behind him and he put his hands behind his head and I got a good look at the skeleton key on his wrist,” she said. “I’ll be right back I want to splash some water on my face.”

“Okay,” Kurt said with a gentle smile.

As soon as she left, she quickly came back, shutting the door quietly behind her. “Kurt, please don’t freak out, but Blaine is here,” she whispered.

Kurt’s eyes went wide. “How do you know?”

“I heard your dad say ‘hey Blaine, it’s good to see you again’,” Mercedes told him.

“Oh shit. Dammit! The week is up. What if he tries to take me with him?” Kurt said, panic clear on his pale features. “What do I do?”

“Can you sneak out?” Mercedes asked, thinking quickly.

“No, I’d have to pass by the living room in order to get to the back door or the front door. Damn!”
Kurt looked around his room, hoping for a solution to present itself. He gasped and jumped up, going to his window. “That’s it! Mercedes, my room is right above the garage. If I can get to the end of the roof, I can jump onto the Navigator and get out of here,” he said, excited.

“What about me?” Mercedes wanted to know.

“You can just tell them you have to leave and that I’m in the bathroom. That will buy me some time,” Kurt said, pulling on a McKinley hooded sweatshirt and a pair of running shoes. He couldn’t care less about fashion right now.

“Okay,” she said. “Just please, be careful.”

“I will,” he said with a grin. He hugged her tightly. “Thank you for this Mercedes.”

“You’re crazy, white boy,” she muttered.

They walked to the window which Kurt opened. He crawled out onto the roof and winked at her. “Wish me luck!”

“Good luck. I’m going to wait until I see you leave before I go downstairs,” she told him.

“Sounds good! I’ll call you,” he said and moved down the slight incline on the roof. Peering over the edge, he grinned, seeing his Navigator right below him. He’d have to get on his stomach and slide backward onto the roof of his car.

Blowing Mercedes a kiss, he got on his stomach and slowly lowered his body over the edge of the roof. He went slow, not wanting to lose his grip on the shingles. Grasping the gutter, he thanked his dad for having a well-built house. Sliding the rest of the way, his feet finally touched the roof of the Navigator. He let go of the gutter and quickly looked around him. The coast was clear so he stepped onto the hood before jumping to the ground. He unlocked the car and a minute later, he was backing out of the driveway. His Navigator was quiet, so he was certain he got away without anyone noticing.

. . . . . . . .

Blaine

“Thank you for letting me come over, Mr. Hummel,” Blaine said, unable to hide his excitement. “I brought Kurt a coffee, I hope he likes it.”

“I’m sure he will. And call me Burt, kid. I would like to talk to you for a minute if you don’t mind,” Burt said, nodding toward the living room.

“Sure,” Blaine said. He glanced longingly up the stairs, knowing his beautiful Soulmate was up there somewhere. The last week had been hell, not being able to see his other half. His heart ached with the need to claim his love. Hopefully, now that the adjusting period had passed, he could be with Kurt openly and start their lives together.

He and Burt sat in the living room, absently watching the football game on TV until a commercial came on. Burt shut the TV off and turned to Blaine.

“I need to know what your plan is for my boy. I know by law, you can have him move in with you. Is that something you planned to do?” Burt asked.

Blaine beamed at the thought of living with Kurt. To wake up every day to those stunning blue eyes.
Be able to run his fingers through chestnut hair. He mentally laughed at himself. He was so far gone over his boy it was crazy.

“Well, I had actually been thinking I’d have him join me at Dalton for his senior year. Before we’d discovered we are Soulmates, Kurt was telling me about the bullying he was dealing with in school. He said the top two offenders were expelled when they hurt him after his Mark came out. I couldn’t stand constantly being afraid for him. At least at Dalton he would be safe. There is a no bullying policy there which is held up by the staff,” Blaine told him. He had been beyond furious when he’d found out that Kurt was being bullied. Now, as his Dom, he would have every right to physically defend his sub. And he would defend him at any cost.

“Dalton, huh? Isn’t that in Westerville? Almost two hours away?” Burt asked, his heart beginning to ache at the thought of losing his boy. He’d truly lost Kurt when he and Blaine had found they were Soulmates. Technically, by law, Blaine could have taken his son with him that day. But Blaine was kind and had allowed Kurt extra time. He had a feeling there would be no more time allotted for ‘adjusting’. Kurt was not going to be happy. Especially if he was being moved away from his dad and all of his friends.

“Yes, Dalton is in Westerville. Kurt would live with me in the Soulmate dormitory. The rooms there are like small apartments. He could decorate it any way he’d like. We could come back every other weekend to visit,” Blaine said. He was sure Kurt would love to decorate their new home. He had already put in the Soulmate dorm request. There was no way he’d miss that opportunity.

“Why every other weekend?” Burt asked, his eyes narrowing.

“Well, sir, to be honest, I’d like to be able to visit my own family,” Blaine said.

Burt’s features relaxed. “Okay, I guess that seems reasonable. When does your dorm open?”

“Just a little over a month. It’s for the kids whose parents need to travel or work. Was there anything else? I’m really excited to see Kurt,” Blaine said. He was trying to be patient, but he wanted to be near Kurt, wanted to see him and touch him, make sure he was okay. Knowing Kurt wasn’t close by all week had led to sleepless nights as he worried about his love.

“Mr. Hummel?” Mercedes said as she stepped into the room.

“Hi Mercedes, what’s up? Where is Kurt?” Burt asked, looking around her for Kurt.

“Can I talk to you for a minute?” she said quietly, not meeting either man’s eyes.

“Sure, come on let’s go to the kitchen,” he said.

When they got to the kitchen, Mercedes finally looked at him, her eyes sparkling with tears. “Mr. Hummel, I told Kurt I would lie for him, but it doesn’t feel right.”

Burt’s stomach sank, but he nodded. “That is the sub instinct, Mercedes. Your submissive side demands honesty. What did Kurt want you to lie about?”

“Kurt’s gone,” Mercedes said. “He climbed out of the window in his room.”

“What?” came a hard voice behind them.

Blaine was standing there, his face gone pale. “Did you say Kurt is gone? Where to?” he demanded.

“Um. I don’t know. He didn’t tell me,” Mercedes said.
“Probably because Kurt knew she’d have to tell the truth. Shit,” Burt said.

Blaine sank onto a stool at the breakfast bar. Tears streamed down his face. “Kurt is so eager to be rid of me that he escapes out a window? Why can’t he just let me love him?”

“He’s too headstrong,” Burt said quietly.

“All I want to do, all I’ve ever wanted to do, is spend my life loving him. Before we met, I felt like I was just living half a life, knowing I wouldn’t be whole until I found him. Now that I know him, I just want to make him happy. I know I’m a Dom and I’m supposed to be strong, but Kurt constantly rejecting me hurts. What can I do?”

Burt and Mercedes shared a glance.

“I better go. I’ll talk to Kurt for you, Blaine, if you want,” Mercedes offered.

“No, please just continue being his friend. He needs friends. Thank you, Mercedes,” Blaine said.

“Thank you for being honest,” Burt added. He walked her to the door and waited for her to get in her car before returning to the kitchen.

Blaine spoke with his head in his hands. “I’ve known I was a Dom my whole life. All I’ve ever wanted to do is find my Soulmate, my sub. I’ve daydreamed of taking care of him, providing for him, giving him anything he needs. I’ve saved all of my money, every penny was put into a savings account so when I finally met my Soulmate, I would have the means to support him. For birthdays, I asked for money so I could save it for him. When Kurt and I connected, I was ecstatic. I couldn’t believe that all my dreams were coming true and with someone I had already come to care for. I knew I was the luckiest man alive. Then Kurt ran and denied me and now he’s jumping out windows to get away from me. What have I done wrong? How can I make this better?” His voice choked off into quiet sobs.

“Should we give him more time?” Burt asked.

“I don’t know, Burt. If he is going this far, what would more time do to him? I also worry about him getting sick. We’ve all heard the stories. Subs can get ill from not being around their Dom once they’ve connected as Soulmates. His sub nature has been released, so to speak and without proper time without his Dom, he will grow weaker as time goes by,” Blaine said, fear in his heart.

“I don’t know. Kurt is pretty strong,” Burt said.

“Yes, I know he is. But in order to stay healthy, he needs to be claimed and actively dominated. You know this. Didn’t you go through this with Kurt’s mom?” he asked.

Burt nodded. “Yep. Elizabeth was a little spitfire just like Kurt. I had to lay down the law with her because she fought against her sub needs. She’d stopped sleeping and was barely eating. I had to order her to do the smallest things. She finally realized that I loved her and we were able to go forward with the claiming. I guess with Kurt you need to do the same thing,” Burt said tiredly.

“I don’t know. I worry that if give him an order like that, it would either break him or push him even further away. Then I come full circle with being concerned over his health. I don’t know what to do,” Blaine said, raising his head to look at Burt, his golden eyes showing his misery.

“I’ll talk to Kurt and then I’ll have him call you. How does that sound?” Burt offered.

Blaine nodded. “Okay. Thanks Burt.”
As Blaine drove home, he couldn’t fight the feeling of desolation and even anger. He may have to risk Kurt pushing away in order to protect his health. He would do anything to take care of his sub, even if it meant going against his wishes.
Kurt was leaving the mall when he got a text from his dad.

*Coast is clear. Come home now. -Dad*

He knew his dad was going to let him have it. He could only hope that he could make his dad see his side of things.

When he got home, he walked inside quietly, half hoping he could make it upstairs before his dad noticed him. No such luck.

“Kurt, get in here,” his dad’s voice rang out.

Kurt went into the den. Now he definitely knew he was in for it. His dad was sitting in here without the TV on. That was completely unheard of.

“Sit,” Burt said, staring at his son until he sat down across from him. “You are a pain in the ass, you know that, don’t you?”

“I know,” Kurt said, unable to hide a smile. “I’m sorry it affected you, but I’m not sorry I snuck out.”

“Well, you’ve really dug yourself a hole this time. Blaine wants to take you home with him,” he said.

Kurt closed his eyes. This couldn’t be happening. “Dad, I just need more time.”

“Kurt, you’ve already been giving time. Blaine has actually been much more lenient that he needs to be. Why should you have more time. Give me a good answer and I’ll decide whether I’ll back you up on this,” Burt said.

“I’m not submissive,” Kurt began. He held up a hand when his dad looked like he was going to interrupt. “I know what my Mark says. Trust me, I spent a lot of time trying to scrub it off in the hopes that it was wrong. But, it’s still there, dictating my life. Here’s my argument. I’m gay. I was born that way, do you agree?”

Burt nodded. “Yeah.”

“So even though I was born gay, does that mean I should have to deal with all the ramifications of being gay? Should I be judged? Called names? Beat up?”

“Of course not, Kurt,” Burt said, frowning. He had a feeling he knew where his son was going with this.

“Well, I was born submissive, at least this Mark claims I was. So, should I have to deal with the ramifications of being a sub simply because I was born with this Mark? Do I deserve to have my life controlled by someone else simply because some arbitrary Mark says I should be?” Kurt asked.

“You always have been good at talking your way out of things,” Burt said, shaking his head and smiling.

Kurt grinned, seeing victory in his future.

“Unfortunately, I don’t see things the way you do in this situation. If the two situations were lined up side by side, the product of being gay would mean you love boys, just as the product of being a
submissive means you need to have a Dominant. As a gay man, you will feel the most fulfilled when you fall in love and marry the man of your dreams. As a submissive, you will feel the most fulfilled when you allow your Dom the proper place in your life. But you won’t feel that sense of fulfillment until you give in both to love and being submissive,” Burt said. He wished he didn’t have to see the light die in his son’s eyes. Tears welled up in the eyes that Elizabeth had and spilled over.

“I can’t just give in, Dad. I can’t. I don’t feel submissive. Even you agreed that you thought I would be a Dom. We were all surprised to see this stupid padlock. I can’t just let go of who I’ve been for the past seventeen years just because a Mark tells me I should,” Kurt said, frustration clear in his tone.

“Kurt, it’s not about letting go of who you are. It’s about embracing every part of yourself. And part of what makes you, you, is being submissive. You won’t realize that until you accept it. I wish I knew how to help you because I want you to be happy. But I think it’s Blaine who is going to make you happy,” Burt said. “I think in a way you’re cheating yourself out of happiness. If you put aside the Dom and sub issue, you have your Soulmate. The person whose soul is a perfect match for you. Try to imagine how happy you could be. Think about how you felt about Blaine before all this happened. You liked him, right?”

Kurt nodded, looking more miserable by the minute.

“If someone said you could spend the rest of your life with him without being a sub, how would you feel?”

Kurt gave it actual thought. He’d loved hanging out with Blaine. Talking fashion and Broadway, drinking coffee for hours. Blaine had been everything he’d always dreamed of in a man. Kurt mentally shrugged off the thoughts. Blaine wasn’t just his Soulmate. He was the person who had the right to rule over his life until the day he died. If Blaine died first, Kurt would be given the option of volunteer suicide. Some subs would never willingly live without their Doms and some just mysteriously died soon after their Doms. If he chose to live without his Dom, he would have to find comfort in a court appointed Dom who would visit a few times per month. It was no way to live. He wasn’t worried about that situation, though. He was more concerned with his present troubles.

“It doesn’t matter because I am a sub and don’t have a choice. I just need more time, Dad. Please,” Kurt said, tears streaming down his face.

Burt opened his arms and Kurt hurried over, snuggling into his dad’s strong arms. He seemed to draw strength from his dad, he always had. Yet another reason to not want to give in to Blaine. How would he get through his days without his Dad?

“If you want more time, I only have one condition,” Burt said.

Kurt looked up, hope in his eyes. “What?”

“You have to call Blaine and ask him. He is your Dom, whether you like it or not. You need to get used to dealing with him on your own,” he said.

“I’ll call him then. Even if he says no, I have to try,” Kurt said. He dug out his phone but looked up as his dad got off the couch. “Where are you going?”

“I said you need to get used to dealing with him on your own. That means without me around,” Burt said. “I’ll be in the garage when you’re done.”

Kurt watched him go, trying to ignore the dinosaur size butterflies fluttering in his stomach. He could
do this. It was all about saying the right thing. Taking a deep breath, he found Blaine’s number and hit ‘send’ before he could change his mind.

“Kurt!” Blaine said before the first ring had even gone through.

“Hi,” Kurt said, suddenly feeling shy.

“How are you?” Blaine asked.

“I’m okay, I guess. Um. How are you?” Kurt may as well be polite.

“I’m better now. So what’s up? I’m assuming you didn’t call just to hear my lovely voice,” Blaine teased.

It took extra effort for Kurt to not scoff at that comment. “Actually, I was hoping to talk to you about getting a little more time.”

Kurt heard a sigh.

“Kurt, I don’t know. I’ve already waited a week,” Blaine said, frustration evident in his tone.

“I know and I appreciate it. And while I know you are excited to move forward, I, I’m just not yet. I need more time,” Kurt said. “I have to figure out how to come to terms with this.”

“With what exactly? Because while you seem willing to talk to everyone else about what has you so upset, you have yet to tell me. Since I’m the one you have the problem with, maybe you ought to open up to me,” Blaine said gently.

So, Kurt did. He went over how he was so sure he was a Dom and the shock of discovering he wasn’t. The lengths he went to to hide his Mark. All of the reasons he’d given to Mercedes and ending by telling him about the conversation he’d just had with his dad.

Blaine listened patiently, adding an encouraging hum every so often. When Kurt was done, the phone was silent. He didn’t want to think about what that might mean.

Finally, Blaine spoke. “I can see how finding out you are a sub could be very shocking. I can also understand the desire for time to come to terms with everything. And I’m willing to grant you that,” he said.

“Thank you,” Kurt said, surprised and relieved.

“You’re very welcome. But I have a couple conditions that you have to agree to,” Blaine said.

“Oh, okay,” Kurt said, his nerves flaring up again.

“First, you get until July first. No more than that,” Blaine told him.

Kurt had hoped for more, but at least that would give him more time to come up with a plan. “Okay, what else?”

“On July first, you will move in with me and we will begin our lives together. With no arguments or requests for more time,” he said.

That was fine as Kurt was certain he wouldn’t even be around when time was up. “Okay, I agree to that.”
“Really?” Blaine sounded doubtful.

“Really,” Kurt assured him. And to kiss up a little more, he added, “I appreciate you going along with this for me.”

“You’re very welcome. Do you give me your word? You will move in with me willingly?” Blaine specified.

“With no arguments,” Kurt agreed.

“Okay, I will hold you to that. I need to add a bit of fine print to this conversation. If you run off, hide, or ask for more time, I will have no choice but to order you to do so. And you know you will have no choice but to obey. Do you still agree?”

“No,” Kurt lied. If he was gone, how would Blaine know where to find him to give him the order? He smiled. This was going to be great.

“Alright, so you have just over two weeks. I ask that you call me every Monday and Thursday so I know you are okay. You do know about the risk of illness, correct?” Blaine asked.

“I know. Supposedly, some subs can get ill from not being around their Doms and receiving the comfort and guidance their Dom can give them,” Kurt said, quoting his textbook from school.

“Very good. Okay, well, I guess I will hear from you on Monday,” Blaine said.

“Sounds good. Thanks again, Blaine,” Kurt said.

“I would do anything to make you happy, Kurt, I hope you know that,” he said.

Kurt didn’t know what to say. “Um, thanks.”

“I’ll talk to you later, bye,” he said.

“Bye,” Kurt repeated.

Ending the call, he stood up and did a little shimmy of joy. He was too good at this. He had just over two weeks to figure out a game plan. Kurt was so pleased, he went into the kitchen to prepare a special dinner for him and his dad.

When Burt walked in, Kurt gave him a grin. “I have until July first, Dad!”

“So I heard,” his dad said.

“What?” Kurt was confused.

“Blaine called me and told me what you agreed to. He then asked me to call him and let him know if you ran off again,” he reported.

“And what did you say?” Kurt demanded.

“I agreed to it. I only agreed to it because you had already given your word, so I figured why not agree since you are a man of your word. Though looking at your expression now, I have a feeling you may not be a man of your word,” Burt said sternly.

Kurt took a deep breath and lied to his dad. “I will keep my end of the bargain. Now, what kind of salad dressing do you want?”
The first week passed quickly. Kurt kept himself busy trying to plan how he could get away as well as researching incorrect Marks. The latter was proving impossible. The only reports of incorrect Marks were the reports saying there was no such thing as incorrect Marks. The Mark is based on a person’s DNA just as much as hair and eye color. There were reports of people who ignored their Mark and their Soulmate and Kurt found out that if he continued to deny Blaine and who he was, not only could he get very ill, he could even die. The body was so dependent on it’s true match that if it didn’t get what was needed, the body would just give out.

Death? Kurt couldn’t wrap his mind around it. How could he die? What was given from Soulmate to Soulmate that could possibly keep them alive?

Kurt didn’t bother to ask Blaine when he spoke to him that Monday and the following Thursday. Those conversations were kept short, Kurt making sure he was ‘busy’ during each call so he wouldn’t be stuck on the phone.

That Saturday, Kurt woke up feeling like he hadn’t slept at all. His body felt heavy and very cold. He must be coming down with something, he thought. It felt just the same as when the flu was coming on. Stubborn as always, he refused to think it might have something to do with Blaine.

Monday came around and Kurt couldn’t bring himself to get out of bed. He forgot to call Blaine and had his phone turned off because he was just too tired and weak to deal with anyone.

He heard a knock at his door and croaked out a greeting to his dad.

“Kurt? Hey bud, why didn’t you call Blaine?” Burt asked. When he came fully in the room he saw how pale and weak his son was. “Kurt, are you okay?”


“Son, I don’t think it’s the flu,” Burt said.

“I swear, if you even say Blaine’s name, I will jump out of this bed just to strangle you,” Kurt said with no conviction behind his words.

“Uh huh, sure. You couldn’t even strangle a fly right now, Kurt. I’m going to call Blaine, you need him,” his dad said, pulling out his phone.

“Dad, no! Please don’t do that to me. He’ll make me leave with him,” Kurt said weakly. Tears shone in his eyes. “I don’t want to go with him.”

“I know you don’t, bud. You need him, though. He will be able to make you feel better. And if you’re in this bad of shape, he probably isn’t doing well either,” Burt pointed out.

An hour later, Kurt was woken by a soft nudge to his shoulder. “Kurt, wake up, sweetie,” a familiar voice said.

Kurt opened one eye and saw Blaine looking down at him. He moaned and tried to pull his blanket over his head. “Go ‘way,” he muttered.

“I can’t do that, I’m sorry. We are both a mess and at this point, there is only one way to fix it,” Blaine said.

Kurt peered up at him. “How?”
“Well, we can either go to the hospital and be treated for a few weeks and take the chance that even they couldn’t help. Or we can Join,” Blaine said, looking at Kurt warily.

“Nooo,” Kurt whined. Even in his foggy state of mind, he could conjure up the description of that word. To Join described the joining of the Soulmates bodies in a non-sexual manner. The Dom gained power and health from physically dominating his sub. The sub gained health from being dominated. Unfortunately, he knew it would work. Just having Blaine this close to him made him feel a tiny bit better.

“I’m sorry, Sweetie. I’m not going to give you a choice in this. Are you going to fight me?” Blaine asked, determined.

“No,” Kurt whispered, tears sparkling in his blue green eyes.

“Good. This will help, Kurt, I promise. Ready?” he asked, his tone softer.

Kurt nodded.

Blaine pulled the blanket away from Kurt’s body. “This would work better if we were nude,” Blaine said, hearing Kurt gasp. “But it isn’t necessary at this point.” Kurt visibly relaxed.

Blaine toed his shoes off and crawled on the bed. He straddled Kurt’s body, their eyes never leaving the other.

“It’s going to take probably twenty minutes or so, Sweetie. Just try to relax,” Blaine said, his breath blowing on Kurt’s cheek.

He lowered his body to Kurt’s, completely covering him, wrapping his arms under Kurt’s back. Blaine took a shuddering breath. The joy and absolute right-ness of the situation filled him like nothing ever had in his life. He felt Kurt relax under him and though he was sure his Soulmate would never admit it, he was certain Kurt felt as good as he did.

As their bodies Joined, they both felt more complete and gained strength like a battery recharging. Kurt felt the lethargy and weakness flow out of him. He knew that Blaine was feeling more powerful than he had been.

“Sleep, Kurt. You’ll feel better when you wake up,” Blaine said softly.

For once in his life, Kurt obeyed and drifted into a healing sleep.
Chapter 6

Warm, firm lips moved gently on his. A soft sigh of contentment escaped him and he felt an answering smile against his mouth. He had no idea this would feel so good, so right. He let Blaine control the kiss, content to bask in the heat enveloping every cell in his body. Blaine nudge his lips open and licked along Kurt’s bottom lip. Kurt opened to him and when Blaine let his tongue seek out Kurt’s, he tentatively touched it with his own tongue. Dual moans broke out at the sensation. Kurt tugged at Blaine’s broad shoulders, wanting him to come closerdeepernow. Blaine chuckled as he let his body rest more fully on top of Kurt. Kurt turned his head to the side, exposing his neck in a display of submissive trust. A warm tongue licked down the pale column, stopping to nip and soothe at various points. Kurt whimpered against him. He was quickly becoming overwhelmed by the torrent of feelings coursing through him and centering in the hard bulge in his pants. Desperate to get even closer, Kurt rolled his hips, crying out when he felt Blaine’s erection against his belly. Blaine’s hot breath tickled Kurt’s ear, his tongue licking at his earlobe.

“Mine,” Blaine said, his tone at once possessive and loving.

“Yours,” Kurt agreed breathlessly. “I never knew it could be like this.”

Blaine sat up. “I knew. I knew how absolutely magical the claiming would be between us. Soulmates tend to have earth-shattering sex.”

Kurt blushed, ashamed of himself. “I’m sorry, Blaine.”

“I am, too, Kurt. I thought I could do this, but I can’t,” he said, his golden eyes suddenly tired. “I can’t fight you anymore.”

“What do you mean? I thought things were finally starting to get better between us,” Kurt said, unsure of where and how this had all gone so wrong.

“Really? How could that be? You’re still trying to run from me and who you are. Don’t try to deny that all you’ve been doing lately is plotting your grand getaway. Make Blaine look like a weak Dom, you do that awfully well. But Dom/sub crap aside, we are Soulmates, Kurt. Soulmates. Our Souls know each other, recognize each other, knows what the other wants and needs. How do you treat that most sacred of bonds? You run. Again and again. All because you thought you were going to be a Dom and it’s not fair that you are a sub. What’s not fair is punishing me for all this. Did I decide you were going to be a sub? No. Did I want to make your life as a sub easy and pleasurable? Not that you would know the answer, but I did,” Blaine went on. His eyes were like bits of golden ice.

“Did? As in past?” Kurt asked, his voice trembling. How had he been so wrong?

“Yeah. Did. You know, you are a hypocrite, Kurt. You act like I’m evil because I’m a Dom. You run and hide so you don’t have to listen or obey. But when you were turning sixteen, what did you think about being a Dom then? Did you think you were evil? Maybe you were planning on your sub running away. Or did you think you were going to be a new kind of Dom, huh? That’s it. You were going to treat your sub as an equal, not expecting anything from him, let him make his own decisions. Or did you expect your sub to hate you because you are a horrible, bossy, overbearing Dom? I bet never once did you consider that Doms and subs are born a specific way. That they have different needs.” Blaine stared at him, his expression severe. “Forget it. I can see none of this is getting through to you. Screw this. Enjoy your life. Don’t come crying to me when you finally admit you need me,” Blaine said and turned to leave the room.
“Blaine, please! Please give me another chance. You are right, I have been a hypocrite. I just…,” Kurt said, struggling to find words to make him stay.

“Don’t even finish that sentence, Kurt. It will just make me even more mad. I don’t want to hear anymore of your excuses,” Blaine said.

Kurt scrambled off the bed and over to Blaine. “How can I make this right? Please, I won’t run away anymore.” The ache in his heart was so painful he could barely draw a breath.

“You can’t make it right, Kurt. I can do you a last favor, though,” Blaine said, pulling something silver and shiny from his pocket.

“What, what are you doing, Blaine?” Kurt asked, his stomach tied in knots.

“You told me that you tried to scrub your sub Mark off. I can’t scrub it off, but I can cut it off,” Blaine said, showing her the dagger in his hand.

“Blaine, no!” Kurt screamed as the blade began sinking into the flesh of his wrists. “No! Please, Blaine!”

“Kurt! Kurt, sweetie, wake up! Baby, come on, it’s just a bad dream,” Blaine’s voice penetrated through the fog in Kurt’s mind.

He sat up abruptly, his hand feeling for his Mark. Finding it unharmed, he lay back down, sobbing.

“Kurt, talk to me, please. What happened?” Blaine said, his golden eyes worried. He reached down to touch Kurt’s shoulder.

Kurt jerked back, fear in his blue green eyes.

“Sweetie, I’m not going to hurt you. Please let me help. Do you trust me?” Blaine asked.

Kurt looked into his serious eyes. Did he trust Blaine? He did. He knew that the nightmare was of his own doing, his own prejudice. “I trust you,” Kurt said quietly, tears streaming down his cheeks.

“We’re just going to Join for a few minutes until you are able to push the dream aside,” Blaine said gently. Like the night before, he slowly and gently laid on top of Kurt, wrapping his arms around him.

Kurt buried his face against Blaine’s warm neck, breathing in his scent. He smelled good, earthy and manly, pure Blaine. What hadn’t he noticed before?

“Sweetie, you’re trembling. Do you want to talk about the dream? You were yelling pretty loud,” Blaine said quietly.

“It was a nightmare of my own making,” Kurt said bitterly.

“I heard you scream ‘Blaine, no’. Would you tell me about it? Maybe I can help,” Blaine said, gathering Kurt closer to him.

“It’s so odd that you are laying on top of me and I should feel like I’m suffocating. Instead, I feel like I can finally breathe deeply,” Kurt said, choosing to ignore the question about his nightmare.

“If it was anyone other than me, you would be suffocating,” Blaine said with a quiet chuckle. He had no idea what Kurt’s nightmare was about, but something in his Soulmate was different. A good different so far. Blaine should know better than to get his hopes up, but once again, he did hope.
Kurt had stopped trembling. In fact, he hadn’t been so utterly relaxed in years. He mentally face-palmed himself. If he told Blaine that Joining had worked like a miracle, the man would want to stay like this twenty four seven.

Blaine adjusted his weight on Kurt and his eyes went wide when he felt something poke him in the hip. He looked down into Kurt’s face which was flaming red. He couldn’t hold back the wide grin that stretched across his face.

Kurt moaned in humiliation. His body had decided to notice the warm, male body on top of his.

“Hey now, don’t be embarrassed,” Blaine said, his golden eyes twinkling merrily. “You just proved you don’t find me repulsive.”


“By the way,” Blaine whispered, lowering his mouth to Kurt’s ear. He shifted his hips, hearing Kurt gasp. “I don’t find you repulsive either, sweet Soulmate.”

“Okay, time to get up,” Kurt said, pushing the chuckling boy off him. “Stop laughing at me, Blaine.”

“Sweetie, I’m not laughing at you, I’m laughing with you,” Blaine said, flashing Kurt a stunning smile.

“I’m not laughing, Blaine,” Kurt said between clenched teeth.

Blaine continued to chuckle as the pair went to the kitchen to forage for food. Over the light lunch, they kept the mood light, making jokes and teasing Burt about his football team losing.

Kurt looked up at one point and saw Blaine smiling at him. He smiled back a little shyly. It wasn’t hard being nice to Blaine. Kurt admitted to himself, it had taken more effort to dislike him.

Blaine helped Kurt clear the dishes from the table, pausing next to him to whisper, “Thank you.”

“For what?” Kurt asked.

“That was the first time you’ve smiled at me since we became Soulmates. I just hope it won’t be the last,” Blaine said.

“It won’t be,” Kurt said, grinning. Kurt knew things weren’t all better, but just maybe things were looking up. It might be time to put away his running shoes and he was surprisingly okay with that.
“You are out of your freaking mind! No! No, no, no! You can’t do this to me!” Kurt shrieked.

“I’m sorry you are so upset, but I’ve made up my mind. This is what will work best for both of us,” Blaine said, trying to breathe through his gritted teeth. His patented patience was on its last leg.

“I thought this was an equal relationship, isn’t that what you’ve been spouting off to me? How is it equal if you are ripping me away from everything I know and love?” Kurt continued, his face bright red with anger.

“Kurt, calm down,” Blaine said, his Dom tone serious.

The words rang through Kurt’s mind and body. His body seemed to soak up the words and he felt a pleasant calm flow through him.

“That is a low blow, Blaine. Now every time I mention a difference of opinions, you’re just going to throw the Dom voice at me so I’ll have no chance but to obey you?” Kurt said. He felt calmer, his hands weren’t clenched, his stomach wasn’t upset. It didn’t make him any less mad. He was just able to deal with it better.

“If I have a way to make you stop yelling at me, then yes, I will use it. Now, tell me what exactly you have a problem with,” Blaine said. He went and sat on Kurt’s bed, prepared to listen. He waved his hand toward the bed and Kurt came to sit down next to him. “Let’s try to get through this without yelling the house down.”

Kurt closed his eyes and took a deep breath. What he really wanted to do was yell in Blaine’s face and throw something big and breakable. Damn Dom voice. He muttered to himself for a moment until he was sure he was in control of his temper.

“Okay, I don’t think it’s fair that I have to be the one to leave my school, my friends and finish out my high school career in a new school,” Kurt said, keeping his hands clasped tightly in his lap.

“Alright, I can understand that. The reason behind the decision is based solely on your safety. I know about the bullying, Kurt. I also know the staff isn’t doing a damn thing to change it. At Dalton, you have the opportunity to get a first class, free education because I’m there, as well as be in a community where bullying isn’t allowed or tolerated. Not to mention, you can be out and proud and nobody judges. There’s also sub and Dom clubs where you can get support. This way we will also be together, as we’d be living in the Soulmate dormitory. I’m sorry you’d have to leave your friends. You’ll still have weekends to see them and your family. Some weekends I would like for you to spend getting to know my family. But, Kurt, I’m not trying to turn you into a sheltered recluse. I just want you to be safe. Can you see my side?” Blaine said. The thought of letting Kurt return to that pit of a school where he’d be fodder for the bullies made his stomach turn. He’d end up in jail on murder charges.

“I appreciate that you are thinking of my safety, I really do. I don’t want to leave glee and my friends. We have a good shot of winning Nationals this year and I want to be a part of that,” Kurt said. His excuses were sounding lame even to him.

“Kurt, you will have just as good a chance if you are in the Warblers as you would in glee. I can’t put your safety at risk just so you can be with friends. We will make it a point to visit often and go to their sectionals to root them on. This will be good for you, I promise, Kurt,” Blaine said, seeing
Kurt’s resolve waver.

Kurt sighed, running his fingers through his hair. There was no use fighting anymore. “Fine. I’ll go,” he said.

“Thank you, Kurt. I’m so pleased that you are giving this a chance. I really think you will enjoy it. My parents talked with the dorm supervisors and we are being allowed to move in to our dorm now so you can have time to adjust and learn the layout of the school. We’ll take our stuff there tomorrow and we can spend the first few days painting and decorating,” Blaine said, looking at Kurt, hoping he would see a spark of excitement.

“We can decorate a dorm room?” Kurt asked, his blue green eyes lighting up.

“Absolutely. The Soulmate dorms are a lot more lenient with stuff like that. Even though technically we are still underage, being Soulmates we are allowed the respect that adults would be given. I figure we’ll get there in the morning, you can figure out what we’ll need and we’ll go shopping from there. How does that sound?” He asked, a small smile on his lips.

“Sounds good,” Kurt said, getting up and walking to his desk. Finding a notepad, he started jotting down ideas. “I’ll need to put together a pallet that compliments us both,” he said. Blaine grinned, watching his Soulmate putter around, bringing out a basket of paint chips, fabric swatches. “It should be a mission statement on who we are and who we want to be.”

“And you can do that with paint?” Blaine asked, poking through the paint colors.

Kurt smacked his hand away and Blaine chuckled. “Of course you can, Blaine. Are you sure you’re really gay?” Kurt asked, his eyebrow raised.

“Thanks a lot, my sweet little Soulmate,” Blaine said in mock indignation. “Want me to prove I’m gay?” he asked, wiggling his eyebrows.

Kurt looked at Blaine who was coming closer to him. He backed away, shaking his head. “No, no need to prove anything. And stop wiggling your eyebrows. It makes them look like convulsing caterpillars,” he said, then squealed when Blaine rushed at him.

“I’ll show you convulsing!” Blaine laughed, chasing after Kurt who’d hurried out of the room.

Blaine caught him by the den and threw him on the couch, tickling him. Though Kurt’s shriek was almost supersonic, he simply laughed and enjoyed the moment. This was how life with his Soulmate was supposed to be. No fighting, no denying who they were. Having Kurt below him, his cheeks flushed pink as he giggled and tried to squirm away. Blaine thanked the Fates that matched him to this amazing creature.

“Uncle! Mercy! I give! Timeout!” Kurt yelled, trying to twist away from Blaine’s tickling fingers.

“Oh, okay, fine. I guess I can be merciful this time,” Blaine said, offering Kurt a hand up. Kurt took it and stood.

“You’re just lucky you didn’t wrinkle my outfit, Mr. Anderson,” Kurt teased.

“What’s all the screaming about,” Burt asked, coming in from the garage.

“Blaine was torturing me, Dad. Maybe you should introduce him to your shotgun,” Kurt said, sticking his tongue out at Blaine.
“Oh, sure, you’re the one who insulted my eyebrows and now I’m gonna get shot? Sleep lightly, Hummel,” Blaine laughed.

Burt looked between the two Soulmates, curious, but not willing to question a good thing. This was how he wanted his son to be. Happy, playful, enjoying being with the person who was the other half of him.

“Oh, Dad, do you have any painting supplies? Blaine is letting me decorate our dorm and we’re going to paint it,” Kurt said, glowing with excitement.

“I’m sure I’ve got some plastic floor covering and some brushes and rolls. Blaine and I can search the garage after dinner. Oh, um, Kurt, I uh, wanted to ask something,” Burt said, suddenly nervous. So many new things had been thrust at his son and he was about to add one more.

“What’s going on, Dad?” Kurt asked, concerned. He barely noticed when Blaine came up to him and slotted their fingers together. Burt and Blaine noticed though and both gave soft smiles at Kurt’s acceptance.

“Well, see, I’ve been seeing someone. A lady,” Burt said.

“Dad! That’s amazing! Who is she? Do I know her? How long have you been dating? When do I get to meet her,” Kurt asked, bouncing on the balls of his feet in excitement.

“Whoa! Hold on there, kid. Her name is Carole Hudson. She came in to get her oil changed a while back and we’ve had coffee a couple times,” Burt said, blushing lightly.

“Carole Hudson,” Kurt said thoughtfully. His eyes went wide and he paled. Blaine squeezed his hand tighter, feeling the sudden change of emotion in his Soulmate. “She’s Finn Hudson’s mom, isn’t she?”

Burt nodded. He didn’t know what to say.

Kurt walked to him and wrapped his arms around his dad. “I’m sorry, Dad. Did you ever meet Finn?”

“I did,” Burt said. “He came in a couple times so I could look at that little Honda he was driving. We were talking about working on it over the summer. We were hoping to rope you in and we’d all tune it up and make it more reliable. Now, I guess. Well, I guess not. Did you know him?”

Kurt stood back, this time reaching for Blaine’s hand himself. “I knew who he was. One time he stopped his friend from throwing me in the dumpster so I could take my Marc Jacobs jacket off first. That was kinda cool of him. His girlfriend, Quinn, was trying to get him to join glee club, but she said he was getting flack about it from the other guys. How is his mom doing?”

“She’s a wreck. I’ve been trying to spend more time with her. I was hoping you’d want to have dinner with her sometime. You, too, Blaine, if you wanted,” Burt offered.

“Oh, wow. Um, I’m sorry, Burt,” Blaine said sincerely.

“Thanks, boys. Kurt, do you feel like cooking something for dinner? Or we could order in since it’s one of your last meals here,” his dad said.
“Can I still leave? Won’t you need me?” Kurt asked, concerned for his dad. “This is an awful lot for you to deal with.”

“Of course you can still go,” Burt said. “And Carole is the one who is dealing with it all. I’m just there for her. It’s been hard for her. She lost Finn’s dad when Finn was only a baby. She is a submissive and was able to live with her Dom brother until a few years ago. Then Finn was an old enough Dom to give her the support she needed to get by. Now, though, she’s looking at having to move back in with her brother. Unless she finds a Dom to marry,” Burt added quietly.

“Dad!” Kurt squealed. “You’re going to ask her to marry you, aren’t you!?”

Burt turned pink. “I’ve given it some thought. I mean, we aren’t Soulmates, but we’ve bonded pretty good. She responded well when we Joined Marks a couple of times, so I think I could give her the support that she needs.” Joining Marks was similar to a regular Joining. When subs and Doms can’t take the time to lay down and Join, they can hold wrists, lining up their Marks with each other. It brings a comforting, calm feeling to the Dom and sub. “So, that was my question. Would you support me in bringing Carole into the family?”

“Of course! I’m so happy for you, Dad. You deserve all the happiness in the world. Let me know when you propose and I can help with the wedding!” Kurt said, giving a little bounce.

“I wouldn’t dream of doing it without you, kid,” Burt said. “So, who’s hungry?”

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“I feel so bad for Carole,” Kurt said as he and Blaine packed up some of Kurt’s stuff for the move. “I may not be the biggest promoter of Soulmates, but to lose her mate and then her son? I can’t imagine.”

“I know. I don’t even want to think about what it would be like to lose you,” Blaine said with a shudder.

“Well, hopefully neither of us ever finds out,” Kurt said. “Blaine, why didn’t we just Join Marks instead of going for a full Joining?”

“Joining the Marks is good for social situations or times when you have to depend on another sub or Dom for comfort. For instance, your Dad and Carole. They aren’t Soulmates, but since they have their Marks and they are Dom and sub, they are able to Join and get comfort from it. The reason we didn’t do that is because we didn’t need to. We were in a situation where we could have a full Joining. It is better all the way around,” Blaine told him. It made him feel good to share his knowledge with his sub. Something so small, but it brought a feeling of fulfillment.

“So, if I was in a situation where I was separated from you, but needed comfort or whatever, I could Join Marks with another Dom?” Kurt asked.

“No!” Blaine growled.

Kurt took a step back, holding his hand up. He’d never seen Blaine so instantly angry. His gold eyes were ice cold. It reminded him of the dream he’d had. “Sorry, Blaine.”

Blaine closed his eyes and took a breath. “No, I’m sorry, Kurt. The thought of you getting comfort from another Dom makes me crazy. I couldn’t handle it. But, basically, yes. If you were in a desperate situation, you could … do that,” Blaine said, holding his hand out to Kurt.

Kurt walked to him, hesitantly holding out his hand to take Blaine’s. His Soulmate took his hand
gently and rubbed the back of it with his thumb.

“I am sorry, Kurt. I guess I’m a bit territorial,” Blaine said, giving him a smile.

Having been reminded of his nightmare, Kurt had to know. “Blaine, what would happen if someone cut off their Mark?”

Blaine’s face went white and his eyes went wide and dark. Kurt’s heart pounded in fear before he realized what Blaine must have been thinking.

“No, Blaine, no! I’m not saying I want to do that. Remember the nightmare I had? In the dream, you tried to cut my Mark off. I was just curious about what would happen,” Kurt said soothingly.

Blaine had to close his eyes and breathe deep again. “Please warn me next time you are going to ask a question like that. It brings out my big, bad Dom side.”

“I am sorry, Blaine. I didn’t mean to upset you,” Kurt said sincerely.

“Thank you, Sweetie. About the Mark. Fortunately and unfortunately, we have proof of what happens. Unfortunately, we found out because of serial killers who liked to cut off the Mark. Scientists learned that the Mark is bone deep. You can burn the skin or try to cut it off and it will just grow back when it heals. Another example was cutting the whole arm off. Sorry, Sweetie, but you wanted to know,” Blaine said, catching the sick look on Kurt’s pale face. “In those situations, the Mark would appear on the other arm, or even the legs. The Marks can’t die, it seems. It will come back again and again. I’m so sorry, that you dreamt that I would do that to you. I can’t even fathom that happening. I would never hurt you,” Blaine said.

“I think I know that,” Kurt said with a small smile.

“Can I have a hug?” Blaine asked.

Kurt looked and saw that Blaine looked distressed. “Sure,” Kurt said and went and wrapped his arms around Blaine’s shoulders, bringing him close.

Blaine snuggled his face into Kurt’s neck and hummed contentedly. “I’ve decided this is my favorite spot in the entire world.”

“Okay,” Kurt said with a light giggle.

“It’s warm, comforting, smells incredible, and it’s attached to the most important person in my life,” Blaine added. “What do you say we hold off and finish packing in the morning?”

Kurt nodded against him. “Sounds good.”

Later, they were laying in Kurt’s bed, Kurt with his head on Blaine’s shoulder. “I kinda like cuddling,” Kurt said softly.

“I kinda like you kinda liking it,” Blaine said with a chuckle.

“I kind of like you kind of liking it,” Blaine said. “Silly.”

“Kurt, can I have a kiss goodnight?” Blaine asked. He hoped Kurt would be ready to take their relationship further in the physical sense. This would be the first step.

“Oh. Um. Okay,” Kurt said and leaned up on his elbow. He felt Blaine sit up and then his hand was searching for Kurt’s face.
Kurt giggled. “This might have been easier if you’d brought it up before we turned the lights off.”

“Shush, you,” Blaine said. He found Kurt’s lips with his thumb and followed with his mouth. Kurt’s lips were warm and soft, and felt so perfect under his.

Kurt was discovering that Blaine’s lips were even better than what he’d dreamed. Their mouths moved slowly against one another. Kurt hummed against him, making Blaine gasp at the sensation. Blaine’s hand came up and grasped Kurt’s face as he kissed each corner of Kurt’s lips. Blaine gasped again when he felt Kurt’s tongue, hot and moist, tracing along his bottom lip. Moaning, Blaine opened his mouth, chasing after Kurt’s tongue with his own. For a moment, they got lost in the kiss, almost frantically suckling on each other’s lips and tongue. Kurt was breathing fast, unable to deal with the depth of the feeling their kiss was invoking.

“Blaine,” Kurt whimpered.

“Mmm,” Blaine responded, sucking on Kurt’s bottom lip, nibbling lightly. “Kurt?”

“Yeah?” Kurt panted, carding his fingers through Blaine’s curls, gently pulling.

“I want to Claim you,” Blaine whispered against his mouth. He had no idea how Kurt would take the news that he wanted to make love, but he couldn’t think of a better time to bring it up.


Blaine pulled away, unsure of what he’d just heard. “Okay?”

“Okay,” Kurt confirmed, bringing Blaine’s mouth back to his.
“Blaine, be careful with that! It’s fragile!” Kurt shouted out the window. They were loading up the Navigator in preparation for the move to Dalton. Kurt had done all he could to make sure his clothes were safe, but with Blaine letting the wardrobe bags drag on the ground, he may have to buy a new wardrobe. Hmm.

Blaine looked up at Kurt, exasperated. “It’s clothes, Kurt! How is it fragile?”

Kurt glared at him. “If I have to explain why my wardrobe is fragile, then you don’t understand me at all, Blaine Anderson.”

Kurt kept grumbling. Blaine was just grumpy because he didn’t get laid, Kurt figured. It wasn’t his fault. Well, maybe he got a little too caught up in the moment. But Blaine was supposedly the master of self control, so it wasn’t his problem.

“I want to Claim you,” Blaine whispered against his mouth. He had no idea how Kurt would take the news that he wanted to make love, but he couldn’t think of a better time to bring it up.


Blaine pulled away, unsure of what he’d just heard. “Okay?”

“Okay,” Kurt confirmed, bringing Blaine’s mouth back to his.

Blaine moaned in Kurt’s mouth. He’d been dreaming and daydreaming and afternoon dreaming about Claiming Kurt. Thoughts of that gorgeous pale skin spread out underneath him was fodder for many a shower scene. Blaine sat up and dragged his t-shirt up and over his head, throwing it to the floor. He reached over and began unbuttoning Kurt’s pajama top.

“What are you doing, Blaine?” Kurt asked, his voice shaking.

“Well, typically when people make love, they do so without their clothes on,” Blaine teased, kissing Kurt tenderly. He would never grow tired of kissing his beautiful lips. They were soft, yet firm, and the way they melded to his made his toes tingle.

“I know that, but why are you doing it now?” Kurt asked, stopping Blaine’s hand from moving to the next button.

“Okay, did we get our wires crossed, because I swear I told you I wanted to Claim you and you said ‘okay’. Twice even. Did I hear you wrong?” Blaine asked, desperately trying to get his body under control. He had a feeling the night would be ending a tad different than he had expected.

“You didn’t hear me wrong, Blaine. But why would I agree to it if I thought you would want to do it here? In my Dad’s house. With my Dad just down the hall. I do agree that we can start moving toward Claiming. But we just started kissing and holding hands. I would like to ease into it, not just jump off the cliff. Obviously making out is good. Really good,” Kurt said, leaning over to kiss Blaine. He captured Blaine’s bottom lip between his teeth and nibbled at it, drawing a low moan out of his Soulmate. “I’m sorry I didn’t make it clear. I was a little caught up.”

Blaine flopped back on the bed and took some deep breaths. Giving it some actual thought, Kurt was right. They didn’t have to dive right in. Though his Dom instincts were growling for him to Claim his mate. Blaine thought that part of what made a Dom a Dom, was that they were part
caveman. He had been warned in his Dom classes that the physical urges could be overpowering. Blaine closed his eyes tightly and had a firm talk with his body. When he was sure he had control, he turned to Kurt.

“You don’t have anything to apologize for. I should have brought it up as a conversation instead of when we’re in the middle of kissing. Luckily, practice makes perfect. I would like to discuss the Claiming with you. Not only what happens during, but the changes it brings to the Soulmate relationship. Would that be okay?”

“Yeah, that sounds potentially embarrassing, but probably something we should do,” Kurt agreed.

“The first sign that you’re not ready is being embarrassed over the subject matter,” Blaine said. He bent down and kissed Kurt on the cheek. “We have a busy day tomorrow. Let’s get some sleep.”

“Okay. Sleep well, Blaine,” Kurt said. He turned over and snuggled into his pillow.

“You too, Sweetie,” Blaine replied. Sleep was going to be fitful at best, but he gave it a try anyway.

“You taking enough stuff with you, there Kurt?” Burt asked, looking at the overstuffed Navigator.

“What if I need something that I left here? I just want to make sure I have everything I need. Besides, Blaine said the Soulmate dorms are more like small apartments. I have to have something to fill the space up,” Kurt pointed out.

“I’m sure you’ll have no problem there, son,” Burt grinned. “Good luck with this one, Blaine.”

“Hey!” Kurt protested. “You’re going to miss me and you know it.”

Blaine and Burt chuckled.

Burt held his hands up when Kurt gave him a dirty look. “Yeah, I’ll miss you, kid. Maybe when you come home, we can have Carole over for dinner. What do you think?”

“That sounds perfect, Dad,” Kurt said. He stood in front of his father, his eyes sparkling with unshed tears. “I’m gonna miss you, Dad.”

Burt coughed. “Yeah, I know. You call me if you need anything or you get homesick or just because. Got it?”

Kurt smiled as a tear slid down his cheek. “Got it. Take care of yourself, Dad. Eat some fruit and vegetables. Get enough sleep. Don’t work too much overtime. And you can call me if you need anything,” he said. Other than sleepovers with his glee friends, he’d never been away from home. As exciting as the prospect of living like a grownup was, he would miss the safety and comfort of knowing his father was just down the hall. “Oh and don’t forget, next week, we’ll be back for the going away party the glee club is holding for us. It’ll be at Rachel’s house, but we’ll stop in and see you.”

“Sounds good. You guys better get on the road now,” Burt said, hugging Kurt tightly. He held his hand out to Blaine, who shook it. “You take care of my boy or else,” he said with a smile.

“Got it. Thanks for all your help, Burt,” Blaine said sincerely. “Kurt, if we lose each other on the
freeway, I’ll call you.”

“Okay. Bye Dad,” Kurt said. With one last tight hug, Kurt got in his car. He pulled out after Blaine and couldn’t help waving one more time to his dad. He looked very much alone and Kurt could only hope that things with Carole moved forward so maybe he wouldn’t lonely anymore.

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“Hey, Mercedes,” Kurt said, answering his phone.

“Hey, boy, how’s it going?” his best friend responded.

“The drive is boring. I’m going to miss my dad. I’m worried about living alone with Blaine as a man. I’m worried about living with Blaine as my Dom. Um. I’m going to miss you most out of all the glee club. I’m scared about going to Dalton and that I won’t make any friends. I think that’s about it for now. How are you?” Kurt said. He loved Mercedes and how he could lay it all out there like that. She would listen and give advice where it was needed and lend an ear when that was needed.

“Well, my life is nowhere as interesting as yours. Though I am envious that you and Blaine get to live together. I can’t wait to find my Soulmate. Did you hear about Sam?” she asked.

“No! What? Tell me everything,” Kurt demanded, knowing there was some good gossip coming his way.

“He found his Soulmate. A sophomore named Kitty. She’s a Cheerio and a bitch. She’s even less interested in being a sub than you are,” Mercedes shared.

“Oh, Mercedes, I’m sorry,” Kurt said. He knew his friend had hoped she was Sam’s sub. “Well, maybe she can make Sam as miserable as I have done for Blaine.”

Mercedes giggled. “Aw, it’s okay. I was sure he wasn’t mine anyway. But he’s out there somewhere. I think I’ll enjoy my independence for a while longer.”

“Do that, yes, that’s a good idea,” Kurt said with a giggle. “In some ways though, it’s getting easier. I mean we kissed and though we fought about Dalton, I gave in, which made him happy. I hold his hand occasionally and that makes him happy too. I figure giving in on the little things will make him more lenient on the big things. I hope,” he said.

“You kissed, huh? How was it?” Mercedes asked.

“He kind of rocked my world. He kissed me so good I agreed to have sex with him. Of course, he thought I meant right then, but I was like there is no way I’m having sex with my dad in the house,” Kurt said. “Oh, this is my exit. I’ll call you later, okay?”

“Alright, Kurt. Take care. Send me pictures of your dorm,” she said.

He agreed and they hung up.

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Dalton took his breath away. It was huge and picturesque. The buildings were brick with pillars and fountains in the quad. There weren’t bars on the windows, no security guards.

They pulled up outside the Soulmate dorm, nicknamed the Soul House. Kurt and Blaine had an end unit on the second floor. Luckily there were elevators and service elevators that were big enough to
load in furniture and such.

Blaine unlocked their apartment and swept Kurt up in his arms, causing him to squeal.

“Blaine!”

“I’m just carrying you over the threshold, sweetie. I’m nothing if not traditional,” Blaine said with a laugh.

Kurt laughed with him as Blaine swung him around in a circle before letting him down gently. They looked around and were pleasantly surprised. The apartment was eight hundred square feet, but felt bigger. It had a tiny kitchenette, windows all along two sides of the apartment. It had a tiny bathroom with just a toilet and sink in the hallway. Next door to that was a small washer/dryer unit. Blaine covered Kurt’s eyes when they got to the bedroom door.

“Surprise!” he called as he swung the door open.

“Blaine!” Kurt couldn’t believe it. The room had a queen sized four poster bed made from cherry wood. It was gorgeous. On either side were matching bedside tables. The room was made for ease of use. There were built in shelves and drawers, side by side closets. It was small, but the space was used so well, Kurt knew they’d be just fine. “This is gorgeous, Blaine. When did you get this?”

“I’m glad you like it. I ordered it and had it delivered yesterday. There was a matching dresser set, but when the dorm supervisor told me about the built-ins, I figured we didn’t need them. Is that okay?” Blaine asked.

Kurt nodded. “It’s perfect actually. I’m so excited. I can already see a color scheme that would match this.”

Blaine grinned. “Well, we better get busy!”

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Hours later, they were sitting on plastic, eating sandwiches Kurt had made in front of their TV. The apartment was painted and so were they. Kurt hadn’t been able to help himself when it came to painting a stripe on Blaine. He should have known his Dom gave as good as he got. They had chased each other around the apartment having a paint war. Kurt fought against his need to be clean and truly enjoyed himself.

“What are we doing tonight?” Kurt asked, wondering if Blaine had plans for them.

“I was thinking we could go to a couple stores and get things like dishes and linens and such. Then I was thinking if you’re up to it, we can go out to dinner. How does that sound?” Blaine asked.

Kurt nodded and smiled. “I never turn down an opportunity to shop.”

“Before any of that, I want you to take a nap. You just got over being pretty ill and I don’t want to take a risk of you relapsing,” Blaine said, watching him carefully, knowing Kurt wasn’t going to take his direction well.

“I’m not even tired. Don’t be bossy,” Kurt snapped, looking at him like he was crazy.

“Don’t be argumentative, Kurt. I’m looking out for your health,” Blaine said.

“I’ll look out for my own health and I don’t want to take a nap,” Kurt insisted.
“Are you sure? You kind of sound like a kindergartner who needs one,” Blaine said.

Kurt raised his brow. “Excuse me?”

Blaine laughed. “I’m kidding, Kurt. But not about laying down. I’d really like you to. So, either take a nap for two hours or we can Join for half an hour.”

“Seriously?” Kurt asked cynically.

“Of course. Joining will be more refreshing than a nap any day,” he said. “Not to mention it’s very enjoyable.

Kurt stared at him. “Um. I’ll take the nap option,” Kurt said, giving in. He stood and went to throw his paper plate away.

Blaine joined him. “Thank you,” he said.

“Why?” Kurt asked.

“For not fighting me on this,” he answered.

“Blaine, I snapped at you. That was fighting you if you were unclear,” Kurt said.

Blaine smiled as he shook his head. “Yeah, but you stopped and when I gave you two options, you picked the one you could live with. We compromised. I’m very pleased that we were able to avoid an actual fight. So, thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Kurt said.

After he showered, Kurt lay down on their new bed, one of his throw blankets wrapped around him. He went over their conversation in his mind. Every time he replayed Blaine saying he was very pleased, he got a warm glow inside. He didn’t understand it and something told him he didn’t want to.

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When Blaine walked by a few minutes later, he smiled. His sub was snuggled under the blanket, one hand curled under his pink cheeks. He was sound asleep. He loved that boy something fierce.
By the end of the week, the apartment came together with furniture, paint, linens, and Kurt’s flawless taste in art. It was now home.

Kurt loved the decorating process, especially because Blaine let him take the lead on it. He was impressed when Kurt would ask him what he liked or needed. Kurt made sure both of their needs were met. They decided Saturday would be their day off to just enjoy the fruits of their labor.

Blaine came in the door that morning with coffee and muffins for them to eat. Kurt had still been asleep when he left, so he’d left a note on the new chalkboard wall in the kitchen. Kurt had found an ingenious type of paint which, when sprayed, turned that surface into a chalkboard. They agreed that it would come in handy since they were going to have different class schedules.

“Honey, I’m home,” Blaine called softly in case Kurt was in bed.

“I’m in here,” Kurt replied from the living room. “Oh, thank you,” he said, taking the offered cup of coffee.

“What are you doing?” Blaine asked seeing the tablet and colored pencil set surrounding Kurt.

“Designing clothes. I figure since Dalton has a uniform, I’m not going to have many chances to look fabulous. So, if I plan ahead, I can have something special for the weekends,” Kurt said, humming as he took a deep drink of his coffee.

“I saw the sewing machine when we were packing. I guess it didn’t even occur to me that you would be using it. How long have you been designing and sewing?” Blaine asked, honestly interested. His Soulmate was a wonderfully, well rounded individual. He never tired of learning new things about him.

“I’ve been designing ever since I figured out how to draw a stick figure. Mom taught me to sew when I was six. After she died, I would hang out with Mercedes and her mom and they taught me more. Now they come to me when they have sewing questions,” Kurt said proudly.

“Ah, the student surpasses the teacher, young grasshopper,” Blaine said with an equally proud grin. “I’m impressed, sweetie.”

“Thanks. So, do we have any plans for the day other than our little house warming, party of two later?” Kurt asked. He had noticed earlier in the week that when he asked this simple question, it made Blaine happy. Something about deferring to him to plan the day. Kurt didn’t mind and figured if this was one way to give control to Blaine that didn’t really affect him, then he’d be fine doing it.

“Not really. I wanted to sit down and discuss some things about our relationship, but after that, I just figure we’ll play it by ear and see where the day takes us,” Blaine said, giving Kurt his patented ‘I’m a happy Dom’ smile.

Kurt now realized he understood the meaning of the phrase, ‘topping from the bottom’. He smiled to himself. “Okay, sure. Do you want to talk now?”

“Sure,” Blaine said. “Did you want to put your art supplies away first?”

Kurt cocked his head to the side. “Why?”
“I don’t want to sound all bossy or anything, but I want to be sure our attention stays on the topic. If it wasn’t serious, I wouldn’t care. But I’d like it if all distractions were put away,” Blaine said.

Kurt bit the inside of his cheek, quelling the urge to go off about people thinking he had the attention span of a preschooler. “Sure,” he said, gathering his stuff and putting it into one of the baskets he’d found to put on the built in shelves in the living room. Coming back to the couch, he curled his legs up under him and faced Blaine. “My attention is all yours.”

Blaine got up and went to the same baskets to pull out a spiral notebook and pen. He settled back in on the other end of the couch, turned toward Kurt.

“I wanted to start working on progressing our relationship. Things are starting to change and I want us to have boundaries and parameters already in place when the time comes. I’m going to write it all down here in the notebook so we can both refer back to it if we have questions. First, I want to talk about chastisements,” Blaine said, jotting something down on the paper.

“Chastisements,” Kurt responded blankly.

“Yes. I prefer that word to punishment or reprimands,” Blaine said. He’d heard the tone in Kurt’s voice and hoped that this conversation wouldn’t go sour.

“In other words, if I don’t act the way you want me to, you are going to punish me?” Kurt asked, his eyebrow in the air.

“We will come up with a set of, not rules, but limits and if those limits are breeched, then yes, we will talk about chastisements,” Blaine said, trying to keep his expression neutral.

“Uh huh,” Kurt said casually. “And what kinds of limits are we talking about here?”

“Well, to start with, I’d like you to make sure you sleep at least seven hours per night and eat three square meals a day. I need to know that I can trust you to take care of yourself. With our schedules being so different, we may not see each other until the end of the school day. Dalton encourages study groups too, so that also will take time away from us,” Blaine said.

“While that sounds reasonable, what kind of chastisement are you planning for something as simple as sleeping and eating?” Kurt asked warily.

Blaine practically saw Kurt’s hackles raising. This probably wouldn’t end well. “It is simple, but please know that I worry about you all day, every day. It’s all part and parcel of being a Dom. I want to make sure you are taken care of and have what you need. Since we won’t see each other as often, if I know you are taking care of yourself, that will cut down on my stress level. Can you understand that?”

“Of course, like I said, it’s simple. But, again, what kind of punishment are you planning?” Kurt reiterated.

Blaine took a deep breath. “In the Dom class, ‘Punishing Through Love’, they went over some punishments that would help a sub remember to take their health seriously. For a first time, I would have you write lines. If you kept ignoring your health, I would remove you from your classes and have you do your class work here. Dalton supports Doms who do this. They would have your work brought to you and have you be in touch with your teachers online.”

“You would seriously take me out of school because I didn’t get the right amount of sleep or eat enough vegetables at dinner?” Kurt asked dubiously. “Doesn’t that seem like overkill?”
“For my peace of mind and the health of your body, no. It’s not overkill. We’re not writing punishments down anticipating that we’re going to need it. This is keeping track of our goals so we can make sure we know what we are working toward. You are working toward keeping your body healthy. If you know that you will have consequences, that will encourage you to take good care of yourself. Do you agree?” Blaine asked, hoping that he was getting the message across.

“I do agree. But I think it’s asinine to punish me for it if it comes to that point. On the same topic, what about you? What happens if you don’t take care of yourself?” Kurt challenged.

“I will take care of myself,” Blaine said calmly.

“So will I, but there is no punishment listed for you if you don’t. How is that fair?” Kurt asked.

This was not going well, Blaine thought. “You’ve been through your classes, Kurt. You know that fairness doesn’t always come into play in a Dom/sub relationship. There is no punishment for me because there is no chance I will fail. I take care of myself as an example to you, so you can mirror my actions. I will not fail you. You may never fail, but until I know I can trust you, there will be consequences listed. Now, moving on,” Blaine said, unwilling to spend any more time on the topic.

Kurt listened as Blaine went over other expectations. Keeping up on laundry, keeping his space tidy, doing his homework on time, cooking dinner. Blaine agreed to handle breakfast and coffee in the morning and they would fend for themselves for lunch. Kurt’s expression went arctic when Blaine discussed the punishments for talking back, arguing, and disobedience.


“How old are you acting right now?” Blaine replied calmly. “Now, final topic. Claiming.”

“I swear, if you tell me I will be punished if I don’t have sex with you, I will leave now,” Kurt said from behind clenched teeth.

“You need to change your attitude, Kurt. This is your one and only warning. Don’t interrupt and assume things, because most of the time, you will be wrong,” Blaine said sternly in his Dom tone.

Kurt could feel the weight of that tone, it was almost tangible and seemed to be pushing at him. “Yes, Blaine,” Kurt said quietly. “I’m sorry.” It just isn’t worth arguing, Kurt told himself. This entire conversation is crazy.

“Thank you, Kurt. I’m proud of you for changing your attitude so quickly. Now, the Claiming. There will never be a punishment if we don’t make love. What I wanted to discuss was becoming more comfortable with the idea. We have one full month in here where it’s going to be just us. At the beginning of August, other Soulmates will start moving in. I would like to set a general goal for the Claiming for the end of July, or sooner if it happens that way. That way there will be no reason to be self-conscious or nervous. Although the walls are sound proofed for that very reason. Every night, I want us to make some move toward intimacy. Kissing, touching, getting used to being nude around each other. That way, it won’t seem like something big and scary when we finally do make love. Do you know what the Claiming does for Soulmates?” He asked Kurt.

“I know that if a sub is fully Claimed, the padlock of the Mark will close. What constitutes ‘fully Claimed’ is a mystery. They didn’t teach us a whole lot about the topic, other than how to please our Dom. Since it was a co-ed class, they didn’t address gay relationships. So, no, I don’t know much more than that,” Kurt said. This whole topic was making his stomach twist with nerves.
“A full Claiming means that neither Soulmate is holding anything back while making love. They give their all during the Claiming. They become one. That is why the padlock closes. The Dom has fulfilled the sub in every way possible. It is the closest Soulmates can be. During the first Claiming, Soulmates join their Marks by lining up Marks and holding hands. Once the Claiming is over, the Marks are considered ‘open’. The result of that is the ability to feel each other’s emotions. It’s not like ESP or telepathy, it’s a general ‘knowing’ of what the other is feeling. If you are anxious about a test or get scared over something, I will know. Just as you will sense what I am feeling. I’ve heard that it feels amazing. Then when we make love, the pleasure is doubled because we feel the pleasure the other is feeling. So that is something to look forward to,” Blaine said, giving Kurt a wink.

Kurt wanted to ask what would happen if there never was a full Claiming. What if Kurt always held a part of him back? He didn’t bring it up, though.

“Was there anything else you wanted to go over?” Kurt asked. This was all too much. He went from a free thinking individual only responsible to himself to a full on submissive with rules and consequences. His brain was fried.

“No, we’re all done. But I would like to know how you’re feeling about things. You look a bit overwhelmed,” Blaine said, scooting closer and taking Kurt’s hand in his.

“That’s exactly how I’m feeling,” Kurt said honestly. “I’m now facing punishments for anything I do wrong. I don’t know how I’ll ever be able to relax and just be me.”

“The rules are there to keep you safe and happy. You aren’t going to be punished all the time. You know the rules and what I expect from you now. Just live within those limits and rules, and you can be free to be yourself,” Blaine explained. He had a feeling Kurt wasn’t going to believe him on this. He would see, though. “All this talk about Claiming makes me want to steal a kiss. How would that be?” Blaine figured he may as well just go for it.

Kurt’s gaze automatically locked onto Blaine’s lips. He enjoyed kissing. Blaine was good at it, too. “Okay,” Kurt said softly.

Kurt leaned toward Blaine, closing his eyes. Their lips met and softly moved against one another. Blaine tilted his head to one side and ran his tongue along the seam of Kurt’s lips. Kurt opened to him, allowing Blaine’s tongue to explore his mouth, learn his taste. When Blaine massaged Kurt’s tongue with his own, a quiet sigh escaped the sub. Blaine heard it and kept massaging, almost sucking on Kurt’s tongue and then his bottom lip. Blaine couldn’t help moaning at the sensation. Kurt’s lips were made to kiss and he could do this all day. Kurt’s hand came up and stroked Blaine’s cheek as they put more into the kiss. Their lips slotted together like they were meant to be. Blaine nuzzled his face against Kurt’s soft hand, opening his eyes to see that Kurt was smiling before bringing their mouths back together. A few minutes later, they broke apart, both of them out of breath. They shared a smile before Blaine offered to take Kurt out to an early lunch.

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“Remember I said I want to do something every night to move us closer to the Claiming?” Blaine asked Kurt that night.

“Yeah. Did you want to kiss some more?” Kurt asked nonchalantly, though he was hoping the answer was yes.

“That might be part of it. I wanted to work on getting comfortable with each other’s body. I was
thinking we could take a bubble bath. That way it will be relaxing and we’ll still be covered up, sort of. How does that sound?” Blaine asked hopefully.

Kurt stared at him for a moment. Blaine almost moaned aloud when he saw Kurt lick his lips. “Yeah. That sounds good.”

“Great. Why don’t you get the bath started and I’ll get us something to drink,” Blaine said.

A few minutes later, Kurt was naked and huddled with his knees to his chest in their bathtub. He looked up when he heard Blaine knock.

“You in the water, sweetie?” Blaine asked.

“I’m in,” Kurt responded shyly.

Blaine opened the door and walked in. Kurt saw he was wearing a faded blue robe.

“Do you want me to close my eyes while you get in?” Kurt asked. Blaine had given him his privacy to get into the tub and he wanted to do the same for Blaine.

“Nope, it’s okay. I have nothing to hide,” Blaine said and dropped his robe.
Chapter 10

Kurt wanted to avert his gaze. It would be the polite thing to do. But his eyes weren’t obeying him, they had a mind all their own and staring at his Soulmate in the buff was their idea of a good time. Blaine stood there, completely blasé about his lack of attire. His olive skin was flawless, his arms, chest, and abs muscled perfectly. Not too big, not too small. The smattering of chest hair got thinner down his belly, a tantalizing trail leading to Blaine’s crowning glory. His Soulmate was very happy to be stared at, his cock long, surprisingly thick, and half erect. It bobbed against his abdomen in the middle of the pronounced V of his pelvic muscles, and Kurt couldn’t help noticing the glimmer of fluid at the tip. Swallowing hard, Kurt ducked his head down, his whole body blushing pink.

“Thank you, Kurt,” Blaine said quietly.

Kurt heard and then saw him get into the tub, settling across from him with his feet out in front of him on either side of Kurt’s body. “What for?” Kurt asked.

“The compliment of your gaze on my body. I know you were uncomfortable, but your eyes and expression tell me you don’t think I’m repulsive. Once again,” Blaine said, smiling when Kurt finally got the courage to look at him.

“You know you’re not repulsive,” Kurt said tartly.

“It’s nice to know you don’t think so. You, on the other hand, are beauty incarnate. I have never seen such beautiful porcelain skin. No blemishes, no imperfections of any kind. You take my breath away,” Blaine whispered.

“Thank you,” Kurt murmured.

“You are also deceptively muscular,” Blaine noted with obvious interest. “You’re arms and abs are gorgeous, sweetie. Would you mind if your Soulmate kissed you?”

Kurt blushed again. He’d been hoping for more kisses. “That would be fine,” he said evenly.

They both scooted forward, Kurt gasping when Blaine grabbed his ankles and put them on either side of his body over his own legs. Their bodies were now interlocked and Kurt felt his cock stir and harden. Leaning closer, Blaine took Kurt’s face in his hands and kissed him tenderly. A soft sigh escaped Kurt at the delicate joining of their lips. He rested his hands on Blaine’s knees on either side of him, squeezing gently as he let Blaine mouth at the corners of his mouth and then along his chin. They hadn’t experimented with kisses outside of the lips, but Kurt found he didn’t mind it at all. Tilting his head to one side as Blaine continued his exploration, Kurt offered his neck like an offering.

“So beautiful,” Blaine murmured against his flesh. He licked and nipped gently down one side of Kurt’s neck and up the other side, coming to rest with his mouth behind Kurt’s ear. He smiled when he heard a small whimper escape his Soulmate. “Kurt, may I touch you? From the waist up?”

Kurt sat back, his eyes wide. Was he ready for this? Staring at Blaine’s slightly puffy lips, he knew he wanted more of this wonderful feeling coursing through him. “Yes,” he whispered.

Blaine moaned, kissing Kurt passionately, his tongue pushing its way into Kurt’s warm mouth, tasting, learning. “Thank you for your trust,” he murmured when he pulled away for a moment. This time as their lips met and their tongues entwined, Blaine let his hands rest on Kurt’s shoulders before sliding down his arms to his hands. “So soft.” He ran his hands back up Kurt’s body to his chest.
Slowly, his eased his hands over Kurt’s pecs, flicking his nails softly against his small, pink nipples. Kurt whimpered loudly into Blaine’s mouth. “Again,” he said, breaking free to take a deep breath.

Blaine obeyed, running his hands in circles on Kurt’s chest, flicking and lightly scraping over his sensitive nipples.

“Can I?” Kurt asked breathlessly. He was enthralled with the sensations and heat running through his body. His nipples tingled and burned under Blaine’s capable fingers. He wanted to see if he could get an equal reaction from Blaine. Not to mention the simple pleasure of touching his beautiful body.

“Of course, sweetie. Touch me anywhere, head to toe, if you’d like,” Blaine offered, pleased Kurt was initiating this step on his own.

Kurt mimicked Blaine’s movements, running his hands from shoulders to wrists and back up. Blaine’s nipples were already hardened nubs, making it tempting to run his nails over them as Blaine had.

Blaine didn’t bother trying to hide his pleasure and tipped his head back, moaning deliciously. Kurt was surprised and pleased with his reaction and repeated his motions, wanting to hear that sound again.

“Kurt… Fuck that feels good!” Blaine cried. “Please don’t stop touching me.”

Kurt leaned in to nuzzle Blaine’s neck, peppering his flesh with kisses. He felt brave with Blaine’s obvious pleasure and let his hands trail down his chest and below the water line to his abs. Closing his eyes, he began panting at the feel of muscles under his searching hands. Blaine wasn’t even trying to be quiet, his moans and whimpers of Kurt’s name filling the bathroom with a cacophony of sounds. Kurt felt Blaine’s hands slowly make their way down his chest to his abs. He understood Blaine’s noise-making as fire seemed to boil under his flesh wherever Blaine touched.

“Blaine, please,” Kurt whined.

“What do you need, sweetie? Tell me,” Blaine said, his golden eyes blown black with lust.

“Touch me,” Kurt pleaded.

“I am touching you, sweetie. Where would you like my hands?” Blaine asked, his heart threatening to pound out of his chest.


“Oh shit,” Blaine muttered. “Are you sure, sweetie? I don’t want you to feel pushed into anything.” Please tell him it’s okay, Blaine begged.

“Yes, please, Blaine,” Kurt said, scooting impossibly closer to Blaine. Any closer and they would be able to grind against one another. At the thought of friction, Kurt moved forward once more and they both cried out when their cocks bumped into each other.

“Kurt! Holy shit!” Blaine cried. He gently lowered his hand and wrapped his fingers around Kurt’s length. Looking at his Soulmate’s cock under the water, he had to swallow because of his mouth watering so profusely. “Kurt, your cock is beautiful.”

“Um, thank you?” Kurt said breathlessly. “Tighter, Blaine.”
Blaine tightened his grip just a bit and stroked up and down Kurt’s length. Kurt cried out, his head thrown back. Blaine couldn’t resist the expanse of white flesh exposed like that and leaned closer to suck on a patch of skin above Kurt’s collarbone. He stroked and sucked in the same rhythm, causing Kurt to whimper in time with the overwhelming sensations.

“Kurt, please, sweetie. Can I touch both of us at the same time?” Blaine begged.

“Huh?” Kurt asked, his blue eyes dark with passion.

“Like this,” Blaine said, hoping Kurt wouldn’t freak. He grabbed his cock and Kurt’s and surrounded them both with his hands.

Kurt’s hips rolled as he cried out. “Yes, Blaine!”

Blaine kept stroking them, knowing he wouldn’t be able to last much longer. “Come for me, sweetie. Let me see you explode,” he ground out.

Kurt couldn’t believe the incredible pleasure Blaine was giving him as he stroked their cocks together. The friction and feel of Blaine’s cock against his was so erotic, he knew he wouldn’t last. “Blaine! Blaine!” he cried and then screeched his pleasure as wave after wave of ecstasy pulsed through him.

Blaine watched Kurt come, white streaks painting both of their abdomens and chests. The sight was too much and he grunted as he came. Both of them cried out as they felt the other pulsing against them.

For a few moments, all that could be heard was heavy breathing as they came down. Kurt hadn’t even known such pleasure could exist. He may not be ready for sex, but this? He was pretty sure he could handle doing this again.

They smiled at each other, sated and relaxed. Kurt looked down at himself and Blaine, seeing the come streaked across their bodies. His cock gave a valiant twitch as he realized how sexy they looked. Blaine hummed as he felt Kurt’s reaction.

“What do you say we shower and head to bed, my sweet Soulmate?” Blaine asked, his brain ready to shut down after that magnificent orgasm.

“Sounds good. Blaine? Was that.. I mean for me it was completely mind-blowing,” Kurt stammered.

“Oh yes, Kurt. That was extraordinary,” Blaine said seriously.

Kurt smiled brilliantly at him and stood, holding out his hand to help Blaine up.

“Let’s clean up,” he said and reached for the faucet.

. . . . .

“What’s it like living together?” Mercedes asked.

“It’s pretty good,” Kurt said. “We’ve been there just over a week now. It was fun decorating and stuff. Now we’re just trying to adjust to each other’s habits and such. But it’s working out good.” He and Mercedes were sitting on a love seat in Rachel Berry’s basement talking as they watched everyone drink and have fun. His going away party had turned into an alcoholic free-for-all.

“Is Blaine being all Dom-ish toward you?” she asked.
“Not so much. I mean he gave me a rundown of all the expectations he has of me, but that’s been about it,” Kurt replied. “How are things with you? How do you like having your Soulmate finally?”

Mercedes gave him a huge smile. “I am so in love, white boy, it should be illegal. Shane is everything I could have ever hoped for in a Soulmate.”

“How are things with you? How do you like having your Soulmate finally?”

“Has he laid down the law for you?” Kurt asked.

“Nope. He says he just wants me happy,” she told him. “And I am. So happy.”

Kurt leaned over and hugged her. “I’m so happy for you.”

“Thanks. It sure looks like Blaine is enjoying himself,” she noted.

They both looked over. Blaine was draining yet another red plastic cup and holding out his hand to Puck for another.

“Yeah, I’m not sure how this is going to pan out. I’ve never seen him drunk before. He’s always so put together. It’s a good thing I’m the one driving, that’s for sure,” Kurt said. After the one incident sophomore year, he’d decided that a relationship with alcohol was out of the question. It was clear Blaine didn’t feel that same conviction.

The party raved on. Rachel insisted on people singing uplifting duets and solos to encourage Kurt as he goes on his way. Instead there were drunken ditties and dirty jokes. Brittany and Santana ended up in their panties and bras while Puck and Sam drooled over them. None of them turned out to be mean drunks which kept the night pleasant.

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Kurt enjoyed the opportunity to hang out with his friends one last time. He knew it would be a while before all of them would be together like this again.

Blaine was having just as good a time even though he didn’t know anyone there except Kurt. He, Puck, and Sam had bonded over Doms and beers. Every now and then Kurt would look over and see him either chanting for someone else to drink or throwing his arm in the air as he downed another cup full. Kurt didn’t look forward to the potential mess of dealing with someone drunk.

When it came time for them to leave, Kurt got a hug from everyone in the room, making promises to text and email whenever he could.

On the drive back to Dalton, Blaine kept up a steady chatter of drunken conversation. Kurt inserted the obligatory ‘uh huh’ and ‘sure’ every now and then which seemed to keep his Soulmate happy.

Kurt helped Blaine into their bedroom and helped him pull his shoes off.


“I know, Blaine,” Kurt said, grabbing pajamas for Blaine.

“C’mere. Kiss your Soulmate,” Blaine said.

“Maybe tomorrow, Blaine. Right now, you need to get some sleep,” Kurt said, helping him take his shirt off and put on a t-shirt.

“Kurt, come on,” he whined. “Kiss me. You know you like it.”

“I do like it. When you’re sober. There will be no kissing or anything else while you’re drunk,” Kurt said evenly.
Blaine pulled Kurt’s shirt, knocking him off balance. Kurt fell onto the bed and Blaine clambered on top of him, leaning down to try to kiss him. Kurt couldn’t stand the alcoholic fumes coming out of Blaine’s mouth and tried to push him back.

“Blaine, get off me,” he said firmly.

“No, Kurt. Lemme kish you,” Blaine insisted, landing a sloppy, wet kiss on Kurt’s mouth.

“Blaine. Stop right now and let me up,” Kurt demanded.

“You know, I could make you. All’s I gotta do is use my Dom voice on you and you gotta do whatever I say. Uh huh,” Blaine said, trying to land another kiss on Kurt’s mouth but landed on his ear instead.

“You won’t do that, though, because that would be a breach of trust,” Kurt said, trying to keep his cool. His stomach was in knots, hoping that Blaine saw sense and stopped.

“Trust schmust. Kiss me now, Kurt,” Blaine demanded, his voice unmistakably in Dom mode.

Kurt felt the tug to obey and was filled with hurt and fury. Using every ounce of his strength, he pushed Blaine and his order away from him. “No!”

Kurt ran out of the bedroom, grabbed both sets of car keys and left, locking the apartment door behind him. There was no way he was going to stay in such a toxic environment and end up… He didn’t continue that thought. It wasn’t going to happen.

Kurt drove back to Lima, tears streaking down his face. He couldn’t believe that Blaine had tried to force him against his will. Yeah, it was only a kiss. This time.

Arriving at his dad’s house, he saw his dad’s truck was missing and figured he was out on a date. Luckily, he had a key with him and let himself into the house. He made his way to his old room, just as he’d left it. It was a cold comfort that surrounded him. He liked his new bed, it was comfortable and warm. This bed felt wrong and was too hard. Glancing at his phone, he saw that Blaine had called four times and left messages each time. He turned the phone off, there was no way he was dealing with Blaine again until he was sober. Alcohol was now a hard limit for him. If Blaine was going to drink, Kurt was not going to be around him because he obviously couldn’t trust him. As much as he fought against the whole Soulmate slash sub issue, he knew he could trust Blaine, even if he didn’t agree. Now he couldn’t and that saddened him.

Stripping down to his t-shirt and boxers, he crawled in bed and tried to go to sleep. It wasn’t until two hours later that he finally succumbed to a fitful sleep.
Chapter 11

Kurt woke up as the sun was rising, his head pounding from crying and lack of sleep. He’d had nightmares that Blaine was forcing him to bow to his will and no matter what he tried, Kurt couldn’t get away from him. He stumbled from his bed, stretching his sore muscles. His old bed definitely left something to be desired in comparison to his new bed. Blaine’s bed. Digging in his closet, he found a pair of navy lounge pants and a light gray Henley. The clothes suited his mood as he had no desire to venture outside the house. Heading into the bathroom, he turned the hot water all the way up with just enough cold to prevent burns. His sensitive skin still turned bright red under the steaming water as he stood there for nearly a half hour. Though it felt good, it did nothing for his tense muscles or his pounding headache. Climbing out, he dried and slipped his clothes on, finger-combining his hair instead of styling it. He snorted at his reflection in the mirror. He could definitely tell something was wrong when he wouldn’t take the extra time to style his hair. He had even left a new set of products at home so when he visited his dad, he’d always have his supplies handy.

Making his way to the kitchen, Kurt made a beeline to the coffee pot. He anticipated needing the entire pot just to clear the cobwebs from his brain. Maybe even two.

When the coffee was done, he went into the living room and sat in the window seat, staring at the waking world. It wasn’t the best view, mostly just other houses like his, but the sky was filled with the colors of sunrise and that was always beautiful.

As he gazed outside and sipped his coffee, he knew there was a decision to be made about Blaine. He would undoubtedly call or even show up here at some point. Would he go back home with him? Or would he insist on staying here for a couple of days. Logically, he knew that sober, Blaine was no threat to him. But that one statement last night, four words, sent cold chills down his spine and put a knot in his stomach. I could make you. Some people say that when you are drunk, you tend to tell the truth. Was there a part of Blaine who wanted to use Kurt’s weakness against him? Did Blaine want an obedient sub so badly that he would force it on him? Kurt hated that part of his nature. It was sick in a way, that he was made with an obedience switch built in. All Blaine had to do was use that tone, that almost echo-type sound that he was born with as a Dom. Hearing that tone practically turned him into a robot, programmed to obey. Would Blaine manipulate him like that? Kurt wiped the tears away that had silently started falling. He was supposed to be able to trust Blaine, more so than any other person in Kurt’s life. At this point, however, he didn’t feel like he trusted him at all.

“Morning, son,” Burt said, coming into the living room and plopping down in his recliner. “When did you get here last night?”

“Around midnight, I guess? Where were you?” Kurt asked, a teasing sound in his voice.

Burt actually blushed, the pink spreading up to his shaved head. “I had a date,” he said defensively.

“Hmm. A late night date, huh?” Kurt taunted. He chuckled as his dad tugged at his collar in embarrassment. “I’m kidding. I’m glad you and Carole are getting along so well.”

“We really are. She makes me happy, Kurt. In a way I haven’t been in more years than I care to think about,” Burt said quietly.

“You deserve all the happiness in the world, Dad. I’m very happy for you,” Kurt said sincerely, tucking his feet under him.

“Thanks, bud. So, not that you have to answer, but as your dad, I have to ask. What brings you
“Blaine got drunk last night at the going away party at Rachel’s. When we got home, he started trying to kiss me. I told him I didn’t want to kiss him when he’s drunk,” Kurt said. He saw his dad’s face turn an even darker shade of red than before. He scooted to the edge of the recliner, his hands clenching into fists.

“Did that little bastard…,” Burt growled.

Kurt held up a hand. “No! No, he was only trying to kiss me. Anyway, I would have been fine with just telling him no and helping him to bed. But then he said ‘I could make you’, referring to giving a Dom order. That freaked me out and pissed me off so much, I couldn’t stay there,” Kurt said, realizing he was hurt, too. He had actually started to trust Blaine. He’d been trying to cooperate and be what Blaine needed him to be, even if he didn’t agree.

“Damn, Kurt. I’m sorry, bud. Are you okay? I mean, you aren’t physically hurt or anything?” Burt asked.

“No, just hurt inside. And really, really mad. Dad, how was it with Mom? Did you issue Dom orders a lot?” Kurt asked.

“No,” Burt said. “I only used Dom orders if she was in a dangerous situation, or if she was panicking. For instance, we were at a parade and were crossing a street. A cyclist was going by and swerved, almost running into Elizabeth. I yelled to her to stand still and the bicycle ended up going around her. If she’d run for it, she would have gotten hit. After we found out about the cancer, she would have panic attacks. I couldn’t blame her, but the doctor said it was bad for her to get so upset. So I would tell her to calm down and she was able to. I couldn’t imagine using that gift against her.”

“Gift?” Kurt asked dubiously.

“Well, yeah. Look at the examples I gave you. If I hadn’t been able to help her, her life would have been worse because of it. It was a gift. She was grateful each time. It fulfilled the need in me to help her and protect her.”

“I can see how that would be a good thing,” Kurt said. “I guess I haven’t seen the best use of it up to this point. What should I do, Dad? I know he’s going to want me to go home with him. I just don’t know.”

“I don’t know either, son. It would be good to forgive him, as this is his first major foul-up. But I can see how giving it a couple days for you to cool down and make him sweat a little, would help,” his dad said. “Maybe you should wait and hear him out. See what he has to say for himself before making a decision,” Burt suggested.

Kurt nodded. “Yeah, that sounds like a good idea.”

“I’m gonna watch the game, wanna pretend to watch it with me?” his dad invited with a gentle smile.

“I’d love to,” Kurt said returning the smile.

. . . . .

The football game was at half-time when the doorbell rang. Burt got up and gave Kurt a wicked grin.

“I’ll get it,” he said.
Kurt giggled. “I love you, Dad.”

“Anything for you, bud,” he said, going to the door.

Kurt muted the TV so he could hear what was going on. He heard the door open.

“Hey, Blaine!” Burt shouted. “How ya doing?”

Kurt covered his mouth to hide his giggles. He knew Blaine must have a terrible hangover. Served him right.

“Fine, sir. Um, can I talk to Kurt, please?” Blaine’s voice was quiet and obviously pained.

“Sure thing!” Burt boomed. “Kurt! Blaine wants to talk to you!”

Kurt couldn’t resist. “Be right there!” he yelled.

He passed by his dad on the way to the door. His dad grinned and winked at him. Kurt subtly gave him a high five and went to where Blaine was still waiting on the porch. His Soulmate was not having a great morning if the dark shadows under his eyes were any indication.

“Kurt, I am so sorry,” he started.

“Come in, Blaine,” Kurt said, turning and walking to the kitchen. He sat at the table and looked at Blaine. “What do you remember about what happened?”

Blaine sat and rubbed his eyes. “Not much. I remember that I wanted to kiss you. When I woke up and didn’t see you this morning, I checked my phone and saw that I’d sent you several texts apologizing, so I’m sure I did something wrong.”

Kurt felt pity for Blaine and went to pour him a cup of coffee and grabbed him two aspirin. “Here,” he said. “So you don’t know what you did?”

“I’m sorry, no,” Blaine said, taking the pills with his coffee. “Please tell me.”

“Well, it wasn’t bad enough that you were trying to force me to kiss you. But then you threatened me with a Dom order, saying you could make me kiss you,” Kurt said evenly.

Blaine’s face went even more pale than it was. “Oh my god. Kurt, I am so, so sorry. I would never, ever force you to do something like that against your will.”

“Obviously, your drunk side would,” Kurt said sharply.

“Then I will have to make sure that side never surfaces again. I won’t be drinking anymore, Kurt. I swear on my love for you that alcohol will never touch these lips,” Blaine said fervently.

“How am I supposed to believe that? If you love me so much, why did you try to force me to kiss you?” Kurt demanded. “It doesn’t exactly breed trust.”

Blaine nodded. “I understand that. I can only prove it to you if you will give me a chance. I ask for nothing more than a chance. I will prove that I love you and that you can trust me.”

Kurt gazed at him. Underneath the dark shadows and pale skin, Blaine’s eyes shone with determination and promise. “I’m not ready to forgive you,” he said quietly.

“I wouldn’t ask that of you,” Blaine assured him.
Kurt thought for several minutes. If Blaine really gave up alcohol. If he really tried to prove himself. Maybe Kurt could give him a chance. “Alright,” he said.

“Allright?” Blaine repeated hopefully.

“I’ll come back with you,” Kurt said.

. . . . . . . .

When they arrived back at the dormitory, the walk to the apartment was quiet. Blaine was rubbing his temples, needing another dose of aspirin.

“Hey there neighbors!” a loud voice called out.

Kurt and Blaine looked up and saw two boys standing at the door to the apartment next to theirs.

“Jeff? Nick? What are you guys doing here already?” Blaine asked.

“Is that any way to greet your old friends?” Nick asked, coming over to shake his hand.

Blaine shook his hand and turned to Kurt. “Kurt, this is Nick Duval and his Soulmate, Jeff Sterling. Guys, this is my Soulmate, Kurt Hummel.”

Kurt shook their hands. Nick had dark hair and eyes while Jeff had blonde hair and brown eyes. Both of them smiled kindly. Jeff was more exuberant, reaching over to hug Kurt.

“It’s about time Blainers settled down,” Jeff said, grinning.

“Yeah, because seventeen is having one foot in the grave,” Blaine scoffed. He put his hand to his head again. “I gotta get some aspirin. Do you guys want to come in? Er, Kurt, are you okay with that?”

Kurt nodded. “That’s fine,” he said. He figured having company would keep them from having an awkwardly silent afternoon. “Come on in, I’ll make some coffee.”

They walked into Blaine and Kurt’s apartment. Blaine disappeared into the bathroom while Kurt and Jeff went into the kitchen.

“You guys are moving in pretty early,” Kurt noted.

“Yeah, after we heard that you and Blaine were moving in, we figured we would too. Especially because my folks are going on an extended vacation and leaving poor old me behind,” Jeff said dramatically.

“Poor old you my butt,” Nick said leaning onto the breakfast bar. “You chose to stay behind if I remember right. Probably because you couldn’t imagine being away from yours truly for so long.”

Jeff walked over to Nick and gently cupped his cheek. “I think both of us would have had a problem if we were separated from each other for that long,” Jeff said quietly, devotion shining in his expressive eyes.

“You’re always right,” Nick said, smiling. He leaned in and kissed Jeff tenderly.

Kurt couldn’t help a quiet sigh as he watched the boys. They were very obviously Soulmates in love. Kurt wished he was that happy. Because of the way he felt about being a sub, he figured he’d never get there.
Jeff and Nick broke apart, smiling at each other for a moment. Jeff turned to Kurt with a friendly grin. “So, Kurt, tell me your life story,” he said.
“Um, okay. Well, Fate decided the world should have something fabulous, so I was born. I grew up with my Dad. And here I am,” Kurt said, with a smile. He hoped that was enough for now. “How about you?”

Jeff laughed. “Ironically enough, I, too, was born to gift the world with my fabulousness,” he said. “Long lost brothers, you think?”

“Must be!” Kurt said, chuckling.

Blaine joined them and they sat, making general conversation. Kurt learned more about the Warblers and was encouraged by all three boys to audition. Nick and Jeff complained about the number of solos Blaine got. Jeff mentioned trying to grow a permanent strain of laryngitis so the dapper tenor would have to sit on the sidelines like everyone else.

“Of course, knowing my luck,” Nick said. “Kurt will end up as the new soloist.”

Kurt smiled. “That would be my dastardly plan,” he said.

“Okay, just using the word ‘dastardly’ makes you the most fabulous of all,” Jeff declared, lightly applauding Kurt.

Kurt nodded and gave a small bow. “You know it.”

Later that afternoon, Kurt and Blaine helped Jeff and Nick unpack, amazed at how fast they were able to move in. Kurt gave Nick some pointers about paint colors and how to use their furnishings as accents. Jeff wanted to see Kurt’s wardrobe after Kurt gave him some feedback on his own. Kurt took Nick back to their apartment and into the master bedroom. Jeff ooh’d and aah’d appropriately at all the outfits Kurt showed him, correctly guessing the designers.

“Hey Kurt, Nick and I are going to get Chinese for dinner. Do you want anything in particular?” Blaine called from the apartment door.

“Egg rolls and fried rice,” Kurt replied. “Did you need to tell them what you want?” he asked Jeff.

“No, Nicky knows what I want,” Jeff said.

“How long have you two been together?” Kurt asked.

“We’ve known each other since middle school. We were friends for years. After we turned sixteen, we made a pact to high five every guy at Dalton to see if one of them was our Soulmate. One day David asked if we’d ever bothered high fiving each other. We admitted that we hadn’t and turned toward each other. One high five later and we were Soulmates,” Jeff said, a happy grin on his face.

“I don’t want to step on toes, but you’re a sub, right?” Kurt asked. More than once over the afternoon, he’d seen Jeff lean on Nick or reach for Nick, like he had to be touching him at all times. Kurt figured that was a good clue.

“My toes are fine and yes, I’m a sub. As are you,” Jeff said. “What about you and Blaine? How’d you find out?”

“We met at a coffee shop. I had something on my face and Blaine went to clean it off and that’s
when we found out,” Kurt said with an obvious lack of emotion.

“You don’t seem overly enthused about meeting your Soulmate,” Jeff noted, an eyebrow in the air.

“Um, to be honest, no. I didn’t want a Soulmate. Once I found out I was a sub, I knew I wanted to be alone. I still do, but that can just stay between us. Right?” Kurt asked, suddenly worried. He didn’t know Jeff well and had no idea if he was going to run off to Blaine and tell him everything he’d said.

“Oh yeah, between us. Solidarity between subs. Why didn’t you want a Soulmate? And what does it have to do with being a sub?” Jeff asked, his face openly curious.

“I always thought I was going to be a Dom. I’ve always done things my way, got other people to do things my way. I guess I was really, really wrong. After I realized I was a sub, I knew my life would be stuck doing what someone else told me to do. I didn’t want that, so I figured if I didn’t touch anyone, I wouldn’t find my Soulmate,” Kurt said with a shrug. “I wore gloves for the longest time.”

Jeff looked truly bewildered. “I guess I don’t understand. Why would being a sub mean you have to do what someone tells you to do?”

“Do you?” Jeff asked.

“Okay, one of us has our wires crossed here. Look, I know that Doms are supposed to dominate the submissives, boss them around, tell them what to do, et cetera. Blaine started in with it the very day we discovered our bond. Telling me I should be grateful that he’s going to make all of my important life decisions for me. It’s asinine. I am not weak simply because I’m a sub. Unless you ask Blaine,” Kurt said bitterly. “I mean the rules alone are for the birds!”

“Doms are not supposed to dominate and boss around subs. They love, protect, and guide but only when their Soulmate asks to be guided,” Jeff clarified.

“So you’re telling me Nick doesn’t tell you what to do? No rules and punishments? Or chastisements, as Blaine likes to sugarcoat it,” Kurt said. “A nice little notebook full of rules and consequences that Blaine wrote.”

“Punishments?” Jeff asked and then stopped. His eyes clouded over and he looked like he was thinking very hard. “I guess every relationship is different. So, that blue and black sweater, did you say that was an Alexander McQueen?” Jeff said dismissively.

Kurt looked at him for a moment before shrugging. The other boy must not want to finish the conversation. He pulled out the sweater he’d asked about and showed it to him. “Yes, it’s a McQueen. Don’t you love it? I got the most fabulous deal on it.”

That night, Jeff couldn’t get his and Kurt’s conversation out of his mind.

“What is it, love?” Nick asked, as always he was able to tell when his Soulmate was troubled. That and he could feel through their open Marks that Jeff was upset.

“I’m worried about Kurt, Nicky,” Jeff said, crawling into bed.

Nick got in beside him and tucked their comforter around his sub. “What has you worried?”
Jeff sighed. “I don’t know if I can say. I don’t want to talk bad about someone’s Soulmate and I’m afraid it would come off like that.”

Nick pulled Jeff into his arms. “You are here, in our room, in my arms. You’re safe and can say anything you want without fear. If you are worried for someone and need to share, then do so, regardless of whether it’s talking bad about someone,” he said.

“Kurt and I shared how we met our Soulmates and he was saying he didn’t want a Soulmate because it meant he had a Dom. He even wore gloves so he didn’t have to touch anyone. He went on to talk about how he hated being told what to do by a Dom and even some book where Blaine wrote rules and punishments. He asked me if you gave me rules and consequences and I froze. I didn’t know what to say because I didn’t want to say something bad about Blaine. I just changed the subject and said that all couples were different. I’m worried, Nick. I mean, you know what Blaine knows, you are in all his classes. Is what he is doing right?” Jeff asked, worry making him frown.

“Baby, please try not to worry. We’ll figure out a way to help them both. And yeah, I’m in those classes, too. I don’t know if we hear things so completely different from one another or what Blaine’s issue is,” Nick said. He pushed Jeff’s blonde hair off his forehead. Kissing him softly, he sighed. “What is Blaine doing to him?” he whispered, his expression troubled.
“Hey, Blaine, I talked to Wes this morning. He and Layla will be moving in next weekend. He was wondering if we wanted to meet for coffee this afternoon to catch up and such,” Nick said, leaning into Blaine and Kurt’s apartment two days later. “I was thinking Jeff could take Kurt shopping. He wanted to get more feedback on decorating tips anyway.”

Blaine looked at Kurt who just shrugged. “Um, sure, that sounds good. What time?”

“Four o’clock at the Spork,” Nick said, referring to the popular diner near Dalton.

“I’ll be there,” Blaine said with a smile.

“Great. Kurt, is it okay if Jeff comes and bugs you around that time?” Nick asked, raising his voice so the boy on the couch could hear him.

“Sounds wonderful, Nick. Tell him I’m looking forward to it,” Kurt called.

“Alright. See you crazy kids later,” Nick said with a parting smile.

Blaine closed the door and rejoined Kurt on the couch. Kurt didn’t meet his gaze and Blaine knew this wasn’t going to be pretty. Finally, Kurt looked up at him, fury burning in his blue green eyes.

“You are seriously telling me you are going to try and punish me because I lost sleep because of you? Who the hell do you think you are?” Kurt hissed.

“You know the rules, Kurt, I was very clear on my expectations. You are to get seven hours of sleep per night. You admitted to me yourself that you got less than three hours that night and not much more over the past two nights,” Blaine said, striving to keep his voice calm. He had to do this. He had to set a precedent that his rules would be obeyed. He couldn’t let it slide, even if he was the reason behind it. “You could have stayed in bed and tried to sleep more, but you chose not to.”

“Blaine, it took me two freaking hours to fall asleep just to get the few hours I did that night. I am seriously unable to even process this right now! You were drunk and tried to force yourself on me, you threatened to make me and now, because I was stressed out by you and didn’t sleep well, you are going to punish me? Huh? Trying to get your Dom rocks off?”

Blaine’s jaw dropped at Kurt’s language. He’d never heard his Soulmate use words like these. He had to put a stop to it. “Stop speaking,” he demanded, the Dom order echoing in the room.

Kurt opened his mouth to yell and found he couldn’t get a sound out. His breath blew out of his mouth, attempting to make a noise but it was fruitless.

“Yes, I was at fault that night. But two wrongs do not make a right, Kurt. You are responsible to take care of yourself. Not only have you not been sleeping seven hours per night, but you didn’t eat three meals that day or the next day,” he said. He held up their rule notebook so Kurt could see it. “We wrote these out together and you agreed to follow the rules set forth. You agreed that it was for your benefit. You may speak,” he said.

“First, I never, ever agreed that it was for my benefit. Those rules are all your way of changing me to be the Stepford sub of your dreams,” Kurt said, his words biting, but his tone quiet. If he had any chance of getting his point across, he had to at least stay civil. The shock of Blaine’s Dom demand
still coursed through him. He couldn’t believe this was even happening. It was surreal. “Second, I again state that my lack of sleep and eating meals was all based on the stress that you caused me. You caused it, Blaine! I was literally terrified that you would use a Dom order to force me to kiss you. And if you were willing to go to that length to get obedience, what would you force me to do next? Have sex with you? Sit at your feet like a loyal puppy?”

“Enough, Kurt. I apologized for that and I haven’t even insisted that we be intimate since then. I am making it right by giving you your space. I know I did wrong. But like I have said several times now, just because I made a mistake doesn’t mean you can neglect your health. If nothing else, you should take care of yourself more than usual because of the stress you are going through. I would never, ever force you to have sex with me. I can’t even believe you would say that to me. You are the most important person in my life! Why do you insist on vilifying me? I don’t understand. Please tell me why you hate me so much,” Blaine asked, tears shining in his eyes.

“I don’t hate you, Blaine,” Kurt scoffed. “I don’t like you very much right now. Try to see things from my view, okay? You are given rules to change you, you are threatened with punishments like a child, you are punished for the stress caused by another person, you are expected to depend on someone else to make all of your major life choices. And to top it off, you are expected to like it! How would you feel? And please, be honest,” Kurt challenged.

“I can’t see that from your view, Kurt, because I know the reasons behind the rules and punishments. I know that it is for your betterment and benefit. As for making major life choices, I don’t expect you to let me make those decisions. Do I want you to come to me for guidance and wisdom? Yes, absolutely. But every couple in the world does that. Would you be happy if I chose a college to go to, but didn’t discuss it with you?” Blaine asked.

“No, I wouldn’t be happy. But can you honestly tell me that you would let me decide on my college choice and you wouldn’t prefer to pick for me?” Kurt asked bluntly.

Blaine sighed. There was no winning in this conversation. He was so frustrated that Kurt wouldn’t listen to him, wouldn’t even consider that there were other ways of living and seeing things then just his own. He wanted to be there for Kurt, wanted to share his opinions and thoughts on what might be best for him. If Kurt would just give him a chance, he could prove his love and devotion through his actions and decisions. Kurt would be able to see how better his life could be with Blaine’s hand in it.

“What do you remember about your parents interacting with each other,” Blaine asked out of the blue.

Kurt looked at him sideways. “What do you mean?”

“What do you remember? Your mom was a submissive. Did she fight over every little thing with your dad? Or did she let him be who he needed to be?” Blaine clarified.

“My mom and dad were a couple in love. They worked together on everything. If Dad had a problem, he went to her and vice versa. You wouldn’t have been able to tell who was the Dom and who was the sub,” Kurt said, his voice arctic cold.

Blaine could see that bringing up his mom probably wasn’t the best decision. “Okay, I’m sorry for bringing up your mom. We are done discussing this. You will be punished and then you will go to bed early tonight, willingly or ordered to do so.”

Kurt stood up, his eyes on fire. “No. You will not order me to do so and you will not punish me for something you did. End of story. I’ll just go back to my Dad’s house,” he said matter-of-factly.
Blaine stood as well, wishing he had the few inches on Kurt that the boy had on him. “Kurt, this is for your own good. *Kneel. Now.*”

“No,” Kurt whispered in shock. But just as his lips had sealed earlier, his knees buckled and he fell to his knees in front of Blaine.

“*Head down, arms behind your back,*” Blaine demanded. “*Sit there until I get back.*”

Kurt’s head fell forward, his arms reaching to clasp hands behind him. He heard Blaine leave the room, Kurt stuck in the submissive pose. Tears burned his eyes. This wasn’t happening. Blaine had taken it one step too far. To make him kneel like this was beyond wrong. As he sat there, tears streaking down his face, he started to calm. The break from the arguing was just what he needed. Though he should have been completely uncomfortable in this position, he found himself relaxing to the point where he knew he could fall asleep if he let himself. Another tear dripped from his nose. This couldn’t be happening. He knew as well as he knew his name, that this submissive pose was good and right. It brought such relief from the stress he’d been feeling over the last couple of hours. His body, his mind, right down to his very DNA was happy in this moment as he submitted to this ignored side of himself. It wasn’t that he was giving in to Blaine or following an order. It was letting go, plain and simple. He let go of the stress, the argument, the tension in his shoulders and neck. Being here was calming, relaxing, and gave him more of a feeling of home than he had ever felt in his life. As wonderful as he felt in that moment, he knew one thing for sure. He could never let Blaine know.

Blaine came out of the bedroom and stopped, staring at the kneeling form of his Soulmate. Everything in him knew this was good and right and how it should be. He could see how Kurt was feeling, the looseness of his limbs, the quiet calm in the features he could see. Kurt was in the place he needed to be in. Blaine wished that it was him that Kurt needed, that he had known Kurt would find this kind of relief in the sub pose. But, no. Blaine had demanded the pose to suit his selfish needs, to put his Soulmate ‘in his place’. Now, seeing how his spitefulness was now benefiting Kurt, made him feel lower than low, knowing he’d used it against him. The realization hit him like a punch in the stomach.

He walked to Kurt, unable to ignore how stunningly beautiful Kurt looked like this. The absolute peace in his expression was something Blaine had never been able to put on his face.

Sinking to his knees, he reached out to caress Kurt’s cheek. “Kurt, you can relax now,” he said, waiting until Kurt lifted his head up, his sad eyes almost a silvery gray. “I am so sorry. I shouldn’t have ordered you like that. I thought I knew what I was doing, being your Dom and Soulmate. I’ve taken the classes, done the work and really thought I had it all down. Now I know I don’t know squat about how to be a good Soulmate, much less a decent Dom. I’ve failed you, Kurt, and I am so, so sorry,” he said, tears streaming down his face. “I’m going to go meet with the guys. You are free to hang out with Jeff, if you’d still like to. I would like to continue this conversation later, if that’s okay.”

Kurt stared at Blaine, seeing a broken man in front of him. What had happened in the last few minutes? What had gone on in his mind? “Okay,” he said. “I’ll make sure to eat lunch while we’re out,” he said quietly.

Blaine smiled shakily, pleased. “I will, too,” he said.

When Blaine, Nick, and Wes had ordered their food, they caught up on each other’s summer activities.
“You had the biggest summer what with finding your Soulmate,” Wes said, grinning at Blaine. “How is that going?”

Blaine looked down, clasping his hands together tightly. “I’m pretty much a monumental failure,” he said bluntly.


“I’ve done everything I was supposed to do,” Blaine said helplessly. “I gave him rules and boundaries, offered him guidance and all he has done since day one was fight me. I thought he was supposed to thrive in that kind of environment. That’s what we’ve learned all these years. But he hates me because of it. He despises it when I give him Dom orders, though I’m only trying to do what’s right,” Blaine said.

Wes held up a hand. “Hold on, Blaine. You said you give him Dom orders? What happened? Was he in danger?”

Blaine cocked his head. “Um, no. I’ve told him to settle down when we’ve fought. Today I told him to stop talking and then told him to kneel. I just wanted him to stop arguing with me,” he said.

Nick gasped while Wes wiped a hand over his face.

“Blaine, that is an abuse of a Dom order. Dom orders are only to be used if your Soulmate is in danger or is in risk of some sort of harm, mental or physical. Using it to stop an argument is just plain manipulative and wrong,” Wes said.

“The books also say to use the Dom order to help a sub get in touch with their submissive nature,” Blaine said, confused.

“Blaine, those books haven’t been updated since the early sixties.”

“Not to mention they weren’t exactly open to gays and lesbians,” Wes said. “What kinds of rules do you have in place?”

Blaine waited until the waitress set their food in front of them. He was finding it hard to concentrate. It felt like his entire world just got turned on its ear. “Um. Well, I want him to eat three meals a day and sleep at least seven hours a night. He hasn’t been doing that so we were discussing it today and I was going to punish him with lines,” Blaine said.

“You were going to punish him for not eating or sleeping enough? Blaine, he’s not a child,” Nick said.

“What other kinds of rules, Blaine?” Wes said, holding a hand up to Nick.

“Things like keeping the house clean, cooking dinner, doing homework on time, working on intimacy,” Blaine said.

“What do you mean, working on intimacy,” Wes interrupted.

“Well, I haven’t claimed him yet because he has been so against his nature this whole time. So, I told him I wanted to work toward becoming more intimate, hopefully ending in the claiming before the month was up,” Blaine said, his speech slowing as he saw the horror spreading across the faces of his friends.

“You actually created a rule that your Soulmate, your Soulmate, had to become intimate with you, whether ready or not, and within a month’s time had to be ready to submit to sex? Please tell me I’m wrong, Blaine,” Wes said, completely outraged.

“You’re not wrong,” Blaine whispered, shame coloring his cheeks bright red.

“How is that supposed to foster love and a real feeling of intimacy between you if he is basically being forced into bed with you?” Wes asked.

“I didn’t know what else to do. I figured if I pushed it a little bit that he would be forced to at least give me a chance. I was sure that if I was given the chance that he would enjoy himself and maybe build a little love for me,” Blaine said. “He is so set on not loving me, not submitting, not even wanting to be in this relationship.”

“And what have you done to make him want to be in the relationship?” Wes asked softly.

Blaine opened his mouth to answer, but stopped. Other than pushing Kurt, he hadn’t done anything other than pushing his love away.

“Blaine, listen,” Wes said. “In regards to what we’ve learned in school, you can’t take it all so literally. Just like anything we learn. You have to take it as a reference, not the rule. As for Kurt not being open to the relationship, I’m sorry, but he has every right to feel that way. Just because you are Soulmates doesn’t mean he has to fall deeply in love with you. From what you’ve said, it sounds like Kurt never really wanted a Soulmate, especially not a Dom. You can’t expect him to just change overnight. Subs are not all alike, just as Doms are not all alike. He doesn’t need to live up to some premade notion of what you think a sub and Soulmate should be. If he was hesitant about the relationship, you should have wooed him, made him fall in love with you. Being a Soulmate means the possibility is there for love, not necessarily that it will already exist. I hate to say it, but you really need to rethink things or you may end up losing him altogether.”

“How do I fix this without undermining my authority as his Dom?” Blaine asked.

“Do you hear yourself Blaine? Undermining your authority? Is he your slave? Is that how you see subs? I think what you need to do is forget the entire concept of Doms and subs for now. You’re being too much of a Dom and not enough of a Soulmate. You need to take care of him and keep him safe through your own efforts, not rules that you’ve given him. Let him live the life he desires, not the one you desire for him. It’s through that and that alone that love, and eventually submission, will come. Otherwise, all you will have is someone who resents you,” Wes said.

Tears streaked down the brokenhearted Dom’s face. “I can’t lose him,” he said.

“We’ll help you, Blainers. Don’t worry. We won’t let you screw this up anymore,” Nick said.

Blaine glared at him then gave him a watery smile. “Thanks guys.”

“Alright. Operation woo Kurt is a go!” Wes declared.

With the support of his friends, Blaine could only hope that there was a chance for him to build a relationship from the mess he made.
Chapter 14

Blaine had been gone about thirty seconds when Jeff bounded into their apartment.

“Shopping time!” he shouted loudly, though he was in the same room with Kurt. He stopped bouncing in excitement when he saw Kurt’s tear-streaked face.

“Kurt! Honey, what’s wrong?” he cried, coming over to wrap his arms around the distraught man.

“I can’t go shopping today, Jeff, I just can’t,” Kurt said, tears beginning to fall again.

“Can you tell me what happened?” Jeff asked, holding his new friend’s hand.

“This whole Dom slash sub relationship thing is not working,” Kurt said. “Blaine has taken it too far, and though he apologized before he left, I just can’t do it anymore. I am emotionally drained, physically tired, and I can’t do it anymore,” he finished, tears pouring down his face.

Jeff wrapped his arms around him again, slowly rocking him, wishing he knew how to help. “Can I ask what he did, sweetie?”

“He started giving these Dom orders one after the other. Making me shut up, freaking making me kneel like some sort of slave. He wants to punish me for not getting enough sleep when it is his damn fault I didn’t sleep! He came on to me a while back when he was drunk and I wanted nothing to do with it. He pulled the ‘I could order you to’ Dom card and it freaked me the hell out! If he is going to order me to kiss him, what else would he order me to do?” Kurt said, sniffing.

Jeff’s eyes were wide with shock. “Kurt, you know that isn’t what Doms are supposed to do, don’t you?”

Kurt looked at him, his tears stopping. “What do you mean? I mean, I’ve never wanted a Dom, so I just figured it was my fault for not wanting what he does. Doesn’t Nick use Dom orders on you?” he asked.

“Never!” Jeff practically shouted. “I have never, ever heard Nick even use a Dom tone on me! He would never do it unless I was in danger or in need of some sort of emergency help that would require immediate action.”


“Kurt, the Dom tone is not something to be used just to get someone to act a certain way. It is wrong. Very wrong,” Jeff insisted.

“Well, that’s good. It just cements what I had already planned to do,” Kurt said, sighing.

“What did you already plan to do?” Jeff asked, though he had a good idea.

“I’m leaving,” Kurt said. He looked at Jeff, almost daring him to argue and try to convince him to stay.

“I think that might be a good idea,” Jeff said. “Want some help packing?”

Kurt gaped at him, then closed his mouth, not wanting to question things anymore. “Sure, that would be great.”
The two worked quietly, gathering Kurt’s wardrobe and important knickknacks that he wanted to take. He even took back his gourmet coffee maker. There was no way he was leaving it here for Blaine. The last step was packing up his music and movies. Some of the furnishings would stay for now, until he could get more help. He was more determined to be gone before Blaine got back. There was no way he was going to end up with a Dom order to stay.

Jeff had kept the conversation to asking what would stay and what would go. As they finished loading the last of Kurt’s things, Jeff had to say something.

“Will I ever see you again?” he asked, his brown eyes sad.

“Sure you will,” Kurt said. “I gave you my number and I’m only a couple hours away. We can find a mid point and hang out or shop any time.”

“Good,” Jeff said, relieved. “I totally knew we were going to be best friends and I didn’t want to give that up just because Blaine is a monumental loser.”

Kurt tried to stifle his giggle, but let it loose anyway. Jeff joined him and they leaned on each other, laughing until their eyes glinted with tears.

“Aw, Jeff, thank you. I needed that,” Kurt said, wiping his eyes.

“I live to serve. Oh wait, that’s what you’re supposed to do for Blaine!” Jeff said.

Kurt was quiet and Jeff thought he’d finally put his foot in it. Then Kurt broke out with a full belly laugh and Jeff joined him, relieved.

“You kill me,” Kurt laughed. “I gotta get out of here, though. I have no idea how long Blaine will be. I can’t let him have a chance to order me to stay.”

That comment got both of them to settle down. The chance was very real that Blaine would do just that and they both knew it.

“Take care, okay Kurtie?” Jeff said, giving his friend a big hug.

“You, too, Jeff. Take care of that man of yours, too. And text me once in a while,” Kurt insisted.

Jeff looked at him like he was an idiot. “Um. Duh! Once in a while, my ass. I plan on blowing your phone up! And you better text me when you make it home safe or I will drive to Lima and kick your cute ass,” Jeff said with a big grin.

“I will do that,” Kurt said and gave him one last hug. “Bye, Jeff.”

“Bye, Kurt,” Jeff said, smiling sadly. He stood there and watched as Kurt got into his Navigator and pulled out onto the nearby street. Sighing he made his way back into his apartment, worrying about how Blaine was going to take the news that Kurt was gone.

Kurt drove home, refusing to think about Blaine and how he would feel about Kurt being gone. He’d thought silence would be good for the drive to give him time to think. After ten or so miles, though, he couldn’t take the quiet anymore. He cranked the stereo, putting it on his iPod playlist called “Uplifting”. When ‘Defying Gravity’ began playing, he filled his lungs with air and began singing out with all of his being. Singing had always been a stress reliever for him and it didn’t let him down now.
By the time he reached his house, he no longer felt like he would break down and cry for the relationship that he’d never really had. After texting Jeff that he was home safely, he made the decision to turn his phone off. He couldn’t deal with Blaine right now.

Letting himself into the house, he met his dad walking out of the living room.

“Kurt, what are you doing here, bud,” his dad said, smiling and coming to hug his son.

Kurt sighed, letting himself sink into the comfort that was his dad’s arms. “I left Blaine, Dad.”

Burt stepped back, still holding onto Kurt’s arms. “Are you alright, son? Do I need to shoot someone?”

Kurt smiled, yes, it was good to be home. “Not so much and I guess not,” he said in answer.

“Alright, well, come on, let’s talk,” Burt said, guiding his son to the kitchen table. After Kurt was seated, Burt made his way to the refrigerator, taking out the milk. Pouring two glasses, he got out a box of animal crackers. Sitting down at the table, he pushed a glass to Kurt and held the box out to him.

“Dad, how old are these cookies?” Kurt asked, though he was secretly delighted that his dad had their favorite childhood treat. For years after his mother died, whenever they needed to have a ‘talk’, his dad would break out the milk and animal crackers.

“I bought them when you moved out,” Burt said defensively. “I was feeling nostalgic.”

“I’m glad you bought them,” Kurt said with a smile, taking a handful of the small cookies.

“So, what is going on with you?” Burt began, tossing a cookie monkey in his mouth after dunking it in his milk.

Kurt didn’t hold back. He told his father everything and like always, his dad stayed silent, only nodding or adding a supportive ‘uh huh’. When he finished, his dad wiped his mouth with a napkin and looked at Kurt with a serious expression.

“You made the right choice, Kurt. I think the best thing for both of you is some time apart. I know you said I don’t need to shoot anyone, but if Blaine comes around before you’re ready to see him, I may have to take out the shotgun. Where did you hide it, by the way?” Burt asked, a humorous glint in his eye.

Kurt raised an eyebrow. “There is no way I am telling you anything,” he teased back.

His father helped him empty his Navigator, making trips back and forth to Kurt’s bedroom and the basement. By the time they were done, they were so tired, they decided to order in Chinese and watch a movie.

“I’m surprised Blaine hasn’t called yet,” Burt said as they watched the beginning sequence of ‘The Fight Club’. Kurt had had the urge to see some violence and bloody revenge.


Burt grinned back and shook his head. “That’s my boy,” he said proudly.

. . . . .

When Blaine arrived home that afternoon, he saw Kurt’s Navigator was gone and figured he and Jeff
were still shopping. He walked into the apartment thinking about making a pot of coffee. Kurt enjoyed coffee at any time of the day. Maybe it would warm him up enough to allow Blaine time to grovel. Making his way into the kitchen, he went to the coffee pot, only to find it missing. Confused, he looked around the kitchen, not seeing the appliance. Wandering into the living room, he noticed that the movie shelf was half empty. His stomach sank and he started feeling like he might be sick. Running into the bedroom, he went to the closet and burst into tears. Three fourths of the closet was now empty, Kurt’s clothes gone. He turned and saw his alarm missing, the charger for his phone. In the bathroom, it looked empty without Kurt's face products lining the shelves. He was really gone and he wasn’t planning on coming back.

Making his way back to the living room, he sank down on the couch, burying his face in his hands as he sobbed. He’d brought it all on himself. He deserved to be left behind. But he had had plans, plans to woo Kurt, to make him fall in love. Now, everything was going to change. He would have to move out of the Soulmate dormitory, he would have to make sure Kurt’s place at Dalton was removed. He would be alone. His Soulmate was gone.

Wiping his face, he made his way to Jeff and Nick’s apartment. Knocking on the door, he walked in. The first face he saw was Jeff’s guilt stricken face. He wanted to question him endlessly, but he didn’t deserve to know all the details anymore. He had ruined it and now he had to live with the consequences.

“All I need to know is if he is okay. Did he make it home alright?” Blaine asked quietly.

“Yeah, he did,” Jeff said in a whisper.

“Thanks,” Blaine said and left the apartment.

“Hey Blaine? Do you want to talk?” Nick asked, behind him.

“No, not really. Um, I’ll be packing up to move over to the singles dorm. Any chance you might be available to help?” he asked, not meeting his friends eyes.

“Of course. Jeff and I will both help,” Nick said, sorry for his friend.

“Thanks,” Blaine said and made his way into his apartment, closing the door behind him.

Sinking onto the couch again, he saw Kurt’s throw blanket hanging from the arm of the couch. Grabbing it greedily, he pulled it up to his nose and breathed deep. The scent of Kurt was overwhelming and caused tears to once again fall. He wrapped the blanket around himself and lost himself in his grief.

Later, as he was packing up the dishes that he and Kurt would never get the chance to share, he grabbed his phone and made a call. Expecting the voice mail, he prepared to speak after the beep.

“Hi Kurt. I am sorry that things got so bad here that you needed to leave. I know now that I have been wrong all along. About everything, pretty much. I owe you the biggest apology of my life and I offer it to you now. Please know, however, that though I screwed up severely, I do love you. I think I’ve loved you since the first time I saw you. Your smile that lights up the entire room,” he said with a light chuckle. “Those gorgeous blue, green, and gray eyes that can snap at you, captivate you, and tell you an entire story, all the while enchanting the one who is lucky enough to look at you. Your laugh makes me want to leap with joy, just to hear how happy you are in that one moment. Your voice can capture, cut, and cure a heart with a simple change of tone. Kurt, you could cure the woes of this world with one song from those beautiful lips. I admire you so damn much. I guess I never told you any of these things. I was too busy being full of myself and I am so very sorry for that. I
learned a lot of things today, Kurt. Things that will make me a better person. A better Soulmate. Not that I’m going to force that on you, because I won’t. I’m going to work on making a better me and give you time to heal from what I’ve done to you. I will be here, though, Kurt, if you ever need anything. Anything. Money, favors, coffee, someone to talk to or yell at. I’m here and I will continue to be. I know I don’t have the right to say this anymore, but I love you, Kurt. And, well, I’m here. Bye.”

As Kurt listened to the message, he felt tears well up in his eyes. He was glad to hear the things that Blaine said, he just wished he couldn’t hear the heartbreak behind it. When the message was over it, he stared at his phone as it gave him options for saving or deleting the message. In the end, he simply ended the call, unable to make up his mind. But as he lay in bed that night, he couldn’t help the small smile playing about his lips as he thought about Blaine’s opinion on his features. He’d never realized Blaine had paid so much attention. Though he’d been sure he would fall asleep in tears, instead he fell asleep with a small smile on his face.
Kurt spent the next week on himself. He relaxed and did what he wanted to do, not what anyone told him to do. He shopped with Tina, after getting permission from Mike, went to dinner with Sugar, and turned down offers of prayer meetings with Joe. His circle of friends had certainly shrunk after being outed as a sub. But the friends he did have were good and true friends, now that he really gave them a chance.

Kurt also decided it was time to study the lives of Doms and subs. He remembered the couple he had spent time with who had had the type of relationship Blaine obviously wanted. He remembered keeping notes on the topic in a notebook somewhere. After digging through the trunk at the end of his bed, he found the tattered composition book. Thumbing through it, he read the early information he’d gotten on the topic of Soulmates and subs.

“Soulmates were the most important thing in society. The fear of prison or retaliation kept people from harming Soulmates, especially subs.

Subs were cherished and loved by their Doms. They were cared for and most times pampered. In return, the sub supported and encouraged their Dom, served them, made themselves available at any time for sexual intercourse or anything else the Dom wanted or needed. Subs were never abused as it would physically and mentally scar the Dom for the rest of their life. The few cases of sub abuse were dealt with by the death penalty, fatal retaliation from the subs family, or even suicide. However, though abuse wasn’t tolerated, punishment was not just tolerated but expected. Subs were to behave in a manner set forth by their Dom. If they misbehaved, they were to be chastised. Chastisements were anything from lectures to ‘grounding’ to spankings and in extreme behavior problems, whipped.

From the age of sixteen forward, everyone was on the lookout for their Soulmate. Every day you would see people shaking hands, touching fingers, even the not-so-subtle high five. It was known that once you touched the hand of your Soulmate, you would find their name written into your band. If you met your Soulmate before the age of eighteen, you were free to move in with your Dom and their family or just the Dom. No permission was needed from the parents. Even if the sub was unwilling or scared for some reason, they were still to follow where their Dom went. Banks would grant home loans to Soulmates under eighteen, though you were likely to have interest rates through the roof. Most underage Soulmates stayed with the Dom’s family until high school graduation or age eighteen, whichever came first.”

Reading over the words, he remembered anew why he hated what he was. He would never be able to live that kind of life. To look to someone else to be told how to live or act. It would be impossible. He didn’t even feel that stirring in his soul that some people said subs would feel. Especially after having met their Dom Soulmate. The only time he’d ever felt a submissive emotion was when Blaine had forced him to kneel. The position had calmed him better than a coffee and long bath with a copy of Vogue. He wouldn’t give anymore thought to it than that.

Getting on the computer, he typed in ‘modern submissives’. From there he jotted down notes and thoughts that people had. These days subs weren’t always expected to stay at home and wait for their beloved Dom to return home each day. Subs went to work, got their education, had their own ideas. Life and living was more about loving your Soulmate and helping them live their best life. Schools were starting to adapt these new theories and ideas and incorporate them into normal curriculum.
Some states, New York, Washington, California, among others, were no longer teaching classes specified to subs and Doms, instead teaching them how to live together in love and unity. Leaning on each other in love. Other states, like Ohio, much like gay rights, was stuck in the dark ages and were set on keeping Doms and subs apart. There were subs in Washington, Kurt read, who were living alone, despite having met their Soulmate. They didn’t agree with the title of subs and weren’t ready or accepting of having a Soulmate, so they didn’t. They simply lived their lives as they always had intended. No harm done, no world tragedy.

Kurt’s head was spinning. What were his options? Especially living in a state that existed in the dark ages. Why did Blaine think it was okay to try and Dom Kurt to death, when Jeff and apparently many others, believed differently? He couldn’t wrap his head around any of it. So he said screw it. Screw the whole situation. He wanted to concentrate on him.

He closed his notebook and his compute, grabbed his sketchbook and returned to the Lima Bean. He got himself a nonfat mocha, a muffin, and sat down at his favorite table. The lighting was perfect for sketching the designs that constantly danced through his head. That first day he spent no less than four hours at the Lima Bean, and nearly twenty dollars on coffee, sketching the entire time. He hadn’t been so relaxed and in his own element in what seemed like forever.

When he went to bed that night, he did so with a smile. Life was finally getting back to normal.

Several days later, he was back once again, sipping coffee and sketching a French inspired three quarter length blazer, and wondering what he would pair it with when a shadow leaned over his table.

“I do believe you would pair those with a straight legged jean,” a smooth voice said.

Looking up, Kurt smiled into a pair of deep green eyes. “Really? I was thinking a skinny jean,” Kurt replied, pleased with the comment the boy had made.

The boy slid into the seat across from him, his light brown hair flying in different directions as he wiped his hand through it. “Nah, a skinny jean would make the jacket too bulky looking,” he replied.

“No if it was fitted right and buttoned up,” Kurt disagreed lightly. He adjusted his sketch to show what he meant, adding in a swift drawing of a skinny jean. “See?”


“Kurt Hummel,” he said with a smile.

“Sebastian Smythe, a pleasure to make your acquaintance. Do you come here often, Kurt Hummel?” Sebastian asked.

“Probably more than is healthy,” Kurt admitted. “It seems to be one of the few places I can sketch properly, despite the noise.”

“Mm, I can see that. I do my best thinking in my car, usually while doing ninety miles per hour on the freeway,” Sebastian told him.

“Are you always suicidal?” Kurt asked with a grin.

“Only when I’m behind the wheel apparently,” Sebastian said back with a wink.
Oh my god, Kurt thought, he’s flirting! With me!

“Well, you seem like a nice guy, so maybe you should slow down,” Kurt advised, a light blush on his cheeks.

“Maybe you should give me your number. The whole blushing thing? Super hot,” Sebastian said with a cocky grin. He held his phone out to Kurt.

Kurt thought about it for a whole second before he traded phones with the other boy. He was intriguing and Kurt had to admit, he hadn’t been intrigued in a long while. Not since he’d first met…, well, that line of thought wouldn’t end pleasantly, so he let it go.

“Well, future designer, Kurt Hummel. I will text you later. It was nice meeting you. It would be even nicer if I met you here tomorrow around the same time,” Sebastian hinted, his eyes sparkling green.

Kurt was drawn into those green eyes. “Um, yeah, uh, sure,” he stammered. “Sounds good,” he said, trying to get his stomach to stop jumping.

“Like I said, super hot,” Sebastian said with a wink. He turned and strode gracefully out of the building. Kurt recognized the sound of a V8 engine roaring to life before hearing it squeal out of the parking lot. Kurt grinned and couldn’t help but hope that Sebastian made it home okay. He didn’t know where home was for the other boy, maybe he would find that out the next day.

He was driving home when a thought occurred to him. Would meeting Sebastian at the Lima Bean, mean it was a date? What constituted a date anyway? He had no experience with this. He settled himself with the thought that it was just two people ending up in the same place at the same time. Even if one of them was tall and hot with those gorgeous green eyes. The boy was definitely a snob, but there was something about him that Kurt liked. He couldn’t help the smile that lingered on his lips the rest of the day. That evening, his phone dinged to let him know a text had come in.

From Sebastian: I’m thinking of wearing a navy blazer tomorrow with jeans to meet this guy who is super hot. What do you think?

To Sebastian: I don’t know. Navy? You would do better to stick with blacks and grays to be able to pair with jewel toned shirts. It’ll bring out your eyes.

From Sebastian: My eyes, huh? You noticed my eyes?

Kurt blushed, reading the text. He guessed he wasn’t supposed to have done that. But those sparkling green eyes had stood out, capturing Kurt’s attention. He couldn’t help it.

To Sebastian: Sue me, I notice things like that.

From Sebastian: No need to get touchy. If you have a crush on me, you can admit it.

To Sebastian: How big is your head, exactly?

From Sebastian: Which one?

Oh my god! Kurt blushed so hard his entire head felt hot. He could not believe this guy!

To Sebastian: You are unbelievable.

From Sebastian: I know. Gotta love me!

To Sebastian: We’ll see about that.
Kurt caught his breath again, realizing what he’d just texted back. He was flirting back!

From Sebastian: I guess we will. Goodnight blue eyes.

To Sebastian: Goodnight.

Kurt grinned, seeing that Sebastian had noted his eye color as well. Flirting felt good. Harmless, but good. Now that he knew who his Soulmate was, he had no reason to fear getting to know people. He had no reason to slip on the gloves and pretend he was a germaphobe just to keep himself safe. Now he was free to befriend or talk to whomever he wanted to.

His phone beeped and he grinned as he looked down. His grin died as he read the text.

From Blaine: Thinking of you and hoping you are doing well. Please text any time, if you want.

Shit, did this mean he was cheating? Blaine technically was his Soulmate, but at the moment, Kurt was not in an actual relationship with him. So where did that leave him morally? Kurt shrugged. Screw it. He was having fun, just harmless fun. He typed out a quick text before turning his phone off and getting ready for bed.

To Blaine: I am fine.

Chapter End Notes

I wrote this comment on FFnet after I had posted this chapter. I wanted to post it here because I know this story has faults... I just wanted folks to know I am aware of the problems but do not have the time or patience to go back and rewrite the story. Thanks for understanding!!

I sometimes screw up monumentally. Even in my writing. I know, it’s crazy, but it’s true. For instance in this story, I have contradicted myself a couple of times in regards to Kurt’s experience with another Dom/sub couple and apparently with his mom and Burt. If you’ve ever written a multi-chapter story, you probably know that after many chapters and thousands of words, if you don’t constantly update yourself on what you’ve written, contradictions are a fact of writing. I don’t edit my writing to the extreme. I typically read the prior chapter and move on from there with my notes and plot points. Please be kind and I hope you can enjoy the story even with its imperfections.
Chapter 16

To Kurt: *I woke up thinking about blushing cheeks and blue eyes. Wanna know what I did about it?*

Kurt gasped reading the text the next morning. This guy really was out there! He was alone, but he still blushed, his face on fire. He knew how he had awoken that morning. Now he knew Sebastian had had the same problem.

To Sebastian: *I don’t know if I do.*

Waiting for Sebastian to reply, Kurt selected his outfit for the day. Knowing he would see the other boy moved him to be more selective than usual. Black skinny jeans paired with a blue and lavender button up with the sleeves rolled up. The shirt brought out his eyes and complimented his skin tone. He sat at his vanity to do his hair, styling it into a fashionable mess, like he did when he and the Glee club had sung Lady Gaga.

To Kurt: *Well, I’ll tell you this much. My shower was much more enjoyable than usual. See you soon?*

Shaking his head, Kurt grinned. This guy certainly kept him on his toes. And kept a steady blush on his face.

To Sebastian: *I’m happy for you? And yes, I’ll see you soon. :)*

To Kurt: *Excellent. Later, Angel.*

To Sebastian: *Angel? My name is Kurt, did you forget already.*

Kurt couldn’t help the grin that pulled on his face at the sweet pet name. His dad called him Bud or Kid. Coach Sylvester called him Porcelain. Santana called him Lady Hummel. The bullies called him Fancy or Gay Face. Angel? Definitely an improvement. He could handle it.

To Kurt: *I haven’t forgotten ANYthing. And your name is Angel, especially with a face and body like yours. :) Later.*

Kurt was sure he would swoon at any second. He had never felt like this before. This boy was sweeping him off his feet. Checking the clock, he saw he still had a couple hours. He decided to get his laundry done while he waited. Otherwise he would sit there and count the seconds. Standing up, he got a head rush and felt like the room was swimming around him. *Not again,* he thought. Not today! He had known this was coming, the weakness from not being around his Soulmate. It would get exponentially worse by tomorrow. He hoped he could get through the day. He knew his Dad was willing to lend his Mark so Kurt could Join and gain some strength. But it was awkward. It was his Dad for crying out loud. If he could make it through without Joining, it would be better. But given the choice of holding hands with his Dad for an hour or so, or calling Blaine and admitting he was weak and needed him… Dad would be the much better choice. Standing still with his eyes closed, he breathed deeply until his head stopped spinning. He would eat something rich in protein to help strengthen him. Then he would see Sebastian. After that, he would talk to his Dad. He shivered at the thought. It wouldn’t work as well as it had with Blaine because of the Soulmate thing. Joining with Blaine had been… pleasurable. Restful. Right. He refused to give thought to what it would be like with someone else.

. . . . . . .
When Kurt had purchased his coffee, he turned and saw Sebastian was already at the table they’d sat at last time. The other boy smiled warmly at him. Kurt grinned back, pleased to see that Sebastian had taken his advice. He was wearing a dark, emerald button up under a gray blazer. His eyes were almost glowing they were so bright.

“Hi Sebastian,” Kurt said softly. He sat down and took a deep breath, trying to rally his strength. The weakness was coming on much quicker than it had last time. He had no idea why, but he tried to ignore it as he met Sebastian’s eyes.

“Angel. How are you?” Sebastian asked. Kurt looked wonderful today. The color of his shirt brought out his startlingly gorgeous blue green eyes. There was even a hint of gray in them today. Glasz eyes, he thought. As he gazed at the other boy, he realized something was off. Sebastian’s Dom instincts were yelling at him. He wondered why.

“I’m alright. How are you?” Kurt replied, taking a drink of coffee and enjoying the warmth it sent through his surprisingly cold system. It was a warm day, but the weakness made him have a lower body temperature. He’d even added a light gray scarf to his ensemble to help ward off the chills.

“I’m wondering why you are lying to me,” Sebastian said lightly, cocking his head to the side as he took a swallow of his drink.

Kurt stared at him. “What do you mean? I’m not lying.”

Sebastian sat forward. “Angel, I may not know you very well, but I can tell you’re not alright. Something is wrong. You can tell me, you know.”

Kurt blushed, his face heating as he stared down at his hands. Glancing at his wrist, he felt safe, a black leather band covered his sub Mark. “You’re a Dom, aren’t you?” he finally asked.

Sebastian pulled back his sleeve and revealed the skeleton key that marked him as a Dominant. “Guilty as charged. Why is your Mark covered, Angel?”

Kurt twisted his wrist, looking at the leather band. “I don’t like being treated as less of a person just because some Mark says I’m a sub.”

Sebastian looked at him, contemplating some decision. “May I see your bracelet?” he asked quietly, a small blush appearing on his tan cheeks, as he held out his hand.

Kurt’s heart sank. Sebastian’s intentions were written all over his face. He wanted to touch and see if they were Soulmates. Kurt put his hand in Sebastian’s, unable to help noticing how warm and strong his hand felt.

A distinct look of disappointment shadowed his face when nothing happened. “It’s a lovely bracelet, Angel,” he said softly, releasing Kurt’s hand.

“Thank you. I, uh, have a Soulmate,” he admitted in a low tone. He hoped the admission wouldn’t send Sebastian away.

Sebastian looked at him, an eyebrow raised. “If you have a Soulmate, then why are you sitting here with me? Not that I mind, but I have to admit I’m curious.”

“My Soulmate and I don’t exactly see eye to eye,” Kurt told him. “We tried living together and he, well, he did some things that I couldn’t live with. So I came back home to my dad’s house.”

“I’m sorry to hear that, Angel face. Though, I have to say, your misfortune has turned into my
fortunate pleasure of meeting you,” Sebastian said with a wink, trying to lighten the conversation. “How long has it been since you were near him?”

“A week and a few days, I guess. I am feeling a bit off,” Kurt said, sipping his coffee.

“What are you going to do about it?” Sebastian asked gently.

Kurt sighed and blushed a bright cherry red. “Hold my dad’s hand for an hour or two? I guess. I mean, that is my only option at this point.”

Sebastian made a face. “Awkward!”

Kurt snorted. “Tell me about it. But I’m not exactly going to call Bl-, him. That is the last thing I want to do.”

Sebastian leaned forward, resting his chin on his fist. “Can I ask what happened?”

“My Soulmate appears to believe in the caveman version of how to treat a sub. I actually thought that was the way things had to be. But some friends opened my eyes and then he, um, well, we fought and I had to leave,” Kurt said, his face going pale again.

“Angel, tell me what he did,” Sebastian said sternly.

Kurt heard the slight Dom tone in his voice, but it wasn’t a real order. Sebastian definitely wanted him to answer, however. Kurt didn’t see a problem with it. He would just keep it to the basics.

“He kept giving me Dom orders when they weren’t needed. When he got drunk one night, he threatened to give me a Dom order to kiss him. It freaked me out. If he was willing to do that for a kiss, what else was he capable of. The day I left, he ordered me to kneel and left me there until he left to go out. I packed my stuff and was gone before he got back,” Kurt finished.

Sebastian wanted to bash this guy’s face in. “I’m a bit stunned, Angel. I’m sorry that happened to you. I have an idea, if you are open to it,” he offered.

Kurt cocked his head to the side, running his fingers through his hair. Sebastian smiled at the motion. This angel was as adorable as he was ethereally gorgeous.

“What is the idea?” Kurt asked.

“I would like to take you dancing tonight, Angel. Nothing excessive, as you aren’t feeling well. But I think a night off would be called for, seeing as you’ve had a stressful time lately,” he said.

Dancing. That sounded like more fun than Kurt had had in ages. “Absolutely!” Kurt exclaimed. “That sounds perfect, actually.”

“Excellent. I’ll pick you up at eight?” Sebastian confirmed.

“Sounds good to me,” Kurt said, a pleased smile on his face. This boy was so sweet and so damn gorgeous it almost hurt to look at him.

They stayed for another two hours, sharing high school experiences, likes and dislikes of music, movies, and books. Sebastian told him about private school and living in Paris for a year. Kurt told him about football and cheerleading. The other boy’s eyes had lit up when he’d mentioned being on the Cheerios. He asked Kurt if he still had the uniform and was visibly sad when Kurt admitted that he’d had to return the uniform.
“Dad, can I talk to you for a minute” Kurt asked that night. Sebastian was due in fifteen minutes or so and he knew he had to tell his dad what was going on.

“Sure thing, Bud, what’s up?” Burt replied, turning the TV off.

“Um, well, I’m going out tonight with a friend and I just wanted to let you know,” Kurt said hesitantly. He had no idea how his dad would react to him basically going on a date.

“Who is the friend?” his dad wanted to know.

“His name is Sebastian. We met at the Lima Bean. We just want to hang out and dance at this underage club,” he lied. He couldn’t tell his dad that Sebastian was getting him into a gay bar.

“Sebastian, huh? Is this a date? Because you know, Blaine is still your Dom and Soulmate,” Burt said.

Kurt shook his head. “He knows about Blaine, Dad. We’re just friends.”

Burt looked at him for a minute, contemplating his answer. He trusted his son, so he went with that. “Alright, sounds good. Be home by midnight,” he said.

“Thanks Dad,” Kurt said with a smile.

“Hey, are you feeling alright? You’re looking a little under the weather,” Burt mentioned.

“I’m alright. I might be getting a cold,” Kurt lied. He didn’t want his dad to worry.

Burt knew his son was lying. He was getting weak, like he had the last time he was separated from Blaine. But he wouldn’t bring anything up until Kurt did.

“Okay, well take a vitamin or something,” Burt said.

“Thanks Dad,” Kurt said, leaning over and giving his dad a warm hug.

“Are you sure we can get in here?” Kurt asked as he and Sebastian pulled up to Scandals, the local gay club.

“Trust me, Angel, I’ve been here a ton of times,” Sebastian assured him.

Kurt had no need to worry. As soon as the bouncer saw Sebastian, he unhooked the red rope and let them through with a smile. Walking into the club was an eye opening experience for Kurt. The man who took their money told them it was drag queen night. Kurt loved seeing all the diverse people in the club, drag queens and all. He pointed out Cher, Madonna, even a Hillary Clinton look alike. Sebastian grinned and took his hand.

“Do you want a drink?” Sebastian offered as they approached the bar.

“No thanks. I don’t think I could handle it right now,” Kurt said.

“Good choice,” Sebastian said. “A shot of Jack please,” he told the bartender. He paid and downed the shot before taking Kurt’s hand and heading to the dance floor.
They found an empty corner and faced each other as they moved to the pounding beat. Kurt giggled when Sebastian took his hand and twirled him around and around. He fell into the other boy’s arms, laughing and breathless. His laughter died down as he stared into Sebastian’s eyes, their bodies now pressed together. Sebastian wrapped his arms around Kurt’s slim waist, while Kurt’s arms circled Sebastian’s neck. They began swaying together, staring into each other’s eyes. Kurt felt the heat grow between them as they danced to song after song, never leaving each other’s arms. At one point, Sebastian grabbed his arms and dipped him down and to the side, their hips joined together. The falling sensation mixed with rubbing against Sebastian’s body set Kurt on fire. They returned to their previous position, both panting and neither pointing out that they were both hard against each other.

Kurt began to weaken, dancing slower and slower. “Sebastian, I think I might need to go home,” he finally said. “I’m not feeling too well.”

“Angel,” Sebastian murmured. He tilted Kurt’s chin up with his finger. “I can help you, if you will let me,” he said, his green eyes intense.

“Help?” Kurt said weakly.

“Let me Join with you. It’ll be better than doing it with your dad and much less awkward,” Sebastian offered.

Kurt agreed it would be less awkward. But it was still a personal thing. Could he handle Joining with this boy? Being close to him, drawing strength from him?

“Okay,” Kurt whispered, drowning in the deep green eyes locked on his.

Sebastian kept him moving to the beat, but led them to the back of the club. They stopped when Kurt was against the wall. Kurt felt fingers pulling at his bracelet and then felt it slide into his back pocket. He gasped at the feeling of Sebastian’s hand on his ass. He liked it too much and was grateful that he was feeling poorly and his body wasn’t up to being aroused.

“Try to relax, Angel,” Sebastian murmured. He leaned against Kurt, their hands joining.

Kurt sighed as Sebastian’s body pushed against him. He could feel Sebastian’s Mark joining with his, strength flowing through his arm and into his body. It was an intense feeling, Kurt felt calmer, quieter than he’d felt in weeks. He was surrounded by strength and comfort.

Sebastian was in heaven, wrapped around an angel. He couldn’t believe the feelings coursing through his system. He wanted to claim this boy, to call him his own. The sensation of his soft body pressed to Sebastian’s stronger body turned him on and brought out his protective instincts all at once. Although, at the same time, he could feel that something was off. He didn’t belong here. It felt good, but it wasn’t him who was supposed to be doing this. He looked down and saw the blissed-out look on Kurt’s face, his head falling to the side to reveal his neck, a submissive gesture indicating trust. Sebastian leaned in and sniffed at Kurt’s neck, wanting to moan at the delicious smell of vanilla and cinnamon and boy. He kept quiet though, wanting to maintain a safe environment for Kurt to grow stronger. Curiosity made him look over at the hand he was holding, their marks joined. Slowly turning Kurt’s hand over, he looked for the name there, squinting in the low light of the club. It took him a moment to adjust his eyes, but finally he was able to see the name written in white on the black band around the angel’s wrist. Blaine Anderson. His heart began pounding and his stomach sank. Dear god, he thought. Why did it have to be him? He was shocked to feel the slight burn in his eyes as he felt the disappointment flood through him. Of all the people in the world…

Kurt smiled as he felt Sebastian lightly kiss his neck and pull him impossibly closer.
They remained like that, Kurt feeling stronger and Sebastian feeling like his heart was breaking. He had no idea how this angel had stolen his heart so quickly, but he had. He was determined to enjoy the feeling of Kurt in his arms as long as he could. It would be the last time he held him, it had to be. A half hour later, Kurt felt like he had been recharged. He felt strong and full of vitality.

“Thank you, Sebastian,” he said, standing up straight. “I know you didn’t have to do that and I really appreciate it that you did.”

“Anything for you, Angel,” Sebastian said. “Are you feeling more yourself?”

Kurt nodded. “I feel wonderful, actually,” he said with a blush.

“How wonderful?” Sebastian teased, winking at him.

Kurt lightly slapped him on the chest. “Wonderful enough to dance with your arrogant ass,” he said with a laugh.

“I guess I can live with that,” Sebastian said, leading Kurt back into the dancing crowd.

. . . . . .

When Sebastian pulled up to Kurt’s house, they sat there for a moment.

“I had a great time,” Kurt said, looking at him. He smiled. “I really appreciate what you did, I’m beyond relieved that I don’t have to ask my dad,” he laughed.

“Yeah, I couldn’t imagine that would be the most fun thing to do,” Sebastian said. “I’m not your Soulmate, Angel, but can I kiss you goodnight?”

Kurt nodded. “I would like that,” he said with a light blush.

Sebastian leaned in and brushed his lips lightly across Kurt’s. Kurt gave a small gasp at the heat between them. Sebastian cupped his hands around Kurt’s face and drew him closer. Their lips met and moved gently against each other. Sebastian slotted his lips to Kurt’s, sucking lightly on his bottom lip before giving it a tiny nip. Kurt jumped and let out the sweetest moan making Sebastian’s already tight pants pinch him even more.

When Sebastian’s tongue ventured into Kurt’s mouth, Kurt met it with his own. The moment their tongues met, Kurt felt a painful spark. Thinking it was nothing, he continued with the kiss. Another pain rushed through him, sharp and deep.

Kurt pulled away, looking at Sebastian. “I, uh, I need to go. My dad is waiting up.”

“Okay, Angel. Thanks for a good time,” Sebastian said with a cocky grin.

“Thank you, Sebastian. Text me when you get home safe?” Kurt asked, smiling back.

“Sure thing.” Sebastian said. He waited there as Kurt walked up to his house and waved before walking inside.

When Sebastian pulled into the parking lot at Dalton, he turned his car off and sat there, contemplating the events of the night. The angel was taken. By Blaine Anderson of all people. His stomach burned with barely reigned rage. He didn’t want to hurt the angel. But what he wanted was overshadowed by what he needed to do.
Chapter 17

Kurt woke breathless and filled with guilt. He had dreamed that Blaine had found out about what happened with Sebastian and was so hurt that he killed himself. It took him almost a half hour to make his heart calm down and, surprisingly, for the tears to stop.

To Kurt: Friend!! I haven’t seen you since you moved. I demand a shopping date to make up for the one where you ditched me.

Kurt chuckled at the text from Jeff. A shopping date with the fun blonde sounded like a very good idea. He wasn’t feeling the best about himself. Going out with Jeff was just the thing to pep him up. He would tell Jeff what happened with Sebastian and get his advice. The painful spark he had felt when Sebastian had deepened their kiss bothered him. It felt to him like it was a punishment or a warning that he was doing the wrong thing.

To Jeff: How about tomorrow? Say noon?

To Kurt: Sounds great! See you tomorrow, friend! :P

To Jeff: Tomorrow! ;)

He thought about the situation with Sebastian until finally he couldn’t take anymore. He pulled up a number on his phone and hit ‘send’.

“Kurt?” came a surprised voice.

“Hi Blaine,” Kurt said quietly. He was not looking forward to this conversation, but his conscience needed to be satisfied.

“How, how are you?” Blaine asked, his voice still laced with surprise.

“I am… I don’t really know. I’m not very good, to be honest,” Kurt admitted. How the hell was he supposed to say what happened. “Um, how are you?”

“I have been better. So I guess neither of us is doing well. Kurt, I need to know… are you weak? Are you sick from us being apart? I have just been really worried about you,” he said, his voice urgent.

“Well, that is kind of why I called,” Kurt said, taking a deep breath. He let the breath out loudly, trying to quell the nervous flutter in his stomach.

“Are you alright? Do you need me to come to you?” Blaine asked, his tone concerned.

“Blaine, I need to tell you something. If you could kind of, uh, just listen for a minute, that would be great,” Kurt stammered.

“Of course. Kurt, what is it? You have me worried now,” Blaine said.

“Okay, here goes. So, yes, I was getting really weak. I figured I would Join with Dad’s Mark just to tide me over. Then I was at the Lima Bean sketching,” he explained.

“That is where we met,” Blaine said softly, his voice warm.

“Yeah. Well, I was sketching and someone came over and commented on one of my drawings. He,
uh, sat down and we ended up talking for quite a while,” Kurt said. He felt like he might puke.

“Kurt? What are you saying?” Blaine’s voice was stiff and sort of scared.

“Blaine, I went out with him and we Joined. When he brought me home, I kissed him,” Kurt said, his voice ending in a whisper.

The phone was silent. Kurt couldn’t even hear Blaine breathing.


“I am here. To be perfectly honest, I am trying to control my temper,” Blaine said evenly.

Kurt’s stomach sank. Really, though, had he expected Blaine to be happy? Not a chance. Though he hated it, he knew that he deserved whatever Blaine said to him.

“How could you do that, Kurt? If you needed to Join, all you had to do was call me. How could you share something so intimate with a complete stranger?” Blaine questioned, anger apparent in his tone.

“I have no good excuse, but I will tell you why I did it,” Kurt began. “He was nice to me, sweet. He didn’t treat me like a sub. He didn’t think I was less than him or that I needed to submit to him. He treated me like an equal. And I’m sorry, Blaine, but that is something you never did. When he brought me home and we kissed, it hurt. It felt like a spark of electricity. I figured that was my punishment,” he said.

“You’re right. It was a punishment. It was a reminder that you were with someone who wasn’t your Soulmate. Despite how I treated you, Kurt, that didn’t give you free reign to go off and Join with some guy and kiss him,” Blaine said angrily.

“I am sorry, Blaine. That is why I called. I am truly sorry for what I did. I am not going to talk to him anymore. I know I broke your trust and I will do what I can to rebuild it. I was thinking maybe we could get together later this week and have dinner. We could, um, Join, if you were up to it,” Kurt said hesitantly.

“Who is this person? Do I know him?” Blaine asked.

“I don’t think you know him. He doesn’t live anywhere around here. I’m not going to bring him into this, just please know I will not speak to him anymore. If there is a way I can prove this to you, please tell me,” Kurt said. He really didn’t like feeling like this. There had to be something he could do to make it up to him.

Blaine sighed heavily. “Kurt, I hope you know that I’m hurt over this. I don’t like knowing you felt you had to go to someone else to gain strength when I am right here, waiting to talk to you, waiting to help you,” he said. “If you want to make it right than we’ll do what you said. We need to join. And, Kurt, I want a full Joining. Do you remember what I said made the Joining the strongest?” He asked.

Kurt thought back to that first time when Blaine laid out on top of him, the feeling of peace and contentment that flowed through him. What had Blaine said would make it better? Kurt’s face paled and his stomach sank. “Naked,” he whispered.

“Correct. I want a full Joining and that means being nude. What do you think of that?” Blaine asked, his voice almost daring Kurt to argue with him.

Kurt thought for a minute. He was really sorry, but was he sorry enough to get naked with Blaine?
He thought back to having Sebastian’s body pressed against him, how he had offered his neck to him. He knew, no matter how much he didn’t like it, that his body belonged to him and Blaine. He’d had no right to allow someone else to touch him. He sighed. He could handle the nude Joining. He owed it to Blaine. It didn’t mean he was getting back together with him. That wasn’t going to happen. Not yet, anyway.

“Alright. When?” Kurt asked.

“Day after tomorrow,” Blaine said. “We’ll go out to dinner out here and we’ll come back to the apartment to talk. Then we’ll see about the Joining.”

“Okay. Um. Are you still at the apartment in the Soulmate housing or did you have to move?” Kurt asked quietly.

“They let me stay in the apartment. We are still Soulmates and they believe that we will be able to reconcile and figured there was no reason to move twice,” Blaine explained.

“Oh,” Kurt said. “So, what time?”

“Meet me here at four and we will go from there,” Blaine instructed.

Kurt closed his eyes. He heard the dominant tone of Blaine’s voice. It wasn’t a Dom instruction, but it was close. Kurt knew Blaine was barely holding in his anger.

“I will see you at four then, day after tomorrow,” Kurt said.

“Alright,” Blaine said sharply. Then his voice went quiet. “Kurt, if you need me, please call me, okay? I will help you.”

“Okay,” Kurt replied. “I will.”

“I hope so. I will talk to you later, Kurt. Bye,” he said.

“Bye, Blaine,” Kurt said and hung up.

Blaine sat on the couch, staring at his phone. He was devastated. It felt like his entire life just turned to shit. His Soulmate moved out, he found out he is a crappy Dom, then his Soulmate went and Joined with some other guy. To top it all off, Kurt kissed him! He didn’t even know who the asshole was. Instead, he got to have a vision of some shadow guy with his freaking hands and lips all over HIS sub and Soulmate! He felt a growl build in his chest. Pacing the apartment, he couldn’t figure out a way to let out his anger. He wished he still had his heavy punching bag. But he gave it up when he and Kurt had moved into the apartment. Flexing his hands, he knew he had to get this anger out. He couldn’t risk seeing Kurt when he was this mad. His Dom side was in an uproar, wanting to Claim his sub, marking him as his own. Next thing he knew, his fist was buried in the drywall of the kitchen wall. Leaning his head against the wall, he shook his head. Shit. Tugging at his fist, he had to twist his wrist and hand in order to pull it out. His knuckles were bloody, but he felt better.

Washing his hands, he knew what he had to do.

He made a quick phone call and then got in his car. His grandfather was the perfect person to talk to in this situation. Grandpa Jim was the closest thing he had to a real father. His biological father had given up on him when he came out at fourteen. His father had looked down at him and scoffed. Declaring that Blaine was no son of his, he decided he no longer had a son. Other than demands
about grades and getting chores done, his dad never really spoke to him again. His grandfather, on
the other hand, took Blaine under his wing and taught him everything he knew. About boxing,
women – though he understood that Blaine was gay – Soulmates, Doms, and subs. He idolized his
grandpa. He watched the beautiful relationship between his Grandpa and Grandma, and he knew he
wanted that with his sub and Soulmate. He was always learning how to be a good man, Grandpa had
plenty of lessons. Grandpa looked at the books and classes that Dalton taught and swore the words
were gospel. When he turned sixteen and his Dom Mark appeared, his Grandpa was so proud, he’d
picked Blaine up and swung him around. From there, he taught Blaine all about being a good Dom.
What to do, what to expect, how to treat his sub.

As Blaine drove, he snorted. How to treat his sub. His grandfather taught him an archaic way of
treating his sub. He knew that now. But the lessons still meant the world to him, as the man himself
did.

...“I don’t know what to do,” Blaine said, sipping his milk. Whenever he came over, his Grandma
made a fresh batch of cookies. Blaine would sit at the table with Grandpa eating cookies with milk.
“We’re meeting day after tomorrow and we agreed we would have a Joining. Other than that,
though, I don’t know how to deal with this jealousy, much less a cheating sub.

“You need to give him another chance, Blaine Devon,” his grandma told him. Her hazel eyes were
glowing with love and kindness. “He was looking for what he needs in you.”

“He needs a good spanking is what he needs,” Grandpa Jim said. His brown eyes were stern.

“Grandpa, I don’t think spanking is done much between Doms and subs these days,” Blaine told him
with a smile. Part of him agreed with Grandpa though. The thought of spanking Kurt’s naked ass
turned him on. He had to get his mind back on topic or he would be really embarrassed in front of his
grandparents.

“Just because it isn’t done doesn’t mean it wouldn’t be good for the boy,” Grandpa said, pointing his
finger in the air.

“I don’t dispute that, Grandpa. I just think it would run Kurt off again. I need to find some way to
keep him with me. Convince him I care about him and want to be with him. It’s what we both need.
Our bodies know it, but Kurt’s brain doesn’t,” Blaine said.

“Blaine, I think what needs to be done is to just go with the flow,” Grandpa said seriously. “He
needs to see that you aren’t going to push him again. Be there for him, make dates for several times
per week. Really work to show him that you are willing to change for him. Then with you there he
won’t be so tempted to go off with some other asshole,” he said with a wink.

“If I find out who it is, I’m going to kick his ass,” Blaine declared.

“Blaine Devon Anderson, you watch your language,” Grandma said. “Now, you both have made
mistakes and you both need to give each other another chance. You screwed up, he screwed up. Put
it behind you and move forward. The next time you’re together, talk about what you want from the
relationship. Not just hard and soft limits, but expectations, treatment, all the things that will affect
your daily life. And you really need to hear him, Blaine Devon. Don’t always treat him like this old
man told you to. Times have changed and you have to change with it,” she said kindly. She leaned
over and hugged him, running her fingers through his curls. “I love you, Blaine Devon. If you both
work at it, you will be so happy. And I want to see you happy, sweet boy. You deserve it so much.”
“As much as it pains me, I’m going to agree with your Grandma. Go by what works for you two, not what those quacks taught you at that school you go to,” Grandpa said with a wink. He completely endorsed what those ‘quacks’ taught. But Grandma disagreed, so Grandpa supposedly did too.

“Thanks Grandma and Grandpa,” Blaine said, standing up to hug his Grandma, then his Grandpa. He loved having his Grandpa’s strong arms around him. He felt safe and warm. He wanted that for Kurt.

“We love you, Blaine Devon,” Grandpa said. “Now get your act together.”

Blaine laughed and accepted another cookie.

. . . . . . . .

Kurt and Jeff wandered the mall, sipping coffees and holding multiple bags from shopping. They’d had the best time going from store to store. Their shopping styles ended up being similar. They spent an hour in one store and ended up buying one thing each. Walking to the food court, they sat down.

“Jeff, can I tell you something that’s just between us?” Kurt asked. He needed someone to talk to that wasn’t Blaine. Sebastian had been texting him all day but Kurt ignored each one.

“Of course you can,” Jeff replied his brown eyes sparkling with anticipation.

Kurt told him all about Sebastian, without his name of course. All of it. From the Lima Bean to the wall at the dance club. Jeff’s eyes had grown wide as Kurt went on. Kurt’s face was burning with shame, but he continued until he was finished with his story.

“I feel awful, Jeff. I just… he treated me like an equal, like I was beautiful and interesting. Blaine always made me feel like I wasn’t enough because I wasn’t acting like the sub he wanted me to be,” Kurt explained.

“I get that, I do,” Jeff said. “I’m sorry to say, though, that it was wrong.” His expression was honest and not judgmental.

“I know that. That’s why I called Blaine. I want to make it up to him. I just don’t know how,” Kurt said, staring off into the difference.

“Well, I think you are heading in the right direction with getting together with him for dinner. And Joining, well, that is a great thing to build a sense of unity,” Jeff said.

“Who knew that you could find an angel at the mall,” a warm voice said from behind Kurt.

Kurt turned, his expression freezing. “Hi Sebastian,” he said, his face blazing.

“That blush, Angel. I do love it. Who’s your friend?” Sebastian asked, looking at Jeff.

“Sebastian, this is Jeff. Jeff, Sebastian,” Kurt introduced quickly.

“Hi,” Jeff said. His expression was dark and he looked angry.

“Uh, hi,” Sebastian said. “Why haven’t you answered my texts, Angel?”

Kurt looked down and then back up at Sebastian. “My phone has been freaking out. I haven’t been getting any texts today. I need to have it checked at the phone store,” he said, hoping Sebastian couldn’t see the lie in his eyes.
“Would you like me to go with you to get it fixed?” Sebastian asked, his eyes intense.

Kurt stared at him. “Um, that’s okay. Jeff is going with me,” he said.

“Yeah, we need to be going, too,” Jeff announced, standing. “Nick is expecting me back soon.”

“Okay, yeah,” Kurt said, rising and grabbing a handful of bags. “I’ll, uh, see you around.”

“Sure thing, Angel. You take care, sweet thing,” Sebastian said.

Kurt noticed his eyes were darker and he seemed really intense. He offered a small wave. “Okay. Bye,” he said. He hurried after Jeff, feeling Sebastian’s gaze on his back.

When they were far enough away, Jeff stopped, pulling Kurt’s arm.

“That was the guy, wasn’t it?” Jeff demanded.

“Yeah, that was him. I didn’t know what to say. I couldn’t tell him I wasn’t going to talk to him again,” Kurt said. “I’m a coward.”

“It doesn’t matter as long as you don’t talk to him again,” Jeff said firmly. “Seriously, Kurt. Don’t talk to him.”

Kurt wondered why Jeff was being so pushy. “I don’t plan to. Come on, let’s go in here,” Kurt said, turning into a store.

“I’ll be right there,” Jeff said, hanging back. When Kurt was out of sight, Jeff dug out his phone. He dialed the number by heart.

“Jeff, hey, how’s it going,” Blaine said.

“You sound so serious,” Blaine chuckled.

“Blaine, Kurt’s mystery man is none other than Sebastian Smythe,” Jeff told him.

Blaine’s Dom instincts roared in fury. “Sebastian Smythe? Are you sure?”

“I saw him myself. He stopped to talk to Kurt here at the mall. Kurt basically shoved him off, telling him he hadn’t received any of the texts Sebastian said he sent. But I knew you would want to know. It’s not safe for Kurt to be around him. I told him not to see him again and he said he didn’t plan to,” Jeff told him.

“That’s good to know. Hey, thanks, Jeff. I’ll talk to Kurt about him when we get together tomorrow,” Blaine said, his hand so tightly fisted, his nails were biting into his palm.

“Alright. See you later,” Jeff said, relieved that Blaine knew what was going on.

“Bye. And thanks,” Blaine said.

“No problem,” Jeff said and hung up.

Blaine paced his apartment again and before he knew it there was a twin hole in the kitchen wall. Sebastian Smythe. That mother fucker better stay away from his Soulmate or he would be eating his own balls, Blaine fumed. He had to do something about it. Sooner rather than later.
Chapter 18

Blaine checked out his image in the mirror, he thought he looked pretty good. He was hoping to remind Kurt of their first days together. Those dates at the Lima Bean had been the best days of his life. It wasn’t until they’d touched that it had all gone downhill. He was wearing one of the outfits he wore during one of the dates. He knew Kurt would remember it. Kurt remembered everything when it came to fashion. His red pants, tight, black, short sleeve polo, with the red, gray and black bowtie, suited him nicely. He flexed his arms, watching the muscles ripple down his arms and under his shirt. There was so much downtime with school not being in session and Kurt not around that he spent a lot of time lifting weights with Wes. He had noticed Kurt checking out his arms a couple of times and couldn’t help but hope that he would notice again.

Realizing he still had nearly an hour before Kurt would get there, he wandered into his room. Going to his bookshelf, he pulled down the worn copy of Shakespeare’s Julius Caesar. Tucked into the middle was the much abused piece of simple white notebook paper. Taking it out and unfolding it, he sat heavily on his bed and read the words he knew by heart.

*You had a choice. All you had to say was yes. Now Chandler won’t have a choice. Great job, Killer.*

Blaine had met Sebastian the summer after sophomore year. He was a good looking guy and they had hit it off from the start. Sebastian had been flirtatious and fun and they’d spent a lot of time together. They played tennis and swam together in the Anderson’s pool. Blaine had already turned sixteen and knew he was a Dominant. Sebastian turned sixteen that summer and the next day he’d shown up for their tennis date, he was sporting a new key with his black bracelet.

For some reason, Blaine started feeling off when they would hang out together. Especially when Sebastian decided that they were at the point where they could hold hands. Something inside Blaine warned him that it was wrong. He asked his grandfather about it and he suspected that it was the fact that they were both Doms. Blaine decided it was time to end their little fling. He went out with Sebastian one last time, figuring he would tell Sebastian that night that it was over.

They were in Sebastian’s new Corvette after dinner and before Blaine could start the talk he’d planned, Sebastian leaned over and kissed him. Blaine was stunned and sat there in shock. When Sebastian tried to breach his lips with his tongue, Blaine swiftly sat back.

“Sebastian, I can’t do this,” Blaine said, trying to break it to him nicely. “I’m not sure we should see each other anymore.”

Sebastian’s eyes blazed in sudden anger. “What are you talking about? We are perfect together.”

“I just don’t feel like we are, Sebastian. I think it might be because we are both Doms. It feels like our Dom instincts aren’t able to mix,” Blaine said gently.

“Who the hell cares, Blaine? We are hot together, you know that,” Sebastian argued.

“I’m sorry, Sebastian. It, it’s over,” Blaine replied.

“Whatever. At least let me fuck you,” Sebastian demanded. “You could at least do that much for me.”

Blaine stared at him. “No, I can’t. I think that’s kind of screwed up, actually. I don’t owe you anything.”
“Bullshit! I’ve wasted a lot of time with you and now you’re going to punk out on me? No, I think you do owe me this,” Sebastian said. He grabbed Blaine by his hair and dragged his mouth to his, slanting their heads so their lips met in a furious kiss.

Blaine felt a moment of panic before he got his brain together. Biting Sebastian’s tongue hard, Blaine was able to tug away. He jumped out of the car as Sebastian was still crying out over his bit tongue. He went straight up to his room and closed the door.

The next day he went to the country club to work out, trying to burn off his anger and the feel of Sebastian’s mouth on his. When he went to his locker, a folded piece of paper blew out, fluttering down to the floor at Blaine’s feet. He bent down and picked it up, quickly scanning the words.

_You had a choice. All you had to say was yes. Now Chandler won’t have a choice. Great job, Killer._

Chandler! Blaine knew him from hanging out around the country club pool. The younger boy with the strawberry blonde hair and friendly brown eyes was well known for being a chatterbox. Blaine had had to turn down the boy when he’d asked for a date several times and he knew Sebastian had turned him down numerously as well.

Running to the pool where he most often saw Chandler, he looked but couldn’t find him. Rushing over to Nick, he asked him if he had seen Chandler.

Nick’s eyes were sad as he shook his head. “He’s at home. His mom called mine last night asking us to take Chandler’s little sister overnight. Blaine, Chandler was attacked,” Nick told him.

“Oh my god,” Blaine gasped. “Is he going to be okay?” Please let him be okay.

“Well, he’s home, if that’s what you mean. His dad got pissed because Chandler refuses to tell who did it to him,” Nick said, an edge to his voice.

“Nick, I know who it is,” Blaine whispered in horror, his brain easily fitting the pieces together.

“What?” Nick was incredulous.

Blaine held out the note. Nick read it, his normally tan face paling considerably. “Who wrote this, Blaine?” he demanded.

“Sebastian Smythe,” Blaine said, sliding along the wall until he was sitting on the floor.

“That guy you’ve been hanging around with? Tall with light brown hair? Kinda looks like a meerkat?” Nick questioned.

“That’s him. Should I turn this in to the cops?” Blaine asked, at a loss.


Blaine did just that, his grandpa going with him to talk to the police and turning over the note. Within a week, the note was back in his possession and an officer was telling him to stop trying to stir up trouble. Too late, Blaine remembered that Sebastian’s dad was a state’s attorney who could obviously pull a few strings to shut him up. That mixed with Chandler’s refusal to admit who hurt him ended the entire debacle. The last thing he heard was that Sebastian was shipped off to his grandmother’s house in Paris. Blaine had drowned in a sea of guilt. If he had taken it for Chandler, the poor boy wouldn’t have had to go on medicine to keep him from being depressed and panicky. To this day, Blaine couldn’t erase his guilt over the situation.
Now, though, Blaine had to deal with Sebastian being back, but he didn’t know what to do about it. He called Wes to talk to him about the situation. Wes was silent when Blaine told him what was going on and how Kurt knew Sebastian.

“Blaine, um, I didn’t want to upset you. I know you have a lot of guilt and anger over what happened between you and Smythe. But, I have to tell you,” Wes told him. “Sebastian will be attending Dalton this year. His parents moved back and decided to send him to private school instead of him staying home with tutors like he did in Paris. His dad called mine and told him. Dad was so impressed by the Smythe name, he told me I should try to befriend Sebastian. I remembered what you told us about him, though, and I brushed off Dad’s attempt to make me hang out with him,” Wes told him.

Blaine had told Wes, Jeff, and Nick what had happened back then. He’d shown them a picture of the other boy that he had on his phone so they could make sure to stay away from him. Now, though, there was nothing he could do to protect them. Or Kurt.

Blaine sat there, stunned into silence after Wes’s announcement. Sebastian going to Dalton? And Blaine would end up seeing him. How would he hold back on punching his smarmy face in? After what he did to Chandler, he didn’t know if he would be able to control his temper. Luckily, Chandler and his family had moved to Cincinnati. The poor boy wouldn’t have to face his rapist.

Knowing a rapist had now touched his Soulmate made him infuriated. There were now three holes in the kitchen wall. Blaine had moved a piece of art that Kurt had bought, over the area so it was hidden.

He had to talk to Kurt, make him understand how dangerous Sebastian was. He had kept the note all this time so he would never forget. Never forget Sebastian or what he had done to Chandler and was apparently capable of doing to someone else.

Sebastian was playing the same game he had before. Befriending Kurt, leading him to think he was a decent guy. Until he didn’t get what he wanted, that was. He had to make sure Kurt was never alone with him. He would have to tell him about Chandler and how, because of Blaine, he’d been raped and assaulted.

The doorbell rang and Blaine quickly made his way to the door. His heart beat hard and a feeling of rightness flowed through him when he opened the door and saw his Soulmate. Kurt looked beautiful, as always. He was wearing blue skinny jeans with a tight, light blue v-neck t-shirt. His eyes practically glowed a crystal blue, searing the picture into Blaine’s mind.

“Hi, Blaine,” Kurt said quietly. Guilt was written all over his pale features.

“Hi, Kurt, come on in. You didn’t need to use the doorbell. Whether you live here or not, this is still your home,” Blaine told him, giving him a warm smile.

Kurt returned the smile and moved in towards the living room. “You look nice, Blaine. I remember that outfit. The black really makes your eyes pop,” he commented, a light blush on his cheeks.


They both sat on the couch, facing each other.

“I need to talk to you about Sebastian, Kurt,” Blaine began. He wanted to get this out now so the rest of his evening wasn’t ruined.

“Blaine, I’m not seeing him anymore. I ignore his texts and I took his name off my phone,” Kurt told
him, his eyes earnest. “I’m really sorry about everything.”

Blaine could tell Kurt was truly apologetic. “I accept your apology and I forgive you. I also accept some of the blame. If I had given you what you needed this, you wouldn’t have had to get it from him. But what I need to tell you is, I know Sebastian,” Blaine announced.

Kurt’s eyes widened in shock. “You do? How?”

Blaine took a deep breath and delved into the story, leaving nothing out. He watched as Kurt’s face spoke his shock, horror, revulsion, and sadness.

Tears shone in Kurt’s blue green eyes as he thought about the poor boy Sebastian had raped. “I can’t believe this,” he said in a shaky voice. “Sebastian was so nice and seemed normal.”

“Trust me, it really happened. That is why I am asking you to please, please stay away from him. I don’t think I could handle anything happening to you. The worst part is that Sebastian is going to Dalton this year. I don’t know how I’m going to stop from beating his face to a pulp,” Blaine admitted.

“How about I hold him down for you?” Kurt asked. His sadness had vanished as anger took hold of him. He wasn’t one for violence in any situation, but this one? He could put his morals aside. “You can be assured, Blaine, I will never speak to him again.”

Blaine sighed in relief seeing the determination in Kurt’s expression. He believed him. “Good, thank you. I worry about you so much already. Knowing you are safe from that asshole is a relief. I wanted to talk to you about the Joining we discussed,” he began. There was nothing more that needed to be said on the subject of Sebastian now that he knew Kurt was going to be safe.

“I’m ready,” Kurt said, standing, his hands reaching for the bottom of his shirt.

Blaine jumped up and stilled Kurt’s hands. “No, Kurt. I was angry when I said that about being nude. I would love to get to that point with you in the future, but I’m not going to force you to do it that way. I would still like to Join with you, if you are up to it. I, um, I want to replace any of that asshole’s strength in you with my own.”

Kurt’s face had shown his relief and now he nodded. “That’s fine with me,” he said. Turning he went into the bedroom.

Blaine followed him and watched as Kurt crawled onto the bed. He couldn’t stop his eyes from caressing Kurt’s ass as he moved. Seeing Kurt back on his bed made his Dom instincts very happy. Crawling on the bed himself, he looked into Kurt’s calm eyes. “Are you sure? I really don’t want to push you to do something you aren’t comfortable with,” he said, determined to change and be a better Soulmate.

Kurt knew he could say no and for once Blaine would respect his choice. For that reason, he would do this. He could see that Blaine needed this, he could almost feel it. Maybe he needed it too, Kurt realized. “I want this too, Blaine,” Kurt admitted.

Blaine looked at him for another moment. When Kurt raised his arms, reaching for Blaine, he knew he was telling the truth. Straddling Kurt’s slim body, he lowered himself down, their hands clasping tightly on the pillow by Kurt’s head. Blaine tucked his face into Kurt’s neck, taking in his beautiful, sweet scent. He could feel their Marks open and energy, peace, and strength flow between them. This was exactly what they needed. Blaine felt part of himself seeping into Kurt.

Meanwhile, Kurt was trying to get control of his body. Blaine’s incredibly well muscled body laying
on top of his was driving him mad. As soon as their bodies had met, Kurt had felt a jolt of rightness mixed with a healthy dose of pure lust. Blaine must have been working out because his chest and shoulders were much more toned and defined than the last time he’d seen him. And his scent, dear god, Kurt thought. Blaine smelled of his favorite cologne mixed with a delicious hint of pure boy. He tried to hold back his moan of need, but failed.

When Blaine heard that small sound come from Kurt, his body refused to hold back. His cock grew and hardened, resting against Kurt’s hip despite Blaine’s desire to keep his body under control. Feeling Kurt’s erection made him echo Kurt’s moan. The heat and energy swirling between them was a heady combination of lust and need.

Blaine raised his head, looking down at Kurt, staring at his lips. Kurt saw where he was looking and didn’t hesitate to offer his lips. Blaine made a sound like a growl and bent down to take Kurt’s lips with his own. His Soulmate’s lips were soft and warm and felt like home. Moving their lips and slotting them together, Blaine staked his claim. When he moved to enter Kurt’s mouth with his tongue, Kurt opened willingly. Another groan escaped him as he explored Kurt’s hot, wet mouth, learning each and every crevice.

Unable to help himself, he broke the kiss to nip and nuzzle his way down Kurt’s neck. Kurt tilted his head quickly, offering his neck to his Dom. It was a submissive gesture and Blaine accepted it by biting and licking at the flesh of his throat.

Kurt felt amazing. The heat of Blaine’s body, the pressure and heat of their hard cocks together, the feeling of rightness of Blaine claiming his neck, it was almost too much. He knew offering his throat up was a submissive thing, but it felt good, right, exactly the right thing to do at that moment. As Blaine’s talented lips and tongue made their way across Kurt’s skin, he began panting, wanting more.

Finally Blaine ripped his mouth away to slam down onto Kurt’s lips. Delving his tongue deep into Kurt’s mouth, he massaged and stroked his Soulmate’s tongue. Kurt responded, eliciting another happy noise from Blaine’s throat.

Kurt gave an experimental roll to his hips, in desperate need of friction. His cock was hard and aching. Mixed with the scent of Blaine surrounding him, his sub side going happy nuts, and the feel of Blaine’s tongue massaging his own, there was no hope of getting his erection to go away.

Blaine met the roll of Kurt’s body with one of his own. They alternated thrusting against each other, whimpering and murmurs of desire filled the room. Kurt instinctually spread his legs, feeling Blaine settle between them. It helped him thrust up easier.

Blaine was in heaven. The feeling of Kurt’s thighs surrounding him made him want to take the other boy. Kurt undulated against him, causing both of them to cry out. Harder and harder they thrust together, breathing heavily. Their Dom and sub sides were screaming in joy and need for each other. One particularly strong thrust from Blaine finally sent Kurt shouting out as he came against him. Blaine felt Kurt’s cock twitching and throbbing and that sent him over the edge with a growl of ownership. The orgasm drained him so deeply, he saw stars. He was grateful that he hadn’t passed out.

They lay there, breathing hard, recovering from their shared ecstasy. Finally, Kurt knew he had to get up and clean his pants before his come soaked through.

“Blaine,” he whispered.

Blaine’s head was laying in the crook of his neck. “Mm?”
“I need to clean up,” Kurt said, kissing Blaine’s ear.

“Hmmmm,” Blaine hummed. After a moment, he groaned in disappointment and rolled off Kurt. They both got up slowly. Kurt walked to the master bath and Blaine went to the hall bathroom. Cleaning up, they both were able to save their clothes and didn’t need to change.

They met in the hallway, Kurt shy, Blaine ecstatic with what had occurred.

“May I kiss you?” Blaine asked, wanting Kurt to know he had a choice.

Kurt nodded, smiling. He closed his eyes as Blaine’s mouth brushed his, once, twice, a third time that lasted a few seconds.

Blaine stood back, unable to hide his joy. “Ready for dinner?”

“Absolutely,” Kurt said, grinning. “I’m starving after that orgasm,” he said with a wink.

Blaine’s jaw dropped in shock and Kurt giggled as he walked ahead of Blaine to the car.

“I, I’m glad it was good for you,” Blaine said. What else could he say?
At the restaurant, Blaine sneakily handed the hostess money and they were able to get a booth in the very back. There were no other tables so they were alone. Once they had ordered, they sat there in silence.

Finally, Blaine laughed. “Okay, we were just more intimate than we have ever been, and now we can’t find something to talk about?”

Kurt grinned at him. “Maybe this is a lesson in awkwardness. We must sit forever in silence, never knowing what to say. Like the Twilight Zone.”

“Well, if that happened, I suppose we would just have to use sign language,” Blaine suggested, enjoying their conversation.

“Or we can tap our knives and spoons on the table for Morse Code,” Kurt replied, tapping his spoon on the table in the SOS code.

“Or we can steam up the window and write in it. Like nature’s version of a white board,” Blaine said chuckling.

Kurt gave a light giggle that thrilled Blaine down to his toes. He loved seeing Kurt like this. He was happy, carefree, uninhibited, and most of all, he was not afraid. Blaine never wanted to see Kurt afraid or leery of him ever again. This happier Kurt was the epitome of what Blaine had always wanted in their relationship.

And you did it without giving any orders, he told himself. See what can be accomplished through gentleness, true friendship, and a real desire to see Kurt happy.

“So, how are your sketches going? Is your portfolio overflowing yet?” Blaine asked. He knew how important Kurt’s art was to him.

Kurt smiled and shook his head. “No, I still don’t have all I want for the portfolio. But I have finished drawing several outfits.”

“You know Parson’s is going to snag you up, don’t you?” Blaine encouraged.

“I sure hope so,” Kurt said. “I am determined to go to school in New York, as you know. I want to make sure everything is perfect before I mail it in. I also decided to actually sew up a couple of the pieces and model them to show my actual skill.” It felt good and natural for them to talk like this. Kurt was actually having a good time. Blaine was, once again, the charming, dapper guy who he’d had a crush on before they knew they were Soulmates. “So, I know you want to eventually sign a record deal. Do you have any recordings? I know those are pretty important when you are searching for an agent and such.”

“I have a good number of songs written, and about a million more in my head. But, no, I don’t have anything recorded. But I would love to, eventually,” Blaine shared.

“How are things in the dorm? Are there a lot of couples there?” Kurt asked. He hoped this wouldn’t lead to a talk about why Kurt left. He noticed his diet soda was empty and raised his hand, snapping his fingers for the waitress. She looked over at them and Kurt snapped again, wanting her attention.

“Can I ask why you snap for the waitress?” Blaine asked. He was surprised by the rude gesture. Kurt was always polite and people always seemed to like him. But snapping? If Blaine were that waitress, or waiter, he would either ignore the person snapping or spit in their food. He might have to warn
Kurt about the latter.

Kurt looked at him questioningly. “Why? It’s how I’ve always summoned a waitress.” Snapping was easier and less embarrassing than calling out to the waitress.

“Well, I’m not saying this to piss you off, but honestly, it’s kind of rude, Kurt,” Blaine told him hesitantly.

Kurt cocked his head. “You think so? I’ve never gotten a comment about it before.”

“Yeah, I think it’s rude. Would you want to be snapped at?” Blaine asked. He didn’t want to get in a fight, but Kurt needed to realize that he was affecting people negatively.

“Of course not,” Kurt said immediately. Thinking about someone snapping at him like that would definitely rile his bitch side up. “Oh. I get it. Shit. I hope they don’t spit in my food,” he said with a grimace of disgust.

“It may be a valid worry,” Blaine said with a wink, trying to lighten the mood again. “How are things with your friends?”

Kurt was caught up in thoughts of slimy salad and phlegm flavored fries. Oh god, he would definitely change that habit. Like now.

“Everyone is fine from what I hear. I hung out with some people, lunch, shopping, that sort of thing. I actually got permission – which still pisses me off – for Tina to hang out with me. What about you? Jeff and Nick driving you crazy yet? Did Wes dig out his gavel?” Kurt asked, a smile on his face. Blaine had told him the story about Wes and his gavel. He had heard from Jeff that even though it was summer vacation, Wes would still break out his gavel and pound it against the nearest solid object.

“All of them are good. Jeff is his usual whirlwind self. He is still wanting your help with choosing paint colors for their apartment. As for Wes, his gavel is now encased in a locked glass box, ready to be taken out and used at a moment’s notice,” Blaine said, grinning.

“Here is your food, gentleman,” the waitress said, giving each of them their plates. “Anything else I can get you?”

Kurt turned pink, but still spoke up. “I want to apologize for snapping at you. I don’t mean to be rude,” he said sincerely.

The waitress smiled widely. “I appreciate that, thank you. And you’re forgiven. Crap, give me your plate. You don’t want to eat food that’s been spit on,” she said reaching for his plate.

“What?!” Kurt exclaimed in horror, searching his pasta and vegetables, looking for any telltale sign of mucus.

The woman laughed. “I’m just kidding. Paybacks are a… well we all know the end of that saying,” she said.

Kurt stared at her for a moment and then burst out laughing. All three of them shared a laugh before the waitress turned to her next table.

“I’m proud of you, Kurt. I know it couldn’t be very easy to apologize like that,” Blaine said.

“Yeah, I’m pretty much embarrassed, but she got me back so, I think she really forgives me,” Kurt
said, digging into his pasta. His heart beat hard and he couldn’t help being pleased that Blaine was proud of him.

The rest of the meal was filled with sharing news and taking more steps to get to know one another. Blaine found out that Kurt’s favorite color was blue, his idol was Lady Gaga, his guilty pleasure was watching the Bachelorette. Kurt learned that Blaine sucked his thumb until he was six, he had a celebrity crush on Tim Gunn, and he couldn’t stand socks. Kurt had mocked him about the sock issue, so Blaine turned around and teased him about the height of his hair.

“Hey now,” Kurt said with his infamous bitch, please, look. “Do not hate on the coiffure. And, you have no room to talk, gel helmet head,” he teased back, his blue green eyes sparkling.

Blaine gasped and clasped his hand to his heart. “Not the helmet! Please, don’t insult the helmet.”

Kurt laughed. “Why do you put so much gel in your hair? You have beautiful hair without it. Your curls are lovely.”

Blaine smiled, appreciating Kurt’s compliments. “My father thinks my curls are too unkempt. Even when I have an extra short hair style. So, the helmet was born,” Blaine told him. He tried not to let thoughts of his father bring him down. He was enjoying his evening too much. “So do you and your dad have any plans for the summer?”

“Not really. We used to go camping when I was little. After I came out to my dad, I figured I didn’t have to pretend to like it anymore. There are no showers when you camp with Dad,” Kurt said with a shudder.

The waitress dropped off the check and took their dishes. Both boys dug their wallets out. Blaine gave Kurt a look.

“Don’t even think about it. This is my treat,” Blaine insisted.

“Okay, I’ll pay the tip,” Kurt said, pulling out cash.

“I need to run to the bathroom,” Blaine told him. “Why don’t you go ahead to the car. I’ll pay when I get out,” he said, handing his keys to Kurt.

“Sure, see you out there,” Kurt said and turned toward the exit. He passed his waitress, telling her Blaine would be back to pay in a moment.

Enjoying the cool air of the early evening, Kurt hummed to himself as he walked to the car. He was surprised by how much he’d enjoyed himself. Blaine was definitely a charmer when he wasn’t being a Dominant prick. He had been the opposite of that person at dinner. Kurt could remember why he’d started falling for the other boy. He was gorgeous, funny, polite and very sweet.

Hitting the unlock on the key fob, he didn’t notice that the locks did not disengage. The lights blinked at him and he slid into the passenger seat. Sticking the keys into the ignition, he reached up, pulling the visor down so he could check out his reflection. Checking his teeth, he gave himself a smile and closed the visor, not realizing his face wasn’t alone in the mirror.

He was relaxing in his seat, watching for Blaine to walk out when he felt movement behind him. As he gasped and began to turn, he felt a sharp pain in his neck. Crying out, he looked around to see what had hurt him. Instantly, his head got light and his sight got cloudy. A form moved forward, crawling into the front seat beside him. Kurt blinked and fought against the feeling that he was going to pass out. Peering closely at the face next to him, he gasped.
“Sebastian?”

Blaine left the bathroom and paid the bill, thanking the waitress. Walking outside, he saw his car pull up near the door. Confused, he walked toward it. Was Kurt being polite and pulling the car up to him? He felt a surge of adrenaline when he realized there were two people in the car. Kurt was hunched over in the passenger seat. His Soulmate let out a terrified scream before his head dropped, banging against the window.

“Kurt!” Blaine shouted running for the car as it left the parking lot.

The car slowed down and he saw the driver side window lower. His blood ran cold when he recognized the voice.

“He’s all mine now, Killer!”

Kurt woke slowly, his head spinning and feeling foggy and confused. He was laying down on something soft and there was a blanket over him. Something was eating at him, something he knew he should remember. What had happened, why was his head aching, lethargy pulling at his limbs. He had gone to Blaine’s apartment. He and Blaine had Joined. He remembered it was romantic and sensual, he smiled. After that they had gone for dinner. Then what? Oh right, Blaine had given Kurt his keys to go sit in the car while he went to the restroom and paid the bill. Then…

“Ah, you remembered,” Sebastian said.

Kurt felt a weight press onto what he was laying on. A bed, he assumed. Sebastian was sitting next to him.

“Wha… what did you do to m-me?” Kurt asked, trying to get his eyes to cooperate and open. He fluttered his eyes for a moment before they opened. His vision was cloudy as he turned and saw Sebastian staring back at him.

“It was just a low dose sedative. Just enough to knock you out for the ride here,” Sebastian said matter-of-factly.

“Why am I here?” Kurt asked, fear making him more awake and alert.

“Well, it all started with your asshole Soulmate. But it’s going to finish with you,” he said with a calm smile.

“What do you mean ‘finish’ with me?” Kurt was terrified. Sebastian had drugged and kidnapped him. He had no idea what he was doing here.

“See, Blaine was supposed to be mine, but he turned me down, so I had to find someone else. Now I found you and you were supposed to be mine, but you are turning me down for Blaine. It’s a rather fucked up scenario, isn’t it? Why do I have to keep losing out? Hmm? Now, I decided to take what I want and to hell with Blaine. Like the last time, he will get the message that I will get what I want, no matter how I have to get it,” Sebastian explained. He reached out to brush his fingers down Kurt’s cheek.

Kurt shuddered and shrank away from him. “Don’t touch me.”
“I will touch you if I want. It’s not like you can do anything about it,” Sebastian said, pointedly staring down near Kurt’s hands.

Kurt looked down and saw that there were ropes tying his hands down. Trying to move his arms was futile, there was no give in the ropes. Tears streaked down Kurt’s face as he realized just how serious the situation was. “Sebastian, please let me go. Please. I won’t tell anyone, please,” he begged.

“The sound of your pleading is a beautiful thing, Kurt. I warn you now, do not ask to be released again. Now that you are awake, we can start to have some fun. You’ll like it. It would have been the natural progression of our relationship. It’s just happening here instead of somewhere else. Are you thirsty?” Sebastian asked. His voice was pleasant and calm.

“Yes,” Kurt said softly.

Sebastian stood and Kurt got a glimpse of where they were. It was a small area, maybe an apartment, though that was an unlikely place to take a kidnap victim. It was all one room. The bed he was laying on was in the far corner. Across from him, he saw a small living room and next to that was the kitchen. He assumed the bathroom was behind the one door in the bedroom area. Sebastian walked to the kitchen and reached into the fridge.

Kurt realized he should be wary of anything Sebastian gave him. Luckily, when Sebastian returned, he was holding a bottle of water. He opened the bottle for Kurt, showing that the lid had been securely shut. He could trust the water. Sebastian held the bottle to his lips and he took a deep swallow, the cold water refreshing in his dry mouth. He took several more swallows and let his head fall back onto the pillow.

Sebastian stood, put the water on the nightstand and looked down at Kurt. Smiling, he pulled the blanket off Kurt. “You are a beautiful man, you know that don’t you? That was the first thing I thought when I saw you. That soft white skin, the gorgeous hair. Then you opened your mouth and spoke. Even your voice is beautiful. Ever since that first day, I have wondered what your voice would sound like in the midst of passion, screaming out my name as you climaxed,” Sebastian said, his eyes darkening with lust.

“Sebastian, please, you don’t have to do this. Don’t you want someone who wants to be with you?” Kurt asked, hoping he could break through to him.

“I could have anyone I want, Kurt. That is why you’re here. I take what I want, I always have. You are no exception. The next time you talk about me letting you go or you not wanting to be here, there will be consequences,” Sebastian said, his green eyes cold.

“Consequences?” Kurt whispered, not realizing he’d said it out loud.

“Yes. And to give you a little taste of what that is like, I’ll show you. Then, maybe, you’ll keep your mouth shut,” Sebastian said.

Kurt barely saw the hand coming at him. Sebastian backhanded him right across the face, the pain like a flash of lightning. He cried out in pain, his face instantly turning red. Kurt whimpered, the pain of the slap shocking him.

“I must say, Kurt, your skin looks lovely with fingerprints on it,” Sebastian said, running his fingers across Kurt’s face.

Kurt ducked away, trying to get away from Sebastian’s hand.

Sebastian grabbed his chin, pinching it between his fingers. “Stop trying to get away from me. Or
there will be consequences,” he warned.

Kurt’s eyes went wide. He definitely didn’t want a replay of that slap.

“I see you understand, that’s good. Now we can get on with the fun stuff. I could have done this while you were asleep, but I wanted to save it so we could enjoy it together,” Sebastian said, drawing the blanket down his body.

Kurt shivered, watching Sebastian crawl onto the bed and go for the buttons on his jeans. As he unbuttoned, then unzipped his pants, Kurt screamed.

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“‘Yes, sir, I saw him in my car driving out of the parking lot,” Blaine said. He was still at the restaurant, grateful that a cop had finally come.

“Do you have a license plate number?” the cop asked.

Blaine thought for a moment then rattled off the number. Luckily, because he was under eighteen, Kurt fell in the category of a minor and the police were issuing an Amber Alert.

“Do you have any idea where he might have taken your friend?” the cop wanted to know.

Blaine gave him the address of Dalton, though he doubted Sebastian was there.

As he was talking, Jeff, Nick, and Wes showed up, running to Blaine. “Do you know anything yet?” Jeff asked, his face tear streaked and drawn with fear for his new friend.

“No. I’m trying to figure out where he took Kurt,” Blaine told them. He signed the statement for the cop and waited to be dismissed.

The cop told him he was free to go and that he would be notified when they found Kurt.

Blaine took a deep breath and dialed Burt’s phone number. “Mr. Hummel? It’s Blaine. Um, something happened to Kurt…”

Blaine told Burt everything and gave him the phone number the police had given them for the officer in charge. Burt’s worry was palpable and Blaine couldn’t help but hope that Burt got a moment alone with Sebastian. They discussed options then promised each other they would call when they heard anything.

Though they had no plan, the four boys got into Wes’s car and drove out of the parking lot. The car was silent as they tried to deal with the shock of what happened. Blaine wracked his brain, trying to think. He was twirling his phone over and over in his hands.

Suddenly, Blaine knew what to do. He found a rarely used phone number on his phone and hit ‘send’.

“Hello?”

“Chandler? It’s Blaine Anderson.”

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Kurt’s stomach was trying to rebel as Sebastian pulled his pants off.
“How the hell do you get these things on? They are tight as hell,” Sebastian complained, yanking at the material. “Oh my, look at those legs, creamy, pale, and so very long,” he sighed.

“No, no, please no,” Kurt whispered under his breath. “Blaine, please, please.”

Sebastian flung his pants off the bed, then moved forward and reached to unbutton Kurt’s shirt. He made quick work of the buttons, and opened the shirt, baring Kurt’s chest.

Sighing loudly, Sebastian gave a small moan. “Damn Kurt,” he breathed. “You are magnificent.”

“No, no, no,” Kurt said. Blaine was supposed to be the first one who saw him nude. He may not have wanted it, but deep down something had told him that he would eventually be with Blaine. That he was Blaine’s and Blaine was his. Now someone was about to take what Kurt was to give to Blaine. Tears streaked down the sides of his face, tickling his ears.

Sebastian stroked his hand down Kurt’s chest to the waist band of his boxer briefs.

“Blaine!” Kurt shrieked.

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Blaine felt a jolt in his chest, like electricity. His wrist burned and throbbed, causing him to cry out.


“Oh my god. When?” he replied.

“Just a little while ago. I am so sorry to bother you with this and I’m sorry if it brings up bad memories. But you are my only hope. Where were you when Sebastian attacked you?” Blaine pleaded with Fate to tell him where his Kurt was.

“He took me to his parent’s cabin. It’s up by Lake Crescent. It’s only fifteen to twenty minutes on the I-45. It’s the only cabin with a red door at the Lake Crescent Resort,” Chandler told him quickly.

Blaine started rattling off the directions to Wes who spun the car around and raced toward the freeway.

“Thank you so much, Chandler. You may have saved Kurt from… well, you may have saved him,” Blaine said. He couldn’t put into words what could be happening to his Soulmate. It was too painful.

“Please let me know when you find him,” Chandler said.

Blaine agreed to and hung up. He called the police and told them about the cabin. He was told an officer would be sent there right away. Blaine thanked them and hit ‘end’ as another electric jolt went through his chest making him cry out. He breathed deeply for a moment before telling his friends what he was feeling.

“I’ve felt that before. Layla was in a car accident a while back and she was hurt. She said she was calling my name. I felt that jolt and the burning. It only let up once I was able to get to her and touch her,” Wes told him. “Kurt is trying to call for you.”

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Kurt was kicking for all he was worth. Twice he got Sebastian, once in the chest and once in the
jaw. That one had knocked Sebastian off the bed, making him tumble to the floor and hit his head against the wall. As soon as Sebastian was down, Kurt began pulling at the ropes, trying desperately to break free. One of his arms broke free, causing him to twist his shoulder as it snapped forward. He cried out in agony, but didn’t stop trying to free his other arm. He watched Sebastian with one eye as he maneuvered to his knees and worked on the knot on his other wrist.

Sebastian stood up, swaying, his face pale but his eyes were filled with rage.

“You are going to pay for that, Kurt, with my foot up your ass and my cock down your throat,” he growled.

Kurt swung off the bed opposite of Sebastian, his arm still strung up to the bed.

“Just try it, motherfucker!” Kurt yelled. He may not be a jock, but he knew he was strong and he was willing to fight for his freedom.

Sebastian made to move forward and Kurt pushed his knees against the bed. When it moved easily, he put his foot on the frame of the bed and shoved with all of his might. The bed slid right into Sebastian’s legs causing him to fall again.

Blaine! Kurt yelled mentally. He suddenly wished they had finished the Claiming, then Blaine would be able to feel his emotions. That would have made him feel better, even if it didn’t tell Blaine where he was. He made a mental note to complete that task when he was free. Blaine, Blaine, Blaine, he chanted in his head as he yanked and pulled at the rope.

Just as Sebastian was standing up, Kurt was able to yank his wrist free. He cried out in victory, then took stock of the situation. The door was only ten or fifteen feet away. The only thing standing between him and freedom was a very pissed off Sebastian Smythe.

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Blaine was bouncing in his seat, urging Wes to go faster, though he was already doing eighty miles per hour. The electric feeling in his chest and the burning were constant now. It hurt like hell, but it was comforting in a way, knowing that Kurt was still fighting, still hoping for Blaine. He wasn’t dead. As they drove, he spared a thought wondering why he was able to feel these things when he and Kurt hadn’t opened their Marks through the Claiming yet. That was something he would save to explore with Kurt later. He was determined that there would be a ‘later’ with Kurt. Finally they saw the sign for the resort and they pulled in, not bothering to slow down at all.

They started driving by the cabins, looking for the one with the red door. The sun was low in the sky, but there was still enough light to see by.

“There it is!” Jeff yelled, pointing to the left.

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“I am going to hurt you,” Sebastian yelled, walking around the bed toward Kurt.

Kurt jumped on the bed and ran across, running toward the door. He managed to unlock the door before reaching for the doorknob. As he went to twist it, he was yanked backward against Sebastian’s chest. An arm across his neck held him still, the other one a vise across his middle.

“You are going to pay for this, Kurt. Do you want to know how?” Sebastian whispered in his ear. “First I am going to punch you in the freaking kidneys, then I am going to fuck your brains out. You’re going to love it.”
“Go to hell,” Kurt bit out, his lungs burning as his breath was cut off by Sebastian’s arm.

“You’ll wish you could go there when I’m done with you,” Sebastian taunted.

“Kurt!” a familiar voice yelled.

“You have got to be fucking kidding me!” Sebastian growled.

“Blaine!” Kurt yelled hoarsely, as he clawed at Sebastian’s arms, but he couldn’t get loose.

The door slammed open to reveal Blaine, Nick, Jeff, and Wes. Four faces that could not be more welcome at that moment.

“Let him go, Sebastian,” Blaine demanded.

Sebastian jerked Kurt tighter against him, causing him to choke. “Not on your curly haired life, Anderson,” Sebastian bit out. “I’m going to beat the shit out of your little Soulmate. Then I’m going to fuck him. You never did that, did you, Blaine? You never got the chance because you ran him off, didn’t you? Such a good Soulmate. Well, I gotta say, you could have trained him better, Blaine. He doesn’t listen very well,” Sebastian said with a wicked grin. “I had to teach him how to shut up.”

“Get your hands off of him now!” Blaine yelled, coming closer.

“Stop right there, lover boy,” Sebastian warned.

Blaine studied the situation for a moment. An idea came to him. Hopefully Kurt would understand.

“Kurt,” Blaine demanded, a Dom order strong in his voice. “Elbow him in the ribs, now!”

Kurt did not hesitate, but followed the order immediately. His elbow came out then slammed back into Sebastian’s ribs. It stole Sebastian’s air, causing him to wheeze and cough.

“Kurt, come here now!” Blaine ordered.

Kurt yanked himself free of Sebastian’s grip and ran to Blaine, falling into his arms. “Blaine!” he cried, burying his head into Blaine’s neck.

“I’m here, beautiful. You did wonderful, I’m so proud of you,” Blaine said.

Jeff and Nick managed to grab Sebastian’s arms, holding him back. Wes shoved him toward a door that proved to be a closet. They were about to shove Sebastian in when Blaine came up and tapped Wes on the shoulder.

“Just a second, Wes,” Blaine said. His fist shot forward, smashing into Sebastian’s already painful jaw. The boy couldn’t take it and passed out, sinking to the floor. The boys pulled and shoved at him until Sebastian was curled up in the closet.

Not a minute later, the police arrived. All five of them had their hands up, then pointed to the closet.

An hour later, they were released to go home. Sebastian had been loaded into an ambulance and was escorted by a police car to the hospital. Kurt had been photographed before he got dressed again, a blanket from the paramedics wrapped around his shoulders. He had started shivering from shock and hadn’t been able to stop. The paramedics suggested a warm drink and a good night’s sleep since Kurt turned down a trip to the hospital.

Burt had been called, who was out searching for Kurt, and Burt agreed that they should meet at his
house. He said Blaine was welcome to stay the night, knowing Blaine would be wracked with worry if he were separated from his Soulmate after such a terrible evening.

Blaine and Kurt sat in the back of the car, Kurt in the middle, curled up halfway onto Blaine’s lap. Blaine was stroking his hair and whispering endearments to him, telling him how proud he was.

“Thank you for rescuing me,” Kurt whispered.

“You would have gotten free on your own, I’m sure of it. You were close. I am so proud of you,” Blaine told him, caressing his precious face.

“I thought about you a lot,” Kurt admitted, pleased at Blaine’s words.

They got to Kurt’s house and Burt met them outside, grabbing Kurt and bear-hugging him for ten minutes straight. Burt then made Kurt some cocoa, adding in marshmallows at his son’s request. Kurt told his dad and Blaine all that had happened and assured them over and over that he hadn’t been sexually assaulted. Kurt’s dad was boiling mad to the point where he decided it was high time he cleaned his shotgun. He finally let Kurt go so Blaine could help him into bed.

Kurt took a long, hot shower, scrubbing away any sign of Sebastian. He came out of the bathroom, pajamas on even though it was still early. Blaine folded the blankets back and let Kurt crawl in. He tucked him in and then lay beside him on top of the blankets.

“Thank you for everything Blaine,” Kurt said.

“You’re welcome, but you don’t have to keep thanking me. I did exactly what you would do in the same situation,” Blaine said, stroking his fingers across Kurt’s bruised cheek, the only mark showing what he’d been through.

“I would have bitched him to death,” Kurt said playfully.

“That would work,” Blaine agreed.

“Hey,” Kurt said, smacking Blaine on the arm.

Blaine laughed and Kurt joined him.

“I’m very glad you are okay, Kurt,” he said.

“Me too. Blaine?”

“Yeah?”

“Will you sleep with me tonight? I don’t want to wake up alone,” Kurt said, his voice trembling, showing his vulnerability.

“Of course. Anything for you,” Blaine said.

“Goodnight Blaine,” Kurt whispered.

“Goodnight my love,” Blaine responded, kissing his forehead.

He lay there long into the night, content to watch his Soulmate sleep.
Chapter 20

Kurt woke slowly, his limbs loose and relaxed. He was so warm and feeling snuggly in his wonderful bed. His pillow suddenly moved and he jerked his head up. Realizing he was laying on Blaine’s firm chest, he smiled and settled onto his real pillow so he could stare at the man laying next to me. Blaine was beautiful in his sleep, his features relaxed, his beautiful mouth soft and slightly open. There was a shadow on his cheeks from not shaving. Kurt liked it, it made him look rugged. Maybe he could talk him into keeping the scruff at least until the school year started. Reaching up to rub the sleep from his eyes, he hissed at the sudden pain on one side of his face. He felt confused for a moment before the memories of the day before slammed into his mind.

“No,” he whimpered, looking down at his wrists where there were rope burns from where he had been tied to that bed. “No!” he cried out, his entire body beginning to shake.

“Kurt, sweetheart, what is it?” Blaine asked, worry in his voice.

“It really happened yesterday, didn’t it?” Kurt asked, tears streaming down his face.

“Oh, baby, come here,” Blaine said, his eyes burning at the horror and fear evident in Kurt’s eyes. Taking Kurt in his arms, he stroked his hair. His Soulmate wasn’t in shock anymore and would be dealing with the full effect of the aftermath of his experience.

“I was so scared, Blaine,” Kurt whispered, weeping softly against his Soulmate’s shoulder.

“I know you were. But Kurt you were also very brave the way you fought him off. I am so proud of you,” Blaine said. Kurt may feel scared and helpless, but he needed to be reminded that he was a survivor, he had gotten through, hopefully, the worst event in his life. All on his own strength and that amazed Blaine to no end. “You are amazing.”

Kurt shuddered against him. “I don’t feel brave or amazing,” he said. “It hurts, Blaine.” The more alert he got, the more pain seemed to be showing up in his body. His shoulders were aching, his wrists burned, his stomach hurt. His face ached and throbbed from the brutal backhand that Sebastian had delivered.

Blaine couldn’t stand seeing Kurt suffer like this, and the sight of his bruised cheek made him feel homicidal. “Hold on, sweetheart, I will get you something for the pain. Do you want to go get checked out at the hospital? I will drive you,” he offered, helping Kurt back onto his pillow and getting out of bed.

Kurt shook his head. “I don’t want to go anywhere,” he said.

Blaine understood that. “Okay, I’ll be right back,” he told him. He hurried to the bathroom and found a bottle of ibuprofen in the medicine cabinet. He wished they could Join as it would be a good way to get Kurt to relax and feel stronger. But as bruised and sore as he was, they wouldn’t be able to do any good just Joining wrists. He needed the full Joining. Maybe once he was healed more, Blaine thought. Filling a nearby cup with water, he took the pills back to Kurt who groaned as he sat up to swallow them.

“Thank you, Blaine,” he said, slowly lowering himself back down.

“Anything for you, Kurt. Are you hungry? Or maybe an ice pack or heating pad?” Blaine offered. He was desperate to care for his Soulmate. Everything in him demanded that he make Kurt’s every need his highest priority. Anything he needed he would have as quickly as Blaine could get it.
“Coffee?”

“You don’t mind?” Kurt asked. He was still unsure how dominant Blaine was trying to be. Being a glorified gofer didn’t seem to meld with Blaine’s actions to date.

“Of course, not. I will do or get anything and everything you need. Just tell me and it’s yours,” Blaine assured him. This was a good chance to prove to Kurt that not only could he take care of his needs, but do so without being a pushy Dom.

“Um, okay. I could really use a cup of coffee and an ice pack. My shoulder is really achy. I twisted it when I was trying to get my arms out of the ropes,” his voice ending in a whisper.

Blaine was filled with a sudden and all consuming fury. If he ever saw that motherfucker again, he would pay with his life for what he had done and intended to do to his precious Soulmate.

Kurt had been watching him and shrunk away from the dark rage on Blaine’s face. “What did I do?” he asked in fear.

Blaine saw the anxiety and fear on Kurt’s face and took his hand, evening out his expression. “Nothing, sweetheart. I was just fuming and hoping I get a chance at Sebastian at some point in time,” he told him.

Kurt shook his head, a whole different kind of fear taking over. “No! You can’t confront him. Please say you won’t!” Kurt demanded.

“He can’t hurt me, Kurt. Don’t worry,” Blaine assured him and squeezed his hand. “I’m going to get you that coffee and ice pack. Just a shot of creamer, right?” he checked.

“I’m not forgetting this conversation, Blaine,” Kurt said, his pale face determined. “And yes about the shot of coffee. There is an icepack already in the freezer.”

“I’ll be right back,” Blaine assured him, not addressing the topic of Sebastian.

He went down to the kitchen and found coffee already made. Burt was standing at the window with a cup, staring out at the morning, but not looking like he was seeing anything.

“Good morning, Burt,” Blaine said, making his way to the coffee pot.

“Is Kurt awake?” Burt asked, breaking from his reverie.

“He is. He is hurting pretty bad so I gave him some ibuprofen. He isn’t hungry so I’m just getting him coffee. How are you doing this morning?” he asked as he prepared Kurt’s coffee.

“Worried and pissed off,” the older man said to him. “I don’t know which is more prominent. It changes by the minute. I heard from the police about a half hour ago. I need to tell Kurt what is going on.”

“I’m angry too. Furious, really. I want to pop that little fucker’s head off,” Blaine fumed. He realized what he said. “Please excuse my language.”

Burt shook his head. “Nothing to be sorry for when you’re telling the truth.”

Blaine grabbed the ice pack and the two went to Kurt’s room. Kurt saw them and began to struggle to sit up. Blaine sat the coffee and ice pack on the bedside table and gently helped Kurt sit up, tucking pillows behind him. Handing him the hot coffee, he gently laid the ice pack on the shoulder
Kurt indicated and sat next to him on the bed.

“Good morning, Dad,” Kurt said quietly.

“Morning, son. How are you feeling?” Burt asked. He had to hear for himself anything that Kurt might need to say. His hands curled into fists at the sight of Kurt’s purple and blue face and the matching rope burns on his wrists. Once again, his son had gotten hurt when he wasn’t there to save him. First the bullies at school, now this. His heart ached for his son.

“I’m in some pain, but I’m okay,” Kurt said, his pale face showing the lie in his words.

“Uh huh. Well, I heard from the police and they are going to charge that little bastard with kidnapping, attempted rape, and assault and battery. There is no way he is getting out of jail anytime soon,” Burt told them. “They, uh, searched the cabin and found… things that showed he was planning for more than just kidnapping.”

If possible, Kurt got even more pale and began trembling again. Blaine scooted closer to his Soulmate and gently wrapped an arm around him, pulling him closer.

“What do you mean, ‘things’,?” Kurt asked in a whisper.

“We don’t need to discuss that,” his dad told him firmly.

“I have a right to know,” Kurt insisted, his voice sounding stronger. “It is my life that was affected by this. I deserve to know all the details.”

“You are as stubborn as me, kid,” Burt said with a rueful smile. “Okay, but don’t say I didn’t warn you. They found a mess of drugs, sedatives they said. There were ropes, chains,” Burt continued. He paused and looked like he would rather bite off his own arm then continue.

“Please Dad,” Kurt said calmly, taking a sip of his coffee and sighing as the warmth flooded through him. Between the heat of the coffee and the comfort of Blaine next to him, he was feeling as secure as he could at that moment.

“They found a whip, something called a flogger, and a bamboo cane. They also found, um,” Burt said with a blush. “Assorted, uh, intimacy enhancers.”

“Dad, you can say sex toys. Pretty words don’t change a thing,” Kurt said matter-of-factly.

“I don’t have to say anything,” Burt said, his face still bright red. “There are some things that a father and son just do not need to discuss. And you’re not supposed to know about that kind of thing anyway,” his father said sternly.

Now Kurt blushed and Blaine joined, all of them uncomfortable.

“You are sure he won’t be getting out of jail?” Kurt asked, desperate to feel safe again.

“I’m one hundred percent certain he won’t be out for at least the next five years,” Burt assured him.

Kurt nodded. “Okay,” he said. He knew his father wouldn’t lie or embellish the truth for his sake. If his dad said so, he knew he could count on it. “Do we need to do anything else for the police?”

Burt shook his head. “Nope. You gave your full statement, so unless they need you for a trial, you are out of the picture.”

“Good,” Kurt said. “Is it okay if Blaine stays the night again?” Kurt asked, looking at Blaine as well.
Blaine nodded, rubbing Kurt’s free hand.

“Of course. You just take it easy, kiddo. You need some down time to relax and heal up. You do whatever it is that will make that possible,” Burt told him. “If you need anything, and I mean anything, Kurt, you just ask me or Blaine. Got it?” Burt knew his son was prone to drawing away from others and pulling into himself if he was hurt or ill. He never wanted to bug anyone.

“Yes, Dad,” Kurt said obediently. “Thank you for letting us know about… him.”

“Of course,” Burt said. “Do you need anything? Want any movies?”

Kurt thought about it. “Maybe Blaine could go pick a few?”

Blaine agreed and went to pick out a couple while Burt sat with his son for a minute.

“Kurt, you know if anything… you know, happened, you can tell me,” Burt said, staring into Kurt’s blue green eyes. Eyes that were the spitting image of his mother’s.

“Dad, Blaine got there in time. I’m just a bit bruised up. Nothing more than hurt on the outside,” Kurt assured him.

“Now that’s a lie, kid,” he replied. “You may only be able to see the bruises, but inside you are just as hurt. You were attacked and that will take time to heal, just like the bruises. Give yourself time to heal, don’t expect to feel better right off the bat.”

“Leave it to you to use sports lingo,” Kurt teased, wanting to drop the entire topic. It was bad enough he couldn’t stop thinking about it. There was no need to talk about it anymore.

Blaine came back to the bedroom, laden with movies for Kurt to choose from. Kurt picked Moulin Rouge to start with. He invited his dad to stay and watch, but Burt just gave him a look and told him he would be downstairs.

Blaine insisted on feeding Kurt while he watched the movie, so he slowly nibbled on a bagel with cream cheese as his favorite movie musical played. When the credits began rolling, he started feeling tired.

“I’m going to take a nap,” Kurt said, scooting down in the bed. “Will you be here when I wake up?” Blaine had become his human security blanket. He felt safer next to him.

“I’m not even going to leave the room unless it’s for the bathroom,” Blaine told him, squeezing his hand.

“Good,” Kurt whispered. He settled down and closed his eyes. “Blaine?”

“Yeah?”

“Will you sing to me?” Kurt asked.

“Of course, what would you like to hear?” Blaine said, pleased that Kurt had asked something of him.

“You choose,” Kurt said softly.

Blaine gave it some thought. Then he began to sing.
Never knew, I could feel like this,
Like I've never seen the sky before
Want to vanish inside your kiss
Every day I love you more and more
Listen to my heart can you hear it sing
Tellin' me to give you everything
Seasons may change, winter to spring
But I love you, until the end of time

Come what may, Come what may
I will love you, until my dying day

Kurt couldn’t help himself and began singing with Blaine. Their voices melded and weaved around each other in a beautiful harmony.

Suddenly the world seems such a perfect place
Suddenly moves with such a perfect grace
Suddenly my life doesn't seem such a waste
It all revolves around you

And there's no mountain too high, no river too wide
Sing out this song and I'll be there by your side
Storm clouds may gather,
And stars may collide

But I love you, I love you
Until the end of time, Until the end of time

Come what may, Come what may
I will love you, until my dying day

Oh come what may, come what may

I will love you, I will love you

Their eyes remained locked on each other as they sang the final notes. Blaine leaned down and kissed Kurt gently on his forehead.

“Sleep, my sweet Soulmate. I will be here when you wake up,” Blaine said quietly.

Kurt looked at him for a moment more. Then his eyes slid shut and within moments, Blaine could hear his breathing deepen in sleep.

Gazing down at his Soulmate, the love of his life, Blaine couldn’t help it when he began singing again. Songs always told of his feelings better than mere words.

Take me back in the arms I love

Need me like you did before

Touch me once again

And remember when

There was no one that you wanted more

I'll be waiting for you

Here inside my heart

I'm the one who wants to love you more

You will see I can give you

Everything you need

Let me be the one to love you more

The lyrics poured from his lips in a deluge of hopes and dreams. Hopes that Kurt would one day love him. Dreams that they would spend the rest of their lives together.

See me as if you never knew

Hold me so you can't let go

Just believe in me
The following day, Blaine returned to the dorms, Kurt reassuring him that with his dad’s help, he would be just fine. Blaine had wanted to stay, but Kurt didn’t want to impose on him anymore. Blaine wanted him to impose, wanted him to need Blaine to be there. At the same time, he knew Kurt’s independence was very important to him. He offered up a couple attempts at dissuading Kurt, but then gave in. Kurt would do what he needed for now, he didn’t need to be told what to do. Blaine told him he was trusting him to call if he needed anything. Kurt assured him he would.

Kurt had no idea that time would come much sooner than he thought it would.

He fell asleep easily that night, amazed at how tired he was all the time. His dreams flickered back and forth between images of Blaine, his dad, and the horror of what he went through at the hands of Sebastian. In the dream, Sebastian had his hands around Kurt’s throat and was trying to wring the life from him.
He woke screaming and crying for help. Burt raced into his room and held his son as sobs wracked his thin frame.


“Of course, son, do you want me to call him?” Burt said, rubbing his back gently.

“Will you take me to him?” Kurt asked, looking up at him with tear filled eyes. “I need to be near him. He makes me safe.”

“I told you, anything you need. Are you sure you want to stay with him, though? I mean, I can get him here,” Burt said. What he meant was that he wanted his baby boy nearby in case he needed his daddy.

Kurt shook his head. “I want to be with him.”

“Okay. Why don’t you get dressed. Do you want me to pack some clothes for you?” Burt asked.

“No, that’s okay. Can you stay with me while I do it?” Kurt’s eyes looked at him pleadingly and Burt remembered a much smaller Kurt asking his dad to stay with him as he tried to ride his bicycle for the first time.

“Of course, kiddo,” Burt told him.

As sore as he was, Kurt made quick work of changing and gathering his toiletries and several days worth of clothing. Burt made a call to Blaine and let him know of their impending arrival. Blaine was upset Kurt had a bad night, but Burt heard the relief in his voice knowing his Soulmate would be by his side soon.

They went out to Burt’s SUV. Kurt froze when he realized he couldn’t see into the back seat. He started shivering and refused to get into the car until Burt had turned on all the interior lights and opened all the doors, proving that nothing was lurking in the back. Finally, Kurt got into the car, though his shivering didn’t stop the entire way to Dalton.

Blaine met them in the parking lot and opened his arms to welcome Kurt.

“Sweetheart,” Blaine said against Kurt’s warm neck. “Are you okay?”

“No, that’s okay. Can you stay with me while I do it?” Kurt’s eyes looked at him pleadingly and Burt remembered a much smaller Kurt asking his dad to stay with him as he tried to ride his bicycle for the first time.

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Blaine leaned back. “You never have to ask to stay with me. You are always welcome, it is as much your home as it is mine.”

“Thank you,” Kurt murmured. He already stopped shivering and he knew deep down that he was where he was supposed to be.

Burt helped them with Kurt’s bags and made sure Kurt was settled before he headed out. He demanded that Kurt text him and call him the next day to let him know how he was doing. Kurt agreed, still plastered to Blaine’s side. Finally, they were tucked into bed next to each other. It was four in the morning and they were exhausted.

Kurt was settled on Blaine’s chest, thinking much harder than he should as tired as he was.

“Blaine?”
“Yes?”

“Will you Claim me?”

Blaine froze. “What?”

[Songs: Come What May, Moulin Rouge Soundtrack; To Love You More, Celine Dion]
Chapter 21

“I asked if you will claim me,” Kurt repeated, his face turning red. This wasn’t the reaction he had been hoping for. Blaine had always seemed so eager about the topic.

Blaine closed his eyes, demanding his body settle down and cooperate with him. “Kurt, you are going to be the death of me,” he muttered.

“What do you mean?” Kurt asked. He was surprised Blaine hadn’t jumped on the idea. Was it him? Was it because Sebastian had touched him. Tears sprang into his eyes. “You don’t want me, do you?”

Blaine was shocked to see the tears and rejection sparkle in Kurt’s expressive eyes. “Kurt, no, it is not that at all. Trust me, I want you. Very, very badly,” Blaine assured him.

Kurt smiled through his tears. “Should I get undressed?” he asked, moving his hands to unbutton his shirt.

Blaine stilled his hand with his own, clasping it tightly. “No, don’t get undressed. I might not be able to resist you if I see all that beautiful… perfect… porcelain skin,” Blaine said, his words slowing and his erection growing at the thought of seeing his Soulmate naked. Come on, dammit, he thought. I can show more control than this. Boobs, he thought trying to picture those masses of flesh. Bouncing, jiggling, boobs. His stomach twisted and his erection died. “Kurt, I can’t Claim you yet. The timing isn’t right,” he said calmly.

Kurt looked hurt again. “I don’t understand, Blaine. How could the time be anymore right? I need you, I need the protection that your Claiming will give me,” he said emphatically, his eyes pleading with Blaine to understand.

Blaine’s heart clenched. He wanted so much to give Kurt what he needed. But he had made enough mistakes. He wasn’t going to make one that could end up being the biggest mistake he’d ever made. “Kurt, I understand that, I really do. I want to give you that safety, but not this way. You have just been through something horrific. Something I can’t even fathom. I am so proud of you for fighting and trying to get free. If we make love, though, it will be because of what happened. Not because you are ready and you want to. I am not going to let Sebastian take our first time from us. I will protect you with every ounce of strength I have, Kurt. And when the time is right, when you are ready, then we will go through with the Claiming. And not one second before then. Alright?” Blaine said. “Please know that I do want you.” He gave a short, humorless laugh. “I want you so damn bad it hurts. When you want me that bad, then you will know it’s time.”

Kurt stared at him, his tears calmed. He saw the fire behind Blaine’s eyes, the feeling behind his words. Finally, he nodded. “Okay. Will you kiss me goodnight?”

Blaine could deny this boy nothing, especially with that gorgeous look of hope in those enchanting eyes. Nodding, he leaned forward. Certain he could contain his urges, he softly kissed Kurt.

Kurt moaned the instant their lips met. Blaine’s mouth was hot, soft, demanding yet giving. Kurt could drown in the magic of Blaine’s lips. He couldn’t resist opening his mouth, offering his tongue. Blaine echoed his moan and captured Kurt’s tongue, sucking it into his mouth, massaging it with his own tongue.

Kurt whimpered, his body on fire. He needed more, he needed Blaine. He began tugging Blaine’s
arm, directing him to straddle him. Blaine cooperated and hovered over Kurt, not wanting to squish him with his full weight. He held Kurt’s beautiful face between his hands, tracing his thumbs over the perfect cheekbones.

His body was on fire. Blaine was holding him so gently, so lovingly as they kissed, their tongues massaging and sucking on one another. Blaine took him by the chin to tilt his head more to one side. Instantly, Kurt was transported back to the cabin, Sebastian forcing him to kiss, his hand hard on Kurt’s chin.

“No, no, no!” Kurt cried, yanking his face away.

“Kurt, baby, what’s wrong?” Blaine sat up, looking Kurt over for signs of injury.

“Make it go away, Blaine, please make it go away!” Kurt sobbed, tears streaking down his pale face.

“Of course I will, sweetie. Make what go away?” Blaine had an idea, but he wanted Kurt to name it so it wouldn’t be a hidden fear.

“Make Sebastian go away. I don’t want the memories in my head,” Kurt begged. He wanted Blaine off of him, but at the same he wanted the picture of Blaine to replace the ugliness that was Sebastian.

“Kurt, don’t rush it, honey. Give yourself time,” Blaine said, his heart breaking for his Soulmate. Pushing intimacy after such a traumatic event couldn’t be healthy. He could understand the desire to replace the bad memory with a good one, but it had only been a couple days.

“Please, Blaine,” Kurt pleaded. He leaned up and smashed his lips onto Blaine’s. Grabbing his Soulmate’s face, he laid down, slanting his head to slot their lips together better.

Blaine gave in but was determined to take it slow and gentle. He moved his lips slowly over Kurt’s, breathing him in, licking gently at his bottom lip. Blaine could never get enough of that bottom lip. He decided to replace Kurt’s memory and hopefully get Kurt’s mind off the topic of his kidnapping all together.

Slowly, Blaine began to lower his weight onto Kurt’s body, kissing him deeply, tangling their tongues together. Kurt let out a delicious whimper, pulling Blaine closer, nipping at Blaine’s lips and chin.

Blaine settled their bodies together and joined their hands. He had never experimented with Joining and being intimate, but he knew it could only do good for them both. Leaning his head back, Blaine traced Kurt’s beautiful mouth with his tongue. Kurt moaned, chasing his mouth and slamming their lips back together.

Their mouths were joined, tongues swirling, their bodies perfectly aligned, hands and Marks clasped together. Something happened in that moment, like a bubble of warm air encapsulated them, separating them from the rest of the world. As if under a spell, their lips moved languidly against each other, their voices rising, a wordless song filling the air around them. Love rose up, filling the empty spaces, taking over fears, erasing the misconceptions of domination and submission, replacing negativity with the purity that only love can bring.

Kurt and Blaine knew nothing in the moment but each other, every cell of their beings were sewn together, their souls aligned for all eternity. The kiss was perfection, each movement fed into the need for one another, the taste of each other becoming a hunger that needed to be fulfilled.

The kiss lasted for endless minutes, their sense of time disappearing as they fed each other. When their lips finally separated, as the bubble surrounding them dissipated, they were different people.
Blaine rested his forehead on Kurt’s, their breathing harsh as though they had been running.

“Oh my god,” Blaine breathed, feeling as though his soul had been taken apart and rebuilt, now joined with Kurt’s. He wasn’t whole on his own now. He was half of Kurt as he knew Kurt was now half of him.

“What was that?” Kurt gasped. He hadn’t been in love with Blaine before. But now? Now he wanted to live every second joined with this man next to him. He was joined with him. He knew that he and Blaine were now one.

Blaine had no idea what had happened, but when he opened his mouth to answer, different words came out than he intended. “We have Claimed one another,” he announced, more sure of his answer than his own name.

“We did, didn’t we,” Kurt mused. When Blaine spoke the words, the feeling of rightness and truth echoed in Kurt’s soul. He held up his wrist and wasn’t surprised to see his padlock fully closed. “Look, Blaine,” he said and showed him the new development.

Like Kurt, he wasn’t surprised to see the padlock closed, it was a symbol of a full Claiming. Kurt had held nothing back from him. Their Marks were now open to one another. Blaine closed his eyes and mentally reached out to Kurt. He felt peace, contentment, happiness, and love? He opened his eyes and stared at Kurt.

“I feel you,” he whispered, amazed.

Kurt concentrated and felt Blaine’s astonishment, his pure bliss, his undying love and devotion for Kurt.

“I feel you,” Kurt echoed, his smile stretched across his face.

“Kurt, I feel love from you,” Blaine said hesitantly. The last thing he wanted to do was ruin the evening, but he had wanted Kurt’s love for so long. Was it real? Was it simply a product of the Claiming?

“That is because I love you, Blaine,” Kurt replied simply.

“How, though? You didn’t love me,” Blaine paused looking at the clock. It had been around four in the morning when they had gotten in bed. “Oh my god. Kurt, it’s almost six thirty.” Kurt giggled. “No wonder my lips are so sore,” he said happily. “We were kissing for over two hours.” Kurt felt something pushing against him. Doubt? Unhappiness? “Blaine, what’s wrong?”

“I have been waiting for you to love me since the moment we met, Kurt. Now, we not only magically managed to Claim without sex, but you now love me when you didn’t just a short time ago. I am scared that this isn’t real, that it is all because of the Claiming,” Blaine said.

Kurt sighed. “You’re ruining my buzz, Blaine,” he said then winked at him. “Blaine, something happened, something otherworldly, magical, like you said. I felt like I was being opened up and all of my insecurities and worries were taken away, like soul surgery. Like the universe wanted me to see the real you, your soul, your pure love for me. I was able to let go of it all and see you and of course, I fell in love with you. It is the easiest, thing to do. I think it took more out of me to not love you. Now that I love you, everything in me feels right. Don’t you feel the same way?”

“You love me?” Blaine whispered.

Kurt gave him the most beautiful smile, his blue green eyes sparkling with joy. “Blaine Devon
Anderson, I love you. I will always love you.”

“Kurt Elizabeth Hummel, I love you, too. Every day for all eternity.” Blaine said, tears streaming down his face. He felt lucky. No, what he felt was far beyond that trivial notion. He was blessed. Fate had gifted him in a way he had never expected. But still, there were questions. “I’m going to call my grandfather in the morning, well, in a couple hours. I don’t understand how we were able to Claim without being intimate.”

Kurt rubbed at the tiny wrinkle between Blaine’s triangular eyebrows. “You worry too much, my Blaine,” he said with a smile. “We will figure this out, but please, whatever you do, do not doubt my love for you. I was blocking it out, but now I am wide open, just for you.”

“I love you so much,” Blaine said, completely in awe of his Soulmate.

“I love you, too. Are you tired?” Kurt asked.

Blaine questioned his body and mind for a moment. Shaking his head, he answered. “Not even a little bit. I feel…”

“Energized? Like you just downed an energy drink?” Kurt offered. “I feel that way, too. How about some coffee?”

For the next several hours, they sat on the couch, Kurt snuggled so deeply into Blaine’s side that he may as well have been sitting on his lap. There wasn’t much conversation between the two. They were concentrated on each other, learning how to deal with the onslaught of emotions and sensations they were receiving from each other.

Kurt thought about the love he now felt for Blaine. When he had told Blaine that it was more work to not love him, it was the absolute truth and Kurt hadn’t realized it until that moment. Loving Blaine was as easy as breathing and just as essential.

Around eleven that morning, Blaine dialed his grandfather and put him on speaker phone. After introducing Kurt and the necessary niceties – including an embarrassing amount of personal questions for Kurt – he described what had happened, down to the last, intimate details. Kurt blushed prettily, but he wasn’t bothered sharing what had gone on that morning. It felt completely normal and right to speak of their love.

“So, my first question is how did we invoke the Claiming when we weren’t being intimate?” Blaine asked. He was scared to death that he was going to find out Kurt’s love for him was fake, a cruel side effect of the Claiming.

“It is not completely unheard of Blaine Devon. I have seen it happen a couple of times over the years. And you were being intimate. Kissing and Joining put you in the position to open you two up to receive one another. Your love is deep and true. Your souls knew it was there and it helped clean out the crap during the Claiming. Look it up on the internet, you’ll find all sorts of stories pertaining to people’s experiences with the Claiming,” his grandfather suggested.

Kurt grinned at his Soulmate. His grandfather called him Blaine Devon. It was adorable.

“I’ll do that. My other question is pertaining to my own insecurities. Kurt wasn’t in love with me, you know all about that,” Blaine said, sending Kurt an apologetic smile. “But now he does. I have to know if it’s real. I’m so happy, but I need to know if what he is feeling is a projection of the Claiming or how he actually feels,” he finished.

Kurt frowned and picked up Blaine’s hand, giving it a squeeze. “I do love you, Blaine,” he insisted.
“I explained it to you. It’s like all the fear, doubt, and submission issues were washed away. My natural state is to love you. So I am,” Kurt said. He didn’t doubt for one second that his love was true. Surprising, yes. False? Never.

“Kurt has the right of it, Blaine Devon. The way you Joined and opened yourselves up to being vulnerable helped the Claiming sort through the trash inside you. Then it simply pointed you two in the right direction. Toward each other. Just because you didn’t Claim through intercourse doesn’t make it any less real,” his grandfather told him.

“Sir, I have a question,” Kurt said. “When we do finally consummate our relationship,” he began, his face burning red. He was glad Blaine’s grandfather was on the phone and not in the room with them. “Will anything happen? Since we are already Claimed… I guess I was just wondering if it was going to be different for us.”

“First, Kurt Elizabeth, don’t call me ‘sir’. Call me Grandpa, just like Blaine Devon does,” Grandpa said. “As for the consummation. I am not too certain. I would look it up online, like I mentioned earlier. There at least you could find others who’ve had the same experience as you.”

Kurt grinned when Grandpa called him by his first and middle name. He didn’t have many experiences with grandparents, but he could see himself and Grandpa becoming close. He would love to get to know the man who had supported Blaine since day one.

“Blaine Devon, I can hear you thinking all the way over here. Do not waste your time and energy worrying about the love issue. See how life plays out. You will know if Kurt’s love is false. But I guarantee it is true. As true as my love for your grandmother,” Grandpa said.

Blaine visibly relaxed. His grandparents loved each other and were so devoted to each other, it inspired him to seek that kind of love and relationship with Kurt.

They both thanked Grandpa and hung up the phone after promising to visit soon. Kurt made them a light brunch and they sat down to eat. Jeff called Kurt and they planned to have dinner together that night. Blaine contacted Wes and he and Layla promised to The rest of the afternoon was spent cleaning and researching Claiming experiences. There were a surprising number of Soulmates who had Claimed without physical intimacy. Some stories even told how one party hadn’t felt as strongly as their Soulmate. The Claiming had opened them up and freed them to love without reservation.

During dinner that night, Kurt and Blaine shared their story again. Jeff listened with hearts in his eyes, thrilled for his friends. He even clapped his hands, bouncing up and down when Kurt admitted that he loved Blaine. Nick shared his and Jeff’s Claiming which was the typical story. But the feelings they had, the way the Claiming felt was very similar to Kurt and Blaine’s experience.

They congregated in the living room and soon Blaine drug out his guitar. Kurt dreamily watched his Soulmate play, soothed by Blaine’s calm voice as he sang.

When he finished the song, the others clapped for him. Blaine turned to Wes and gave him a look.

“Did you find one?” he asked mysteriously.

Wes grinned. “I did. I put it in the back end of the parking lot so it wouldn’t be seen,” he answered.

“Excellent,” Blaine said, rubbing his hands. “Let’s go.”

Kurt was intrigued, but went along with the rest, grabbing a light sweater before leaving. The six of them walked to the far side of the parking lot where a rusted barrel stood.
“What are we doing here?” Kurt finally asked, confused.

“I am taking a step toward making up what I did to you,” Blaine announced. “I know that a lot has happened since then, but I want you to know that I haven’t forgotten how I treated you, what I said, and the Dom orders. I will not be repeating my mistakes and this is the first step.” He pulled a folded, familiar notebook from his back pocket. It was the rules and punishments book.

Wes held up lighter fluid and matches. “Would you like to do the honors, Kurt?”

Kurt grinned so wide, his teeth showed as he nodded. He ripped the pages out of the notebook and threw the in the metal barrel. Then he drowned the pages with lighter fluid. Striking a match, he met Blaine’s encouraging gaze and threw the match into the barrel. Instantly the papers and notebook remains caught fire.

Kurt was watching, the smile never leaving his face. As it burned, Blaine began strumming his guitar. He began to sing and Kurt melted at the words.

Look into my eyes – you will see
What you mean to me.
Search your heart, search your soul
And when you find me there you'll search no more.

Don't tell me it's not worth tryin' for.
You can't tell me it's not worth dyin' for.
You know it's true:
Everything I do, I do it for you.

Look into your heart – you will find
There's nothin' there to hide.
Take me as I am, take my life.
I would give it all, I would sacrifice.

Don't tell me it's not worth fightin' for
I can't help it, there's nothin' I want more
You know it's true:
Everything I do, I do it for you, oh, yeah.
There's no love like your love
And no other could give more love.
There's nowhere unless you're there
All the time, all the way, yeah.

Look into your heart, baby...

Oh, you can't tell me it's not worth tryin' for.
I can't help it, there's nothin' I want more.

Yeah, I would fight for you, I'd lie for you,
Walk the wire for you, yeah, I'd die for you.

You know it's true:
Everything I do, oh, I do it for you.

Everything I do, darling.
You will see it's true.
You will see it's true.
Yeah!
Search your heart and your soul
You can't tell it's not worth dying for
I'll be there
I'd walk the fire for you
I'd die for you
Oh, yeah.
I'm going all the time, all the way.
Kurt applauded loudly before going and pulling Blaine into a passionate kiss. He clasped the hand Blaine had his Mark on and squeezed their Marks together. They were once more plunged into a world all of their own. It ended just as quickly as it began, Kurt beaming at Blaine.

“I love you, Blaine.”

“I love you, too, Kurt,” Blaine said, leaning forward to kiss his Soulmate once more.

(Everything I do, I do it For You: Bryan Adams)
Chapter 22

Life seemed to improve dramatically for Kurt and Blaine. Though Kurt dealt with nightmares, a fear of cars, and meeting new people who were obviously Doms, he was slowly healing. With their new connection through the Claiming, Blaine was able to feel and even anticipate when Kurt would have difficult moments. He was able to prevent panic and keep Kurt feeling safe and secure.

Over the weeks leading up to the new school year, Kurt met many of Blaine’s friends as they moved into the dorms and most of the Warbler’s. He was invited to audition for the group and he immediately began preparing the perfect piece.

With Jeff’s encouragement, Kurt took up yoga, finding it calming. Learning from different websites, he spent hours in the morning meditating and stretching his body into what Blaine considered, very painful looking contortions. When Blaine would gasp or moan when his own muscles would protest at a particular pose Kurt performed, Kurt would simply smile serenely and complete the movement. Jeff had wanted to learn the poses with Kurt but was chased away within days when Kurt’s flexibility far exceeded his own.

Blaine gave Kurt his time when he asked for it, which was becoming more often as the yoga helped relax him. His anxiety over being alone was slowly abating, but Blaine always stayed nearby in case Kurt needed him. Blaine was determined to be exactly what Kurt needed and nothing more that could be construed as stifling or hovering. He was constantly checking with Jeff, Nick and Wes, though, to see if they thought he was being what Kurt needed. They quickly grew sick of his constant questions and pointed him back to Kurt. Nick hinted strongly at the concept of communication and Blaine rolled his eyes and flipped him the finger.

One afternoon when Nick and Jeff shoved Blaine out the door after affirming, again, that he wasn’t dominating Kurt or pushing him into anything, Blaine returned to their apartment. Opening the door, he gasped in shock.

Kurt turned his head slightly and offered Blaine a serene smile. “Hello, Blaine,” he said.

Blaine could feel the peace coming through the Marks. “He.. hello, Kurt,” he stammered, turning his head, trying to make sense of what he was seeing.

Kurt exhaled deeply and giggled lightly. “It’s the King Pigeon Pose, Blaine, or Kapotasana, as it’s really named.”

“Oh huh,” Blaine said, stepping back and realizing that his Soulmate was in a perfect triangle. The front of his body was pointing out and upward with his head resting between his feet. It was like he had knelt down and just bent over backward until he met his own feet. Blaine’s back started to ache. Then he really looked at Kurt, the tight yoga pants, the interesting pose pushing his pelvis out and giving Blaine a fascinating view of his Soulmate’s leanly muscled frame. He swallowed hard, trying to keep his eyes off of a very visible part of Kurt’s anatomy. But he couldn’t help it, the t-shirt Kurt had on was pulled firm over his abs, his tight ass was taut, and his, well, Blaine quickly averted his eyes and made his way into the bathroom. He suddenly felt the need to take a shower. He considered taking care of his very, very frustrated body, but somehow, he didn’t want Kurt to feel him doing that through the Marks. Kurt’s yoga time was important to him and he didn’t want him to become uncomfortable if his Soulmate suddenly felt the need to shower every time Kurt wanted to meditate. Instead, a cold shower and thoughts about the upcoming Warbler meeting helped calm his body down.
When he left the bedroom, he stumbled, his Mark on fire, his Dominant nature choking him. He fell against the wall as he saw the beauty before him.

Kurt was kneeling in a pose Blaine remembered seeing on Kurt’s favorite website, Balasana, or Child’s Pose. Kurt had told him he always finished with this pose because it calmed him and centered him. But he had never witnessed him in the midst of it.

Blaine felt tears burn in his eyes. Kurt was kneeling, his head flat on the floor in front of him, and arms outstretched, palms down on the floor. He could see Kurt’s chest expand and contract slowly as he relaxed into the pose, his eyes closed and face tranquil.

Though he had been fighting every part of his Dominant side, Blaine could not fight the exquisite allure that Kurt portrayed in what he could only see as a submissive pose.

Quietly approaching him, he knelt quietly next to Kurt, not wanting to frighten him.

“Kurt,” he breathed.

Kurt’s eyes fluttered open and took a moment before focusing on Blaine.

Blaine held out his hand as it looked like Kurt was going to move. “No, please, stay,” he said.

Kurt peered at him, his mind still floating in the tranquil abyss that he always found when he finished his yoga routine. “Something wrong?” he whispered, blinking at him slowly.

“Oh no,” Blaine rushed to assure him. “I know I am learning about the, um, different side of me,” he began.

Kurt smiled sweetly. “Blaine, I can feel your Dominant side practically cheering through the Marks.”

Blaine’s face lit on fire. “I should have figured. I just didn’t want you to think…”

“I can feel your intentions are pure,” Kurt said softly, his eyes blinking slowly.

“I can feel your intentions are pure,” Kurt said softly, his eyes blinking slowly.

“Good, um, thank you. I just had to tell you how absolutely stunning you look right now. The strength in your body, the serenity you are exuding, you are just so damn beautiful, I can barely catch my breath. Ever since what happened to you, the fortitude and courage you’ve shown. And this, I know you are not submissive to me, but Kurt, you stagger me with everything that you are,” Blaine said, tears sliding down his cheeks. He slid closer, gently running his hand down Kurt’s soft hair, down his neck, smoothing his way down Kurt’s extended spine, stopping just short of the curve of his ass.

Kurt gave a soft gasp at the touch, his eyes closing. Both of them could feel the devotion and longing surging between the Marks. Blaine continued touching him, feeling Kurt’s muscles and soft skin under his clothes.

“Blaine,” Kurt finally said, slowly rising to a kneel.

“Yes?” Blaine answered, still lost in his love for his Soulmate.

“I don’t mind that my submissive pose makes you happy,” Kurt whispered shyly.

Blaine stared at him stunned. Shaking his head at the way Kurt continued to make him happy, he couldn’t hold back anymore. Moving forward, he took Kurt in his arms, holding him gently, knowing he was still coming out of his meditative state. Kurt snuggled into him, resting his head in
his favorite spot, right between Blaine’s chin and shoulder.

Neither moved for a long while, content to just be.
As the new school year comes upon them, Kurt and Blaine are still in the throes of their love for each other. After the first week of school, Kurt is feeling stress over the amount of homework. Blaine helps Kurt take a step back to rest himself or eat when he is low on energy. Kurt easily agrees and takes steps to make sure he is taking care of himself.

Blaine can't help but marvel over the beauty of Kurt's submission and realizes it comes along when Kurt needs it, not when Blaine is demanding it. Both of their natures seem to flow through the open Marks, never putting one of them above the other.

Kurt slowly gets over his fears of new people after the experience with Sebastian, and begins making friends with Blaine's friends as well as people he has met on his own. He enjoys the bully free atmosphere and is never teased or laughed at. It builds Kurt's confidence and he finally feels ready to audition for the Warblers. He is accepted immediately and he is brought into the fold of a group of boys who treat him like a loved family member. It is very different from McKinley and the drama of Glee club. Though he misses his friends and the weekly assignments, the dedication to practice and rehearsal (even with plenty of goofing around… Jeff) pushes him and makes him excited for performances and

After yoga, homework and dinner, Kurt and Blaine always come together, snuggling on the couch with tea. Sometimes they watch a movie or mock a silly reality show, most times they are curled into each other and share about their day. They discuss in depth about the different feelings and emotional nudges they get from each other. Kurt managed to send a burst of lust to Blaine during a challenging dance routine during Warblers. Blaine got him back by holding him down and tickling him until his face was bright red. He thought it was so adorable, Blaine would then lead them into a hot and sensual make out session.

They both knew that they were nearly ready to take the next step in their relationship. Without the stress of the kidnapping or Blaine's antiquated views weighing on them, the physical aspect of their relationship was able to flourish naturally. Many an evening they would either rut against each other through their boxers or if one of them is tired or needs rest (the Marks let them know), even a simple goodnight kiss could land one of them in an unnecessary late night shower.

With Kurt's passion for yoga, Blaine returns to his favorite physical activity, aside from Kurt, and began boxing again. It was an interesting feeling through their open Marks.

Serenity and peace coming from Kurt and aggression and single-mindedness coming from Blaine.

What Kurt didn't let Blaine know was that sometimes he would cut his yoga routine short and spend time on his knees, head bent, and hands on his thighs. His breathing was deep and meditative. Without a negative attitude towards submission, Kurt was able to pursue the position that he had once hated, though even then, there had been a feeling of rightness. With Blaine feeling the same peace from Kurt that he did during yoga, he never knew. Not until Kurt was ready for him to know.

That day happened after a particularly satisfying boxing match with David. The fellow senior had been teasing Blaine about his height, or lack thereof, and Blaine had challenged him to a match. It didn't take long before David was crying out that Blaine was the tallest of them all. The guys watching them laughed as Blaine raised his arms, jumping around the ring, declaring himself the victor.

After a cool shower, he headed back to his apartment, eager to see Kurt. He could feel an odd mix of
peace and nervousness coming from his Soulmate. It wasn't worrying, just confusing. He wanted to
share his victory, so he jogged the rest of the way, unlocking the door and stepping inside. Slipping
his shoes and coat off, he turned to find Kurt.

What he saw, not five feet in front of him, made his heart pound into his ribcage and all the blood
rush from his entire body and into his pants.

Kurt knelt there, back straight, head bowed, hands on his knees and though he couldn't see all of his
Soulmate's face, but knew his expression was serene.

As beautiful as it was to see Kurt in such a pose, that wasn't the only thing that was beautiful. Kurt
was kneeling there before him, completely nude. Blaine had seen glimpses of his Soulmate's body
over the past weeks. Running, giggling to the shower, shaking his naked ass at Blaine. A flash of
nude hip when he was changing.

This, however, this was beyond anything he had ever fantasized. Kurt's lean muscles were visible,
his arms and hands strong, yet soft against his knees. His naked chest showed his soft pink nipples
were already pebbled, making Blaine drool. His gaze continued down, admiring the V of Kurt's
contoured abs. He couldn't help it, his eyes were drawn inevitably to the slightly erect cock settled
between his legs. Blaine had held that cock, stroking it to orgasm, he'd rutted against it, wondering
what he looked like. Now, here he was. Kurt's cock long and pale, like the rest of his skin, but
flushed pink at the tip where Blaine could see a tiny drop of fluid that instantly made his mouth
water. Kurt was completely shaved, including his soft balls cradled under his now hard cock. Blaine
had never thought about doing anything more than 'manscaping'. Now, however, he was a firm
advocate of shaving.

Finally, he got control of his brain, his upper brain, and choked out, "Kurt."

"Hello Blaine," Kurt's voice was soft and sweet. His head remained lowered, his breathing deep and
steady. He was much calmer than Blaine was at the moment.

"Look at me, beautiful," he managed, desperate to see Kurt's eyes.

Kurt's head raised and Blaine gasped at the absolute peace in those blue green depths. He hadn't
been able to feel it through the Marks, but underneath that serenity, a deep
hunger blazed.

"I need you," Kurt said softly. "Will you have me?"

Blaine yelled at his cock to not explode at the words coming from those beautiful pink lips. He had
to make sure Kurt was ready. He gazed into those endless eyes and could find no fear, pressure,
anything that might deter him.

"Yes, my love, I will have you," Blaine finally answered. He held out his hand and Kurt took it,
rising smoothly. He had to concentrate to get them to the bedroom, there was no way their first time
would be on a couch or kitchen table or up against the wall. Though all of those scenarios would be
waiting in the wings of his mind.

When they reached the room, Blaine turned to Kurt, wanting to touch him.

"May I undress you?" Kurt asked, still at peace, but showing more need than before.

All Blaine could do was nod. When had Kurt turned into this stunning siren, passionate, and in
control?
Kurt slid his hands under Blaine's loose t-shirt, slowly pushing the material up, his soft hands brushing against Blaine's warm skin. The shirt fell to the floor and Kurt slid his hands under Blaine's loose t-shirt, slowly pushing the material up, his soft hands brushing against Blaine's warm skin. The shirt fell to the floor and Kurt's hands moved to Blaine's sweat pants. Blaine moaned, clenching everything inside him so he wouldn't come. Like the shirt, Kurt's hands disappeared under the material of his pants and boxers lowering them down Blaine's body. The kicker was Kurt lowering himself with the pants. He didn't pause in his chore, tapping Blaine's foot to slide the pants off and repeating it on the other foot.

Kurt then knelt up, his face directly in front of Blaine's full, heavy cock. A shudder rippled through Kurt's frame, the first sign of not being in control. "May I?" he asked, his voice much deeper than usual.

Blaine moaned. "Oh, god, yes."

Without hesitation, Kurt licked a long stripe up Blaine's cock. This time, they both let out deep groans. It only got worse when Kurt dipped his tongue into Blaine's slit and lapped at the fluid leaking from it. Kurt was surprised he liked the taste. He had hoped he would. He loved everything about Blaine, now he knew he even loved the taste of his cock.

Looking up at Blaine through his lashes, he gave one last kitten lick before running his tongue over the head.

"Will you take me to bed now, Blaine?"
Blaine took Kurt’s hand in his and brought him to the bed. Kurt lay down, scooting toward the middle before laying down and holding his arms open to his lover. Blaine crawled to him, his heart pounding, love and lust overwhelming his senses.

“I love you so much,” Blaine whispered, running his fingers down Kurt’s face.

Kurt gave him a beautiful smile, his eyes darkening with need. “I love you, too. Please, Blaine, kiss me.”

Blaine leaned down and kissed Kurt, lips moving against him gently, slotting their lips together. Kurt gave a soft moan and let his tongue slowly tease the seam of Blaine’s mouth. Blaine opened to him and their tongues danced softly before growing more forceful with the passion that was burning inside them.

Not able to hold back, Blaine groaned and left Kurt’s mouth to slide his lips and tongue down Kurt’s jaw to his neck, sucking lightly at his pale skin. Further down, he spent time nipping and sucking at Kurt’s small pink nipples. Kurt mewed needily, arching his back toward the hot mouth torturing him. Blaine grasped his hips, holding him down as he nipped and licked his way to Kurt’s belly button. Running his tongue around the small hole, Kurt let out a moaning giggle.

“Mm, Blaine!” he cried out.

“Easy, baby, just enjoy,” Blaine murmured, giving him a sultry smile. He felt the tickle and arousal streak through their connection. “My god, I can feel your pleasure,” he said in awe.

“Me too,” Kurt whispered, gripping his pillow with both hands.

Splaying his hand on Kurt’s belly, Blaine sucked deeply at each side of the V of Kurt’s hips. Satisfied at the dark red color and Kurt’s answering cries, he moved on, licking Kurt from his balls to the tip of his leaking cock. Kurt mewed loudly, his hands grabbing at his own hair.

“My god, you are perfect, Kurt. So beautiful and you taste like heaven,” Blaine said, his voice gruff with his need.

Kurt slid his hand under his pillow and found the bottle and towel he’d conveniently placed there before Blaine had gotten home. Panting and nearly delirious, he pushed it toward Blaine.

“He’s ready,” he whimpered.

Blaine looked up and took the bottle and towel, raising up to sit on his knees. “Are you sure, baby? I don’t want to move too fast.”

Kurt looked at him, eyes blown with lust so large there was only a thin ring of blue left. He let Blaine see every ounce of passion and need inside him. “I’m ready,” he said firmly. Kurt could sense the concern and eagerness through their bond and concentrated on sending his own confidence and need through it.

Blaine gave him a sexy grin in response, his concern satisfied. He couldn’t help but feel pleased to see the effect he’d had on his soulmate. “Well, then, I’m ready too. I’m going to go slow, tell me if you feel any excess pain, okay?”
Kurt nodded. “Okay. Come on, Blaine!”

Blaine chuckled and bent down to suck lightly on the tip of Kurt’s cock, causing him to give a small shriek. “Okay, bossy.”

Grabbing a pillow, he tapped Kurt’s hip and got him settled on top of it. He quickly lubed up his fingers and urged Kurt’s knees apart and up. He gently ran his finger around the pink hole, mesmerized by the beauty of Kurt’s body and the knowledge that they would finally be together in the most primal way. He watched Kurt’s face as he slowly edged the tip of his finger inside his hole, gasping at how tight and hot he felt. Seeing Kurt was okay and breathing deeply, he pushed in up to the first knuckle, breaching the tight ring of muscle.

Kurt gasped at the sensation. It burned a bit, but the pleasure of being entered was more powerful than any pain.

“Go ahead,” he encouraged.

Blaine nodded and slowly pushed his finger all the way in, both of them moaning at the new sensations.

Blaine began moving his finger slowly in and out, amazed at how tight he was and how intense it was going to be to have his cock inside him.

Kurt began moving his hips, meeting each small thrust of Blaine’s finger. “More,” he whimpered. “Please, more.”

Slowly, Blaine eased his finger out and then pushed back in with two fingers. He stilled when Kurt’s face screwed up, panting for air. He sensed a bit of discomfort through their bond and watched him carefully.

“You okay, baby?” Blaine asked, concerned.

“I’m good, go ahead, it’s just… a lot,” he said tightly. The sensation was like nothing he’d ever imagined.

As Blaine pushed his fingers all the way in, Kurt couldn’t believe the overwhelming fullness and feeling of being taken. Moaning deeply in the back of his throat, he thrust up with each push of Blaine’s fingers.

“I’m ready,” he told him. “Now, please, Blaine.”

“Not yet, baby, I want to do one more finger. I don’t want to hurt you,” Blaine said. He took his fingers out and added more lube before inserting three fingers.

Watching Kurt’s mouth open in a silent groan, Blaine smiled, knowing he was bringing him such pleasure. He was almost envious of his fingers and couldn’t wait to take their place. Remembering his biology lessons, he crooked his fingers up and searched for the tiny bump inside his soulmate. Finding it and gently rubbing it, he knew he’d found Kurt’s prostate.

Kurt keened and bucked his whole body up at the electric shot of pleasure that shook his body. “Blaine!” he shrieked.

“Does that feel good, love?” Blaine asked, enjoying the ecstasy written all over Kurt’s face.

“Ah!” was all Kurt could manage.
Blaine continued pumping his fingers into him, scissoring and nudging his prostate here and there to keep the keening cry coming out of Kurt’s mouth.

“Blaine, please!” Kurt yelled.

“Okay, baby, you’re ready now,” Blaine said breathlessly. He pulled his fingers out and wiped them on the towel, sparing a thought at Kurt’s preparedness. Looking at the bed, he noticed they were on a thin throw blanket that could be washed instead of having to change the sheet. He was impressed, but forgot quickly as he poured more lube in his hand and stroked his throbbing cock. He’d paid no attention to his own body, unable to think of anything other than his soulmate’s pleasure. It didn’t bother him in the least, the ecstasy streaking through their bond was overwhelming enough.

Lining up his cock at Kurt’s dusky entrance, he took a deep breath and began pushing in. Pausing, he looked at Kurt, trying to gauge his comfort level.

“Go ahead and just push through, honey, I’m okay. You prepared me well enough,” Kurt assured him, panting.

Blaine groaned deeply at the constricting heat surrounding his cock as he pushed firmly through the rings of muscle.

Kurt’s head tilted back and shrieked at the pleasure ripping through him. “Blaine!” he cried out.

Blaine gave an equally loud shout as he bottomed out, stalling to enjoy the sensation of being completely joined with Kurt.

After a moment, he looked at Kurt, love pouring through him. “I love you so much, Kurt,” he said, his voice breaking with emotion.

Kurt looked at him, tears shining in his eyes. “I love you too, honey. You feel so amazing. I feel so yours right now,” he replied shakily. He couldn’t comprehend the feeling as his heart was filled with a new kind of joy, a complete joy to be owned by this man.

Blaine nodded. “I feel the same.”

They kept their eyes locked as Blaine pulled back and began thrusting into him, sweat pouring down his face. Before long, his thrusts grew harder and faster, Kurt urging him on, his hips rising to meet him and pull him deeper inside.

Blaine was grunting with effort, the sound turning Kurt on more than he’d imagine it would. It was a primal sound that added to the ecstasy of the pounding inside him.

“Blaine, I’m gonna, I’m gonna,” Kurt cried, desperate for release.

Blaine saw Kurt’s cock leaking and red stretching up towards his navel. He grasped it and stroked it firmly, using the precome for lube. “Come for me, baby,” he encouraged, his voice tight as he held back his own orgasm. He wanted them to come at the same time.

“Ahh!” Kurt screamed, his cock throbbing as his orgasm hit him, come shooting onto his stomach and up toward his chest.

Blaine gave a guttural groan at the sight and feel of Kurt’s muscles contracting around his cock. He let himself go, plunging into Kurt and growled loud and long as he came deep inside his soulmate, marking him, claiming him as his own. His dominant side roared with approval.
At the moment of their orgasms, a rush of power transferred and flowed between, shocking them and jolting them. Screams ripped through them as the intense sensation added to their release. It finally released them as their orgasms faded away.

Finally sated, Kurt sagged against the pillows, drained and replete. The release had ripped through his body and soul, feeling like it had changed him somehow, brought him closer to Blaine. His submissive nature felt owned, safe, claimed. It was a joy that seeped deep inside him.

They both hissed as Blaine pulled out. Blaine took the towel and gently cleaned Kurt, unable to help the possessive pride streaking through him at the sight of Kurt’s red hole and the come leaking out. He had done that, took his soulmate as his own. Tenderly, he wiped up the fluids and himself before tossing it off the bed. Closing the lube, he moved beside Kurt and put it on the table. Reaching over, he pulled Kurt to him, settling his soulmate onto his chest. He breathed deeply, enjoying the gentle tremors still shaking him.

Tilting Kurt’s chin up until their eyes met, he smiled at him gently. “Kurt, that was… That was the most intense, beautiful experience of my life, right next to our Claiming. I can’t thank you enough for the treasure of sharing your body with me. The trust and gift you gave humble me.”

Moving back so he could see him better, Kurt gave Blaine a tremulous smile. A tear trailed down Kurt’s cheek prompting Blaine to wipe it away. “It was like that for me too. You were so gentle, so loving, you gave so much of yourself to me and for me. You made this moment amazing, unforgettable. You changed me deep inside,” he said, running his hand down Blaine’s face. “Blaine, when we, you know, um,” Kurt blushed. “Did you feel like a rush of power?”

Blaine nodded. “I did. It was weird. Awesome, but weird. It felt like Joining but way more intense.”

“Exactly,” Kurt agreed. “And now, even though I feel like I could sleep twelve hours, I also feel strong and full of energy. Does that make sense?”

“It does. When we Join, it’s a transfer of power to strengthen us. Lovemaking is as close as you can get, so it makes sense,” Blaine said. He leered at Kurt with a grin. “So next time you feel tired, all we have to do is get naked and you’ll feel better in no time.”

Kurt giggled and slapped at his chest. “You better hope I don’t deny you, mister.”

“You wouldn’t,” Blaine said, his eyes narrowed, his smile playful.

“You never know…,” Kurt teased. “What do you say to a hot shower and dinner?”

Blaine nodded. “Sounds good to me. We can pop in the leftover lasagna you made yesterday and watch the Bachelor.”

“I knew you were hooked on that show,” Kurt said, sitting up. When he stood a deep ache rippled through his lower back causing him to groan.

Blaine felt the pain through their connection and rushed over to him. “Baby, what is it?”

Kurt gave him a strained smile. “It’s okay, I’m just a bit sore.”

“That is not okay. Come on, let’s get you into the shower,” Blaine said and scooped him into his arms.

“Whoa! Blaine, you don’t have to carry me,” Kurt protested.
“Shush. I’m taking care of you and that’s final,” Blaine said.

Kurt felt much better after their shower. Blaine had tenderly washed every inch of him, making Kurt blush a deep red. He’d rewarded Blaine by giving him a head massage while he shampooed his hair. After they got out, they dressed in t-shirts and pajama pants. Kurt was placed on the couch with a heating pad on his lower back. He had protested that too, but was shut down by a dominant look from Blaine. It wasn’t an order, but deterred him enough to let it go. He let his soulmate care for him and took the pain relievers handed to him before eating his dinner.

The evening ended with them back in bed, cuddled up close to each other. Kurt sighed happily, his arm wrapped tight around Blaine.

“Hey Blaine?” Kurt said, his voice heavy with sleep.

“Yeah, baby?”

“You know how you took such good care of me and paid all the attention to me while we made love?”

“Yes,” Blaine responded, wondering where this was going.

“Next time, it’s your turn.” With that statement Kurt drifted off to sleep.

Blaine’s body responded instantly at the thought. “Oh god,” he muttered. It took him a while to fall asleep, but his dreams were filled with thoughts of pale skin and a warm tongue.
Chapter 25

The entire week after their first time together, Kurt couldn’t stop smiling. They had gotten flack from their friends, but it didn’t deter them from rushing off to be together again. Blaine had tried to get Kurt to take a day to recover, but now that Kurt knew how incredible lovemaking could be, there was no way he was going to stop.

Kurt remembered his promise from their first night one morning and woke Blaine up by worshiping every inch of his body. Starting at his feet and ankles, teasing with his fingers and lips – except no lips on the feet, Blaine may have nice feet, but Kurt refused to go there – he made his way up one leg. Blaine had awoken with a mumble, but when he realized what Kurt was doing, he laid his head back and moaned. Just before he reached Blaine’s now aching cock, Kurt slid back down the bed to start up his other leg. Blaine may have called him an asshole, but took it back when Kurt gave him a raised diva brow. Making his way up, he gave a tiny kitten lick to gather the precome on Blaine’s aching tip. He really never thought he would enjoy the flavor, but there was an earthiness to it, warm, and just Blaine. Looking up at Blaine, he made a show of licking his lips before bending back down to his worshipping. Kurt was soon the one moaning as he sucked and lapped at the delicious V framing Blaine’s abs. There was something about those grooves that just did it for him.

When he’d told Blaine he got hard whenever Blaine walked around in only jeans with the top button undone, his soulmate hadn’t forgotten. In fact, Kurt couldn’t remember a day since that Blaine went topless and made sure his pants rode low on his hips. Not that Kurt minded one bit. One or both of them usually ended up getting blowjobs, so it was no hardship.

Watching Blaine writhing around now as he made his way up to his hardened nipples, gently scraping over them, Kurt was worried he might come before he got to the really good parts. He eventually had Blaine turn over just so he could lick up and down that muscular back and spend several minutes worshipping that beautiful perky ass. Blaine had barely turned over again when he’d flipped Kurt onto his back and made quick work of preparing Kurt before thrusting deep inside him in one push. It had been a fast and furious fucking, but they were just as lovingly sated as they were when they took their time.

That night they’d had a phone conference with Grandpa to ask about the energy exchange they’d experienced their first time. Once they had gotten over their stuttering, Grandpa laughed at them.

“Um,” Blaine began, his face bright red.

Kurt finally rolled his eyes. “Grandpa, we had sex for the first time and after we, um, as we orgasmed, we felt this energy. It was like when we Join, but really strong. It was amazing and unlike anything we’d ever felt before. We were hoping you could help us figure out what that was all about.” He was so thankful they were talking about this over the phone. If they’d been in the same room with the older man, Kurt knew his face would be so red he would be glowing.

“Kurt Elizabeth, thank you for having more balls than Blaine Devon. Come on, grandson, we have all had sex and we can talk about cocks and coming,” Grandpa said matter-of-factly.

“Grandpa!” Blaine shrieked.

Kurt gave a similar squeak, wishing there was something like brain bleach that would allow him to forget those words had ever been spoken.
Grandpa laughed. And laughed. And kept laughing until they heard Grandma come up and lecture him in the background. They heard what must have been a smack on Grandpa’s head because he finally settled down into chuckles and they were able to carry on.

“So, boys, just like you were able to experience your Claiming without sex, you also appear to be able to have power surges and exchanges during sex. Perhaps even outside of sex if you worked with it. Most folks tend to have to work at experiencing them at all. Damn you two either have super great sex or your soul bond is deeper than most,” Grandpa said, letting another chuckle escape.

“I’ve never heard of anything like that,” Blaine said, confused. He was taking notes so he could look it all up online later. They both agreed that talking to Grandpa was more reliable then the internet, so they used Google as supplemental information only.

“Well, they probably explained in class that you may no longer need to Join, right?” Grandpa asked.

“Yeah,” Kurt spoke up. “Once the Claim is open, usually after sex, your bond can allow emotions and energy to flow, depending on the couple. So far we’ve only experienced the emotional exchange.”

“It makes sense. You two seem to have a closer bond than most. I looked into it after we talked last time and talked to an old friend who knew about experiences like yours. It appears that you will have a stronger version of what most of us lowly beings have. Now that you’ve had the closest kind of intimacy there is, you will no longer have to Join or anything like it. You can, to experience the closeness, but it’s not necessary. Also, once you work at it, you can close down the emotional exchange completely. And now, you will be able to do that with strength as well,” Grandpa said.

Blaine immediately cut in. “Why would we close off our emotions?” he demanded.

“Relax, Blaine Devon,” Grandpa warned. “You boys have a lot of crap coming up now that it’s nearing the end of school. Say Kurt is stressed during a final and trying to concentrate. Meanwhile, you’re having a free period and are being rowdy with your friends. Do you think that would be conducive to Kurt being able to focus? No. So far, I’m sure you’ve been able to at least cover certain emotions from each other. Now, like a muscle, you can exercise your exchange and shut it down completely. Even for extended periods of time,” he said.

Kurt looked at Blaine curiously. “So, Grandpa, if I’m visiting my dad, would I still be able to feel Blaine or block emotions from a long distance?”

“Absolutely. Since your bond and Claim are as complete as they can be, no amount of distance will matter. You will be able to feel each other and exchange energy from anywhere in the world. It won’t be necessary as you’ll always be somewhat near each other, but it is possible,” he answered.

Blaine spoke up. “Will exchanging energy always be both ways or can one of us do it at a time if it’s needed. Also, will it take away from the one giving the energy?”

“Good questions, Blaine Devon. I’m glad to know those bow ties of yours aren’t squeezing out all the brain cells in that cute little head of yours,” he teased.

Kurt giggled, but stopped when Blaine gave a mock glare.

“You were saying, Grandpa,” Blaine sassed.

“Yes, it can happen at the same time. Yes, one of you can draw energy from the other. And no, it will not drain or take anything from the giver. All of this strength and emotional energy is like a live entity that is connecting you. Like a cord that is plugged into both of you and is able to constantly
fortify you with everything you need, it will always be there. So, say Kurt has to go to Japan for business,” Grandpa said.

Kurt looked at Blaine, shaking his head with a grimace, mouthing ‘never’.

“Kurt would be able draw extra energy if he needed it. He would then be able to shut down the emotional connection in order to concentrate on the task at hand. Regardless of whatever your emotional state is, energy will always be flowing, you can just turn it up when needed,” he told them.

“That sounds like it’s going to be really helpful during med school,” Blaine said and Kurt nodded.

“Right you are, Blaine Devon. I highly suggest you start quote, unquote, ‘working out’ those new muscles between you so it becomes second nature,” Grandpa suggested. “Anymore questions, boys?”

Kurt and Blaine shared a glance and shook their heads. “Nope, we’re good. Thank you, Grandpa.”

“Anytime, my boys. Now go away, I’m gonna get laid!”

They heard a shriek that matched their own horrified cries as Grandpa laughed and ended the call.

“Oh my god, are my ears bleeding?” Blaine asked, looking slightly green.

“Let’s go get coffee,” Kurt said. “I need fresh air after that.”

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Over the coming weeks, they did as Grandpa suggested and worked out their new ‘muscles’. It did turn out to be quite handy to cut off all emotional ties when they were in class. Whereas it had seemed a little busy in their minds before, now they were able to concentrate fully and return to feeling each other when classes were out. It was like clenching a muscle and they quickly adjusted to the new use of their bond.

At one point when Kurt was with a study group and Blaine was punching at the heavy bag, they’d closed off their emotional connection. As he worked out and began to tire out, he slowly drew strength from the bond. Almost immediately, he was back to moving quickly. Talking with Kurt later, his soulmate had felt no drain on himself at all, proving Grandpa right.

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The closer graduation loomed, the more chaotic their lives became. Between studying for finals, they were applying to colleges. Kurt had to have Blaine sign a pile of Dominant Agreement Forms, the basic sheet all submissives had to send in with their applications to prove they had ‘permission’ to apply. Once again, it was an indication that submissives didn’t have equal rights across the country. Kurt knew some of the colleges would probably accept him without the forms, but he wasn’t going to risk it. He just stuck one inside each envelope, hoping for the best.

Many evenings were spent switching between memorizing index cards full of information and typing out applications on the computer. They were so tired mentally, they kept their emotions shut down just so they could keep their stress separate from the other.

Blaine noticed that Kurt had begun sitting or kneeling on the floor next to him or in between his legs. Early in their relationship, Kurt’s favorite study spot was the corner of the couch where he could curl
up with his laptop. Now he used the coffee table, subtly pulling the table closer so he would be kneeling near Blaine’s legs. Blaine’s heart, and yes, his Dom heart as well, were touched that Kurt seemed to draw strength — aside from the bond strengths — from being near him. Twice now, he’d looked down to see Kurt dozing or reading his study guides with his head resting against Blaine’s knee. He wanted to shout with joy and twirl Kurt around, thanking him for these small signs of his submissive nature seeking out the strength of his Dominant. He also felt fulfilled and truly relaxed, no matter his outward stress, when he felt the love emanating from Kurt during these quiet moments.

They didn’t talk much anymore other than during meals. Even then it was just asking how many more college applications they’d churned out or which course was going to be the most challenging during finals.

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“Blaine Devon, did you get your application off to UCLA like we talked about?” Grandpa asked.

Kurt waved to Blaine and pointed toward Jeff and Nick’s apartment. Blaine nodded and turned back to his call.

“I did. That was the first one I completed and mailed out. Thank you for all the reference letters you were able to get for me,” Blaine said, truly grateful.

“You earned them, grandson, and I’m damn proud of you. You know you will be the fourth generation to graduate from there. It’s a family tradition. And one day, your little ones will go there. You are going to have kids right?” Grandpa asked, somewhat dubious.

“Yes, Grandpa, Kurt and I will either adopt or find a surrogate. Eventually. That will be a long way down the road,” Blaine assured him. He and Kurt had only mentioned kids in passing, but there was plenty of time to consider it. Plenty of time. “But first, I need to concentrate on finals. It seems like I just can’t study hard enough. Not to mention, I swear every class is demanding random reports and essays just for the hell of it.”

“Watch your mouth, Blaine Devon. You are a good student, you’ll do fine. Now, back to UCLA, did Kurt apply there, too?” Grandpa asked.

“Not there, but I’m sure he applied to several arts programs in the area,” Blaine said. He honestly didn’t know, but he was sure Kurt had.

“You two are going to have the time of your lives. You can get an apartment and maybe Kurt can go part time so he can help you get through med school. You’ll love California, living there is like the opposite of Ohio,” he said, his voice dreamy.

Blaine chuckled. “Well, I still have to get in, Grandpa.”

Grandpa snorted. “You’re an Anderson, of course you’ll get in.”

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“He’s not going to ask me,” Kurt moaned, having escaped while Blaine was talking to Grandpa.

“He’s still got time,” Jeff encouraged.

Kurt glared at his best friend. “Jeffrey, the ball is Saturday. It is now Tuesday. How much longer do I wait until I just have to give up on going. I already have my suit ready and his is almost done. Thank you, by the way, for letting me work on them here, so I can keep them a surprise.”

Jeff shrugged and smiled. “You’ve been helping me study while you work, so I don’t mind. I love your suit, by the way. You will look amazing.”

“Thanks. I will look amazing if I get to go!” Kurt tried to simply sound whiney, but he really was saddened that his very first school dance – and last – that he had a chance of going to, with a boy, and that boy hadn’t asked him yet.

Nick walked through the room without stopping. “Why don’t you just ask him?”

Kurt and Jeff stared after him and then turned to each other.

“Why didn’t we think of that?” Jeff asked with a huge grin.

Kurt grinned for a moment before it faltered. “Isn’t that like the girl asking the guy? Am I not supposed to ask because I’m a sub?”

Jeff raised his brow. “Seriously? Are you listening to yourself, Mr. Progressive Submissive of the Year? Why couldn’t you ask?”

Kurt shrugged. “I know Blaine has progressed a lot, but I think he still has some caveman Dom tendencies in him. I don’t want to be shut down for the one and only dance I have the opportunity to go to. And it’s not just a dance, it’s a ball. A real ball, Jeff!” Kurt said wistfully.

Jeff didn’t have the heart to tell him that Dalton just used the term ‘ball’ to make it sound more fancy than public schools. The Dalton Academy Senior Ball was just like any prom or dance. Though it was better decorated. And in a better building. And with far superior food. And music. Okay, it was a ball.

“That reminds me. If, I mean when, Blaine says yes, Wes wants you two to sing a duet. Your choice as long as it’s lovelovey dovey,” Jeff said.

“Performing at a ball?” Kurt practically had stars in his eyes.

Jeff giggled. “Go make that man of yours a nice dinner then ask him to go, will you?”

“Okay!” Kurt said and ran from the room, his plan in motion.

That night after Blaine finished his dinner, a candlelit dinner with music, Kurt cleared the dishes, telling Blaine to stay seated. He carried back a homemade cheesecake. Cutting into it and placing it perfectly on the plate he carried it to Blaine where he got down on one knee.

Blaine’s eyes were wide and curious.

“Blaine Anderson, my love, my soulmate,” Kurt began. Blaine’s eyes grew so wide, Kurt thought they might pop out. “Will you go to the Senior Ball with me?”

Blaine let out a puff of air, not sure if he was happy or sad that Kurt hadn’t proposed as he’d begun to think he might. Then he thought about what Kurt asked. “I thought we already were?”
Kurt tilted his head, a trait Blaine adored. “You never asked me.”

Now Blaine cocked his head. “I didn’t know I had to. I just assumed we were going.”

Kurt’s diva brow popped up as he stood. “Are you telling me that I’ve been stressing and worrying about why you weren’t asking me for nothing? Because you thought we were already going?” His voice seemed to climb an octave higher every few words.

Blaine held up his hands. “Sweetie, I am so sorry! I didn’t know I was supposed to ask. And yes, of course I will go with you. I was going to pick up my suit on Friday.”

Kurt sank into his seat, letting out a deep breath. “Okay. Good. Yes. We are going. And no, Blaine, I am making your suit, so don’t insult me by renting one.”

Blaine was touched. “You’re making me a suit?”

“Of course I am,” Kurt said, like it should have been obvious. “Oh my god, Blaine!”

“What?” Blaine asked, wondering what else was going on.

“I’M GOING TO THE SENIOR BALL!!!!!!!”

. . . . . . . .

Kurt felt like royalty as he and Blaine descended the stairs into the ballroom at Dalton. Just like all the common rooms and classrooms, Dalton Hall was beautiful, towering pillars, deep, dark wood, beautiful art. Tonight it was accented with subtle lighting and tasteful decorations. The ladies from Crawford Country Day Academy filled the room with their colorful dresses; most of which Kurt actually approved of.

At the bottom of the staircase, they posed for their picture. Kurt knew they looked fabulous. Blaine’s black suit was close cut to his muscular form, his tie slim and a deep navy blue that made his golden eyes pop. Kurt’s kilt was his most favorite creation to date. The plaid was made of deep charcoal grays, navy blues, and smaller squares of a subtle green. His jacket was cut close like Blaine’s, his tie slim and black.

Blaine’s eyes had lit up when he first saw him. Kurt’s combat boots rode up to his knees with black tights that disappeared under the kilt. Blaine had wanted to know if Kurt was like a true Scotsman underneath, but Kurt refused to show him. He would show his soulmate later, maybe see if Blaine would enjoy the view.

The night was a dream come true. He and Blaine danced to slow songs, upbeat mixes, together and with their friends. Jeff and Kurt goofed around the dance floor to a remix of ‘Single Ladies’. Wes and Layla were voted King and Queen of the ball and they all applauded for them.

When it was time for Blaine and Kurt to sing, they walked on stage, their eyes met and never left until the final notes sounded.

[Kurt] [Blaine]
Lookin in your eyes
I see a paradise
This world that I found
Is too good to be true

Standin here beside you
Want so much to give you
This love in my heart
That I'm feelin for you

Let em say we're crazy
I don't care 'bout that
Put your hand in my hand
Baby, don't ever look back

Let the world around us
Just fall apart
Baby we can make it
If we're heart to heart

And we can build this dream together
Standing strong forever
Nothing's gonna stop us now
And if this world runs out of lovers
We'll still have each other
Nothing's gonna stop us
Nothings gonna stop us now
I’m so glad I found you
I’m not gonna lose you
Whatever it takes
I will stay here with you

Take it to the good times
See it through the bad times
Whatever it takes
Is what I’m gonna do

Let em say we’re crazy
What do they know
Put your arms around me
Baby, don’t ever let go

Let the world around us
Just fall apart
Baby, we can make it
If we’re heart to heart

Ooh, all that I need is you
All that I ever need
And all that I want to do
Is hold you forever, ever and ever

And we can build this dream together
Standing strong forever
Nothing’s gonna stop us now
And if this world runs out of lovers

We’ll still have each other

Nothings gonna stop us

Nothings gonna stop us now

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When they returned to their apartment, despite being tired with sore feet, they had never felt more in love. They stripped out of their jackets and shoes and twirled around their living room, wrapped up in each other. Humming their duet, they made their way to the bedroom. Kurt began taking Blaine’s tie and shirt off, then stripped his own off. Next came Blaine’s slacks, socks, and navy boxer briefs. Kurt led him to the bed and sat him down. Turning away, Kurt bent over, in a ‘stretch’, and gave a pop of his hips, knowing exactly what Blaine would be seeing.

Blaine gasped and almost swallowed his tongue. The kilt had flipped up giving Blaine a perfect view of thigh high black leggings. Above those, cupping his sweet ass perfectly, were a tiny pair of black bikini briefs.

It took several moments for Blaine to get his tongue to form words. “H.. Ho… Holy f..f…fucking shit. Oh my god. Damn Kurt,” he moaned, his cock so hard, he knew if a slight breeze hit, he would come so hard his brain would be empty.

Kurt had been busy while he was bent over. In a single fluid movement, he stood and twirled as the kilt fluttered to the ground. He stood there, his cock hard and peeking out of the bikini briefs, his hips tilted just a bit, knowing it made his legs look a mile long.

“Oh god. K…Kurt, baby… Baby, I need you. Now,” the last word was almost a command and said in the lowest register Kurt had ever heard from Blaine. “Leave the tights on.”

“Your wish is my command, Sir,” Kurt whispered, knowing that addressing him like that would make his inner Dom go bat fucking crazy.

“Holy fuck,” Blaine groaned, backing further onto the bed.

Kurt crawled after him, prowling, knowing every movement was driving Blaine out of his mind. He still had one surprise left.

“Take those briefs off and get the lube so I can fuck you,” Blaine demanded.

“No,” Kurt said lightly, moving over Blaine, straddling right above his hard, leaking cock.

“Baby, please, I can’t wait any longer,” Blaine moaned, his eyes blown pure black.

“Don’t worry, Sir, I’m going to take good care of you,” Kurt whispered.

Kurt grabbed Blaine’s cock and slid it through the crotchless briefs. Blaine cried out in shock and desperate lust.
“Baby, lube,” Blaine begged.

“No need, Sir. I’ve been readying myself all night,” Kurt said and in one swift movement, he took Blaine all the way inside until his ass met Blaine’s heavy balls.

By this time, Blaine’s voice was hoarse as he kept screaming, but he couldn’t take his eyes off Kurt for even one second. Kurt raised up, rolling his hips as he slid back down. Blaine reached for Kurt’s cock, knowing he wouldn’t last long and wanted Kurt to fall over with him.

Kurt slapped his hand away, but lowered his briefs under his balls. “Your cock is going to get me off, Sir,” Kurt murmured, his hips rotating up, down, and around over and over.

He felt Blaine start to throb and he reached down behind him, wrapping his fingers around the base of Blaine’s cock, purposely holding off his orgasm. Faster and faster, Kurt moved and rolled his hips, taking Blaine in small dips then long harsh drops. They were both covered in sweat, Blaine literally shaking in his need.

“Kurt, now!” he demanded.

“Yes, Sir,” Kurt moaned.

Releasing Blaine’s cock, Kurt bounced once, twice, three times, before Blaine roared out his orgasm. Kurt could feel the hot throbbing and heat of Blaine’s come shooting inside him. The sensation sent Kurt over and he came all over his abdomen and Blaine’s chest. He continued to undulate over him, slower and slower. Finally he came to a rest, laying on Blaine’s sweat and come covered chest.

“Nothing’s gonna stop us now,” Kurt whispered.

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“Nothing’s Gonna Stop Us Now” Jefferson Starship
I do not own Glee or Google
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Life continued to spin around them, sending their emotions flying and stress pushing down on them. The exciting part was the arrival of the college letters. Kurt had put his dad’s address on all of his applications, so his dad would update him daily to tell him another envelope appeared. Kurt and Blaine had decided to have a special three day weekend to themselves to open their letters together and celebrate and begin planning the next stage of their lives together.

“You know what today is?” Kurt asked with an excited grin.

Blaine smiled back, loving the small dimples and glimpse of teeth Kurt showed when he was so happy. “I do believe it’s *Friday, Friday, gotta get down on Friday,*” Blaine sang, dancing around Kurt.

“If you sing another word of that song, I will not be responsible for the consequences. Just keep in mind, I know where your bowtie collection is,” Kurt warned, a teasing twinkle in his eyes.

“Oh, fine. So, lunch first, right?” Blaine said, an innocent look on his face as he grabbed some pans.

“Uh huh,” Kurt gave him a sideways look before giggling. “I figured we’d cook chicken fettuccine alfredo with fresh spinach and grape tomatoes.”

Blaine stared at him, his mouth open and practically drooling. Kurt grinned, knowing this was one of Blaine’s favorite dishes.

“What is that?” Kurt asked, sending a shock of lust through Blaine’s bond.

Blaine’s eyes closed at the sensation and took a deep breath. “I want to string the noodles and sauce all over your naked body so I could slowly lick and eat my way all over your body,” Blaine said, answering Kurt’s lust with sensual longing and burning desire.

“Holy crap,” Kurt said, his eyes blown with lust. “I’m thinking we should postpone lunch.”

Blaine shivered at the passion and unadulterated lust they were exchanging. “I agree. Get your ass to the bedroom and get naked.”

“Yes, Sir,” Kurt murmured, his eyes at half mast.

It was early afternoon by the time they were finishing up their lunch, still sharing glances of satiation. After the dishes were put away, they both brought out their college letters, sitting them in front of each other across the table.

“How should we start?” Kurt asked, trying to decipher the results by the size of the envelopes.

“I think we should begin with our backup, backup colleges,” Blaine responded, rearranging his
“Ohio State,” they said in unison, laughing.

Opening the letters they both smiled as they read that they’d both been accepted, Kurt with a full ride scholarship.

“Congrats, sweet boy,” Blaine said, proud of his soulmate.

“Thanks, but I really don’t care,” Kurt said, putting the letter into what he would consider his acceptance pile. Blaine mirrored his motions.

They began opening more letters, some acceptances, some denials. Kurt was accepted at Tisch in New York, but was denied at NYU. That one stung a bit, but he accepted it, knowing that at least he had Tisch if nothing else.

Blaine also had several denials - including Brown University - and acceptances. He got in to Northwestern in Chicago. He was pleased, that was a fabulous college and he’d thought about that college almost as much as UCLA.

They both cheered for Blaine when he was accepted into the medical program on a generous scholarship at NYU.

“Blaine, honey, I am so proud of you! A scholarship for med school? That is incredible!” Kurt praised him. This would make going to New York that much more perfect.

Blaine actually blushed. It was an honor, he knew that. “Thank you, Kurt,” was all he could say. But it wasn’t the one he really wanted and he knew it.

They went through the envelopes until they each had one left. As much as they were supporting the other and congratulating and soothing each other, they were both off in their own world as they contemplated the future. Wondering about the pile of acceptances, trying to see how their futures would be if they accepted. Where they would live, what the surrounding areas would be like, dorm prospects. They really hadn’t been communicating in depth the entire time as the future enveloped them.

Finally, they looked at each other and then down at their hands. The last envelope and their first choices.

Kurt realized he had no idea what letter Blaine was holding. He knew he’d gotten into a lot of the colleges he’d wanted to get into.

Blaine also looked at Kurt curiously. He thought he’d already known what college Kurt had wanted to get into. Tisch, which he did get into. He was so proud of him. But what was it that he wanted even more? Blaine mentally shook his head. They had been so involved in their own lives and had been drowned in their own lives. Finals, applications, references, preparations for graduation. They had been living on the surface with one another, not delving deeper into their hearts and their wants and needs for the future.

“This is it, Blaine. I’m so nervous. Shall we open them and then just yell out the results?” Kurt asked, his face flushed and his voice shaking.

“This is the biggest, most important moment in our lives since I met you,” Blaine grinned. He was planning to spend the rest of the weekend really exploring each other’s choices and beginning the plan for their future. “I think ripping open and yelling is a fantastic idea,” he grinned.
Together they tore into their thin envelopes, each hoping that it meant good news.

There was the sound of tearing and the rattling of papers being opened.

The sound burst forth in a rush, delight flying through their bond.

“I got in!” They shouted at the same time, meeting each other’s eyes with huge grins.

“I got a full ride scholarship,” Blaine exclaimed, his heart racing. He couldn’t wait to call Grandpa, he knew he would be so excited for Blaine.

“I got a loan for two years that covers housing and books, and a scholarship that will cover everything else! I can cover it, too, I can’t believe I got in!” Kurt exclaimed, bouncing in his seat.

“That is amazing, baby!” Blaine said, proud of his soulmate. He was also still dancing inside, ecstatic that his life was going to go in the exact direction he’d always planned.

They jumped around the table and into each other’s arms, kissing deeply and bouncing together.

Pulling back, Blaine exclaimed, “I can’t wait to see the ocean!”

Kurt nodded. “I can’t wait to see Times Square!”

Blaine stepped away, his stomach dropping. He cut off his emotions quickly as dread filled him.

“Wait… What?” Blaine needed to have Kurt specify, because Kurt couldn’t possibly be saying what he thought he was.

“Times Square,” Kurt repeated, grinning, swinging their hands together. “We’ll be able to see the ocean when we go see the Statue of Liberty. Then there is the museums, shopping, and oh my god, Broadway!” Kurt was so full of excitement for his future, he didn’t notice Blaine’s emotions were gone from their bond.

“I was referring to the Pacific Ocean,” Blaine said hesitantly.

“Wait… What?” Kurt repeated Blaine’s earlier statement.

“Kurt, I got a full ride scholarship to UCLA, my dream college. Where did you get in?” Blaine asked, trepidation building.

“Parson’s, of course. You knew that. I’ve wanted to go to Parson’s since I first saw Project Runway. This shouldn’t come as a surprise.” Kurt specified, his eyes narrowing. “What is a surprise is that you applied to a college in California! We’ve always talked about living in New York. You never once said you were applying to a school on the freaking west coast!” Kurt was shocked and began to feel nervous butterflies in his stomach. He went to shut down his emotions and realized Blaine had already closed his. They both dropped back into chairs, bewildered about what the hell was going on.

“Kurt, UCLA is a tradition in my family. Of course I applied there. I told you that,” Blaine insisted, frustrated.

“Uh, no you didn’t. Now that I think about it, we didn’t talk at all about which colleges we were going to apply to. We just sat there and applied for hours on end, never talking. Blaine, you never told me. Open the bond and feel me. I am not lying,” Kurt challenged.

Blaine could see by the look in Kurt’s eyes that he was telling the truth. He was in shock.
USA, had always been his dream, what the hell had happened. Then he realized it was Kurt and New York. Before the application process, their talk had always centered around New York and Kurt’s excitement and dreams to go there. He got caught up in that and never shared his ultimate dream of fulfilling his family tradition of going to California.

Kurt felt Blaine open his bond just a little and could sense his shock and dismay. Kurt felt the same and let Blaine feel it.

Kurt could feel his eyes begin to burn with tears. “This sucks,” he said, sniffing. “Four years apart, probably a lot more than that. Damn it.”

Blaine jerked his head up, stunned and immediately unyielding. “It doesn’t suck because I’m not giving up UCLA. You will just have to find a college in California to go to.”

Kurt gapes at him, shock zipping through him like an electric shock. He said the first thing that came to his confused mind. “It’s too late to apply to another college. Besides, I already got into Parson’s and that’s where I’m going.”

“No, Kurt. You are going to California. If it’s too late to apply, you’ll just have to start a semester late. Besides,” Blaine said with a wistful smile. “I would love to have you home with me. I’m really going to need you during school. I’m going to be swamped with work.”

“What?!” Astonishment rushed through his body, tinged with the beginnings of fear. “Blaine, I have worked so hard to get into Parson’s. You know this. You told me your family went to UCLA, but you never told me you were applying there.” Kurt emoted his honesty, his side of the bond wide open.

Blaine felt Kurt’s sincerity and his true surprise at the situation. He was baffled. How had he not told Kurt about all this? But it didn’t change anything.

“Kurt, I am so sorry I didn’t tell you and that I wasn’t clear enough about the situation. But Kurt, I got a full ride to med school. Do you have any idea how amazing that is? How important that can be to my future? It is everything I’ve dreamed of. You know I’ve wanted to be a doctor. Now I not only get to go to my dream school, but I also get a free education. I need your support, Kurt. Please don’t be selfish about this,” Blaine pleaded. He was not going to give this up.

Kurt looked at him sincerely and lovingly. “I am not being selfish, sweetie. I am so extremely proud of you that I could burst. And the fact that you’ve gotten this opportunity that you’ve always dreamed of is awe inspiring. I support you one hundred percent,” Kurt assured him.

Again, Blaine felt Kurt’s genuine support, but there was a hesitation in there as well.

“We can’t be apart that long Kurt. We just can’t.” Blaine stated. He had no idea if that was true, but there was no way he was going to lose this battle. And he knew that is what this was going to be. He pushed his will through their bond.

Kurt raised an eyebrow at the force of Blaine’s emotions. “Why would you think we couldn’t be apart that long?” His determination was growing with each word and each push of Blaine’s firm bond.

“We will need each other more than ever.” Blaine practically shoved through to Kurt that he was utterly convinced Kurt would need him through college.

“Blaine, sweetie, we won’t need each other anymore than usual. You know that Grandpa said we will be just fine no matter the distance. Our bond is strong enough to push that far,” Kurt insisted.
Blaine was beyond frustrated. He couldn’t see a resolution to their problem.

“I think we need to step back for a moment and think about things, then we can come back together and figure things out,” Blaine said, thinking he’d go for a walk, maybe go box a little.

Kurt looked at him sadly. “I agree. I think I’m going to go spend the night at Dad’s. I want to talk to him and see what he has to say about things.” He really just wanted to get away. He was afraid of what might come of this argument if he stayed there.

Blaine was despondent. All he wanted to do was hold his soulmate in his arms. He wanted his submissive to see that his Dominant needed him more than anything else. But he couldn’t do that. It wasn’t allowed or accepted.

“Okay. Will you text me when you get there?” he asked miserably.

Kurt could feel the deeply disturbed emotions flowing from Blaine. He shut down their connection. He needed to think before he let Blaine’s feelings affect him. “Of course I’ll text you. I’ll be back in the morning. I love you, Blaine,” he said, approaching him to hug him.

They clung to each other, their shared unhappiness pushing them to squeeze each other tighter.

Finally Blaine stepped back. “I love you too, baby. We’ll figure this out in the morning.”

“Yes we will,” Kurt said.

Kurt went into their room and quickly threw together an overnight bag. Before he left, he gathered all of his college letters to show his dad. He kissed Blaine quickly and practically ran to his car. As he drove, the words they spoke ran through his mind over and over. ‘You’ll have to find a school in California.’ ‘I’ll need you.’ ‘Don’t be selfish.’ ‘We’ll figure this out in the morning’.

Kurt’s emotions were shut down to Blaine, but he was filled with dread. He had a feeling that nothing would be figured out by morning. His biggest fear was that Blaine would have this figured out, but not to Kurt’s benefit.

Chapter End Notes

Rebecca Black: Friday
Thank you everyone for reading! I hope you enjoyed it!
Warning: This story is going to be heading in a darker direction. Not forever, though, just a phase. I just wanted to warn you now. There may or may not be mild violence and verbal abuse. If these are triggers, please stop reading this now. Thanks everyone!
Kurt

Like he promised, Kurt texted Blaine to tell him he got to his Dad’s safely. Other than the perfunctory ‘I love you’ at the end, it was a text that could have been sent to a stranger.

“Hey bud, what are you doing here?” Burt asked, coming forward and hugging his son when he came in the door.

Kurt, enfolded in the safety and love of his dad’s arms, broke down and tried to get the story out through sobs and sniffles.

“Come on you, let’s sit down and then you can tell me the story again. Only this time, make sure I can understand it,” Burt said, poking him lightly in the ribs to make him give a watery smile.

They went into the living room and Kurt first dug out his acceptance letters and enjoyed the enthusiastic praise and congratulations. It reminded him of all of his school years. His dad was always effusive in his praise whether it was a spelling bee third place award in second grade or acceptance to Parsons The New School for Design. The feeling of his father’s approval and love was like a comforting blanket that he could wrap around himself and never have to let go. Kurt was overwhelmed and let tears stream down his face when he saw tears of pride in his father’s eyes.

“Kurt, I am so damn proud of you. You showed all of them! All of those damn bullies, the people who pushed you into the background, the people who thought you would amount to nothing, the people who called you a freak. All of them. You showed all of them. Damn it, Kurt, I couldn’t be more happy for you if I tried. And Parsons! That is amazing. You’ve been watching that show as long as I can remember. My kid, going to Parsons. Wait until I tell the guys at the shop, they’re going to be ecstatic, too.”

Kurt just hugged his dad. Nothing was wrong here. Warmth, acceptance, love, pride. So much pride. No judgment, no preconceived ideas about where he should be going.

Burt suddenly backed up. “Son, if you’re here, where is Blaine? Did he go to celebrate with his family? I figured you would do that together.”

“We would if we were in agreement on where we were going,” Kurt mumbled, returning to the couch.

“What do you mean?” Burt asked, tugging on the front of his cap as he always did when he felt threatened. They sat back down.

“Blaine got a full ride for med school at UCLA,” Kurt said simply. He wanted to see his dad’s reaction, to judge which way his father was leaning.

“That’s wonderful! I’ll have to congratulate him. I know he wanted to go to a good college for med school and he did. Good kid!” Burt smiled widely. Then his smile faded. “Wait. What is the problem? Why aren’t you in agreement?”
“He doesn’t want me going to Parsons. He wants me to find a college in California near him. If I can’t find one, he wants me to stay home with him to take care of him until I can find a college second term,” Kurt said simply.

“What kind of bullshit is that?” Burt sounded almost insulted.

Kurt shrugged. “I don’t know. He says we’re going to need each other now more than ever. But his grandpa explained to us that our emotion and energy bond is strong enough to withstand the farthest reaches of the world. So New York to California isn’t going to be a problem. I wanted Blaine to go to NYU, but he is determined on UCLA. It’s a family tradition. But he never told me before,” Kurt was still hurt over that.

“That boy is still fighting those old fashioned Dom instincts. He wants you home to feed him and comfort him as he goes through his day. Normally I would encourage you to stay with your Dom. You would keep each other calm and evened out emotionally. But that is just too damn bad. This is your dream, just as much as UCLA is his. You got into Parsons and you are going to Parsons. End of story,” Burt said simply.

“He’s going to fight me on it,” Kurt replied, his shoulders sagging. It was only late afternoon but he was emotionally fatigued.

“Well, he’s going to lose. Now, let’s change the subject. You got into Parsons with a scholarship and a loan. We need to figure out how we’re going to pay the loan part,” Burt said, sitting forward in his chair.

“I have a little over a grand in my account from working in the shop,” Kurt said, jotting down the amount on a pad of paper in his bag.

“You have that much? You didn’t spend it all on clothes?” Burt said, pretending to be shocked.

Kurt stuck his tongue out. “I did learn how to save, you know.”

“Well, I’m proud of you. Your mom and I also learned how to save,” Burt said, a smile on his face. “Hold on.” He walked out of the room and then came back holding what looked like a bank book. “Before your mom passed away, she started a college fund for you. That woman,” Burt paused and swallowed hard at the memory of his beloved wife. “She knew how to save, how to make a dollar turn into ten in no time. After she passed, I did my best to keep adding to it. You know the shop has had its ups and downs, but I did what I could. Even if it was only five bucks, I still added to it.”

Kurt was silently crying again, tears falling down his cheeks. His mom had loved him so much and he knew it, he felt it. Both of his parents had always made it so clear how much they loved him. This college fund was like an account full of love instead of money.

“Thank you, Dad. That means more than you could ever know,” Kurt sniffled.

“Well, that or you’ll make me cry and I can’t get my flannel shirt wet,” his dad said gruffly. “Now, I had hoped to have it to an even ten grand, but the economy has been shit, so you have just under nine grand in there. I’ll transfer it over to your account,” Burt said, looking at his watch. “I can do it today, the bank hasn’t closed yet. Then you’ll have over ten grand. That’s a good amount to pay a bit of tuition, get your books, get what you need for a dorm, et cetera.”

Kurt couldn’t help but hug his father again. I am so grateful Dad. Thank you so much for everything,” Kurt said as sincerely as he could. He wished his dad could feel the amount of gratitude he felt. Instead, he tried to pass it on through his hug.
“Now sit down and grab that pad of paper of yours,” Burt said, patting Kurt on the back and returning to their seats again.

“What’s up?” Kurt said, making note of what his father had told him about the bank account.

“I know another way you can get money and I am almost certain it’s a done deal if you are willing,” Burt teased him.

“Dad! Come on, what is it?” Kurt demanded. He hated being teased in a fun way and his dad loved to torture him with information.

“Well, if you’re going to be in New York, you’ll be doing a lot of walking, cab driving, and riding subways, so I was thinking why not sell the Navigator,” Burt suggested.

Kurt had thought about it fleetingly, but didn’t know anything about selling vehicles. “I’d be all for it. Why do you say you think it’s a done deal?” he asked.

“Well, a guy from the shop knows a guy who knows a guy, you know how it is. Anyway, the guy comes in and took a look at it the last time you came to work a few hours. When I put out feelers about selling it a while back, the guy made an offer I think we can’t refuse,” Burt hinted again.

“Dad! Tell me!” Kurt was about to burst.

“Given the shape it’s in, the demand of Navigators, and the blue book value, he’s willing to give quite a lot,” Burt said with a laugh.

Kurt came over and punched his dad in the arm. “Tell me or I start burning the flannels,” he threatened.

Burt put his hands up. “Okay, okay! Settle down and stay away from my flannel. He’s willing to pay thirteen grand for it. Cash,” Burt said, eagerly watching Kurt’s face to monitor his reaction.

Kurt’s face went slack and he fell back onto the couch. “Holy shit,” he murmured.

Burt would correct his language, but it was too funny watching him sitting there in shock. Kurt sat there for several minutes, trying to wrap his mind around the amount of money the guy offered plus the amount he and his dad had. It was over twenty thousand dollars. That was more than enough for tuition and the other things he would need.

“Dad,” he whispered.

“I know, bud. You look like you need a nap,” Burt suggested.

“Good idea,” Kurt murmured and walked dazed to his bedroom.

Stripping down to his boxer briefs, he crawled into bed and fell asleep shortly after his head hit the pillow. His mind took him gently into a dream.

*He saw himself nearly nude with only frilly apron on. He’s pulling a roast out of the oven and getting the vegetables ready. He sets the table, excitement buzzing through his veins. Sir was going to be home soon. He would be able to ease Sir’s mind and body from the hard day he’s had at school.*

*Hearing a car pull up, he stripped the apron and hung it in the broom closet. He went to the round carpet that was strategically placed near the front door. He gracefully sank to his knees, his hands*
clasped behind his back, head down, his thighs spread as wide as he could. Over the months, he’d worked hard at stretching those muscles so he could almost be in the splits position just on his knees. His Sir loved it, and that urged him to work harder.

Sir comes in the door and ignores him, throwing his keys in the bowl on the table near the door. Taking his coat off, he still doesn’t look at Kurt. He hangs his coat and backpack up in the closet and slips his shoes off as well. Finally he walks up to Kurt. His eyes are alight with pride.

“Lovely. Kneel up, beautiful,” Blaine’s voice was warm and full of love.

Kurt rose up on his knees so his rear was no longer resting on his heels. His arms remained behind his back.

“Service me, beautiful,” Blaine commanded as he did every day when he got home from school.

Swiftly and eagerly, Kurt was able to work the button and zipper on Blaine’s pants with his teeth. Gently he eased Blaine’s boxers down and proceeded to swallow down Blaine’s hard cock.

Blaine’s hands raised to Kurt’s head and like he did every day, he held onto Kurt’s head and fucked his mouth, directing his movements with his hands in his hair. Kurt had worked hard to get his gag reflex to disappear and he was successful, so now Blaine fucked his mouth and throat with abandon. He loved pushing his cock all the way to the back of his throat, holding there, watching Kurt’s eyes, knowing Kurt couldn’t breathe. Kurt knowing his very life was in Blaine’s hands. Blaine knew Kurt’s body and limits and always backed off just when Kurt got to the edge of his need to breathe. Quickly, Blaine finished, Kurt swallowing and cleaning Blaine’s cock and sack before easing Blaine’s boxers up and zipped his pants. It took a few moments with extreme concentration, but with his tongue and teeth, he was even able to button Sir’s pants.

“Good, my beautiful,” Blaine praised, running his fingers across Kurt’s damp lips. “You may speak.”

“Thank you for allowing me to pleasure you, Sir. Welcome home, your dinner is ready.”

“I am starving. You may go to the kitchen and serve it up,” Blaine said and walked to the dining room.

Kurt hadn’t been given permission to walk, so he crawled to the kitchen before he stood to prepare Sir’s plate. Sir used to try and tease Kurt when he was on hands and knees that he had to find a way to get Sir’s plate to him and not rise from his hands and knees.

Kurt was a very flexible man and he figured out a way to get his hand to turn and carefully balance the plate on his back and though he had to crawl very carefully, he could get the plate to his Sir without incident. He did this now and Sir smiled at him.

“You are doing so well with that, beautiful. I’m so proud of you,” he said sincerely.

Kurt blushed with the pleasure he felt through their bond, loving the fulfillment Sir was receiving with Kurt’s service to him.

Blaine allowed him to stand after that and Kurt finished bringing more dishes to the table before taking his kneeler and resting near Sir’s knee as he always did. Sir fed him from both of their plates. They both loved the closeness of these moments. Kurt never felt more fulfilled than knowing he had successfully served his Sir.

Kurt jerked awake. “No fucking way!” he shouted to the empty room.
There was no way in hell he was going to become some animal living to serve Blaine. A welcome home blow job before any kind of greeting? Crawling? Apron? Balancing a plate on his back? Sitting on the floor and being fed his dinner? Never.

He had to wonder if that was Blaine’s dream and he ended up ‘plugged in’ to it. It was a nightmare to Kurt, not a dream. This was 2014, not the 1950’s. He shivered, determined that he would never end up living that kind of life. And yet, he had a feeling that is exactly what Blaine would love if he went to California to ‘support’ him until Kurt found a college out there. No freaking way.

He got up and grabbed his tablet from his bag and turned it on after plugging it in near his bed. Along with the pad of paper he’d jotted down the money info his dad had shared with him. He hated having to even think like this, but he needed a contingency plan. It reminded him of when he’d first found out Blaine was his Dom. How he ran and tried to avoid this life at all costs. He was glad he’d given Blaine a chance and that Blaine had put effort into becoming a better soulmate. But just like before, he needed to protect himself. To keep his life his own and do what he had always dreamed of.

Tears fell down his face, but he began to think like someone who was planning to run away. He began with changing his passwords on his tablet, email, and bank account. He called and was shocked to hear the new total after his dad had transferred the college savings account. Thinking of his mom and dad and how much work they put in for him. How they loved him so much that they without in order to save money for his college. He was so blessed to be loved by them.

He thought of Blaine. He was blessed to be loved by him, too. He didn’t want to do this. He didn’t want to run away. He wanted to work things out with Blaine, to come to an agreement so both of their dreams could come true.

He grabbed his phone and texted Blaine to remind him of the song they sang at the ball.

*I’m so glad I found you*

*I’m not gonna lose you*

*Whatever it takes*

*I will stay here with you*

*Take it to the good times*

*See it through the bad times*

*Whatever it takes is*

*What I’m gonna do*

Kurt could only hope that he could keep up to his side of the lyrics. Taking a deep breath, he hit ‘send’.
Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Blaine’s time after Kurt left
Hope you enjoyed this!

Nothin’s Gonna Stop Us Now: Jefferson Starship
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

So sorry for the delay! I hope to have another chapter up tomorrow. Enjoy!!

Taking place at the same time as Kurt leaving….

Blaine sat there, unbelieving how wrong the last hour had gone. They’d had a wonderful day together so far, loving and intense. Blaine had felt so close and connected with Kurt and now this. Kurt was gone, going all the way to Lima to avoid him. Once again. To avoid a conversation that was going to prove to be one of the most difficult they’d ever had. Sadness was overwhelming him as well as frustration. How could Kurt say he’d never heard of Blaine wanting to go to UCLA? He had always wanted to go there. Yeah, he’d applied at different schools, but that was the smart thing to do when applying for college. But UCLA was always his dream. He thought back to as many conversations with Kurt as he could remember. They’d talked about colleges when they first met. He remembered Kurt talking about New York and nothing else. He had talked about going to med school in New York, trying to impress the beautiful boy with how much they had in common. He hadn’t mentioned California then. After they discovered they were soulmates, all conversation had been about Kurt’s struggles with submission, then getting to know each other, the move, and then Sebastian. Blaine growled at the memory. That ass was lucky he was in jail, otherwise Blaine would be doing his best to make sure the man couldn’t think with his dick ever again. School this year had been really busy with studies, friends, and parties. They had spent several weeks applying to colleges, going over all the paperwork, the essay questions, school transcripts. There had been few conversations really, mostly work and as much cuddling as they could fit in. The need to be close during the stressful time had been strong, especially for Blaine. He drew such comfort from Kurt and his calming persona. He was sure it was a submissive thing. How would, how could he survive med school without that? Without Kurt? Kurt’s presence would comfort him, strengthen him, and keep him on an even keel during the stress and rigors of school.

The added idea of having Kurt there for a semester or longer, at home for him, was like a dream come true. He knew it was old fashioned, but the vision of Kurt at home waiting for him at the end of a long day was as comforting as it was arousing. The vision of Kurt in an apron, maybe even naked underneath, waiting at the front door, kneeling, head down, hands on thighs. Waiting to be addressed before offering to give Blaine a welcome home blowjob. Blaine groaned at the thought. Hell, if he was going for the old fashioned vision of his dreams, Kurt would kneel the majority of the time they spent together.

Kurt on his knees, especially on purpose, was perfection. It felt like everything in the world was right. He was right, was complete. Kurt had knelt many times over the last weeks, usually subconsciously, during homework or TV. The last time Kurt had willingly chosen to kneel was the day he’d waited for Blaine and asked to make love with him. That had been the most perfect moment of his life. His submissive waiting for him, waiting on him. He sighed as his pants tightened. The
idea of him coming home every day to see his kneeling submissive drove him to know he was right in pushing for Kurt to come to California and spend as much time not going to school as Blaine could talk him into.

Blaine called his parents who cheered for him and congratulated him. His father then spent nearly a half hour recounting his own adventures, again, and giving Blaine somewhat useful advice on how to prepare for his college career. As proud as his parents were, he knew it was his Grandpa that he wanted to please. The man had supported him in a way very different from is parents. There wasn’t any pressure with Grandpa, no defined expectations. He would have to call him soon. He wanted to wait until Kurt came home, he knew Grandpa would want to talk to them both and congratulate them. A beep from his phone alerted him to a new text and he saw that Kurt had arrived at his dad’s house. He texted back telling him he hoped he would be home soon and he loved him.

Pulling his laptop to him, he went to the UCLA website. A surge of pride at achieving his dream of being accepted filled him. He grinned, knowing that not everyone was granted a full scholarship to med school. Putting aside his troubles with Kurt, he allowed himself a wide grin and a slight bounce in his seat in excitement. He was following in the footsteps of the men in his family, something he’d always been determined to do. He paused, a thought occurring to him. Was this the way Kurt felt after being accepted to Parsons? Waving the thought away, he perused the website. Finding a student forum, he clicked on it, found the pre-med school sub-forum, and began reading the different stories and challenges that fellow students were experiencing. He read about various professors and what to expect, suggestions on study habits, and different places to visit during down time.

One sub-forum was titled ‘Doms and subs’, and he clicked on it, reading more personal experiences. The Dom forum spoke to pressures and ways to keep up with the care their subs needed while tackling the insane amount of homework and lab time that would be required. There was yet another sub-forum called ‘Sub Problems’. Clicking on that, he felt like maybe he wasn’t alone in his frustrations. He noted that there were plenty of topics asking advice for different problems pertaining to subs. He wondered if he should start a topic sharing his own problems, when a topic caught his eye. It simply said, “One Simple Order”.

As much as his instincts told him to stay out of the topic, when he saw there was almost a thousand replies, he couldn’t contain his curiosity. He made sure his side of the emotional bond was shut down tight as he began to read. The poster shared his story of how his sub had fought with him on his request that she stay home while he went to school. She had been offered a rewarding job straight out of high school and was excited to accept it. Upon discussing it with her Dom, he had told her he wanted her to stay home at least for a while during the beginning of college. There had been fights and tears, causing each of them to withdraw from the other. He gave thought of what he could do, completely sure that if she would agree she would be able to eventually realize this would be rewarding for both of them. A week later, he came up with the solution, something that was not a straight out order for her to be happy with the concept of staying home. He, instead, gave one simple order. After that, they had settled into their new apartment and she was blooming as a stay-at-home sub while he was sailing through his first year of college with ease. They completed and complemented each other in a new and exciting dynamic. He ended his story by saying that he had never and would never regret that simple command that had changed their lives for the better.
Blaine felt the stirrings of hope especially as he began reading the replies. There were many expressions of gratitude for the idea. Others told their own stories of how they took the advice and implemented it into their own lives. Some shared how they had been dealing with stubborn attitudes and brattiness (Kurt, Blaine thought with a grin) and how with a little ‘positive reinforcement’, the subs came around. From there the natural submissiveness of their partners came through.

The phrase ‘positive reinforcement’ made Blaine think of the time when he’d had Kurt burn their rulebook in the burn barrel. The freedom Kurt had expressed had been rewarding. Blaine had often wondered what in their relationship would be different if he’d kept the rules in place. Would their relationship be different? What would Kurt’s submission look like? Would he be sweeter, more pliable? Or would he be bitter and unhappy at being, as he called it, limited.

There were a small number of people, both Doms and subs that called the Doms ‘cavemen’, and reminded them it was the twenty first century. They needed to keep their Neanderthal opinions to themselves and not subject their subs, much less other subs, to their horrific ideas. Blaine thought the insults a bit much, but could see how Kurt would agree with them. The arguments against those included Doms sharing how rewarding it was to come home to a kneeling sub waiting at the door with dinner on the table. How supported and loved they felt by the care showered on them by the soulmates they loved so much. It was a relief, they said, to know that all they had to concentrate on was schoolwork and their subs. They didn’t have to worry about laundry, shopping, bill paying, or anything else that would distract them from the overwhelming amount of work they had to do. Blaine couldn’t agree more and it pained him that Kurt would probably never agree, much less go along with that way of life. As much crap as Blaine was given when he and Kurt first began their relationship, when everyone had criticized the way Blaine treated Kurt, there were an awful lot of Doms out there that seemed to share his view on submissives.

The last comment he read was one simple question. “Would you do the same for your sub?”

Blaine closed his computer and thought about the question. Would he give up UCLA and stay home all day so Kurt could go to the college of his dreams? Could he take care of the odds and ends that made up daily living so Kurt didn’t have to worry about anything but his schoolwork? He tried really hard to see himself in that role, but he couldn’t. All he could see was that night, coming home and seeing Kurt on his knees, beautifully nude, waiting to serve his Dom. He was overcome by how right it was, how right the whole concept was, and how he wanted that for his life so very much.

Knowing there was one person who would agree with him, he hit the speed dial on his phone and grinned when the line was picked up.

“Blaine Devon!” his grandfather cried. “How are you son?”
“Hi Grandpa, I’m pretty good. How are you and Grandma?” he asked. He loved how much his grandpa was always so happy to hear from him.

“We’re old and crotchety as always. So, how are things for you?” Grandpa asked.

“Well, I have some good news, is Grandma around?” Blaine answered, feeling his excitement bubbling up again.

“Honey, come talk to Blaine Devon with me. He has some news,” he heard his grandfather call.

The phone beeped to announce they were on speaker phone. “Hello Blaine Devon, how are you, sweetheart?”

“I’m pretty good, Grandma. I have some big news,” Blaine paused dramatically. “I got into UCLA with a full scholarship!”

“Oh my god!” Grandma cried.

“Congratulations son!” Grandpa shouted at the same time.

Blaine listened with a grin as his grandparents praised and congratulated him for several minutes without pausing. This was what he needed. Unbiased praise and excitement for him. He knew Kurt was proud of him, but it had been overshadowed by their disagreement.

“Aw, Blaine Devon, I just couldn’t be happier for you if I tried,” Grandma said with a loud sigh. “My boy, going off to the family college.”

“Thank you Grandma. You and Grandpa have helped me so much through the years and I really don’t think I could have done it without your support,” Blaine said truthfully. True his parents were wonderful, but there was something unselfish and unassuming about his grandparent’s love that spurred him on.

“All we’ve done is love you, son,” Grandpa said. “How about you, Kurt Elizabeth, are you happy for your soulmate?”
“Um,” Blaine said awkwardly. “Kurt isn’t here right now.”

“Oh? Why not?” Grandma asked, concern lacing her voice.

“He, uh, got into his dream college and wanted to share the news with his dad. So, he’s off visiting for a couple hours,” Blaine said.

“That’s wonderful!” Grandma exclaimed.

“That is great news,” Grandpa agreed. “Honey, why don’t you let me talk to Blaine Devon for a while? Man to man, and all.”

Grandma chuckled. “Of course. Blaine Devon, I’m so proud of you sweetheart. Pass my love on to Kurt Elizabeth please.”

“I will, Grandma,” Blaine said. He heard the beep turning off the speakerphone. The other line was silent for a few moments.

“Okay, Blaine Devon, Grandma is out of the room. Why don’t you tell me what’s really going on?” Grandpa said, his voice warm and concerned.

Blaine sighed, tears burning in his eyes. He couldn’t be more grateful for his grandfather at this moment. He somehow knew something was going on and Blaine hadn’t had to ask for anything. He told his grandfather everything that had happened from the time he and Kurt had woken up, even about their intimate moments, not embarrassed anymore about discussing their sex life. He told him about opening the letters, their excitement and the inevitable fight.

“Damn, I’m sorry Blaine Devon. What a shitty way to celebrate both of you getting into the colleges of your dreams,” Grandpa said with a heavy sigh.

Blaine went on to share about the forum and the stories he’d read. He included his own thoughts about how his own ‘caveman’ ideas had been shut down by his friends, but were apparently shared by a lot more people than he had thought.
“I agree, Blaine Devon. I think most of us old-fashioned types keep quiet these days. On a computer, it’s easy to share how you really feel. As much as I support equality and modern opinions, and will reinforce them, I can’t help but agree with you and support you in this. I did the same thing with your Grandma,” he said.

Blaine frowned. “You did? I thought she was fine with staying at home with the kids,” he said.

“Oh yeah, she was fine with that. It was after the kids were grown and out of the house that she wanted to change things up. She wanted to go to school and get a job, basically being gone all day, and I just couldn’t let go of her. I know it seems selfish but by that time in our lives, I was completely used to and dependent on her presence at home. Everything went so smoothly, never even a ripple in the peace of our home. It felt like I could take on the world with her support. I had to tell her she was staying at home. She cried and railed against me for a while. But after that she settled back in. Her submission is so beautiful, a true gift in this shitty world. I give her love and care, just as she gives it me. It just looks different than the modern concepts. Blaine Devon, I support you wholeheartedly in this, but you have to be sure, absolutely sure, that this is what you want and need,” Grandpa said in a firm voice.

Blaine paused for a minute and really thought about it. What Kurt’s reaction would be, his happiness versus what life would be like with his unfettered support in it. Kurt would find peace eventually and see that his life would be better at Blaine’s side. He nodded grimly. “I know this is what I want, Grandpa. This is what I’ve wanted since I learned about my nature. These last few months have been truly wonderful. The best in my life. At the same time, it has felt lacking in a way, something I haven’t shared with Kurt, much less myself. I think it has to do with his submission. Does that make sense?”

“Absolutely. True submission is giving over power to the Dom. They trust their Dom to give them what they need. Even if it is something they don’t agree with. If you honestly think this will benefit Kurt Elizabeth as much as you, then you have to fight for it,” Grandpa said.

“I think it would take some time, but I honestly do believe both of our lives would be better if we stay together and go to California,” Blaine said, hoping he was right. He knew this was right, he was sure of it. But he couldn’t guarantee Kurt’s reaction.

“Alright, Blaine Devon,” Grandpa said. “Prepare for a fight and some tears, but remember your ultimate goal. Now, here are some ideas…”
Kurt couldn’t conquer the trepidation he felt as he pulled up to their dorm the next morning. Looking in the mirror, he sighed. His normal pale skin seemed almost translucent with dark shadows under his eyes from a night spent worrying. He had taken his normal steps to calm himself to no avail. He’d gotten up, had his morning coffee, returned to his room and did yoga for an hour to relaxing music. After a shower, he’d dressed and sat in the window seat drinking tea. Still, his stomach was in knots as he thought about the talk that he knew was going to happen. He needed to keep a level head, making sure to tamp down his temper and tendency to react instantly and without thought. He had to handle this situation with kid gloves if he had any hope of making his case for New York. He had a few ideas up his sleeve to try and direct the end result in his favor. It could be seen as manipulating but he thought it was the best way to guarantee a peaceful conversation. Like he’d read in a book somewhere, he wasn’t a manipulator, he preferred the term ‘outcome engineer’. Taking a deep breath, he headed for the door.

Blaine watched from the window as his soul mate stalled his arrival by sitting in his car. He didn’t blame him, he knew the feeling. All morning he’d been going over and over what he wanted to say and the best way to handle the situation. He had told his grandfather that the plan they had decided on would be a last resort. First he would try to talk Kurt into seeing his side and hopefully persuade him into agreeing without using alternative methods.

As Kurt stepped through the door, he opened his side of the emotional bond partway so Blaine could feel his love. He didn’t try to hide his nerves, which were honest and true, probably for both of them. His assumption proved true when he felt the almost desperate tension and anxiety from Blaine. He took the first step, one of his ideas, and walked to his soul mate, sliding his arms around his waist and leaning in for a warm kiss.

Blaine hummed into the kiss, slotting their lips together as they moved gently together. Blaine cupped Kurt’s cheeks, pink with pleasure, teasing the seam of his lips with his tongue. Kurt opened for him, sighing and leaning in for more.

“Be with me,” Blaine whispered, leaning back to look into Kurt’s blue green eyes. The need for comfort from his soulmate was strong and had nothing to do with their talk. He simply wanted to be with him.

“Okay,” Kurt murmured. He was unsure if this was the right decision, but it felt good and right for now. He would deal with the consequences later.

Blaine led them to the bedroom where they slowly undressed each other. Kurt lay on the bed and Blaine hovered over him, kissing him deeply as he reached for the lube. Setting it aside, he kissed all over Kurt’s face and down his neck. Kurt moaned as Blaine sucked and nibbled on the sensitive skin of his neck and collarbone. Blaine took his time, traveling down Kurt’s body, enjoying the pink flush spreading down his lean chest. He lightly bit one nipple then the other as he listened to Kurt’s gasps and felt his hands sifting through Blaine’s curls. He hummed in pleasure, continuing down Kurt’s body, swirling his tongue in Kurt’s belly button and spreading more kisses down to the delicate V near his hips. He suckled bruises into each hip, his Dom instincts growling with pride seeing his mark on his pale sub.

“Blaine,” Kurt whimpered. “Please.”

“Okay baby,” Blaine replied. He gave one long lick up his hard cock, enjoying the sob of pleasure Kurt let escape.
He grabbed the lube and spent several minutes slowly opening Kurt’s body, kissing him deeply, exploring the depths of his mouth. Saddened by the shadows under Kurt’s eyes, he kissed his eyes softly before returning to the soft lips that he loved so much. Satisfied that Kurt was ready, he lined himself up and eased into Kurt’s hot channel. They both groaned at the sensation as Blaine pushed into him until he was bottomed out. Blaine took a moment and savored the feeling of being completely buried in Kurt’s ass. There was something animalistic about them being so connected and it drove him crazy. He knew he needed to be gentle, though, so he slowly began easing in and out, wanting to show Kurt how much he loved him.

“Blaine,” Kurt moaned after a moment. “Go harder, please, I need you. Don’t hold back.”

“Are you sure?” Blaine asked, his whole body shivering at his words. The animal side of him very much approved of Kurt’s idea, but he had to be certain.

“Yes,” Kurt whispered, rolling his hips sharply up into Blaine’s.

“Shit,” Blaine bit out before meeting Kurt’s hips with his own.

They began speeding up their thrusts until Blaine was pounding into him, both of them crying out with pleasure. Kurt growled deep in his throat, loving the rough feel of the bruising pace and anticipated being sore when they were through. The sensations were delicious and he couldn’t help planting his feet on the bed and pushing his hips even harder into Blaine’s.

“Fuck, baby, I’m not gonna last,” Blaine bit out.

“Me either. I wanna feel you come, Blaine, please,” Kurt begged, wanting to feel the hot jets of fluid filling him up.

The words made Blaine growl and he pounded into Kurt several more times before shouting as he came deep inside his soulmate. Kurt whined loudly at the feeling of Blaine coming and allowed himself to let go with a deep groan. As they came down from their highs, Kurt embraced Blaine and cradled him against his body.

“I love you,” Blaine whispered.

“I love you too,” Kurt said.

They said no more beyond that. After a few minutes, Blaine eased off him and went into the bathroom, returning with a warm washcloth and cleaned Kurt tenderly. Slipping into a pair of jeans, he told Kurt he was going to make them coffee. Kurt got up wincing and then smiling at the deep ache in his ass and low back. He dressed in loose yoga pants and Blaine’s Dalton t-shirt which he knew Blaine loved to see him in.

Sighing as he left the bedroom, he knew it was time for ‘The Talk’. Implementing another of his ideas, he awaited Blaine’s entrance to the living room.

Blaine had his back turned, pouring them each a cup of coffee, mixing Kurt’s just as he liked it and turned to meet him in the living room. Gasping, he had to hold tight to the mugs of coffee so he didn’t drop them. Kurt was kneeling on the floor, hands in his lap, his head slightly tilted down, though he met Blaine’s gaze head on. To make the moment perfect, he was kneeling next to Blaine’s favorite end of the couch.

“Kurt, baby, you look so beautiful,” he breathed as he came into the room. Setting the mugs on the coffee table, he sat before leaning over and kissing Kurt warmly.
“Thank you,” Kurt replied, accepting the compliment, pleased that Blaine was happy, even if he’d done it on purpose. He may not like these obvious displays of submission, but he honestly did want Blaine to be happy. This was a small way to show he cared as they began their discussion.

“Kurt,” Blaine began. “You know my stance on where we go for college. I readily admit that I may have been remiss in stating how much I want to go to UCLA. I was thinking about our early conversations and I remember trying to impress you by saying I wanted to go to New York so we’d have more in common. Of course I also fibbed and said I wanted to study music so you’d think I was the creative type like you,” Blaine said, blushing lightly.

Kurt smiled. “You were awfully cute. Who knew you were fibbing just to flirt with me.”

“I’d say I’m sorry, but I’m not,” he grinned. “I couldn’t believe such a stunning boy would spend time with me. Anyway, regardless, I did get a full ride scholarship to one of the best colleges in the country, which just happens to be the college the men in my family have gone to. That is really rare, only a few scholarships like this one are given each year. Even if I didn’t get the scholarship, I would want to go there. I need you with me, Kurt.”

“Blaine, I think you want me with you, not need me. We can easily exchange energy through the bond and we can Skype and text each other all day if we need to,” Kurt said calmly.

“That is not taking care of each other and supporting each other as we should be. Being near each other helps ease the worries and stress of daily struggles. I may be able to gain strength through the bond, but I will still be weaker without my soulmate nearby.” He meant he needed his sub nearby, but knew it wouldn’t help his case.

Kurt saw through Blaine’s reasoning for the guilt trip it was and took a deep breath before replying. “So I should give up my own scholarship and schooling to be there in case you are worried? I’m sorry, but I can’t do that. We’ll be fine and we’ll each achieve our dreams, just like we’ve always wanted to. No matter what you believe,” Kurt said, keeping his voice soft, “soulmates can exist for years without each other near as long as they are fully Claimed, as we are.”

“Kurt, do you understand that this is a family school? That it is seen as a rite of passage in the Anderson family?” Blaine asked, trying another tactic of reasoning.

“I do understand that. And it is a tradition, for you. New York is the beginning of my own tradition of following my dreams. You’ve known this from the very first day we met. Is this all because you don’t to be alone?” Kurt questioned. It was getting harder with each response to keep his temper in check. He tightened the reins on his emotions, so Blaine wouldn’t feel his growing irritation.

“It’s not about being alone,” Blaine insisted. “I need you near me. You love me so well and I practically require that love just to exist day to day.” Seeing the darkening expression on Kurt’s face, he changed tactics again, delving into the arguments his grandfather had suggested. “I know you want to study fashion. How would you like to create your own line, create your Kurt Hummel brand, right now? Without needing a degree.”

“You know I would love that. It would be a dream come true. You’ve seen my portfolio, I’m more than ready. It’s just not possible,” Kurt responded.

“I have seen your portfolio and you are tremendously talented, I’ve always thought so. Everyone who has seen your designs and your personal style knows you are a creative genius,” Blaine said, letting Kurt feel his emotions. He was completely sincere and meant every word he said.

Kurt blushed and looked down. “Thank you,” he said quietly, overwhelmed by the strength of
Blaine’s feelings.

Blaine leaned down and kissed Kurt sweetly. He knew it was time for another idea from Grandpa and put a finger under Kurt’s chin. “If you came with me to California, you could take all the time you wanted and put all of your energy into your line,” Blaine offered.

“What are you getting at?” Kurt had heard this line of reasoning before, it was nothing new. But he couldn’t help but glow a little at the thought of seeing his dream come to fruition.

Blaine sees the glimmer of interest and shared his news. “Grandpa said he will dip into my inheritance, which is apparently quite large,” Blaine said, slowly shutting down the majority of his emotions.

Kurt senses the change and covers his own in response. Sadly, he realized he felt like he couldn’t trust Blaine as much as he did just seconds earlier.

“When I told Grandpa that you didn’t want to come out and support me through medical school,” Blaine said, unable to feel bad about heaping more guilt on Kurt. “He offered to bankroll your line. He wants to make your dream come true and cover all the costs.”

Kurt looked at him, stunned. He forgot his anger at Blaine’s obvious guilt trip and let himself imagine himself producing his line. KH Fashions. Kurt Hummel Limited. Design by Kurt Hummel. He saw himself presenting his line to famous designers in L.A. and seeing his garments on Rodeo Drive.

Blaine sees and feels a hint of excitement from Kurt and jumps on it. “We would be able to afford an apartment with enough rooms for an office for me and a workroom for you. All the equipment you need, new sewing machines, dress forms, all of it. You could even open your own boutique,” he said. He hated having to resort to bribery, but the story the person wrote on the UCLA forum and Grandpa’s own history were just too enticing to ignore. He had to go for it and reach for his dream.

“You would have all day to shop and create, sight see, anything you wanted to do. You’d have time to take those cooking classes you talked about, you could grocery shop and put something together for dinner,” Blaine continued.

As Blaine carried on outlining all the things Kurt would have time for, he began to catch onto the not so subtle ways Blaine was describing Kurt’s ‘perfect’ life. In reality, however, he was describing Blaine’s opinion of the life of a perfect sub. Spending the day as he wanted but ready with dinner on the table and kneeling by the time his Dom got home.

Kurt had to call him on it. “Really Blaine? Do you think I don’t know what you’re doing?”

“What do you mean? I’m trying to give us the best possible life,” Blaine insisted. His emotions were sincere because it really was his view of their ideal life. His beautiful Kurt kneeling at the door, a delicious dinner on the table. The ultimate life would include his sub on the floor near his chair during dinner as Blaine picked out the choicest cuts of food to share with Kurt to nourish his body. Seeing and knowing his sweet sub was getting the best of what he needed would satisfy Blaine’s most basic needs. His grandfather had added even more to his vision by sharing how in the early days of his marriage, his grandmother would kneel on a special pillow near the couch as his grandfather would read at night. He eventually had her stop as she got older. Kurt would look lovely on a soft, supportive cushion that would cradle his body so he could be comfortable for hours. Kurt would find peace and contentment leaning against his legs as they shared about their days. Kurt would offer massages and maybe even blowjobs as Blaine studied hard at his desk. It would all pay off when he was Dr. Anderson and his magnificent sub would be Kurt Hummel, world famous
designer. He jerked out of his daydream when Kurt snapped his fingers in Blaine’s face.

“Hello? Blaine? Are you even listening? I’m not buying this. I’m not going to let you trick me and manipulate me with visions of fashion designs when all you really want is the ideal stay-at-home sub,” Kurt ranted. He’d seen Blaine’s expression and felt the dreamy emotions through their bond. Blaine had lost himself in visions of Kurt’s personal nightmare.

Blaine got irritated. “Is that really so bad? Do you have any idea how tough med school is going to be? I need you there, supporting me, and yes, taking care of my needs,” he said.

“What you need is a slave, Blaine. You don’t want Kurt, your soulmate. You want Kurt, the kneeling sub who is at your service at all hours,” Kurt bit out.

Blaine’s voice raised until he was nearly yelling. “Is that such a wrong thing to want? You were born for this! You are my submissive. You are my other half, the part that completes me by giving me what I lack. I need you, and yes, when you kneel, it fills a need in me to know you are giving me your all,” he said, glaring at Kurt, whose mouth was agape had his diva eyebrow raised.

“Born for this? Are you kidding me? What about the things that would complete me? It would complete me for you to give me what I want and need. That includes me receiving your strength, love and support while I’m in New York. I would set aside the daily love and comfort of your presence while I’m in New York, becoming more complete as I graduated from Parsons with a degree. I will get what my nature craves on weekends and during holidays when we are able to be together. Like I said before, we can Skype and call to get a quick fix. So, I’m sorry, Blaine, but it’s final. I am not going to California,” Kurt said firmly. There was no use in continuing an argument that would just continue circling around and around with no decision made.

Blaine’s blood was boiling and he opened his emotions wide so Kurt would know how furious he was. This was not the way things were supposed to go. It had worked for Grandpa, why did Kurt have to be so difficult? So against his nature? He felt like he was going to explode. This needed to end. Now. In his favor. His final tactic was the exact one he’d read on the forum. One simple order.

“You are not going to Parsons. You are not going to New York. You will go to California with me,” he fumed. “You will not fight me on this,” he ordered, before storming out of the room.

Kurt stood, frozen, his mouth open in shock. The Dom order to not fight was so strong, he felt like he couldn’t move. His tongue was paralyzed as he tried to argue. There was no more he could do.

He finally sat, dazed at how quickly everything had been turned around. Thought after thought raced through his mind, but it seemed even his mind was under the order. He rested his head on the back of the couch, his eyes closed. He heard the shower running and rubbed his temples as his head pounded. There was no choice but to go along with Blaine’s order. Suddenly he sat up, his mind racing. Going through every possibility, he could find no reason his idea wouldn’t work. Grinning, he got up to start making lunch like the good little sub he was. He wouldn’t fight Blaine about going to California. He just wouldn’t go at all.
For several days, things were tense around the dorm. When Kurt wasn’t studying for the upcoming finals, he was beginning the process of sorting their belongings to begin packing. He made sure to subtly separate his belongings from Blaine’s and was glad Blaine was too preoccupied to notice. His loving soulmate seemed to think that packing was a sub activity and would simply walk by as Kurt was sorting through books or records.

Three days into their silence, Blaine paused in front of Kurt who was making a list of supplies they would need for the move. Kurt twitched when Blaine lay a hand gently on his shoulder.

“Kurt, I know we are going through a rough time and that everything is going to be changing. I just want you to know that I am so proud of you for putting so much work into getting ready for the move. Please trust that, as hard as this is, I’m doing what I believe is best for you. For us. You know I’ve worked on being a better Dom. Less domineering, forgive the pun. But I can’t help the part of me that longs to praise you, especially during a difficult time like this. But, Kurt, you really are a good boy. My good boy,” Blaine said sincerely.

Kurt turned and simply stared at him. Blaine knew Kurt had been blocking his emotions lately, so he didn't know how he was feeling. As he stood there, truly praising his good boy, he felt the bond open. His eyes went wide as he felt the intense distaste and insult Kurt was experiencing.

“Kurt, please, it’s not meant to belittle you. It is a natural reaction from a Dom who is pleased,” Blaine insisted. How else was he supposed to tell him he was a good boy? He’d seen even more ‘progressive’ Dom’s praise their sub in this manner. Why was Kurt insulted?

“I am not a dog,” Kurt said coldly, his side of the bond closing again. “Do not call me that again. Please, sir.”

Blaine left the room before he could say something he regretted. Grabbing his hand wrapping, he slammed out of the dorm and went to the gym. He needed to get out this aggression before he began fighting with Kurt again.

He spent the next hour beating the shit out of the heavy bag before spotting his friend Jon while he lifted weights. He ended up sharing the basics of his problems with Kurt. Jon hadn’t met his sub yet, but had every intention of praising him as Blaine did and insisting that the Dom lead such large decisions like college.

After working out, they went back to Jon’s dorm and downed several shots of whiskey before sitting down and shooting the shit over a couple of beers. By the time Blaine left Jon’s a couple hours later, he felt much calmer, albeit a little tipsy. He was ready to face Kurt now and knew he could contain his temper. He passed the mailboxes and grabbed their mail on the way back to the dorm.
Kurt was sitting on the couch drawing in his design book and smiled tentatively at Blaine as he walked in. Blaine returned the smile and dropped the mail on the coffee table. “Mail call,” he said cheerfully as he walked to the kitchen to get some water.

Kurt sorted the letters out and saw one handwritten envelope that was addressed to him. He didn’t recognize the writing and opened it. There was another envelope inside with different writing. Opening that one, he gasped. Immediately, he went pale. Blaine saw his expression change and went into the living room, sitting across from Kurt.

“Kurt?” he asked.

Kurt held up a finger and Blaine settled back, somewhat unconcerned and drank his water. He realized he was a bit more buzzed from the alcohol than he realized. Maybe even a tad drunk. He grinned at his water bottle.

Kurt’s stomach was in knots and he had a feeling that he might throw up as he read the letter from him.

My Darling Angel,

I miss you so much. Your gorgeous eyes haunt my dreams. I need you to know that I am no longer angry at you for my arrest and subsequent jail sentence. In hindsight, I realize how scared you must have been with my over-the-top method of wooing you. I knew, though, that you wouldn’t be able to leave that monster without incurring his wrath. I can only pray that you weren’t severely punished for my actions and our time together. The last thing I would ever want to do is cause you harm.

Please forgive me for any repercussions you may have suffered. Take comfort in the fact that I will make certain you are never harmed again.

Kurt, my sweet Angel, the first time I saw you it felt as though light and color suddenly filled the world around me. Those eyes. Those unearthly, glorious eyes that are green and blue when you are smiling at me. Eyes that deepen into a slate blue when you are upset. And my personal favorite, the dark, rich, nearly turquoise blue they shine when you are aroused.

You were so sad when we met, so alone. You were in need and your Dom had abandoned you. I was saddened by the obvious weakness in your beautiful eyes. It was unbelievably cruel that your so-called Dom forced you away and left you vulnerable. To this day, I am still infuriated that your ‘Dom’ forced himself on you simply because he’d had too much to drink. Does he still drink, darling Angel? Are you still his victim? I worry daily for your safety.

All that time we spent talking was such a joy. I was able to open up to you more than anyone else in my life. You understood me. You understand me like no one I’ve ever met. You made me feel like I matter. Just like your dad told you.

The night when we Joined was the most beautiful, exquisite and sensual evening of my life. I know you felt it too. Spending the first half of our evening dancing was the perfect prelude to our special moment. The way my long arms wrapped around your tiny waist. Your arms wrapped around my neck, your body melting into mine with the throbbing beat. It seemed we gazed into each other’s eyes for hours, didn’t it? Do you remember how I dipped you? Our hips meeting and grinding against one another? I know you felt how hard I was for you. It felt like I was hard for hours.

When I leaned you against the dark back wall so we could join, you fit so natural in my arms. The way you offered your submission, was a gift I will never forget. I felt the way your body responded to
mine. I remember the feel of your tight ass as I slid the bracelet into your back pocket. It may sound crass but I have enjoyed myself many times to the memory of that deliciously firm backside. The dim lights of the club, the pumping bass, the heat of bodies pressing us ever closer. It was magic. The way your body melted into mine as our marks joined, the relaxed muscles in your body as they rested against my hard frame. I wanted to claim you, Angel. I wanted you as mine. You brought out instincts in me that I never knew existed. You needed me in that moment and I was blessed and privileged to fill that need. You should have seen the look on your face, pure bliss, a small smile playing on your shell pink lips. When you bared your neck to me, I ran my nose up your long throat and smelled your deliciousness. Vanilla. Cinnamon. Boy. I wanted to moan, to cry out in ecstasy, but I held back, determined to not interrupt the time your body needed to grow strong. To grow strong from MY strength. You belonged to me in that moment.

I knew, though, that you weren’t fully mine. Did you know that I wept silently as you pulled strength from me? I wanted you as my own so desperately that it caused my heart pain. I had to kiss you then. Just a soft kiss on that still turned neck. So soft. So warm. I saw a smile on your beautiful face when I pulled away. You liked how my lips felt against your bared flesh. I brought you strength and pleasure.

Do you remember the feeling of my lips on yours? When we were parked in your driveway and we kissed, it was so sweet, so passionate. My hands cupped your silky soft cheeks, holding you still to give you pleasure. I remember suckling and nipping at your bottom lip and the way you jumped a little and moaned. That sound went straight to my cock. And your tongue. Oh that glorious tongue, Angel. You tasted delicious, like ambrosia. Wrapping my hot tongue around yours, mimicking lovemaking, thrusting and sliding against one another. You were perfection. You are perfection.

After I dropped you off, I drove down to the next block and pulled over. I had to relieve the pressure you created in my hardened cock. I stroked my length to thoughts of you, my vanilla scented, blue eyed, sensual boy. I came so quickly, shouting your name. Kurt! My Angel, I cried out into the dark as I spilled into my hand. My thoughts of you were so intense I had to stop two more times on the long drive home to satisfy my longing for you.

Oh how exquisite it would be to make love to you. To wrap myself around your pale, soft body. To feel those mile long legs wrapped around my waist. Opening you up slowly, bringing you off quickly so I could bring you off again when I was deep inside you. Your beautiful voice would beg for me to take you, to ease the renewed ache inside you. I would thrust into you, bury myself deep into you. My cock is long and quite thick, so you would feel so very full, filled to the very brim with me. I would roll my hips as I thrust in and out of you. As your gasps turned into sighs, I would unwrap your legs from my waist and push them up over my shoulders, your natural flexibility adding to the extreme position. I would thrust even deeper than before, constantly brushing your prostate with my wide cock. Over and over I would ram into you until tears rolled down your face as your body could no longer contain your pleasure. I would demand that you come and instantly your cock would explode and white fluid would shoot out, covering us both with creamy stripes. Feeling you clench around me would bring me off and I would fill your ass so full of come that when I finally pulled out, my fluids would leak out of your gaping hole. I would run my finger through your come and suck it clean. You would taste divine, wouldn’t you, sweet Angel. Musky, sweet, and all boy. As I write this, I am stroking my cock, picturing your lovely body splayed out for my pleasure.

My cellmate thinks my soulmate’s name is Angel. Maybe it is. Are you my secret soulmate? If I could be there, would you be mine? You would, wouldn’t you?

I was so hurt when you didn’t contact me again. It was him, wasn’t it? I know you wouldn’t abandon me like that. Not willingly. That is why I had to take the steps I did to get you back. I had no choice.
When you were in my cabin and you were sleeping, you were so beautiful in your repose. I couldn’t help myself; I had to touch you. I did not violate you, my sweet Angel. I just ran my hands up and down your silky arms and your beautiful face. I was saddened to see you so afraid. If he hadn’t come and ordered you away from him, I know you would have made love with me. We might even be together to this very day.

My unearthly, exquisite Angel. I will come for you. I swear this on my very life. I will find you and take you away so you are safe. I will treasure you, I will worship you and I will make every hope and dream that you could ever think of come true. Wherever you want to live, wherever you want to go to college, I will take you there. I will pay any amount to make you happy. Everything will be yours. I will be yours. My body will be yours. And you, sweet Angel, will be mine. Forever.

I am all yours as you are my Angel,

Your Sebastian

Kurt sat there, his hands shaking so bad he could barely read the final sentences, the threats camouflaged as promises. He’d thought it was over. He thought Sebastian wasn’t allowed to contact him. He looked at the two envelopes and knew what had happened. He had gotten someone to mail the letter for him.

The shock is so strong, the letter slips from his hands and he stared off into the distance. He vaguely noticed Blaine picking up the letter and standing as he read it. Kurt’s guard was down and his bond was almost wide open. He was jerked from his shock when he felt cold fury race through his body and mind. The feelings were so intense, so strong, he lost the use of his body and slid off the couch, his head hitting the coffee table before collapsing on the floor. His hands lay out in front of him as if in supplication.

“Get your ass in the corner, arms behind your back and don’t you dare move a muscle. Do not make a sound. Do not speak. I can no longer look at you!” Blaine roared, the order like a shockwave hitting Kurt to his very soul.

Kurt’s body rushed to obey, crawling under the weight of the order and Blaine’s anger. Once he was at the corner, he stood, his back ramrod straight, hands behind his back. Every muscle in his body was tensed so tight, tears of pain ran down his face in a steady stream. His fear was so thick, he had to swallow several times so he didn’t vomit. Behind him he could hear Blaine storming back and forth, punching the walls as he walked by.

“He knows your aroused face? You exposed your neck to him? You practically fucked him on the dance floor, you faithless whore!” He screamed the last one in Kurt’s face, pulling his head back and slapping him so hard his neck jerked back.

A scream tried to escape but the order to stay silent was too strong. Kurt felt like he couldn’t breathe, but it didn’t keep him from smelling the strong odor of alcohol on Blaine’s breath. Oh dear god, he thought, he’s drunk and pissed. His fear knew no bounds. He was more afraid now than when Sebastian had kidnapped him.

“Oh how sweet, Kurt, you are his fucking little Angel! Don’t you love that! Don’t worry, Angel,” Blaine sneered. Kurt couldn’t wince at the nickname even though he wanted to. “He is going to rescue you from your evil, torturous and pathetic Dom. Are you happy? He’s got plans to fuck you, Angel. Are you excited? He offered to take you anywhere. You get to go to any college! How lucky for you! You don’t have to help make your Dom’s dream come true. You little bitch, you get your
Blaine kept shouting in Kurt’s face, spit flying on him with no way of cleaning his face. He felt like he was drowning, his mind deluged by rage and hurt. Inwardly he was screaming and sobbing. Outwardly, tears ran down his face, but no sound escaped him, his shoulders didn’t shake with the strength of his sobs. He tried to shut down the emotional bond, desperate for relief. His head hit the wall as Blaine shook him.

“Don’t try to hide from me! Feel my anger! Feel how worthless you are, little sub!” he shouted.

Over and over until Kurt could no longer pay attention, Blaine sneered and yelled out lines from the letters, shaking the papers in his face.

Blaine’s emotions were like a Dom order, firm and absolute with no way to escape. Kurt felt it all, the fury, hurt, jealousy, betrayal and the emotion that scared Kurt the most, the desire to hurt back.

Suddenly, Blaine threw the letter down and stomped toward the kitchen. Dread filled Kurt’s body as he heard the utensil drawer open. He heard rustling around and then a slam as the drawer closed.

“Come here,” Blaine demanded, his voice now calm and cold.

Kurt’s body obeyed, instantly walking to the side of the couch. A whimper escaped him when he saw Blaine holding the wooden spoon. Dad! He screamed for his father deep inside. He wanted to be rescued. How had no one heard the screaming?

“Maybe I can beat that prick out of you, huh? If I beat you hard enough, will you respect me then? Will you be loyal and obedient? Will I finally be enough for you? Let’s find out. Bend over,” he commanded, bending Kurt’s head to rest on the couch as his body was bent over the arm of the couch.

His mind screamed in fear as his pants were yanked down, exposing his bare ass. He knew he was in for more pain then he’d ever felt. Rage plus a drunk boxer was not good. Kurt began to fear for his safety, maybe even his life.

The first strike of the spoon across his ass was pure agony. His throat produced a shriek but his mouth wouldn’t open. Each whip of the spoon increased the pain ten-fold. When Blaine decided his ass was abused enough, he began beating his thighs.

Somewhere around thirty, Kurt broke. His body couldn’t take anymore. This time, his mouth cooperated and he began screaming loud and long, begging Blaine for mercy.

“You can’t even follow the simplest order, you worthless sub!” Blaine yelled over his screams.

He continued screaming, finally calling for help, praying that someone would hear. Finally, finally, he heard the sound of the door hitting the wall.

“Blaine, Jesus Christ, get away from him!” he heard a voice shout.

“Oh, god, Kurt!” another voice yelled.

The heat of Blaine’s body was suddenly removed from behind him and someone gently pulled his pants up, making him cry out in agony.

“Kurt, sweetie, I’m going to pick you up,” Jeff’s voice said in his ear. “It’s going to hurt, but I’ve got to get you out of here.”
Kurt couldn’t talk, sobs wracking his pain-filled body. His body was lifted effortlessly and he screeched as his skin was stretched in new directions. As he was carried away, his eyes opened to see Blaine being restrained by Wes and Nick, Nick yelling in his face.

They passed Layla in the hall, talking on the phone with who Kurt assumed was the cops. She reached over and opened Jeff’s dorm door and Jeff carried him through, kicking the door closed.

“Kurt, I need you to reach over and lock the door for me, okay?” Jeff said, his voice filled with anxiety.

It took all of Kurt’s energy to focus and reach over to turn the lock on the door handle.

“Good job,” he said. “I’m going to stand you up so I can pull out the sofa bed, okay?”

“’kay,” Kurt answered weakly.

Jeff lowered him slowly to the floor. When his feet touched down, he stumbled, his knees almost giving out. Jeff directed his hands to the back of the couch to hold him up. Kurt shivered violently being near the arm of the couch.

“Shit,” Jeff muttered. “Just hold on, sweetie. This will go quick. Luckily I keep a clean sheet on the mattress.” He was rambling, trying to hurry, still in shock over what he’d seen. Kurt’s backside and thighs had been so red they were shiny and already purpling.

“Okay, Kurt, we’re all set. Come over here and I’ll help you lay down. We’re going to try and get you on your stomach,” Jeff said.

It took some maneuvering and some screams from Kurt, but finally he was settled on the mattress on his stomach.

“Jeff,” Kurt whispered between sobs.

“Yeah?” Jeff said, leaning close, smoothing Kurt’s sweat soaked hair back from his red face.

“I’m done. I’m leaving. Please don’t make me go back,” Kurt pleaded weakly.

“No, you are definitely not going back, don’t worry. I’m gonna get you a pillow, hold on,” he said, his voice firm.

Jeff grabbed a pillow and by the time he came back, Kurt had passed out cold.
Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

WARNING: Discussion of abuse. DO NOT EVER give someone medicine that was not prescribed to them. All laws and rules are all created by my demented mind and don’t have to make any realistic sense. :) 
I DO NOT OWN GLEE OR ITS CHARACTERS

Kurt woke up slowly, his head aching fiercely, his thoughts muddled. A guttural moan escaped him as the pain in his body hit him like a train. His rear and thighs were throbbing and felt like they were on fire. His head and face were sore and felt swollen.

“Kurt? Sweetie, can you hear me?” a female voice asked.

“Mmm,” he whispered. “Yeah. It hurts.”

“I know it does. Can you open your eyes?”

Kurt recognized Layla’s soft tone and opened his swollen eyes, tears immediately burning as they began to pour down his face. A cool cloth drifted across his forehead, easing the terrible ache.

“Kurt, you have a bump on your forehead, can you remember what that is from?” Layla asked.

Kurt moaned and tried to clear his head. Like a flood, the events of the day, only a few hours really, though it felt like an eternity.

“I, uh, hit my head on the coffee table,” he murmured. “When Blaine first blew up and yelled at me, it was like a huge Dom order. It felt like this sonic blast and I literally couldn’t hold myself up. It was like I was forced to the floor.”

Jeff and Layla gaped at each other. They hadn’t even known that was possible.

“Okay, the only other injury I can see outside your clothes is a bruise on your cheek. Did you get slapped?” she asked.

He was going to nod, but the pain was too much so he hummed his assent.

“Alright. Jeff said your rear end looked pretty bad. Do you want to go to the hospital to get checked out? If you don’t want to go, I could take a look at it. I’ve had first aid training every summer for the last few years. I do think you need to be looked at in some capacity,” she told him, her eyes filled with sympathy.

Kurt’s eyes widened. “No hospital, please. You can look. Can Jeff stay?” he wanted his friend to stay with him. He loved his best friend and the addition of Jeff getting him away from Blaine made him want to latch on to the man to keep himself safe.

“Yes, of course I can, Kurt. I haven’t left your side since you got here,” Jeff reassured him. He was sitting on the arm of the couch and reached over to gently brush his fingers over Kurt’s cheek. “Here, now that you’re awake, hold this icepack to your head.”
Kurt took the icepack and first held it to his eyes. The burning was intense from all the tears he’d cried. It felt like he was blinking over sand paper. “Thanks,” he whispered. “Can we get this done, please?”

“Of course,” Layla said. “I’m going to need to pull your pants down. Think you can lift your hips a bit or do you need Jeff to help?”

“Maybe he could stand by in case I do need help?” Kurt asked, unsure of his body’s cooperation.

“Sure thing,” Jeff replied coming over to kneel next to him on the bed.

“Okay, Kurt, on the count of three you lift up and I’ll pull,” Layla said.

Kurt nodded and she counted it off and he braced his forearms on the bed and pulled his hips up, moaning loudly at the pulling, burning pain in his legs and rear. He felt his pants pull down and eased back down, sobs ripping from his chest.

“Oh god, it hurts,” he cried.

“I know it does,” Jeff said. “As soon as Layla gives the okay, I’m going to give you some anti-inflammatories and pain medicine from when Nick got his wisdom teeth pulled.”

Kurt nodded, the thought of relief giving him the strength to hold on a while longer.

“Holy shit,” Layla muttered. The sight of Kurt’s red and purple backside made her nauseous. It had been less than an hour and the bruising was already spreading up onto his back and down toward his knees.

“Fuck,” Jeff snapped. “What the fuck was he hitting you with? I didn’t see anything but his arm swinging.”

“A wooden spoon. You know the bamboo set I got from Tina,” Kurt told him. “Keep in mind that Blaine is a boxer and was drunk.”

“Yeah, I remember the set. And a boxer mixed with alcohol is a rather lethal mix,” Jeff said.

“No shit,” Layla said. “Okay, Kurt. You have extensive bruising on your rear and upper thighs. It’s already spreading out so you’ll be in pain from your mid back to the back of your knees. I can see welts where the spoon hit you, but I don’t see any breaks in the skin. I’m going to touch your rear, is that alright?”

“Go ahead,” Kurt said, grabbing Jeff’s hand and squeezing it for all he was worth. It was a point in Jeff’s favor that he didn’t even twitch at the pressure. Kurt screeched when Layla lightly traced her fingers over his ass.

“I’m sorry,” she said, lifting her hand after a few moments. “It doesn’t feel like there is any injury to the muscle or your tailbone. So it’s limited to the bruising and welts. You’re going to be swollen and in quite a bit of pain for a couple of weeks. Classes are going to be hell, but if you take some ibuprofen before you go, it should help at least a little. Maybe take a sweater with you and fold it up to sit on it,” she suggested.

“Oh, Kurt said, exhaustion taking over.

They worked together to pull Kurt’s pants back up. Layla wanted him to keep them down, but Kurt didn’t need a violation of his modesty on top of being beaten. Jeff brought in a couple bags of frozen
vegetables to lay on his butt and thighs before draping a light sheet over him.

“Do you want to talk about what happened?” Jeff asked softly.

“Um, can I call my dad? If we put it on speaker phone, I only have to tell it once. I need to talk to my dad,” Kurt said, his voice small.

“Of course, just tell me the number,” Jeff said. He dialed the phone and put it next to Kurt on the bed.

“Hello?” Burt’s voice came through.

“Daddy?” Kurt said, tears streaming even faster down his face.

“Kurt? Son, what’s wrong? Why are you crying?” Burt was suddenly alert and worried.

“Dad,” all Kurt could do was sob.

“Kurt, you’re scaring me. Are you okay? Are you hurt?” he demanded.

“Daddy, he hit me,” Kurt cried, his voice wobbly.

“Blaine hit you?” his voice was cold and hard.

“Uh huh,” Kurt said and began to cry even harder. He looked up at Jeff, desperate pleading in his eyes.

“Mr. Hummel, this is Kurt’s friend Jeff,” he said, leaning toward the phone.

“I remember you. What is wrong with my son?”

“Sir, Nick and I got home about an hour ago and heard screams coming from Kurt and Blaine’s dorm. We went in and Kurt was leaning over the end of the couch and Blaine was hitting him. Kurt told us he used a wooden spoon. Nick and Wes restrained Blaine and I carried Kurt to my room. He’s bruised pretty bad and in a lot of pain,” Jeff told him.

“FUCKING SON OF A BITCH!” Burt roared. “I’m on my way. Kurt, son, can you tell me what happened?”

They could hear doors slamming and an engine starting. The tone of the phone changed as Burt turned on his hands free device.

“Blaine and I had an argument. He went out, I’m not sure where. When he got back, he gave me the mail. I got a letter from someone, I didn’t know who. It turned out to be from Sebastian,” Kurt said.

More curses were thrown around from Jeff and Burt.

“The letter was really graphic and talked about how we joined and kissed. But it was really exaggerated and gross. He insulted Blaine and said he would do whatever it would take to get me away from him. Then he said he would pay for my college wherever I wanted to go. You know we are having issues with the California and New York situation. All of that mixed together pushed Blaine over the edge. He started yelling and it was like his Dominant side freaked out and spread through the room. It was like I was shoved to the floor. Then he ordered me to the corner and to shut up and not move. It was like I was paralyzed,” he said, his voice shaking with remembered agony. “I couldn’t cry, but tears kept falling. I kept feeling like I was going to puke. He came over at one point and slapped my face as he called me a whore. I smelled alcohol on his breath, probably whiskey.
After he was done yelling and screaming at me, he said maybe he could beat me into obeying him. He got the spoon and started hitting me. Daddy, I couldn’t scream. I tried to, I did, but I couldn’t ‘cause he told me to shut up,” he sobbed. “I think he got to around forty and for some reason I was finally able to scream. Not long after, Jeff and Nick and Wes came. Jeff carried me over here.” He let his head flop down, so fatigued he could hardly think anymore. He felt a nudge and looked to see Jeff holding a pill and a glass of water with a straw. He smiled at him and swallowed the pill.

Meanwhile, Layla took over. “Mr. Hummel, Kurt chose to not go to the hospital, so I took a look at him. I’ve had first aid training. He’s got welts and bruises up and down his backside and thighs. It’s pretty severe bruising, but it doesn’t seem to be really serious and I think he can heal fine on his own. He will be in a lot of pain for quite a while, but nothing permanent. He also has a bump on his forehead and a mild bruise on his cheek. Jeff just gave him some pain medication so we’re hoping he’ll be able to sleep a little while. By the time you get here, he should be a bit more rested,” she said.

“Thank you both for taking care of my boy. Jeff thank you for getting him out of there. Now, where is that short fucker?” Burt bit out.

“Um, I called the cops when it all happened. It sounds like they are over there now. I’m not sure what will happen,” she told him.

“They damn well better be taking his worthless ass to jail. I wish I could get my hands on him,” Burt responded.

They turned as a key turned in the door and Wes and Nick came in, looking at Kurt with concern.

“How is he?” Nick asked, coming over and hugging Jeff to him. His instincts were on alert from being around an infuriated Dom that could possibly threaten the safety of his soulmate.

“He’s in a shit load of pain,” Jeff said. “Mr. Hummel is on the phone right now.”

“Nick, what happened with the cops?” Burt asked.

“Mr. Hummel, they took Blaine with them. They didn’t put him in handcuffs. Sir, they took the letter with him. Do you understand what that means?” Nick asked, pity on his face as he looked at Kurt.

A rumble of shouted curses came through the phone causing them all to jerk away.

“What does it mean?” Kurt asked, trying to look up at Nick from his place on his stomach.

“Kurt, Blaine told them what was in the letter,” Wes said gently.

“Okay. So?” he asked, confused.

“The letter intimated that you had committed adultery with Sebastian,” he said.

“I didn’t though. At that time, we weren’t even Claimed yet,” Kurt insisted.

“Well, the cops didn’t see it that way. If they decide you did commit adultery then Blaine will be released,” Wes told him.

“What?” Jeff cried. “What the fuck for?”

“Oh god,” Layla said, putting her head in her hands.

“Tell me what’s going on!” Kurt cried, his hands shaking in fear.
“Ohio state law says that if a soulmate is adulterous, his or her Dom has the right to use corporal punishment as long as it doesn’t cause permanent physical or mental injury,” Wes said. “We all know that it’s detrimental to a Dom’s mind and soul to abuse a sub, so the law is never really recognized. It is repellant to abuse a sub in any way, so it’s unheard of for a Dom to react violently. Blaine reacting this way is shocking and horrifying, but unfortunately, as obsolete as the law is, he had the right to do it.”

“I don’t know who the fuck wrote these laws,” Nick fumed. “It’s beyond ridiculous. Everyone knows subs are not to be abused, it’s just fucking common sense because aside from the fact that we are made to love each other, the fucking Dom will get hurt. Blaine hurt Kurt, he’s going to be hurt himself, and he’s going to get away with it.”

Burt had gone quiet during Wes’s explanation, but spoke up when Nick finished. “Kurt, you okay?”

Kurt’s expression was one of shock, his mouth hanging open, horror in his eyes. “I… I… He’s going to get away with this? He hurt me beyond anything any bully has ever done to me. This man who is supposed to love me beyond all others beat me and he’s not even going to go to jail? What kind of world is this?” he asked, his voice pleading for someone to make sense of it for him.

“I’m so sorry, Kurt,” Wes said. “I have no idea who even created the law. Probably someone who hadn’t met their soulmate yet so they didn’t know what the bond was like. Unfortunately, we can’t dispute it or overturn it.”

“This is a nightmare,” Kurt whispered, closing his eyes. “I’m going to wake up and I’ll be pissed at Blaine for ordering me to not fight him on the California issue. Then I’ll ignore him for a while. But I’ll be fine. No more hurts,” he said, his voice slurring from the pain medication.

“Kurt, what do you mean about not fighting?” Burt came through on the phone.

“Oh, he gave me an order to not fight him on moving to California. But, Daddy, I’m ‘mart. I figgered out a way. I won’t fight with Fuzzy Head ‘bout it. I just won’t go!” Kurt mumbled. With that his head sagged and he began to snore lightly.

“Kurt fell asleep, Mr. Hummel. We have the apartment right next to Kurt and Blaine’s. Just knock on the door when you get here,” Nick said.

“Thanks kid. See ya soon,” he said and hung up.

The four friends looked at each other and down at Kurt.

“I can’t believe this happened,” Layla said, tears she’d been holding back running down her cheeks.

Wes gathered her in his arms, desperate with the need to surround her with himself. “Come on, darling, I’ll take you home.”

They waved to Jeff and Nick and left, closing the door quietly.

The two men hugged, content for the moment to simply be with each other, covered in their love.
Burt’s hands were shaking on the steering wheel. He clenched his jaw against the tears that threatened to overflow. He wanted to go on a rampage and kill Blaine with his bare hands. He wanted to sob with guilt and grief. He’d insisted that Kurt go along with Blaine, that Blaine was his soulmate and Dom and knew what was best for him. He realized in that moment that Kurt’s place was never meant to be dictated by a Dom. Blaine was an abject failure and had proven that many times now. Burt could have listened to Kurt more, to believe him more, to know what was best for him as his father better than that fucking monster. They could have figured out a way to keep Kurt healthy without having to depend on Blaine. It wasn’t unheard of nowadays for soulmates to not be with each other after they met. They would depend on friends or family to Join in order to stay strong. The medical world was working on more and more medicines that could lessen the need to Join. Why couldn’t he have gotten his head out of his ass earlier and saved Kurt from this agony?

Overwhelmed by his guilt and worry, he pulled off the highway and began to sob into his hands.

“Oh god, Lizzie, I failed our boy. I gave him to that monster. I pushed him to go and live with him! When he came to me after he’d feared being forced by that fucker, I encouraged him to make nice and go back home. Jesus, Lizzie, I sent him back! I gave him over to an abuser, someone who just wanted a slave who was seen but not heard. Now the bastard’s not even going to be punished, hell, they’re practically patting him on the back and telling him good job for putting his sub in his place! How am I going to help him, Lizzie? If only I could get him away,” he cried out. His grief took over, great sobs shaking the older man’s body. He could see Kurt in his mind, holding Lizzie’s hand at the zoo, singing into a toy microphone, using a scarf as a cape, growing four inches over summer vacation, getting his driver’s license. The day he sobbed as he realized he was a sub and would be under someone’s thumb for the rest of his life. And his father, who had pushed him at the man who was supposed to love and cherish his boy. His boy, who had told him he didn’t want to go. His boy, who he’d ignored. Now there was every chance he’d be stuck going back to him. Burt had to figure out a way around that. Then Kurt’s words echoed in his mind.

“Oh, he gave me an order to not fight him on moving to California. But, Daddy, I’m ‘mart. I figgered out a way. I won’t fight with Fuzzy Head ‘bout it. I just won’t go!”

No, Kurt wouldn’t be going to California. He’d be going to New York, where he deserved to go. And Burt would help him get there. He would make his son safe again. No matter what it took.
Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

HAVE MERCY!! I was up writing all night so this isn't edited. Hope you can enjoy it anyway!

Like before, laws, rules, legal stuff is all made up in my mind... it's a scary place, stay out!

. . . . . . .

Burt looked down at his son and couldn’t help the tear that escaped. Brushing his fingers against the soft cheeks that blushed just like his mother’s had, he silently promised that he would make things right.

Nick and Jeff led him to the dining table and handed him a can of soda.

“I can’t tell you boys what it means to me that you saved my son,” he said gruffly.

They gave him small smiles. “It wasn’t a choice. And he would’ve done the same for any of us,” Jeff said quietly.

Nick took his soul mate’s hand. “I’m still in shock. But Kurt can stay here as long as he’d like. I don’t know what is going to happen when Blaine comes back. I’m hoping once he sobers up, he’ll get his head out of his ass and let Kurt stay here till graduation. Who knows? With those damn Dom orders he’s so fond of giving out, I don’t know what to do.”

“I’ll just take him home with me,” Burt said, his voice firm.

“Sir, graduation is in two weeks. We have finals almost daily until then. Kurt can’t miss that. It would be impossible to send him back to McKinley. If Blaine told the Dean that Kurt lived outside Dalton jurisdiction, Kurt would have to change schools,” Jeff told him.

“We’ll watch over him, sir. We’ll make plans with Kurt to stay away from Blaine as much as possible and if he has to go back to living with him, we can create text codes in case he needs to get out of there,” Nick said, Jeff nodding his agreement.

“Fuck! I hate this shit. I hate that little bastard,” Burt fumed.

“We’re not real big fans either and we’ve been friends with him since elementary school. As much as he anticipated being with his soul mate, dreamed about and planned for it, I never once would have thought it possible for him to do this,” Jeff said, squeezing Nick’s hand.

“Well, I want to make it impossible for him to do this again,” Burt announced.

“What did you have in mind?” Nick asked.

“Kurt said he’d found a way around Blaine’s gag order on going to California. How he wouldn’t fight it just like Blaine said, he just wouldn’t go. It’s brilliant, if you think about it. Now we just have to figure out a way for him to get out of here before the planned move. Would you two be willing to
help or would that cross too many lines for you. Be honest now, I don’t want you to feel forced into helping,” Burt said, giving them a serious look.

Jeff looked at Nick and shared a glance that many long-term couples can share that speaks volumes.

Nick nodded and turned to Burt. “We’re in.”

Nick grabbed his laptop and Jeff grabbed a sheet of paper to jot down things they needed to do. Burt told them about the money he had given Kurt for college, the amount he could remember Kurt already having, and the income from the sale of the Navigator. Nick immediately said that Kurt needed to move his bank account. He’d looked up Ohio state sub laws and found that Blaine had the right to access Kurt’s account. He suggested moving the account to a national bank chain and found one that had its base in New York. That put the bank under New York jurisdiction which allowed subs the same privacy Doms would have. Nick said that all around, New York had equal laws for Doms and subs. It was one of the states that was pushing for nationwide changes in the archaic sub laws. Jeff said Kurt should change all passwords that he has; emails, laptop and tablet, even things like Facebook and Twitter. Nick took it one step further and have him save all his computer data to thumb drives and wipe the computer. He didn’t want Blaine to be able to track anything from it. Burt brought up strategies for finding an apartment and how to put a deposit on it without having to go to New York. Jeff busily wrote down idea after idea and solutions to different problems that could arise. After almost two hours they went over the list and decided that it just might work. Kurt could go to the college of his dreams and escape a monster at the same time.

. . . . . .

That evening, Kurt woke up and moved onto his side with his dads help. Jeff and Nick had left to go grab dinner for them all. Father and son spent time hugging, crying and apologizing to one another. Burt tried to allay Kurt’s fears of Blaine and they discussed the plans Nick had to keep him safe and it calmed his son down. Burt said he would come and spend the next couple weekends with Kurt so he wouldn’t have to spend more time than needed in the dorms. He then took Kurt through the basics of the ‘Great Escape’. Kurt’s eyes lit up and then filled with tears in gratitude to his father and friends. The idea of finally being free to be his own person and to not living in fear was overwhelming.

Nick and Jeff stormed into the room, surprising father and son.

“Blaine’s right behind us,” Nick said. “Jeff, help Kurt to the bedroom and lock the door. Now.”

Kurt looked at Burt whose face was contorted in fury. His father nodded at him and he and Jeff helped Kurt up. Walking slowly, Jeff got Kurt to the bedroom and Burt listened for the sound of the lock.

At the soft click, Burt and Nick walked into the hall, locking the dorm behind them. Just as Nick turned around, Blaine turned the corner.

Burt didn’t give Blaine a chance to even realize who he was before plowing his fist into the jaw of the smaller man.

“You touched my son! You motherfucking chicken-shit coward! How dare you take your insecurities out on an innocent and weaker man! Is the alcohol making you brave now? Come on, little troll-headed fucker, take me on! You want to beat someone? Try me on for size!” With that, Burt slammed his fist into Blaine’s gut.
Blaine gave a strangled gasp and fell to the floor, his face the picture of shock.

“Should I grab a spoon and flay your ass open? Is that how I can punish you for beating the shit out of my son? The son I trusted you with? I defended you, you bastard! I pushed Kurt to accept you and you promised me you would take care of him! You promised again after you threatened him sexually, which was also after drinking. Ever heard of Alcoholics Anonymous, Blaine?” he sneered, pushing the boy down as he tried to stand. Blaine tried to crabwalk backward and Burt stalked after him. “Ever heard of anger management? Maybe you should give it a try. You do realize, don’t you, that you were the one to push Kurt to the point of needing to go to that stalker? He was only home for so long because he was afraid you would order him to have sex with you! Now you want to take it out on him? You want to call him a whore? Come on, Blaine, tell me why you did this. Explain it to me. I’d like to see things from your point of view… oh but I can't seem to get my head that far up your ass!”

Burt went to kick Blaine and Nick pulled him back. “Burt, you don’t want to end up in jail. While the cops tend to look the other way when it comes to Doms who abuse,” he emphasized, glaring at Blaine who was struggling to stand. “But if they think he had the right, they may not be as lenient. Do it for Kurt.”

Burt backed away. “You’re right son. Kurt is worth putting aside my anger and rage,” he said, looking at Blaine like he was a cockroach. “Let’s go back to my son and help him care for his injuries.”

“I… Burt, I wouldn’t call the cops on you,” Blaine said quietly.

“Number one, it’s Mr. Hummel. Number two, am I supposed to be grateful? If it wouldn’t affect Kurt negatively I would kick your ass until you were a stain on the carpet and then I’d spit on you just like you spit on my son,” Burt sneered.

“I don’t expect gratitude or anything else from you,” Blaine said tiredly.

“Funny, I expected a whole lot from you. I expected you to love Kurt, to take care of him, to treat him good and put his needs above your own. Well, that obviously was a mistake on my part,” Burt said and turned back and headed toward the dorm.

“How is he?” Blaine asked as they neared Nick’s room.

Burt swung around. “Are you fucking kidding me? How is he? How do you think he is, oh great Dom! You smacked him and beat the shit out of him. How do you think he is?”

Nick shook his head, astounded by the guy he used to call his best friend. “Seriously Blaine. I walked in as you were beating him with that spoon. He was screaming in agony, his ass already black and blue. How do you think he is?”

Blaine’s skin took on a greenish sheen, a sob escaping him. “Oh god. I was drunk. I…I thought maybe it wasn’t as bad as I remembered.”

“I’m pretty sure it was worse,” Nick said. “He can barely move, Blaine.”

Blaine collapsed against the wall near Nick’s dorm, shoulders shaking as he sobbed. “I’m sorry. God, Kurt, I’m so sorry! I love you so much!”

“Don’t say that,” Burt demanded. “Don’t you dare say you love my boy. You acted against him in pure hate. You lost the right to say you love him.”
“Go to your room, Blaine. I don’t want you near my soul mate. I can’t trust you anymore,” Nick’s voice was quiet but firm.

Blaine looked at him, stunned. “I would never hurt Jeff.”

“Like you would never hurt Kurt?” Nick asked simply.

Blaine just stared at him for a moment. Then he put his head down and walked to his room. Nick and Burt watched Blaine until he disappeared behind his own door before going back inside Nick’s room.

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Kurt skipped one day of classes before spending the weekend with Burt, Nick and Jeff. The three men did their best to keep Kurt pain free and in a good mood. By Sunday night, Kurt was able to walk from one end of the dorm to the other without cringing.

After Burt left, Kurt got up and went to the door.

“Where are you going?” Nick asked.

“To my room,” Kurt said quietly.

“Um, no you’re not,” Jeff said, walking to him.

“Look, we have this… strategy in place. In order for it to go as smoothly as possible, things have to look like they’re getting back to normal. I have to go along with things to make it as easy on myself as I can. I’m going to sleep on the couch and just keep my mouth shut. I have my phone, we have our code words. I’ll be spending most of my time studying anyway. I can do that in the library once I can get that far. They have padded chairs. Besides,” Kurt said with a grim smile. “His grandfather was the one who picked him up and dropped him off. His grandpa has very old fashioned ideas. I don’t want him telling Blaine he needs to give more Dom orders. I’ll even call and check in with you guys every couple of hours,” Kurt offered.

“Every hour you text me. Add the word coffee in every text so I know it’s you,” Jeff said with a wink.

“Kurt, I don’t like this. Promise me you aren’t going back to him,” Nick said, coming close and staring into Kurt’s eyes.

Kurt looked back steadily. “The last thing I want to do is even be near him. Being in this dorm is too close to him in my book. But I want to leave this place. In order to do so in the easiest way possible, I need to make it look like I’m trying to make things better with my Dom. I don’t intend on even talking to him if I can get away with it. So I go to classes, study, take a pain killer and go to sleep,” he said with a resigned shrug. “He takes one step toward me in anger and I’ll take a fucking bus to New York.”

Nick stayed silent for a long moment. Finally he nodded. “Every hour and we call whenever we want. If you don’t answer, we’re coming after you.”

“Deal,” Kurt said.

Nick walked with him and Kurt put up his hand indicating he wanted to walk in alone. Nick nodded
and went back to his door before turning to watch.

Kurt took a deep breath and opened the door. Blaine was sitting on the couch and stood up in shock
when he saw Kurt at the door.

“Kurt,” was all he could say.

“I’m tired,” Kurt rasped, trying not to cry. He’d underestimated the amount of fear he’d feel. His
hands were shaking, his knees quivering.

“I’ll walk you to the room,” Blaine said, walking to him.

It took everything in Kurt’s power to not scream and run. Instead, he shook his head. “I’m okay. I’m
gonna change and then I’ll sleep on the couch.”

Blaine stood there, at a loss for words.

Kurt began hobbling toward the bedroom.

“Oh god, Kurt. You can barely walk,” Blaine whispered, staring at him in shock.

Kurt bit his lip until it bled so he didn’t turn and scream in Blaine’s face. He continued his slow walk
to the bedroom. He knew Blaine was following him, but he kept from showing his fear.

Throwing the overnight bag Jeff had packed him on the bed, he ambled into the closet and pulled out
a pair of loose pajama pants and a tank top. He’d planned on changing in the bathroom, but he
decided that Blaine didn’t feel bad enough yet. With a grim expression, he took his clothes and laid
them on the bed.

He knew Blaine was standing in the doorway watching as he gingerly pulled his t-shirt off. He knew
his bruises extended above his pant line and heard Blaine’s gasp when he finally got the shirt off.

“Jesus Christ,” Blaine gasped.

Without pausing, Kurt pushed his pants down, hissing as the waistband brushed his ass. Kurt knew
what Blaine was seeing, his lower back down to mid-thigh was one giant bruise. Across his rear and
his upper-thighs, the bruises were deep, angry purple.

He heard a loud thud and turned to see Blaine on his knees, sobs shaking his body. Blaine looked up
at him, horror twisting his features. Suddenly, he lurched up and ran toward the bathroom. Kurt
heard Blaine vomiting and choking. Calmly, he grabbed his clean pants and very slowly eased his
way into them. By the time he got them pulled up, he was sweating and whining in pain. The toilet
flushed and the faucet ran before Blaine slowly walked into the bedroom. Kurt was wrestling his
shirt on, his whole body now shaking from the exertion.

“Can I help you?” Blaine asked quietly.

Kurt was going to say no, but figured he might as well ask since he really did need help. “I, uh, I
need to take a painkiller. Would you please get me a glass of water?”

“Of course,” Blaine said eagerly and ran to the kitchen. He was back just as Kurt was able to finish
pulling his top on.

“Thank you,” Kurt said, avoiding his eyes. He dug out the bottle of painkillers and shook one out
before taking the glass from Blaine.
“What are those?” Blaine asked.

Kurt swallowed the pill before answering. “Percocet.”

“That’s really strong,” he stated.

“Yeah,” Kurt said. He turned to begin the walk back to the living room.

“Would you rather sleep in the bed?” Blaine asked, staying close to him.

Kurt’s stomach rolled. Should he tell the truth or lie? He didn’t know how Blaine was feeling. He had his emotions on such a tight lockdown, there was no way he’d be able to tell if he was angry or not. He decided to lie.

“I, uh, can’t risk bumping into you. It’ll hurt too much,” he whispered the last bit so he didn’t sound accusatory.

“Oh, right. I can take the couch. I want you to have all the room you need,” he assured him.

Kurt looked at him directly for the first time. He saw the fatigue and guilt written on his face. If he were weaker, he might have crumbled and run to him for love and a warm, strong hug. Instead, he just couldn’t care less. “Are you sure?”

“Of course. I hurt you enough as it is,” he said honestly.

“I appreciate it,” Kurt responded. He moved to his side of the bed and set the painkillers and water on the side table. He drew the covers back and gave a light moan as the angle pulled at his muscles.

“Can I help you get in bed?” Blaine moved closer.

“That’s okay. I devised a method of getting down with as little pulling as possible,” Kurt assured him. He put his leg on the bed, thankful they had a low bed, and lowered his body down into a pushup position before easing down onto his front. He groaned at the pain the movements caused, but was glad he was down and didn’t have to move until classes in the morning.

“Would you like me to pull up the blanket for you?” Blaine offered.

“No thank you, the weight of it will hurt,” Kurt said honestly. The painkiller was obviously kicking in. The pills tended to loosen his tongue. “It hur’s too mush as it is.”

“Kurt?”

“S’okay, painkillers makes me talks funny,” Kurt mumbled, looking toward Blaine. He could feel the blessed cloud descend on his body, finally beginning to ease his pain.

Blaine knelt next to the bed. “Kurt, baby, please forgive me.”

As muzzy as he felt, he knew what was right and wrong and there was nothing right about accepting his forgiveness. There would be no forgiving or forgetting. Ever. Instead, he just stared, blinking slowly at him.

Blaine’s golden eyes were dimmed to a light, dirty brown. “I can’t believe what I did to you,” he began, his voice low. “I barely remember it.”

It took all Kurt had to not scoff and tell him how fucking lucky he was because Kurt could remember all too well and his dreams reminded him in living color every night.
“I read that letter again, you know, the next morning. God, I was so fucked up. The letter was obviously another attempt to hurt you, to stalk you, to threaten you. Jesus, Kurt. I’m so fucking sorry. I called you so many horrible names, the orders, that goddamn spoon,” Blaine sobbed. “There will never be a day I don’t regret…”

As he fell asleep, Blaine’s words of regret played like white noise in the background of Kurt’s exhaustion.

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Time began to pass steadily for Kurt. Keeping his mind busy helped him forget his pain and Blaine. The first week after the assault was a myriad of pain, classes, pain, studying, pain, bedtime. Finals started at the end of that week and from there, Kurt was able to keep himself distracted enough to ignore the pain that was slowly starting to ease.

Blaine had managed to salvage his friendship with Wes, though Kurt didn’t know what had been said to make it okay. Wes seemed satisfied that Blaine was sufficiently sorry. Kurt wasn’t angry at him. He tried to think of it as one of his friends and though he couldn’t say he’d forgive that easily, he couldn’t blame him. Nick remained polite, but made no move to renew their friendship. The rest of their friends didn’t know enough about the situation and Kurt didn’t talk about it. Not to save Blaine, but to keep himself safe from people who might think he was guilty of adultery as Blaine had.

Jeff and he began looking for apartments during study sessions. They would help each other with that day’s subject and then go online to find available apartments. He had agreed with his dad and friends that he shouldn’t live in the city, not only because he would be easy to find, but because it was damn expensive.

Finally, early the last week of school, Jeff found a loft apartment in a Bushwick, a borough of Brooklyn. It was a half hour away from Parsons. The building was old and brick, there were two stories and the loft was took up the entire second floor. It was an unheard of one thousand square feet and the cost of rent was more than affordable. Kurt would have to get a part time job, but he would have a cushion of a couple of months to look for one that would fit his schedule. The date on the ad was several months old and when Kurt called, Cody, the landlord, said he’d had a hard time renting it because it needed some cosmetic work done. Kurt asked what that work was and after writing it down and thinking, he knew he’d be able to do it. Once he was settled in, his dad could probably come and give him a hand. They had to wait until he’d been gone a while. Nick found out that Ohio state law claimed that aiding a ‘runaway’ sub could come with a heavy fine. So, all of his friends and family would have to play dumb for a month or so. Knowing the landlord wanted to finally rent it out, Kurt negotiated a lower rent in exchange for the work that needed to be done. Cody, a man Kurt judged to be in his twenties or early thirties, laughed and eventually agreed. With the lowered rent, Kurt would have even more money available for a nest egg.

Kurt had a small list of errands to run that couldn’t include Blaine finding out, so he went out while Blaine was in a late final. His stomach was in knots the entire time, but he didn’t have a choice. It still hurt to be in a car, but it was worth it. He went to the public library at a time he agreed on with Cody and received the rental agreement, filled it out, signed it and faxed it back. That took nearly an hour so Kurt had to hurry to a store that could send a money-gram to Cody with the deposit amount. Once he received that confirmation, he set off once again. This time, he quickly closed out his bank account and drove a half hour to start an account at a national bank that Nick had found for him. Finally, he was done and he hurried back to the dorm where he took a painkiller and almost instantly fell asleep.
When he woke up, he realized Blaine would be home soon. Though he knew there was no reason to, he felt guilty for all the running around he’d done that day. Blaine had showed concern about him driving and had requested he ask one of their friends or himself to drive him. To make it up to himself and to ‘show’ Blaine he was still cooperative about California, he went into the kitchen and began sorting through dishes and knickknacks. Blaine didn’t plan to move to California for another month, but he’d wanted to ship stuff out early after they’d secured an apartment.

When Blaine walked in, Kurt appeared like he’d been busy for several hours. They hadn’t been talking much, though Blaine kept trying to get him to talk. Kurt stayed distant but polite. Blaine walked into the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of water.

“My dad found a buyer for the Navigator. He’s looking for a small SUV like we talked about. He’ll let us know when it happens,” Kurt said quietly as he rolled a vase in newspaper.

He knew from talks with his dad that only boxes would be going with him, no furniture. That was fine with him. Especially now that he knew he’d have money to buy things on his own. It made the move even more exciting.

“That sounds great. Tell him I said thanks,” Blaine said, a little too enthusiastic still at having a chance to talk with him.

“I will,” Kurt replied.

“Thank you for packing, baby,” he said quietly.

“You’re welcome.”

“I know you hate it, and I don’t want you to feel insulted, but I really am so proud of you. My heart wants to scream out that you are my perfect boy, my beautiful, perfect good boy,” Blaine said passionately. “I love you so much and even after everything I’ve done to you and put you through, you are still working so hard on this move and on your studies. I’m just so proud of you.”

“Thank you,” Kurt whispered. He wanted to turn and smack him. Shake him and scream at him that he’s not a dog. He’s told him so many times how demeaning and belittling that is, but he continues on with it. Kurt knows he can’t say anything, though. He has to stay as ‘good’ as he could for just a while longer.

“Kurt, please. I can’t feel you anymore. Can you please let me see how you are feeling? I miss our bond,” Blaine said, his voice breaking.

Kurt had known this would come around at some point. He’d had his side of the bond locked tight for almost two weeks. There was only so long he could go before Blaine would want to ‘snoop’. Through yoga, he’d learned how to project emotions and hide others. It wasn’t easy, he hadn’t done it in a while and he wouldn’t be able to fool Blaine for long, but he could try. He had to hide the disgust and fury he still felt toward Blaine. He’d worried about Blaine feeling excitement for the move, but he figured that could work in his favor.

He turned to look at Blaine so he could measure his reaction and slowly opened his side of the bond. He pushed through fatigue, pain, and excitement as well as a good dose of fear. He had no intention of hiding the fear. Blaine deserved to feel that.

Immediately he felt Blaine’s emotions were full of pride, regret, love, heartbreak and loneliness. And that damn feeling that screamed ‘good boy’ across the bond.

“Oh, baby,” Blaine whispered, bringing his hand up to brush against Kurt’s cheek. The bruise there
and on his forehead were gone finally. It’d been hard to cover them up each day. “I wish you weren’t still afraid of me.”

Kurt wanted to smirk, but he kept his eyes wide as he pushed a tad bit more fear through in response. “I’m sorry,” he murmured.

“No, god, Kurt, don’t be sorry. I just, damn it, I deserve it, and I know that. I know it will take time to make things right between us, but I promise I will,” he said with determination. “I know moving will help us both. I’m looking forward to it.”

Kurt eased his emotions closed again to hide his gleeful sarcasm. “I know it’ll help. I can’t wait.”
Chapter 33

Like the last chapter, this is not edited! Read at your own risk!

The only warning is of someone being weak and stupid... haven’t we all been there?

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The day before graduation, Kurt’s phone rang as he was figuring out what else he needed to pack for himself. It was a challenge to pack up more of his stuff than Blaine’s since he would still be there a couple weeks after Kurt. When Blaine had mentioned the number of Kurt’s boxes compared to his own, Kurt had given him a lopsided smile and said it was all clothes. Blaine had grinned, excited at getting a smile from him, and mentioned shopping after they moved.

Kurt picked up his phone and saw it was coming from Blaine’s grandparents’ house.

“Hello?”

“Hello Kurt Elizabeth, it’s your Grandma,” her warm voice said.

He’d been nervous about the grandparent issue, but Blaine had assured him there was no anger or negative emotions and that they looked forward to seeing him at graduation.

“Hi Grandma, how are you? It’s good to hear your voice,” he said. That was no lie. He’d always felt closer to Blaine’s grandma. He didn’t know if it was a sub thing or that he didn’t have a grandma that he was in contact with.

“I’m well. It’s good to hear from you, as well. Honey, Grandpa isn’t home. Is Blaine Devon?” she asked.

Kurt frowned. “No, he’s not. Why?”

“Good,” she said, surprising him. “Kurt, sweetie, I had to call you and tell you how sorry I am for what Blaine did to you. I was shocked and horrified to know my grandson was capable of such violence. He called me after he saw you and described your injuries,” she said, her voice cracking. “Sweet boy, I am so damn sorry.”

Kurt had never heard Grandma swear and to hear the tears in her voice made his own eyes well up.

“You don’t have to be sorry,” he said quietly.

“I know I don’t, but it doesn’t change the fact that I am. I wanted to come see you and take care of you, but Grandpa wanted you and Blaine to have time alone to work on things. Are you healing sweetheart?” she asked.

In what way? “I am Grandma. The, um, bruises are still there, but are lighter and much less painful. I can sit for long stretches now and I don’t have to sleep on my stomach anymore,” he said. He didn’t know if she wanted graphic details, but he felt like he didn’t need to hold back.

For a moment he didn’t hear anything. Then he heard a sniffle and small gasp.

“Grandma, I’m sorry! Please don’t cry,” Kurt pleaded. There was nothing worse than a truly sad
woman. Especially one as sweet as Grandma.

“Oh, Kurt Elizabeth, don’t apologize,” she said, her voice shaky. “I’ve cried several times over what happened to you. And for what Blaine Devon did. I was so ashamed of him, I still am. Though I think he really is trying. Did he tell you his grandfather demanded he stop drinking or he was going to cut off his inheritance?”

Kurt was shocked. “No, he didn’t mention that. Of course, we haven’t been having long conversations. I would think he’d have told me that, though,” he mused.

“I would’ve thought so as well. Grandpa supported Blaine Devon through all this, having read that letter and seeing Blaine when he was at his most angry. But, please know, that when it was just he and I in the dark of our bedroom at night, he was horrified. He felt so bad for you. He is an old-fashioned man, he really does buy into the whole stay-at-home sub idea and even punishment, but he does not believe in abuse. And that is what Blaine Devon did to you. He will probably never tell you this, but he is very sorry and wishes that Blaine hadn’t done what he did. That is part of the reason behind the inheritance threat. In fact, he is so sorry that he intends to make it up to you in a way Blaine Devon can’t,” she said mysteriously. “You’re going to freak out, as you call it.”

“Grandma, you can’t just leave it at that,” Kurt giggling at her mischievousness.

“I can and I will,” she teased. “However, I will tell you it has doubled.”

“Doubled,” Kurt repeated.

“That’s right! We’ll see you tomorrow, Kurt Elizabeth,” she said, a smile obvious in her voice.

“Grandma!”

“Ta-ta Kurt Elizabeth,” she said and hung up.

Kurt laughed and shook his head. He did love that woman.

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and shook his head at her. Grandpa shook his hand and handed him an envelope before pulling him into a hug.

“For your future,” was all he said.

“Thank you,” Kurt said.

He didn’t get another chance to think about it as he got shuffled along to the next set of open arms.

Burt and Mercedes had planned a graduation party for Kurt and he’d asked Blaine if he could go to that while Blaine got together with his own family. He knew Blaine would agree as he did to most everything since the assault. He did agree and before he knew it, he was in his Navigator, headed to Lima.

Kurt ended up having a wonderful time, the most free he’d felt in months, and he was sad when it was time to head back. His dad gave him a thick envelope when he left, saying it had to do with the ‘Great Escape’. Kurt grinned and gave his dad a long, tight hug.

“I don’t know if I’ll see you again before you leave, bud,” Burt said gruffly.

Kurt’s deepened, eyes wide. “But, Dad.”

Burt shook his head. “It’s better this way. People need to see me here so when the Anderson’s ask around, and you know they will, there will be folks to vouch for me.”

Tears welled up and overflowed onto Kurt’s cheeks. “Daddy,” he whispered. The man before him was the one person in the world who loved him without limits, without expectations, without fail. He’d guided him lovingly from childhood to adulthood, from grief to healing, from love to abuse, and finally to freedom.

Burt drew him in for another hug and coughed against his head. “Son, I am so damn proud of you. You have become the strongest, most loving man I could ever have the pleasure to be around. I know that you are going to take this world by storm. You have survived so many things that could tear a normal person to shreds. Yet here you are, stronger than ever and leaving the only place you’ve ever known. Who else could do that, but you, son?” Burt leaned back and cupped Kurt’s chin until their eyes met. “You are my hero.”

Kurt gave into his tears and sobbed into his father’s warm, comforting chest. Nowhere else felt more like home and love than against this man. “You are my hero, Dad. I couldn’t be the person I am without the foundation you gave me and the lessons you taught me. No one pushes the Hummel’s around, right?”

Burt kissed his forehead. “That’s right. Now go teach that lesson to the New Yorkers, got it?”

Kurt grinned through his tears. “Got it.”

After more hugs and tears, Kurt finally got into the Navigator and began the drive home. Curious about the envelope his dad gave him and then remembering the one Grandpa had given him, Kurt pulled off at the Lima Bean and went in to grab a coffee. Returning to his car, he dug out the envelopes. First, he opened the handful that he’d gotten from various friends that he’d stuck in his blazer pocket. Grinning, he found several checks for a hundred dollars here and there, a couple gift certificates for buying college supplies, and one certificate for a massage. Kurt decided he would call for that the next day. It sounded heavenly.

He pulled out the envelope from Grandpa and stared at it for a moment. Grandma said ‘double’,
Grandpa said ‘for your future’. His jaw dropped as he remembered what Blaine had said during ‘The Talk’. Grandpa had offered to fund his fashion line. Grandpa still thought Kurt was moving to California. Did Grandma mean he’d doubled the amount? Quickly but carefully, he opened the envelope. A note fell out that said “Design something for old men” with Grandpa’s signature. And there it was, the check to fund his future. Kurt didn’t bother to hold back his scream of shock and yes, glee. Held in his now sweaty palm was a check for $50,000.

“Holy. Fucking. Shit,” he breathed. He remembered Blaine saying that with Grandpa’s money, they could get an apartment and maybe invest in a boutique. He hadn’t bothered thinking about what the amount would be. He’d been too upset over the bribery. “Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god. OH MY GOD!!!” he shrieked. “Fifty thousand dollars!” he screamed, pounding his feet on the floor. Suddenly he realized he was holding a check for fifty thousand dollars. Quickly and carefully, he folded it and put it in his wallet. He would make a stop at the bank on the way back to the dorm. He let his mind roam for a moment on what this money meant. He could fix up his apartment, furnish it, decorate it, pay for his books, hold off on a job – though he thought he’d probably still do that to make it stretch further. He would have no money worries for quite a long time.

Remembering the other envelope, this one from his dad, he opened it. Inside he found a printed page with information regarding a mini-van that was being rented in the name of his dad’s co-worker. It wasn’t a moving van so he’d be less conspicuous. The door had a code to unlock it, which was included, so the keys could be locked inside. It would be out on the street by the dorm the next day. In the glove box of the van would be a pre-paid cell phone he could use to call him. The number of his dad’s pre-paid was already programmed in to it. He said to keep using it even after he gets himself a regular cell phone so it wasn’t traced. Finally, it said to leave the spare key for the Navigator under the seat the day he left. By leaving it there, not only would Blaine be thrown off that the Nav was still there, but Burt would be off the hook regarding any suspicion surrounding it. There was another print-out, this one had the Ohio and New York sub laws so he could familiarize himself with them. One last piece of paper was a folded, hand-written letter that was titled ‘Dear Kurt’.

_Dear Kurt,_

_Every parent makes mistakes in the lives of their child. Most, like me, tend to beat themselves up over every little thing. I started beating myself up when I teased you about your sensible heels when you were three. My biggest regret to date is insisting that you go with Blaine. Yes, I absolutely thought it was the right thing at the time. And, yes, there were good times and love between you._

_The point is that you never needed a Dom. You are Kurt Hummel. You’ve been a solid individual, completely self-reliant practically since you were born. You’ve never needed anyone. You would have been just fine on your own, staying here in Lima with your friends and your dad, finding strength among those who love you. I admit to my errors in your life with the greatest regret._

_Now, I can assist you in finding a new life where you can be yourself. A wonderful man who owns himself and his life and doesn’t need anyone unless he wants to. Go be Kurt Hummel with pride, son. Back straight and head up. Remember, no one pushes the Hummel’s around. We’ve said that since you were a tiny thing and we’ll say it until we’re old and gray._

_If the last thing I can do before you go is offer you financial help, then I consider it a blessing to do so. Find enclosed the check for the Navigator as well as a check made out to Kurt Elizabeth Hummel, the winner of the very first Hummel Tires and Lube Scholarship Fund. It is my honor to give this to you in the hopes that you find the security you so richly deserve._

_I will think of you every day and send thoughts of happiness out to the universe in the hopes that it will reach you._
I love you, my son.

Dad

Kurt was sobbing by the end of the letter, so overcome with love for his father that he couldn’t breathe. There were no words to describe how much he would miss the man he loved more than any other individual on the planet. He was an amazing man and father and was selfless in his love for Kurt.

After allowing himself time to love and grieve, he wiped his face and stuffed all the papers back in the envelope. He didn’t care how much the check was for. The love in that letter was all he needed. He could look at it before he went in the bank.

The drive back to the bank was long and he found himself reminiscing about his childhood and his friends. He would miss them all even though they’d lost touch throughout the year and could only hope he found such good friends in New York. From that train of thought, he went straight into what living in New York would be like. After he settled into his new home, he planned on taking a day to play tourist. To visit everything he could think of from Central Park to the Statue of Liberty to Broadway and everything in between. He also wanted to make the trip from his apartment to Parsons several times to make sure he had an accurate time frame to get to school with time to spare.

Finally, he reached the bank and got out a deposit slip to bring in with him. He shook his head as he listed all the checks from fifty dollars to fifty thousand. He dug out the two checks from his dad, one for thirteen thousand for the Nav and one from Hummel Tires and Lube for … ten thousand dollars. He bit his lip so he didn’t burst into tears again. His dad. How could he afford this? He knew better than to call him on it because he would only get a harrumph and be told not to worry about it.

He gawked at the deposit slip as he added up the amount. $73,400. Holy. Shit. He’d never seen a number that high for any bank account let alone his. With that deposit, his college fund, and his meager earnings, he knew he wouldn’t be worrying about money any time soon. When he walked back out of the bank, he was the proud and ecstatic owner of a bank account with a balance of $82,664.23. It was a damn good day to be Kurt Hummel.

When he got back to the dorm, he stuck all the paperwork and bankbook in the glove box of the Nav. He’d given it some thought on the drive back and he decided there was no reason to delay things. He would leave tomorrow when he got the text from his dad letting him know the van was there and ready. There needed to be a window of time for Blaine to be gone so he could load his boxes. He would ask Nick if he could help.

Since Blaine was still gone, Kurt quickly finished packing. He’d been moving Blaine’s remaining clothes around to mask the fact that his clothes were packed. Now, he finished up, leaving things hidden in closets and memorizing where each of his boxes were for easy loading. Grimacing, he realized how achy he was going to be by the time he finally left. He had some painkillers left so he’d treat himself to after he got settled into his apartment. He had a blow up mattress already packed so he’d have something to sleep on. Hopefully, he’d be up to doing some shopping after his first night there. Really, though, he didn’t care. He’d be in New York in his very own loft apartment.

What the hell else could Kurt Hummel ask for?

Kurt did a quick sweep of the drawers and cabinets in the dorm. He even went through Blaine’s dresser and his night table. That is when he thought he was going to have a heart attack. There in his drawer was a catalog folded open with circles around different items. Each item was a collar. Submissive collar. A collar Blaine wanted to put on him. The catalog was from a jeweler in Dayton.
He wanted to put a collar on Kurt and soon apparently. Nausea rose up in his stomach and he quickly shut the drawer and left the room. Collars were seen as status symbols to some, to others it represented inferiority between Doms and subs. He thought it represented slavery and would have no part of it.

When his search of the dorm was done, he grabbed a backpack and loaded it with snacks and water bottles for the trip. He threw in his painkillers and some ibuprofen. He shrugged and added a pillow that he could sit on if his rear got sore. He took it out to the Navigator, stuck his bank book and the envelope from his dad into the backpack and put it in the back seat.

By the time Blaine was home, he was calmed down and watching a rerun of Grey’s Anatomy on TV.

“Did you eat dinner, baby?” Blaine asked after changing into pajamas.

“I ate at Dad’s,” he responded, leaving his eyes glued to the TV.

“Do you want some pizza if I call it in?” Blaine always looked so hopeful when asking Kurt questions. It really was cute, like a little puppy hungry for snuggles. Unfortunately this puppy had wolfs teeth so he couldn’t trust him.

“That sounds good, if you don’t mind,” Kurt replied.

“I don’t mind at all. My family served cucumber sandwiches and the rich version of wieners in a blanket. Blech,” Blaine said with a big smile that said more that he was happy that Kurt said yes, then eating wieners.

When Kurt was wrapped up in bed that night, ready to drift off to dreams of New York, he heard Blaine come in. He’d never complained once about sleeping on the couch, so Kurt was leery about why he was coming in now.

“Baby?” he said quietly.

“Yeah?” Kurt hoped he would go away so he could have a peaceful nights rest before his big day.

“I’d like to sleep in here tonight. Are you still sore? I noticed you aren’t sleeping on your stomach anymore,” Blaine said.

And he wasn’t. He really had no good reason for Blaine to stay on the couch other than that he really didn’t want him there. Don’t make waves on your last night, he told himself.

“I’m okay. You can stay if you want,” Kurt answered.

“Thanks, baby. I’ve missed being in here with you,” he said, crawling in on his side. “Can you turn over for a minute so I can talk to you? I know you’re tired, it won’t take long.”

Kurt rolled his eyes. One more night. Just one more night. “Sure,” he said and turned over gently.

“Do you think you’ll ever be able to forgive me?” Blaine asked softly.

“I’m sure I will,” Kurt said honestly. He may forgive him one day but he would never forget or put himself in a position to repeat what happened.

“Good,” Blaine said, obviously relieved. “I will never stop trying to make this right. I promised you I would make you happy. I told you how much I’d wanted to find my soul mate, how I’d planned my
whole life around being a good Dom. I never thought I would fail so spectacularly. Please tell me that you know I never stopped loving you,” he pleaded.

Kurt stared at him in the dark, in shock. “Blaine, you hated me that night,” there was no way he was going to keep silent on this.

“Kurt, no! I never stopped loving you,” he insisted.

“You called me a faithless whore, a bitch,” Kurt stated, watching Blaine cringe with each word. “A worthless sub. You wanted to beat that prick out of me. You said maybe if you beat me hard enough I would be more respectful and obedient. That doesn’t sound like love.”

Blaine’s chest shuddered as he breathed. “Jesus Christ,” he whispered and then gave into his tears. Harsh sobs ripped out of him.

Kurt felt for him, but he couldn’t bring himself to offer comfort.

Blaine leaned into him until his head was on Kurt’s chest. Kurt wanted to push him away, but figured he could offer this last bit of comfort. Well, he wouldn’t move away anyways.

After several minutes, his sobs turned to whimpers and finally to soft gasps before going silent. Kurt thought he’d fallen asleep and was about to turn over.

“Kurt? I know I have no right to ask anything of you, but can… can I kiss you? I miss you so much and I have been longing for just a tiny shred of affection,” he asked quietly.

Kurt swallowed. Did he have it in him? Did he want to? Part of him did miss the physical intimacy, he’d even masturbated in the shower a few times. Fuck.

“Alright,” he whispered.

Blaine whimpered as he raised his head. He ran his hand along Kurt’s cheek until his thumb rubbed across his bottom lip. “I love you so much,” he murmured.

The feel of Blaine’s lips on his was familiar yet alien. It felt like home but it also felt like kissing a stranger. It was confusing. His lips were warm as they slotted together and moved softly against his. Kurt’s mind began to spin. It felt good and that wasn’t right. Blaine gently swiped Kurt’s upper lip with his tongue and Kurt was helpless to not respond. He opened to Blaine’s tongue, allowing him in to familiarize itself once again with Kurt’s mouth. Kurt was shocked and shamed by the jolt of lust that speared through him when their tongues touched. He mewed helplessly as he responded, massaging Blaine’s tongue with his own. He knew he was being weak and pathetic. It had just been so long and he really had been accustomed to intimacy and physical affection. His body was responding and he was too weak to fight it.

At Kurt’s small sound, Blaine became bolder and leaned over Kurt until he was on his back with Blaine over him. Blaine hummed into his mouth, thrusting his tongue over and over, tasting the roof of his mouth and the soft insides of his cheeks.

Blaine left his mouth and kissed down to his neck which Kurt offered. It was his weak spot and he couldn’t help his reaction. His mind continued to scream at him. Remember what he did to you? Weak! Weak! Weak! Maybe for one night it would be okay if he was weak. Blaine moved down to his collar bone and traced the bone with his tongue pulling a needy sound from Kurt’s throat.

“Let me be with you,” Blaine whispered hotly in Kurt’s ear.
“I can’t,” Kurt said. “I’m sorry, I want to, but I’m not ready for that.”

“Hey, shh, it’s okay. There is no pressure. Can I get you off?” Blaine’s voice was warm and smooth and Kurt hated him for it.

He hated his cock for hardening in his pajama pants at the thought of a hot, wet mouth on it. Kurt groaned in frustration, unknowingly rolling his hips up until his bruises protested.

“Fuck, Kurt, you are so hard. Let me take care of you,” he said.

Kurt sighed and cursed himself as he gave in. “Okay.”

Blaine quickly went to work, pulling Kurt’s hard cock through the hole in the front of his pants, somehow knowing Kurt was still too sore to lift his hips too much in this position. “Damn, I love your cock,” Blaine breathed before he plunged his mouth down Kurt’s cock to his trimmed pubic hair.

Kurt gasped as he was swallowed whole. Damn, Blaine always gave good blow jobs. Pushing the shame aside, he mewled with need. Blaine moaned around him as his head bobbed, dragging another wanton sound out of Kurt. Over and over Blaine plunged down around his cock, sucking and nibbling, laving it with his tongue. Sensing he was close, Blaine hollowed his cheeks and ran through music scales in the back of his throat as he sucked. Kurt felt fire rip through him and groaned loudly as he came deep in Blaine’s throat. Blaine growled as he swallowed down all Kurt had to give before licking him clean. He even tucked Kurt back in before laying back over on his side of the bed.

“You’re incredible,” Blaine rasped with a pleased sigh.

Kurt felt tears streak down the sides of his face. “Thanks,” he whispered. “Sorry I… you…”

“Don’t say sorry. I came when you came in my mouth. It was fantastic,” he sighed happily.

No, no, no, this wasn’t supposed to happen, Kurt thought. He’d heard people talk about a last fuck with exes but he didn’t know why people would do it if they felt like this after. He felt shame and disgust with himself. He even felt guilty for using Blaine.

“I’m sleepy,” he murmured, hoping Blaine would think he was on the verge of sleeping.

“Sleep well, baby,” Blaine said and slid out of bed to go clean up.

Kurt swiftly turned over and cried as quietly as he could until he fell into a fitful sleep.

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The next day as Blaine was in the shower, Kurt finished saving all of his information and files onto thumb drives. He then wiped his computer back to factory settings. He thanked Mike from glee club for teaching him some computer tricks before he decided to hate him for defending Tina’s freedom.

When Blaine got out and was making his breakfast, Kurt got a text from his dad saying ‘The GE is a go. Blue behind white. N knows 2’. Kurt’s stomach leapt as he deleted his text and call histories. The van was here, behind a white vehicle, and Nick knew as well. Oh shit, this was really happening.

A knock sounded at the door and Blaine opened it to reveal Jeff.

“Hey there. I was wondering if I could take Kurt out for coffee since I didn’t get to talk to him much
yesterday,” Jeff said. He never would have asked Blaine’s permission before and he wondered why he would start now.

Blaine glanced at Kurt who put on a hopeful face and smiled. “Sure. It’s actually good planning. I have an errand to run in Dayton today. A little pre-move shopping,” he said, winking at Kurt. “I would like you to be home later though.”

All morning Blaine had been downright peppy, the exact opposite of Kurt. Luckily, he’d slept deeply even though it’d taken hours before he’d fallen asleep. But he wasn’t cheery like Blaine. He remembered the post-sex goofiness. He felt sick, not goofy. But he told himself he wouldn’t think about it. Today was too exciting, too important. He could save the self-recriminations for another time.

He knew what Blaine was shopping for in Dayton. A collar. It just cemented the fact that he’d chosen the right day to move.

“Okay. Great, let me get ready, Jeff,” Kurt said. He took his time and finally got his shoes on once Jeff gave him the all clear that Blaine was gone. “Coffee sounds heavenly.”

“Coffee is always heavenly,” Jeff said giving a little bounce.

Kurt chuckled and followed him out to Jeff’s car. Nick was out there, just getting out of the car. He was carrying a grocery bag.

“How are you?” Nick asked, his brows raised.

Kurt gave a miniscule nod when Jeff’s back was turned. Nick returned it quickly before kissing Jeff.

“I’m good. Ready to get some coffee,” Kurt said with a grin.

“Have fun then. Be careful Jeff!” Nick said.

They drove to their favorite coffee stand and went through the drive-thru. They chatted about graduation and their families. Kurt wanted to tell Jeff about all the money he’d received, but didn’t know what was safe to share.

“Hey, Kurt?” Jeff said once they’d gone quiet.

“You?” Kurt answered, smiling at him.

“You know you’re my best friend right? And that I love you?” Jeff said, his eyes shiny.

“I do know that, just as you are mine. I love you very much. You and Nick. Always,” Kurt said sincerely, a couple tears escaping.

“Maybe someday…” Jeff began.

Kurt nodded. “Yeah. Maybe.”

They drove back, singing loudly to the radio. By the time they got there, they were laughing at each other and singing goofily. They went back into the building and stopped at Jeff’s door.

“Thanks for the coffee, friend,” Kurt said as casually as he could. Giving his friend a light hug, he breathed in deeply, committing his familiar warm scent to memory.

“No problem. Maybe we can do dinner tonight?” Jeff asked.
“Sounds good to me,” Kurt said, forcing his eyes and face to lie.

“Yay!” Jeff said and skipped into his apartment.

Kurt walked into his dorm and looked around in shock. His boxes were gone. He knew because he’d memorized their location for quick loading. Blaine’s had been scattered around to take their places. Confused, Kurt walked around only to see Nick walk out of the bathroom.

“You’re all set to go. Make sure you leave your phone, laptop, and keys here. Burt said to remind you to leave your Navigator key inside it,” Nick said as Kurt nodded along with him, his eyes watering. “Hey, none of that, you have a lot of driving to do.”

Kurt bit his lip, nodding, and rubbed his eyes. “Thank you, Nick. For everything,” he said, swallowing hard around the lump in his throat. “Um, tell my dad when you think it’s safe for me to contact you guys. You’ll know before Dad when he’s done looking.”

“Will do,” he said.

They stood there for a moment then moved forward, hugging each other hard.

“Take care of Jeff for me,” Kurt said with a watery laugh. “Make sure he drinks lots of coffee.”

“Take care of you,” Nick said pointedly.

“Don’t let him go after my dad if you can,” Kurt whispered, looking at him seriously.

“I’ll do my best,” Nick said, knowing they were now talking about Blaine. “You better get a move on. Don’t want to risk any visitors or an early return.”

“Yeah. Good idea,” he said, backing up. “Thanks again, Nick. You guys have made it possible for me to have a life.”

“You’re welcome. Be happy, Kurt,” Nick said and walked out, shutting the door quietly.

Kurt took a deep breath. Right. Time to go. He quickly shut off his laptop and phone, hiding them in the back of the closet. He took one last bathroom break and a quick look around. He grabbed his coffee, stuck his dorm key under the welcome mat, locked the door and walked away.

He stopped by the Navigator, grabbed his backpack and dropped off the key before quickly going to the blue rental van. Quickly entering the code he’d memorized, he got in, got the key from the visor and drove away. He never looked back.

As he drove through town, Kurt felt a sharp pain in his arm, like a deep scratch. When he pulled up to a stop light, he pulled his sleeve up and looked where the pain came from. Looking at his sub mark, he gasped. His padlock looked cracked, the smooth lines jagged. He had no idea how it’d happened, but he had a pretty good idea why. As sad as it was, it just helped signify that part of his life was over.

As he got on the freeway, he turned the radio on and smiled at the Linkin Park song before singing along.

One thing, I don’t know why
It doesn’t even matter how hard you try
Keep that in mind, I designed this rhyme
To remind myself how
I tried so hard
In spite of the way you were mocking me
Acting like I was part of your property
Remembering all the times you fought with me
I’m surprised it got so (far)
Things aren’t the way they were before
You wouldn’t even recognize me anymore
Not that you knew me back then
But it all comes back to me
In the end

You kept everything inside and even though I tried, it all fell apart
What it meant to me will eventually be a memory of a time when...

I tried so hard
And got so far
But in the end
It doesn’t even matter
I had to fall
To lose it all
But in the end
It doesn’t even matter

I’ve put my trust in you
Pushed as far as I can go
For all this
There’s only one thing you should know
I’ve put my trust in you
Pushed as far as I can go
For all this
There’s only one thing you should know

I tried so hard
And got so far
But in the end
It doesn’t even matter
I had to fall
To lose it all
But in the end
It doesn’t even matter
Chapter 34

Chapter Notes

For a general idea of the collar Blaine buys Kurt, go here:


Add in the parts in parenthesis. I’m picturing the solid black one without the ruffle-y detail half way down the page. If you can’t get to it, Google ‘fabric collar’. It’s the 14th shown under ‘images’.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I was as wrong as I could be, to let you get away from me
I’ll regret that move for as long as I’m living
But now that I’ve come to see the light
All I wanna do is make things right
So just say the word and tell me that I’m forgiven
You and me, we’re gonna be better than we were before
I loved you then but now I intend
To open up and love you even more, this time you can be sure
I’m never gonna let you go, I’m gonna hold you in my arms forever,
Gonna try and make up for the times I hurt you so.
Gonna hold your body close to mine, from this day on we’re gonna be together
Oh I swear this time, I’m never gonna let you go.
Looking back now it seems so clear, I had it all when you were here,
Oh you gave it all and I took it for granted
But if there’s some feeling left in you, some flicker of love that still shines through
Let’s talk it out, let’s talk about second chances
Wait and see, it’s gonna be sweeter than it was before
I gave some then but now I intend to dedicate myself to giving more
This time you can be sure,
I'm never gonna let you go, I'm gonna hold you in my arms forever
Oh I swear this time, I'm never gonna let you go…

Blaine sang, his soul shouting out the words as if it knew Blaine was working hard to make things better for his soul mate. This evening was going to be perfect. He was going to order in the lasagna and cheesecake that Kurt loved from their favorite Italian restaurant and give him the gift he’d been planning for some time. He would do anything to breech the distance between them.

Last night had been the catalyst for their reunion. The touch of Kurt’s soft lips against his, the delicious scent of his arousal as Blaine pleased him. Utter perfection. He’d been missing Kurt so badly, missed the intimacy they shared, not just in the bedroom. But that was a good place to start. He was sure that Kurt as well as he had mourned the loss of physical intimacy. That and they were both teenage boys with healthy sex drives. He hadn’t planned to seduce Kurt, he’d only hoped for a kiss. After tasting those lips that haunted his dreams, however, he’d had to do something and pleasing him was more than he could have hoped for.

As Blaine drove through town toward the jeweler, he rubbed his Mark. It had been burning like hell since the night he’d hurt Kurt. He hadn’t felt it until he’d sobered up, but he was sure it started as soon as he’d raised his hand to his submissive. Blaine knew, as every Dom knew, that hurting your submissive would cause physical and emotional pain. It was the most unforgivable and shameful act a Dom could commit against his submissive. It only made sense that he would suffer permanently for what he’d done. His Mark continued to feel like fire under his skin, an unending pain that he welcomed as penance for his act. Today it seemed sharper, more invasive than it had been for some reason. He would never wish for it to be gone, however. It served as his reminder of hurting Kurt physically, mentally, spiritually as well as a warning to never drink or raise a hand in anger ever again. As if the unending pain, shame, and guilt weren’t bad enough his grandfather had threatened to not only take a belt to him but to give away his inheritance if he took so much as a sip of alcohol ever again.

Pulling his sleeve back to see if it would ease the burn, he made a pact with himself that he would never tell Kurt about the pain. It would serve no purpose than to possibly make Kurt feel guilt and Blaine wouldn’t allow that. He’d also kept the pain out of his emotions as best he could to prevent his soul mate from sensing it. That, of course, was based on the hope of Kurt sharing his emotions again, which was something he didn’t intend to force.

God, he missed feeling Kurt through their bond. There were a lot of things he missed about his precious soul mate. He missed his smiles and the grins that showed his teeth if he laughed hard enough. The joy that always seemed to emanate from him. His exquisite glass eyes glowing from the well of emotions deep within his heart. Blaine had gotten lost in those eyes so many times, in love, sorrow, anger and lust. No matter what he felt, it always shone through those blue green eyes.

Blaine missed his generosity. In everything he did, Kurt gave of himself. He always made sure Blaine had coffee in the morning. They made breakfast separately, but that little act filled him with love on a daily basis. He’d tried to tell Kurt it was an act of submission, but it wasn’t. It was love, plain and simple. Blaine saw how Kurt helped his classmates, studying and lending his notes when needed. Blaine had gotten many a comment from Doms telling him how lucky he was. At the time he’d agreed with them. Now, however, he could see that he’d taken that praise and made it his own, as if he were the reason Kurt was the way he was. If anything, Kurt was making him a better person. Not that he was an example of that anymore.
He missed laying with him at night. He would lay his head on Blaine’s chest so trustingly, knowing Blaine would protect his physical body as well as his mind from any nightmares that may interrupt his slumber. Lovemaking, the gift of Kurt’s body, was beautiful, exquisite and priceless. No matter what they did – if Blaine wanted to slip a blindfold on, tie his hands with scarves and spend hours teasing and exploring his glorious body, making his porcelain skin pink with pleasure – Kurt was always willing to try it. Kurt’s sensual cries would fill the air like music as their bodies moved together. Kurt was a generous lover and as time passed, he became more confident in his body and his innate ability to be sexy. He’d even danced for Blaine a couple of times, putting on music and slowly stripping away his layers like a gift for Blaine’s eyes. Blaine would melt, watch the undulating hips and the thrusting motion of his ass. There was nothing more sensual than Kurt in motion. Graceful, limber, his body lean and lithe. Blaine could spend hours watching him.

To be honest, he also missed his submissive. Blaine had finally learned, before he fucked up, that Kurt’s submission would naturally come out on its own. Kurt would kneel next to Blaine and rest his head on Blaine’s knee during a movie. He’d once allowed Blaine to show him a different, more efficient way of studying. Kurt followed his directions and thanked him for it, saying it would save him a lot of time. Blaine had beamed like an idiot, pleased he was helping his sub, his Dom side ecstatic to have made his sub’s life just a bit easier. Kurt was open to many such ideas, allowing Blaine to gently guide him. Blaine had shared his many successes with Wes and Nick who applauded him on finally becoming a natural Dom. Wes told him to keep it up and not to ever tell Kurt that he was being subtly Dominated, that it would only close him up like a clam. What they were experiencing wasn’t Blaine’s prowess at being a Dom or Kurt proving he was a good submissive. It was simply the natural give and take, the innate complement they were born to create together.

After abusing Kurt, Nick and Jeff had cut off their friendship with him. Wes had too until he’d allowed Blaine to explain himself, that he wasn’t trying to pawn off the blame onto Kurt, he knew it was his own doing. Blaine told him all the ways he was trying to improve himself to better care for Kurt. He was searching for a local anger management class to help with his temper and he had given up drinking permanently. Wes had given it thought and had concluded that Blaine was truly remorseful and would need a friend to see him through his journey to become a better soul mate to Kurt. He’d warned Blaine that he would be right behind Mr. Hummel if he fucked up again. Blaine was grateful and wasn’t ashamed of the fact that he’d since cried in Wes’s arms many a time. Even if he didn’t deserve such support.

Leading up to that fateful night, their only problem had been the college argument. It had been awful, but he couldn’t bring himself to feel bad about the Dom order as he still fully believed that the move would be good for both of them. The order had made life easier and Kurt had responded beautifully. He still was, Blaine thought guiltily, thinking of Kurt packing while he was still in so much pain. Even though Blaine had beaten him (a word that continued to make him ill), Kurt was still being a good sub. He knew Kurt hated being called a good boy, but Blaine couldn’t seem to help it. It was like his Dom side was going to leap out of his chest if he didn’t praise his sub like that. It felt as if his soul couldn’t or wouldn’t accept simply thanking Kurt. Good boy, perfect boy, his beautiful boy – it was stamped inside him, no matter how many times Blaine tried to push it down. Even after Kurt’s look of utter disgust and distaste, it still wouldn’t go away. Seeing Kurt packing despite his pain level warmed his soul and made him long to give him the praise he deserved.

He would always feel ashamed and sick about all he had done, especially upon seeing the welts and bruises, the proof of his abuse. He knew he’d fucked up beyond all repair when he’d had the chance to read the letter again when he was sober. He’d realized Kurt was being victimized and stalked by that scumbag. There was even more guilt about the whole situation because it served as a reminder of his own failures. If Blaine hadn’t been drunk that night and threatened to make Kurt kiss him, he wouldn’t have driven Kurt out of his home. Subsequently, he wouldn’t have needed strength and he
wouldn’t have met Sebastian. The night of the letter, Blaine had made everything worse by victimizing Kurt further. He was glad Burt had later kicked his ass. He had welcomed the pain and knew it was the least of what he deserved.

Seeing Kurt’s beat up and bruised body had caused him to be literally sick. Blaine hadn’t even been man enough to face what he was responsible for. His beloved soul mate had been standing there, black and blue by his own hand and he was off puking, the shame threatening to choke him. That small act, being sick, had made his Mark burn even more. He assumed it was because once again he had turned his back on Kurt’s needs. Kurt had needed comfort after originally reading the letter and he’d needed support while straining his pain-filled body to put his own pajamas on.

The collar, he hoped, was a gesture meant to bring them closer. Not just a gift to Kurt, but a statement of Blaine’s affection and devotion as his Dom. He’d done extensive research on how to fix a bond after abuse. He shuddered at the word abuse, still horrified to realize he’d done that to Kurt, his beloved. He had made himself read all the preliminary articles on how disgusting and abhorrent he was for even lifting a finger to his sub. More than one article, written by leading scientists as well as ‘Dom and sub Relations’ experts, said that a collar, bought and presented with love, could help repair foundation problems in the relationship. It wouldn’t solve everything, but perhaps enough to open the door to reconciliation. For a submissive, wearing a collar in love could calm them and bring a strong sense of security. If presented as a power play, the collar could bring out the opposite reaction, hostility, suspicion and distrust. It would force the sub to obey against his will, similar to a Dom order.

A friend had seen Blaine looking for collars and lent him a catalog to peruse. The company, he’d discovered, had a store in Dayton and offered the largest selection of collars in Ohio. Being a more conservative state, there was high demand among the older citizens of the state as well as many of the southern states.

The collar Blaine found was perfect for Kurt and he was beyond thrilled. It was dove gray and consisted of two silk triangles like a shirt collar that connected in the center with a jewel of the buyer’s choice. The jewel was meant to rest at the hollow of the throat. The silk triangles merged into two strands of thin silver chains on the sides that linked in the back with a simple hook. The underside of the collar that lay against the subs neck was made up of a thin strip of soft leather which could be embroidered with words of the Doms choosing. Blaine knew Kurt would love the collar, especially because he knew Kurt would be able to tie his favorite scarfs above it and it wouldn’t clash. It would also bring out the striking colors of his eyes. The skinny silver chains reminded him of Kurt’s many broaches that he loved to dangle from his favorite waistcoats.

Finally arriving, an assistant led Blaine to the back where he was presented with the collar. It was more gorgeous than the picture he’d seen in the catalog. The triangles in the front were connected by a large sapphire that sparkled in the light. Turning it to look at the underside, he grinned at the words stitched into it. Blaine & Kurt: Nothing’s gonna stop us, based off the song they’d sung at prom.

After paying a sum much higher than Blaine had ever spent, he was happily on his way home. Looking at the black velvet box next to him, he couldn’t stop grinning. As he drove, he called in their dinner to the restaurant, wanting to have it arrive soon after he got home. He knew it would be too much to ask for, but he couldn’t help but hope they had a repeat of last night’s intimacy. Or more, he wouldn’t complain either way. He chuckled. Hell, he’d be happy with hand-holding or snuggling at this point. Anything to be close to his beloved.

He was nearing Westerville and thinking of a song to serenade Kurt with, when a searing pain ripped through his Mark. He screamed at the intense agony, pulling off at his exit, trying to keep the car straight. Steering off to the side of the road, he yanked up his sleeve up and gasped in shock, his
vision going black for a moment. His beautiful Mark, his connection to Kurt, was fractured. His skeleton key had a deep crack all the way through the middle, splitting it into two pieces.

“Kurt!” he screamed.

Slamming the car back into gear, he sped home, petrified that Kurt was hurt. He didn’t allow himself to think of what possibly could have happened to Kurt that would cause the jagged divide in his Mark. Again and again for the rest of the drive, he called Kurt, but the phone went straight to voicemail. He parked quickly, breathing a bit easier when he saw the Navigator and Jeff’s car in the lot. Kurt must be home from getting coffee as Blaine had asked him to do. The unbearable pain in his Mark was easing but he still sprinted to their apartment. He started calling Kurt’s name as soon as he opened the door. There was no answer so he ran to the bedroom, then the bathroom to no avail. Kurt wasn’t there. He dashed back out to Nick and Jeff’s apartment.

Jeff answered, gasping at the panic on Blaine’s face.

“Is Kurt here?” Blaine asked, out of breath.

“No, why?” Jeff responded, suddenly worried. “Is everything okay?”

“I need to see if he’s alright, but he’s not home,” Blaine said, going pale. “Where is he? You’ve got to know!”

“No,” Jeff insisted. “I don’t know.”

“You were with him last,” Blaine accused. “Where is he?” He demanded, his voice changed into the deeper timber of the Dom order.

Jeff’s eyes lowered from the force of the order. “He was going to your dorm the last time I saw him.”

Nick burst out the door, shoving Jeff behind him. “Jeff, go to our room,” he said, trying to soften his furious tone as he glared at Blaine. Jeff nodded meekly and hurried to their room.

Nick began shoving Blaine away from the door until he hit the opposite wall. He pulled back his fist and punched Blaine in the jaw. “You bastard! Don’t you ever give an order to my soul mate. Never! Do you understand me?” He accentuated the questioned with a hard punch to Blaine’s stomach. “Do you? You’ve crossed the last line, Blaine. Stay away from me and the fuck away from Jeff! If you ever talk to him or order him about, I will make sure you never walk again,” Nick growled fiercely in Blaine’s face.

Tears streamed down Blaine’s face at losing his friends and his fear for Kurt. “I need to find my soul mate,” he begged.

“He’s not here,” Nick said, returning to his dorm and slamming the door shut.

Blaine returned to his dorm and started calling Kurt’s friends and old classmates, as well as trying Kurt’s phone between each call. Kurt never picked up. Nobody else had seen him since graduation. One guy said he thought he’d seen Kurt at a coffee shop but he wasn’t sure. Blaine thanked him and hung up before calling Burt. Kurt’s dad told him he hadn’t seen him since the party after graduation. He said he’d call around to Kurt’s McKinley friends and get back to him, not sounding too concerned. He also mentioned he’d found a buyer for the Navigator and that he’d be by in the next day or so to pick it up. Before ending the call, he told Blaine not to worry, Kurt had probably found a sale and gone off shopping. Blaine didn’t think so, but agreed to call Burt if he heard anything.

Blaine paced the apartment for what seemed like hours, unable to think clearly, worry eating away at
him. He thought about driving around to their favorite places, but couldn’t stand the thought of missing Kurt if he came home while Blaine was gone. The doorbell rang and he jumped, his heart racing. He hurried to the door only to see it was the dinner he’d ordered being delivered. As he went to close the door, it got caught on the welcome mat. He saw a sparkle of silver as he moved it out of the way with his foot. Putting the bag down, he pulled up the mat and saw a house key. He looked at it curiously, he was sure they didn’t have a spare key.

He took the bag of food into the kitchen to put in the fridge until Kurt got home. Breathing deeply to try and calm himself, he took the velvet box containing the collar to their bedroom. Going into the closet, he took the box to the back to make sure it was hidden from Kurt’s curious eyes. There was a flash of dull red as he moved his clothes aside. Looking closer in the dark, he realized what he saw was Kurt’s bright red laptop. Frowning, he grabbed it and something slid off the top. Kurt’s phone lay at his feet. Cold fear gripped his stomach.

Blaine turned slowly in the closet. His eyes widened when he realized there were no clothes on Kurt’s side of the closet. Desperate to prove his fears wrong, he looked around their bedroom, taking in the small details. He saw that Kurt’s alarm clock and the framed picture of his mother and father on their wedding day were gone. That picture was never moved, it was one of Kurt’s most prized possessions.

“No, no, no,” Blaine began chanting, his eyes burning with tears as he hurried out of the room. He approached the multiple stacks of moving boxes in the living room and read the contents written on the sides in Kurt’s elegant script. Dishes, books, knickknacks, Blaine’s shoes, Blaine’s music, Blaine’s pics. Not one box specified Kurt’s belongings. His heart pounded, his breathing coming faster, the edges of his vision went gray. He looked around the apartment, slowly spinning, a feeling of déjà vu filling him. It was too close to the time when Kurt had left home when Blaine had sorely abused the use of Dom orders. Like before, there was no proof that Kurt still lived there or ever had to begin with. There was no proof because Kurt had been packing. Blaine was confused, his exhausted brain unwilling to admit what he was seeing. He had just seen Kurt a few hours ago, he told himself. This couldn’t have happened that fast. It couldn’t be happening at all.

He realized he was still chanting. “No, no, no,” as he pleaded, begging the universe to not make him admit what he was seeing. “Kurt!” he screamed, uncaring who heard him. He looked down at his Mark and realized his nightmare had come true. Kurt was gone, and if he what he feared most in the world was right, so was their bond.

Blaine had his phone out and the other line was ringing before he realized he’d called his Grandfather.

“Hello, Blaine Devon,” his grandfather said.

“Grandpa, he’s gone!” Blaine cried, his heart breaking in his chest.


“Kurt! Kurt’s gone. All of his stuff, his moving boxes, it’s all gone! His cellphone and computer are here, his house key was under the mat. He’s gone! Grandpa, help me!” Blaine sobbed, falling to the floor.

“What the hell?” Grandpa roared. “Where the hell did he go?” He could hear his grandmother talking in the background, trying to figure out what was going on.

“I don’t know,” Blaine cried. “If I had to guess, I’d say New York. But how did he do it?”
“God damn it. That damn sub of yours. He shouldn’t have been able to leave, he was under orders to go to California with you, wasn’t he?” Grandpa demanded.

“Yeah,” Blaine said, thinking about the order. His stomach twisted when he figured it out. “Oh god, Grandpa, it’s my fault. I ordered him not to fight me about the move. I didn’t order him to go to California with me. I told him not to fight with me about it. And he didn’t. He hasn’t once said anything about the move, he just packed quietly. I thought he was just following my edict, but all along he was probably preparing to leave me. Jesus Christ, what the hell do I do, Grandpa?” Panic ate at him, his hands shaking so hard he had to put the call on speaker phone and lay it on the counter.

“Fuck!” Grandpa shouted.

Blaine heard his grandfather in the background telling his grandmother to call and put a stop payment on the check they had given to Kurt.

“Damn it, Blaine. That boy is a coward. He needed to stay and work through your problems. He is supposed to carry through with your wishes, not run away. Not putting his needs before yours. I thought he was a better man then this,” Grandpa raged. There was silence on the other end and then his grandfather began cursing loud and long.

“Grandpa? Grandpa, what is it?” Blaine asked, starting to feel like he was going to throw up.

“That boy already deposited the check. It’s too late to cancel it. Fifty freaking thousand dollars gone just like that, all to fund a runaway sub,” he barked.

“Fifty thousand? I thought you said you were going to give him twenty five?” Blaine asked, shocked at how much money Kurt now had to pay his way in New York, which is where he now knew for certain Kurt had run off to.

“We were trying to make up for the fact that you beat the shit out of him,” Grandpa told him. “Now I regret it. Maybe he needed to have his ass beat.”

“Grandpa! Don’t say that! No matter how much Kurt is in the wrong, he didn’t deserve, and hasn’t ever deserved, to be beaten,” Blaine said, angry at his grandfather for the insults he was throwing at his soul mate. “I gotta go, I need to figure out how to find Kurt.”

“Blaine Devon, I know a private investigator. I can get him on this tomorrow morning,” Grandpa told him sternly. “Regardless of the laws in New York, we’ll find a way to get him back to you.”

“I don’t know, Grandpa. Maybe he’ll realize he needs me and come home on his own. But with my Mark being broken, I don’t know what he needs or doesn’t need from me,” Blaine said miserably.

“Your Mark being what?” Grandpa said, his voice suddenly quiet.

“I felt this horribly sharp pain earlier. My Mark has a crack clear through it, the key is broken in two,” Blaine told him, beginning to feel numb.

Grandpa didn’t say anything and Blaine thought he might have hung up. “Grandpa?”

“Oh, son,” Grandpa said sadly. “I’m so sorry, Blaine Devon. If your Mark is broken like that, it…it…,” Grandpa swallowed loudly. “It means your emotional bond is broken. For good.”

“Oh god. I don’t think I can deal with this,” Blaine mumbled, his worst fear coming true. He held his stomach as it roiled in protest. “What about the strength bond, is it still intact? Will he get sick?” No
matter how much his heart was being destroyed, he didn’t want Kurt to be all the way in New York and suffering alone. There was no way he wanted Kurt to have to depend on strangers to stay strong.

“No. From what I’ve read the strength bond is solidified once the soul mates have been Claimed. It’s a chemical reaction in the brain, not a soul-based emotional bond. You’ll always trade strength with one another, though he could still Join with someone else just to feel close or, or, I’m sorry, but to be intimate. I’m so sorry, Blaine Devon. The rest of your bond, emotionally and as soul mates is broken,” Grandpa said, ending in a whisper as if the words hurt him to say.

“No,” Blaine said, beginning to sob. “No, this can’t be happening!” It felt like living the most terrifying nightmare and being unable to wake up. Suddenly, he had to know the truth. “The Mark. Was it because Kurt left, or was it because of me?”

The line was silent.

“Oh, god, it’s because of what I did, isn’t it? I caused this,” Blaine cried, his whole body shuddering with the sudden, intense grief. “This is what they mean, huh? When they say that Doms suffer for hurting their subs. It wasn’t just my Mark hurting. It was all leading to this, wasn’t it? Leading to him being able to leave with no consequences,” Blaine sobbed.

“I think so. Blaine Devon, come over here. Or let me come to you. You shouldn’t be alone,” Grandpa said gently.

“No, Grandpa. I want to be alone. I guess I should get used to it,” Blaine said, his tears subsiding as numbness set in. He was suddenly so exhausted he wanted nothing more than to go to bed. Though he had no idea how he was going to fall asleep in the first place. “I’ll start looking for him tomorrow.”

“Blaine Devon, my son, it might be best to just let him go,” Grandpa told him lovingly. He could hear his grandmother sobbing softly in the background.

“I can’t let him go,” Blaine stated evenly.

“I don’t think you have a choice,” he responded, his tone sympathetic but firm.

Blaine hung up. He wouldn’t give up hope. He couldn’t. He went into the bedroom and buried his head into the pile of decorative pillows Kurt loved so much. He began screaming, every ounce of him pouring out in a muffled sound. Over and over he screamed and sobbed until the sounds were silent, his throat burning from the effort. He sat up abruptly, eyes swollen and nose running, needing to find a piece of Kurt somewhere. Tossing the throw pillows aside, he reached for Kurt’s pillow only to find it gone. He went to search the closet, then the dresser, with no luck. Seeing his Dalton hoodie hanging on a chair, he pulled it on. Kurt had loved the worn sweatshirt, spending hours snuggled in it. Blaine sniffed it, hoping there was a lingering scent of his soul mate, only to be disappointed when it just smelled like laundry soap.

Returning to the bed, he pulled out his phone. There, as his wallpaper, was his beautiful Kurt. He was smiling, a light blush coloring his pale face. Blaine had been tickling him that day and thought he’d looked positively gorgeous, so he’d snapped the picture. Opening his photo album, he scrolled through picture after picture. So many memories. Kurt and Jeff, Kurt and Burt, Kurt and Blaine, Kurt, Kurt, Kurt. Were these pictures the last he’d ever have of Kurt? Thinking of photos, he opened his Facebook page and quickly realized that Kurt had deleted his account. Blaine’s account said he was still in a relationship with Kurt Hummel, but the link was gone. He did a search of Kurt’s name, but nothing came back.
Kurt was gone.

Turning on his music program, he lay there, staring at the ceiling trying to listen and attempting to not think too much.

*It’s all I want, it’s all I need*

*It all comes back to you, the only one*

...........

Kurt slid open the door to the loft. His loft. Cody, a friendly guy, had met him to give him the key but he’d had a date and needed to leave soon after. His loft was perfect. As he walked in, he grinned. It was even better than the photos Cody had sent him. It did need work, the hardwood floors were dull and there were cobwebs in every corner. The walls needed paint desperately, though he instantly decided he wouldn’t paint the solid brick wall at the back of the loft. Peeking in the bathroom, he was surprised it was in pretty good shape. Even the bathtub/shower combo was clean. He opened the window to air out the old smell and was suddenly eager to finish his move.

After unpacking the van and setting up his air mattress and blankets, he turned on his mp3 player and grinned. Perfect.

*I am unwritten, can’t read my mind, I’m undefined*

*I’m just beginning, the pen’s in my hand, ending unplanned*

*Staring at the blank page before you*

*Open up the dirty window,*

*Let the sun illuminate the words that you could not find*

*Reaching for something in the distance,*

*So close you can almost taste it*

...........

*The one I needed I abuse, more color for the bruise*

*So I sing this song for you, there’s nothing left for me to do*

*Goodbye dear one*

Blaine clutched his phone to him, unable to tear his eyes from Kurt’s beautiful face.

...........

*Release your inhibitions, feel the rain on your skin*

*No one else can feel it for you, only you can let it in.*

*No one else, no one else*

*Can speak the words on your lips*

*Drench yourself in words unspoken*
Live your life with arms wide open

Kurt stood and spun around, his arms in the air and grinning like a loon, his voice filling the empty loft as he sang.

........

Blaine sobbed quietly. All of their plans, gone. All of his plans, he corrected himself. He hadn’t let Kurt have a choice in the matter.

Venus, I thought you’d bless me too, so selfish to presume

So I sing this song for you, and I hope that what is true

Will find a way to you, I sing this song for you

........

Kurt was living his dream. He was doing it on his own, his own plans, and his own path. He wouldn’t want it any other way. This was what he’d fought for every day since he’d received his Mark.

Today is where your book begins, the rest is still unwritten

I break tradition, sometimes my tries are outside the lines

We’ve been conditioned to not make mistakes

But I can’t live that way

........

This was a nightmare. He would wake up and Kurt would be lying there next to him. His hair would be mussed from sleep, his smile soft. They would move to California and Kurt would make dinner and cuddle with him. Kurt would design him a suit to wear when he graduated as a doctor. Both of them would wear a Kurt Hummel Original when they got married.

Venus never showed the way, the stars would not be sold

Heaven stole the light of day, and we were never told

So dark the day, so much for life, for life and love

........

Kurt tore into the boxes, sorting what he needed immediately. He came across the journal he bought, wanting to journal every bit of his adventure, his new life. Grabbing a pen, he grinned and began to write.

Staring at the blank page before you, open up the dirty window

Let the sun illuminate the words that you could not find...

........

Blaine wouldn’t sleep that night, or the next. He would still go to California, but would still be
looking for Kurt. Even if their bond was broken, he still loved him and would watch over him, even if it had to be from afar.

And now it’s done, the color always changes hue

Bright to black and blue

So I sing this song for you

There’s nothing left for me to do…

. . . . . .

Kurt would sleep deeply that night and the next, his dreams filled with bright lights, big hopes, and freedom, precious freedom.

Today is where your book begins

The rest is still unwritten…

. . . . . .

Chapter End Notes

No this is not over!!

Thank you so much to everyone who reads this. Your reviews keep me going, I can’t tell you what your support means to me. Please continue to review!

And to T.F., my mind twin, thank you for your support, advice, and constantly making me laugh my a$$ off.

“Never Gonna Let You Go” by Sergio Mendes

“Song for You” by Fuel

“Unwritten” by Natasha Bedingfield
Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait since the last chapter. I was going full speed for those chapters, I had to step back. But, we’re going to be at a good speed again. I’m calling this UMH part 2 because it is more about Kurt’s life in New York than anything else. I am making no promises on ships. What kind of writer would I be if I gave it away?! Enjoy! I don’t own Glee…

Unlock My Heart

Part Two

Subways, Subcultures, and Submissives

I live in the city of my dreams, New York City. I’m taller than I’d ever hoped I would be, that last growth spurt was a gift. My hair is perfectly styled, of course. What else could it be? My eclectic home is the creative vision of my inner self. Nothing could be more perfect. I’ll be attending Parsons soon, surrounded by students who see me no longer as an outcast, but as someone who has something to show them, who has something to say that might just be worth listening to. The best thing about this new adventure of mine, the one thing that could only make life even better, is the lack of a Soulmate to hold me down….

Kurt read the journal entry, grinning at the words of his fifteen year old self. Who knew he’d be so accurate when he had spent page upon page dreaming of what his future life would be like. Maybe he was psychic. Maybe life was really something you could make it. No matter what it was, all he knew was that he’d claimed his life for what he wanted.

He sailed through his small kitchen and to his bedroom. An event he had been waiting for since he’d moved in over a month ago was finally here. It was the day of his orientation at Parsons and he only had three more hours to get ready. It seemed like time ran faster here in New York, not that Kurt was complaining, he just had to be more strategic.

Reaching into the basket containing his socks, he threw a matching pair on the bed. One of his more genius ideas, he had created walls out of giant Ikea bookcases. He had made his bedroom almost half the size of his loft, blocked in by the bookcases. The cubby type spaces were filled with books, pictures, and baskets. So many baskets of varying, but complementary colors. It had cut down the need for dressers, tables and more. Sock basket, bowtie basket, moisturizer shelf, hell the side of the bookcase nearest the kitchen held dried goods and canned items. He’d found a selection of floor tiles that were on clearance at the hardware store and found they’d easily slid into the cubby’s and were
able to block out one side. Not that he planned to have company, but if he did, he’d still have complete privacy, while still having the utility of the cubby. One of his favorite ‘inventions’ was in the far corner of his room. One side was a brick wall and one was the black bookcase. Thanks to his father’s many handyman talents that he’d passed onto Kurt, he was capable of using a screwdriver. He’d secured a large piece of smooth dark wood up against the bookshelf. A beautiful – discount – wing back chair rested in the corner nearby. Turn the chair around, pull the piece of wood down and voila, he had an instant vanity, complete with lights. He’d snapped a picture of it and sent it to his dad, who’d had only the highest of praise for his carpentry skills.

His entire loft was a picture of beauty and utility from the new bed and flat screen television to the vintage kitchen stools and used rocking chair. No matter that his bank account boasted over seventy five thousand dollars, a number which still blew his mind, he would never stop being frugal. Not just because it was the right thing to do to stretch each dollar as far as he could go, but because it was so much fun. It was a wonderful feeling to look at how well put together his home was or his outfit was and know that he had put not even a percentage of the money into it that most people would.

The first week had been a flurry of activity of painting and cleaning and cleaning and painting. He was a pro at the whole process by now as the blisters on his hands had been able to testify. But the loft looked clean and airy, just as he’d wanted. He had literally scrubbed every brick, shuddering at the thought of what could have possibly have been living on it. Other than the hard physical work, he discovered he enjoyed the small parts of being an adult. He paid his rent a full year in advance so no matter what happened, he had a place to live. He had the utilities put in his name, he got a cell phone and he grocery shopped. Sure he’d done all of that for his dad and Blaine, but it was different now. It was just him. He didn’t have to get the large steaks for his dad or the pound and a half tub of hair gel for the man who represented a troll doll without it. It was what he wanted and needed. It was fun to only have his favorite foods and his products in the kitchen and bathroom. Though, because he was an excellent host, he had put together a guest care package complete with toothbrushes and a selection of fine shampoos and skin care products.

During the nights, when he hadn’t just passed out from exhaustion, he had spent hours talking with his dad. It had taken a long time to convince his dad that his pain levels were steadily going down even throughout the hard work of fixing up his loft. He’d purchased multiple ice packs and at one point he’d strapped one to his hips as he scrubbed bricks just to get relief. He was glad he’d had no roommates because he would have had to threaten them with bodily harm if they’d seen him during those embarrassing moments. His father worried endlessly and only when Kurt threatened to text him pictures of his bare ass did Burt finally give in and trust that his son could take care of himself. He was glad his father hadn’t actually asked for the pictures seeing as there was actually something to see. Still. He didn’t understand how it was possible, but he retained fine white lines all over the pale cheeks of his ass. If he wasn’t vain enough to look at his ass from different angles, the light never would’ve hit it right to reveal the minute scars.

Kurt had asked about Blaine one time and one time only, and that was only to find out if his dad was being harassed. Apparently Grandfather Anderson had hired a private investigator. A dick, his dad said, with a chuckle. After talking with Burt once, the detective had left him alone and Burt hadn’t heard anything else since then. That was all Kurt wanted to know and Burt seemed to know that.
Finally dressed in the black skinny jeans and boat necked silver and lavender striped top, he sat at his
vanity, switching the light on. He gave his new hairstyle a tousle, laughing at his reflection when he
pictured Mercedes face if she could see his carefree way of styling his new cut. It was almost
identical to the one he’d worn during the New Directions performance of “Born This Way”, with a
messy, uneven style. He’d had his new hairstylist bleach the last inch of the tips before dying it a
brilliant violet. He didn’t know how he would feel about dyed hair much less violet tips, but he
adored it. The color was bright and fun and if styled correctly, brought out a new vividness in his
blue eyes. He spritzed his favorite scent at his wrists and collarbones. The last step was clasp his
homemade leather band across his Mark before grabbing his wallet, phones, and keys before running
out to the subway.

He admired his band, the dark gray leather with the silver stitching, of his own design, creating a
picture of fabric sheers. The leather he’d found had minute holes in it to allow air flow which he
soon discovered was much appreciated on hot New York afternoons. When Parsons had stated in
their introduction letter that Marks were not to be shown, he’d thought about having to wear long
sleeves all year long. He soon discovered that covering Marks was a common occurrence in New
York, as he’d noticed during his jaunts around the city. Parsons declared that attending their school
was about the craft and the art, it was not about soul mates or Dominants or submissives. None of
that mattered. It was about the learning, nothing more. In fact, other than medical emergencies, if you
were spotted with your Mark exposed or were heard discussing designations during class times, you
could be written up. Kurt could not have been more relieved. It was something he’d always wanted.
To be seen as Kurt Hummel. Not sub Kurt. Not soul mate Kurt. Just plain Kurt Hummel, though
there was nothing plain about him, of course.

Kurt arrived with plenty of time before orientation. He’d spent several days taking the subway to
Parsons at different times of day just to make sure he knew exactly when to leave and what train to
take to make sure he was prompt every day. The quad area near the auditorium was filled with
banners and flyers advertising everything from babysitters and dog sitters to roommates needed and
fortunes told. Kurt chuckled to himself as he walked around reading the different advertisements.
Stopping at a bright blue flyer, he grinned at the name of the band offering auditions. Ideal Misfits
wasn’t the most eye catching name, but when he saw the phrase “See what we mean!” he looked
closer and noticed the circle around the name wasn’t a solid line, it was print. The definitions of ideal
and misfit were written and he laughed out loud, shaking his head, instantly able to appreciate the
sentiment behind the name. Ideal: Satisfying one’s conception of what is perfect or most suitable.
Misfit: A person whose behavior or attitude sets them apart from others in uncomfortable or
conspicuous ways. It fit Kurt to a tee. He was sure the band would be quirky and creative to have
gone this route. Behind him he heard the doors of the auditorium open and on a spur of the moment
decision, he snatched one of the phone number tabs hanging on the bottom.

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The orientation had turned out to be a lot of fun. It started with making fun of those who didn’t pay
attention. If someone forgot something to cover their Mark, they were given a horrendous,
fluorescent pink, knitted legwarmer to slide over their arm. Needless to say, they were easy to pick
out of the crowd and most faces matched their new cover. He discovered, happily, that the average class size was only fifteen students which he knew would make his education that much more in depth. It would also prevent one of the many flaws of McKinley, letting students sink into the background. They were sorted into different groups and were able to get to know those who would be their classmates. He ended the Parsons orientation with a coffee date! Of course, everyone in the orientation gotten some kind of date. The freshmen were entered into a mentoring program with a junior or senior to help with anything from directions to a class to a study buddy or finding a tutor. They would also be assigned group projects with their mentor that both would be graded on. The program had been in place for five years and it had a proven success rate. At the end of the orientation, the mentors were brought into the room and matched up with their freshmen.

Kurt gulped a little when he saw his mentor. He was gorgeous. Taller than him by several inches, he had beautifully sculpted inky black hair with deep blue highlights on one side that brought out his silvery gray eyes. He was wearing cranberry slacks with a navy blue v-neck t-shirt, which Kurt approved of.

“Kurt?” the man said, his voice smooth and warm.

“Um, yeah,” Kurt said, offering his hand. “Kurt Hummel.”

“Hello, Kurt Hummel, I’m Elliot Gilbert,” he said, smiling and shaking Kurt’s hand gently.

Elliot walked him to Parsons campus coffee shop, Yards of Java, where they got drinks and sat down. Kurt found out that Elliot was a twenty-two year old junior and taking Fashion Design, like Kurt, but specializing in Costume Design.

“My dream is to design in the Haus of Gaga,” Elliot raved.

Kurt sighed happily. “I just want to live in the Haus of Gaga.”

They giggled together. They seemed to do that a lot, finding they shared many a common passion when it came to their art. Elliot took him through the mentoring program, what he could help him with and what he couldn’t. They traded numbers and email addresses. Elliot made sure to let him know that he was open for meaningless text conversations.

“I actually appreciate it. I am new to New York so I don’t know many folks here. Well, anyone actually, other than my landlord,” Kurt admitted with a smile.

“Can I ask where you’re from?” Elliot’s gray eyes were warm and curious.

Kurt gave the answer he’d decided on when it came to sharing about his past. “Middle America,” he said with a groan and an eye roll.

Elliot laughed and nodded. “Gotcha. I’m from New Jersey,” he said, exaggerating an accent. “So probably much better than Middle America and all their corn.”

“I see you’ve been there,” Kurt quipped.

“Indeed,” Elliot returned with a grin. “I’ve been to Iowa. Or one of those four letter states.”

They shared more light details and gossip before parting ways. Elliot said he’d text him later just
because he could and Kurt couldn’t help but feel comforted by that. On his way to the subway, he called the number of the band coordinator and within minutes of talking to Dani, he had an audition for Saturday at noon.

When he realized it only gave him two days to select a song and prepare, he screeched and ran from the subway to his loft, his mind working busily.

. . . . .

After narrowing his musical selections and eating a light dinner, he was watching a new episode of a reality show when his phone beeped.

Elliot: Can you believe she just got eliminated? What is that judge hag thinking?

Kurt laughed out loud, not even wondering how Elliot knew what he was watching. It didn’t matter. At the same time he felt a stinging behind his eyes. He didn’t realize how much he had missed having a friend to complain about a show with. He and Jeff had only texted a few times since he’d moved. Nick and his dad had agreed that Kurt should wait at least another month before contacting his old McKinley friends. Just in case. Of what, none of them knew, but it was better to be safe.

Kurt: I don’t know what she was thinking, but damn what a statement her hair is making!

Elliot: No kidding. She broke so many laws between that hair and that skirt. Maybe we should burn her at the fashion god’s stake.

Kurt: I’ll carry that torch. Hey, can I ask you a question?

Elliot: You just did.

Kurt: Seriously?

Elliot: You just did again. You’re really good at this, you know!

Kurt: FML Do you like singing?

Elliot: Right there alongside my passion for designing.

Kurt: Same here. Okay, I have an audition with a band Saturday. I’m freaking out about what to sing.

Elliot: Fun! What kind of band?

Kurt: Seems Indie or just damn creative.

Elliot: Have I heard of them?

Kurt: I don’t know. Have you?

Elliot: Ahhh, paybacks
Kurt: Indeed. The band is Ideal Misfits. I’m not part of the band scene so I don’t know if they’re well known.

Elliot: Oh I know them! Their lead singer is so freaking hot, he melts my hairspray!

Kurt: Good to know!

Was it also good to know or at least have confirmed that Elliot was gay? It was always good to know when he had a gay ally.

Elliot: Based on what IM sings, I’d say just sing whatever speaks to you. That’ll come across to them. One hint. Don’t try and search for their videos or anything. Go into this blind and fresh. You don’t want them thinking you’re only trying to spew back what they already do.

Kurt: That’s really good advice. Okay. Choices, choices, choices.

Elliot: You’ve got this, Kurt.

Kurt: And…. What if I suck?

Elliot: Not possible. Did you see your outfit today? You’re a man who knows what fabulous is.

Kurt: Ok, you’re forgiven for the whole question thing.

Elliot: Yes! It was totally weighing on my mind.

Kurt: :P

Elliot: Go to bed. You have an audition to prepare for.

Kurt: Take your own advice old man!

Elliot: Ouch! That actually hurt!

Kurt: Yeah, the truth does that.

Elliot: Our burgeoning friendship is now over.

Kurt: Ok, fine. I’m sorry. And to prove it… Oh man this hurts… You have better hair than me.

Elliot: …. You’re forgiven.

Kurt: Yay! Ok, now I’m going to bed.

Elliot: Oh, and Kurt?

Kurt: Yeah?

Elliot: I already knew I had better hair.

Kurt: GUH!

. . . . . . . . . .
Kurt jerked up in bed, raising his hand to his face and feeling the tears streaking down his cheek from the dream he’d been having. Turning on his lamp, he pulled his knees up under his chin. It surprised him sometimes that he still missed Blaine and the friendship they’d had like in the dream. They’d been together, sort of, for almost a year. How much of that was spent actually liking or caring for Blaine was another story. During the good times, though, he really had been a good friend. They’d had so much in common and many nights had been spent laughing, sometimes to the point of tears. He didn’t remember much of how Blaine was during the last of their time together to judge how he would be now. He didn’t think he really cared. The last time he’d opened his emotional bond was when Blaine had forced it open with his rage. After he’d left and his Mark had cracked, there hadn’t been anything else. He was still feeling as physically strong and he felt himself occasionally drawing on Blaine’s energy, but that was it. It was as close to being pre-Blaine and pre-Mark as he could be. The only thing that remained was the damn need to feed his submission. He would still end his yoga sessions with time on his knees, just to feel that elusive peace. And just as he had each time before that, he hated himself just a little bit for enjoying it.

...........

Kurt nervously wiped his hands on his navy leather pants, straightened his dove gray button up, and prayed his light layer of eyeliner hadn’t sweated off before knocking on the door. The address had led him to this loft and now he was doing his best to not puke all over his black ankle boots.

The door opened and a woman with waist length blonde hair with fire engine red mixed throughout greeted him with a smile.

"Kurt?"

"That’s me. Are you Dani?" he asked, hoping he didn’t squeak.

"I am. Come on in and meet everyone," she said, ushering him through.

The loft reminded him of his own, just bigger and more modern. He saw other band members, he assumed, sitting around, messing with instruments. Standing next to the drums was probably the tallest man Kurt had ever stood near, at least six and a half feet tall. His skin was as dark as coffee and his dread locks had streaks of orange around them which made him look like a tiger. He looked up and smiled at Kurt who held back a small gasp as they drew closer. As if this giant was animalistic in his beauty enough, his eyes were a stunning shade of hazel green.

"Max, this is Kurt, he’s our big audition for the day," Dani said.

"Nice to meet you," Kurt said, shaking the man’s hand, almost unable to see his own, lost in the large man’s grip.

"You as well," Max said, giving him a friendly smile. “Good luck today.”

"Thanks," Kurt said with a deep breath.

"Don’t worry about it," he said, patting Kurt’s shoulder. “You’ll do fine. Just keep breathing, it’s one of those necessity type of things.”

Kurt laughed, a much needed relief from his nerves. “Thanks, I’ll keep that in mind.”
Dani pulled him over to a woman strumming her guitar. She was the opposite of Max, probably barely five feet tall. Her shoulder length exaggerated bob was cotton candy pink. He was starting to think it was a band thing to have colorful hair. At least he fit in here.

“This is Sam. Sam, this is Kurt,” Dani introduced.

“You have gorgeous eyes,” the small woman stated, getting right in his face.

“Well, thank you, you do too,” Kurt said, looking into her very close lilac eyes.

“Thanks. Mine are contacts, are yours?” Sam demanded, if possible, getting closer.

“Nope, all natural here,” Kurt said, not letting himself back up. It seemed like she was measuring him as a person.

With their toes touching and her head right even with his chest, she finally smiled. “Good to know. Nice to meet you Kurt! I’m Sam and I’m the cofounder of Ideal Misfits,” she said, her tone was downright perky.

“Nice to meet you, Sam,” he said, trying to keep up.

“Don’t worry about her,” Dani said with a grin, leading him away. “She’s like that with everyone. I think it’s a height insecurity thing.”

“I heard that,” Sam called out.

“I know, dear,” Dani said. “Okay, we’re just waiting on our lead singer, AKA his Highness, to finish fixing his hair.”

“For the tenth time,” Max rumbled.

“Why don’t you sit, we’re going to sing for you first. Then you can sing for us. How’s that?” she asked, leading him to a chair.

“And it’s not his Highness, it’s Starchild,” Kurt heard from behind him. “And I’ve been told I have the best hair, so no complaining Max.”

Kurt turned and shook his head with a laugh. “And as this old guy said a couple days ago, our burgeoning friendship is over.”

Elliot laughed as he took in Kurt’s look. “Looking good, freshman. I like the liner, it brings out those gorgeous blues of yours.”

“Of course I look good, old guy. You let me go on about the band and the audition! I can’t believe you! And you said the lead singer was hot! I may not know you well, but … I can’t believe you!” Kurt said, only playing at being offended. Something in him relaxed at seeing Elliot was here. A friendly face always helped a tense situation.

“Well, now you know him,” Sam said, jumping up and messing up Elliot’s hair. “This is Starchild at his best. And he is hot, but that’s just because it’s New York in the fall.”

Elliot scoffed as the others laughed.

“Starchild?” Kurt had to know.

“A nickname from when I was young. It stuck. So, we’re going to sing and then you will. Sound
good?” Elliot asked, walking to the microphone.

“Not as good as I will, but okay,” Kurt quipped.

“Nice one!” Max called out from behind the drums.

Dani grabbed her bass and after Max counted it out, they started playing.

*I'm gonna marry the night*

*I won't give up on my life*

*I'm a warrior queen*

*Live passionately tonight*

*I'm gonna marry the dark*

*Gonna make love to the stark*

*I'm a soldier to my own emptiness*

*I am a winner*

*I'm gonna marry the night*

Kurt did his best to not let his jaw drop as they continued to sing. They were… He was… He had no words. Elliot – Starchild – had one of the most unique and astounding voices he’d ever heard. He wasn’t shy to admit his own voice was unusual, but Elliot probably had him beat. All of them sounded so good together. His confidence level started going down. How the hell could he follow this?

*I'm gonna marry the night*

*I'm not gonna cry anymore*

*I'm gonna marry the night*

*Leave nothing on these streets to explore*

*I'm gonna lace up my boots*

*Throw on some leather and cruise*

*Down the streets that I love*
In my fishnet gloves
I'm a sinner

Then I'll go down to the bar
But I won't cry anymore
I'll hold my whiskey up high
Kiss the bartender twice
I'm a loser

As with most of Lady Gaga’s work, Kurt could see a correlation to his own life in these words. He might be a loser, a sinner, but he was going to live his life to the fullest, he wasn’t going to cry or let anything hold him back. And with that, he decided that his nerves could go fuck themselves. He was going to end this audition with an invitation into the band.

Nothing's too cool
To take me from you
New York is not just a tan that you'll never lose
Love is the new denim or black
Skeleton guns are wedding bells in the attic
Get Ginger ready climb to El Camino front
Won't poke holes in the seats with my heels cause that's
Where we make love

Come on and run
Turn the car on and run

I'm gonna marry the night
I'm gonna burn a hole in the road
I'm gonna marry the night
Leave nothin’ on these streets to explode
The night! Yeah! The night!

Kurt stood and cheered loudly, clapping for all he was worth.

“You guys are incredible!” he cried out.

Elliot gave high fives to each band member before coming over to slap hands with Kurt. “These guys are awesome. We’ve all been really lucky to work with each other.”

“How the hell do I follow that?” Kurt asked, throwing his hands in the air.

“By putting on your big boy panties!” Sam told him, coming over and smacking him on the back. The woman was small, but packed quite a punch.

“Well, I guess she said it all,” Kurt said. He handed over his iPod to Dani who set it up for him.

The band sat down and he walked toward the speakers and took a deep breath. A favorite song, a life anthem, and yes, a song he could sing the shit out of.

*Comin' home used to feel so good*

*I'm a stranger now in my neighborhood*

*I've seen the world at a faster pace*

*And I'm comin' now from a diff'rent place*

*Though I may look the same way to you*

*Underneath there is somebody new*

*I am not*

*The boy next door*

*I don't belong*

*Like I did before*

*Nothin' ever seems like it used to be*

*You can have your dreams, but you can't have me*

*Oh, I can't come back there anymore*
'Cause I am not the boy next door

You've been savin' those souvenirs,
Faded photographs from our foolish years
We made plans, but they're wearin' thin
And they don't work out 'cause I don't fit in

And those mem'ries will just weigh ya down
'Cause I got no place to keep 'em uptown

I am not
The boy next door
I don't belong
Like I did before
Nothin' ever seems like it used to be
You can have your dreams, but you can't have me

Oh, I can't go back there anymore
'Cause I am not the boy next door, uh!

I'm not sorry for just bein' me
But if you'd look past the past you could see
That I am not....

Nothin' ever seems like it used to be
You can have your dreams, oh, but you can't have me
I can't go back there anymore
'Cause I am not
I am not
Kurt opened his eyes after the last note only to see the band look around at each other before they all stood, cheering loudly. Max’s bass, Elliot’s tenor, Dani’s alto and Sam’s very surprising soprano were all clear, even in their cheers and applause. He let a grin show as the last of his tension died. Win or lose, he did his damn best. By the clapping still going on and the handshakes and back slaps that came, he was sure he had nothing to fear.

Marry the Night by Lady Gaga
Not the Boy Next Door by Boy from Oz
Chapter 36

Chapter Notes

Please see A/N at the bottom for an announcement regarding this story…. (No it’s not being abandoned!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Last time on Unlock My Heart:

Kurt opened his eyes after the last note only to see the band look around at each other before they all stood, cheering loudly. Max’s bass, Elliot’s tenor, Dani’s alto and Sam’s very surprising soprano were all clear, even in their cheers and applause. He let a grin show as the last of his tension died. Win or lose, he did his damn best. By the clapping still going on and the handshakes and back slaps that came, he was sure he had nothing to fear.

“To Kurt, newest member of Ideal Misfits!” Elliot cheered, holding his drink up.

The rest of the band cheered and Kurt bumped his glass of diet Coke with each of his fellow band members. His fellow band members! He made it! Kurt Hummel was a vocalist in a band. And here he was in a club called Plan B, having drinks and starting another new phase in his life. The life of a performer. He knew deep down that unlike New Directions and the Warblers, his ideas would be heard here. His individuality and creativity would not only be welcomed but encouraged as well. This new life of his was turning out to be more of a dream than even his own fantasies could have thought of.

“Here’s to you, Porcelain!” Sam yelled in his ear.

“Porcelain?” Dani asked as they all drank to Kurt.

“He needs a stage name. And look at him, all that pretty white skin. So, therefore, I dub thee, Porcelain,” Sam said, bumping her shoulder into Kurt’s.

Kurt snorted and then turned red as they all laughed. “Sorry. It’s just really ironic that you chose that for a nickname,” he said, giggling.

“Why is that? It kind of suits you,” Elliot said with a wink.

“It was the nickname my cheerleading coach gave me sophomore year of high school,” Kurt said, his cheeks still bright pink.

There was a short silence. Kurt looked around and saw Dani and Sam were looking at him thoughtfully and humorously. Max and Elliot had an odd look in their eyes. Kurt swallowed and his eyes widened. Was that … hunger? Desire? It was definitely interest if nothing else. He felt his heart pound as a burning heat seared through his body. The idea that these good looking men might find him attractive even in a passing thought pertaining to cheerleading was overwhelming and so hot. He
lowered his gaze shyly. Elliot was gorgeous, drop dead gorgeous. His eyes were practically silver and always seemed to sparkle when their gazes met. Max was insanely beautiful. Almost an animal type beauty. Kurt half expected to see him prowl around, his large body elegant in its motions.

“Cheerleader, huh?” Sam said. “I can see that about you. I bet you’ve got one hell of a high kick.”

Kurt nodded. “Yeah. I’ve been doing yoga for years and it really helped with flexibility. I was the top of the pyramid, too.” He couldn’t help bragging. He actually had people listening to him and interested in what he had to say.

“Flexible,” Max mumbled, his hazel gaze heated as he met Kurt’s eyes. “We’ll have to get you and Elliot dancing for one of our numbers then.”

“Still have the uniform?” Elliot asked, unable to help himself. The younger man was trim and leanly muscled. It would be freaking hot to see him in a cheerleading uniform and picture him doing flips and the splits. Oh god, the splits.

“Um, no. Unfortunately, I had to give that back. I did win the team Nationals that year. I sang a Celine Dion song in French for fourteen minutes while doing a dance routine. It was a blast,” Kurt shared. He’d always been so proud of that. Coach had given him a hug that day without one single off comment or insult. It’d been a special moment he’d always treasure.

“Fourteen minutes? Damn, kid. You’re just full of all sorts of interesting stories, aren’t you?” Sam asked in French.

“Well, most of my life has been boring, but there were a few highlights to break up the dull times,” Kurt said with a grin. It was nice to have someone to converse with in French again. “Does anyone else here know French?”

“I do. So no making fun of me, Sam. I know you,” Elliot said.

Kurt’s body tingled again. The sound of the beautiful language coming out of those full lips was affecting his libido. Hell, the whole night was affecting his libido.

“Alright you three, no more French. If you can’t share it with the group, don’t say it at all,” Dani lectured with a grin.

“Yes, Mom,” Sam and Elliot said together.

“Mom?” Kurt asked.

Max grinned and gave Dani a side hug. “Dani here is our resident mama. She takes care of us and sets us straight when we get off track.”

“That now includes you, Porcelain, so be good,” Dani said, shaking a finger at Kurt.

“Yes, ma’am,” Kurt said with a grin.

“Oh god,” Elliot said. He, Sam, and Max all leaned away as Dani’s brown eyes went dark.

“No. Not. Call. Me. Ma’am,” she said quietly but each word felt like a punch.

Kurt’s eyes widened. “I’m, um, sorry. I didn’t mean to offend you,” he said. Oh shit, please don’t let me have just blown this.

Dani winked and everyone relaxed. “No big. For some reason people tend to think I’m older than
my ripe old age of twenty one. It irritates me. I’ve been called ma’am more times than I’d like.”

Kurt nodded. “Got it. I get called ‘lady’ or ‘girly boy’, so I understand.”

All of his new friends frowned. “Do you tell them where to shove it?” Sam asked.

“Every time. Doesn’t help, though. Not when you have a voice and face like mine,” Kurt said, smiling bitterly.

Max reached over the table and laid his – huge! – hand over Kurt’s. “You are a countertenor. Your voice is a gift. There is nothing girly about you, Porcelain,” he said. He let his eyes travel up and down Kurt’s body, his gaze heated. “Trust me.”

Kurt swallowed, his eyes wide. Holy shit, this man could probably make him come just from looking at him. “Okay,” he whispered.

They resumed drinking and chatting after that, listening to the horrible karaoke singers in the background. Kurt lamented not knowing an instrument to help with the band and Dani offered to teach him guitar a few times per month. He enthusiastically accepted. He had wanted Blaine to teach him, but they’d never gotten to it.

Sam told him he would be on equipment duty as the new member. She said Max would teach him about setting up the different amplifiers and speakers at their gigs. Kurt gladly agreed, he wanted any opportunity to help and make himself useful to the group.

He learned that there was a gig in just over a week and they would be changing their set to include him. Other than school hours, he let them know he was available at any time.

All of them but Sam were in school. Dani and Max were at NYU. Dani for journalism and Max for engineering, both were juniors. Elliot, of course, was a junior at Parsons, he was also the oldest of the bunch at the ripe old age of twenty two. Sam was just a few months older than Kurt at nineteen. She was taking a year off to do whatever she wanted before she went to school. She was hoping to study photography at either Tisch or NYU, but she wasn’t worrying about any of that yet.

One thing he noticed was absent in their talking was any discussion of Dominants, submissives and soul mates. It was odd to not have it even mentioned, but it was a good odd. He was enjoying that he had no idea of any of his new friends’ designations. He could hazard guesses. He knew Max had to be a Dom. That gaze of his, the way his eyes seemed to plunge deep into your soul just screamed Dom. Dani and Sam were probably subs. Elliot. Now that was one person he had absolutely no clue on. He was a good leader which some might think meant he was a Dom, but Kurt himself was a good leader, in his mind, so that didn’t mean anything. The great thing was that none of it mattered. He wasn’t even going to bring it up. They had all kept their Marks covered and he would do the same.

“So, Porcelain, wanna see how well we can sing together?” Elliot asked with an excited grin.

“Sure!” Kurt said eagerly. He was excited as well as scared shitless. What if they sounded horrible together? What if Kurt couldn’t sing well with someone else?

“Stop worrying, Porcelain, you’re gonna pull a muscle,” Sam teased. “You’ll do fine. If you suck, we’ll make fun of you and move on. No big deal.”

Kurt mock glared at her. “Bite me, shorty.”

“Eat me, scrawny,” she grinned.
Kurt knew his face turned green. “Oh god.”

Elliot grabbed Kurt’s hand. “Sam, lay off with the nasty girl sex talk. You know it makes us gay boys nauseous.”

“Maybe next time he won’t call me shorty,” she said, her small nose in the air.

“Definitely won’t. Definitely. Won’t,” Kurt said adamantly, squeezing Elliot’s hand. “Let’s sing, shall we?”

“Come dance for us guys,” Elliot called as he led Kurt to the DJ booth to choose their song.

Ten minutes later, Kurt stood on the stage with Elliot holding a microphone in his shaking hand. Elliot nudged him with his shoulder.

“Breathe, sweetie. We’re gonna rock this place,” he said, his eyes warm and encouraging.

Sweetie? Kurt took a gasping breath. This guy was killing him. Why did he have to be so hot? Hot, sweet, gorgeous, French speaking, wonderful singer and did he mention sexy? Now he had to sing with the guy. Breathe, Kurt, the worst that’ll happen is you’ll screw up the lyrics or fall down or throw up or get a boner. No big deal, right? Oh shit.

“Kurt, look at me,” Elliot whispered in his ear. Kurt met his warm silver eyes. “Relax and just enjoy the moment. This isn’t some test. It’s just a chance to have some fun. We are going to sound amazing. Okay?”

His voice soothed Kurt in a way he’d never felt. He nodded. “Okay.”

Elliot winked. “Here we go.”

[Elliott:]

Can’t explain all the feelings that you’re making me feel

My heart's in overdrive and you’re behind the steering wheel

[Kurt:]

Touching you

Touching me

Touching you

God, you're touching me!

[Elliott with Kurt:]

I believe in a thing called love

Just listen to the rhythm of my heart
There's a chance we could make it now
We'll be rocking 'til the sun goes down
I believe in a thing called love!

[Elliott:]
Ooh! Yeah! Come on!

Elliot began dancing around the stage and Kurt followed his movements, easily falling into the flirty nature of the song. When he started his next line, he sent Elliot a coy glance.

[Kurt:]
I wanna kiss you every minute, every hour, every day
You got me in a spin but everythin' is A.O.K!

[Kurt and Elliott:]
Touching you
Touching me
Touching you
God, you're touching me!

They met in the middle of the stage and leaned back against each other as they sang the chorus. Kurt chanced a look at the crowd and was astounded to see the dance floor was full and people were singing along. He saw Max, Sam, and Dani dancing together and cheering them on. The moment was perfect.

[Elliott with Kurt:]
I believe in a thing called love
Just listen to the rhythm of my heart
There's a chance we could make it now
We'll be rocking 'til the sun goes down
I believe in a thing called love!
[Elliott and Kurt:]

Ooh! Yeah, guitar!

Elliot grabbed Kurt’s hand and twirled him around before running and jumping on one of the amplifiers. Kurt joined in by climbing the lighting girder, the audience cheering as they made the stage their own.

[Elliot and Kurt:]

Touching you

Touching me

Touching you

God, you're touching me! Oh!

I believe in a thing called love

Just listen to the rhythm of my heart

There's a chance we could make it now

We'll be rocking 'til the sun goes down

I believe in a thing called love!

Oh, woah!

Kurt couldn’t get over what a magical moment this was. And to think this was going to be his life now, performing and seeing people enjoy the music they were sharing with them.

As the song ended, the crowd was jumping up and down, yelling and applauding for more. Elliot grabbed Kurt and hugged him before holding their hands up so the audience could cheer for them once more. They returned their microphones to the stands and made their way off the stage. Kurt was stopped by several people congratulating him and telling him what a great job he did. He got turned around and looked for his band mates.

“Nice job, lady lips,” a bulky guy sneered, ramming his shoulder into Kurt’s. “Way to show everyone just how a good a girl can sing. Now it’s time to get your dress back on and get in the kitchen”

“Way to show everyone what an ignorant asshole you are,” Kurt retorted. “Go back to your cave,
Neanderthal, you shouldn’t be out in public with your knuckles dragging like that.”

“Are you trying to be brave or are you just stupid,” a tall blonde said, standing next to Bulky. “I think you need to show us some respect.”

Kurt heard the Dom tone rising in his voice and knew it was time to get away. This was not a good situation to get stuck in.

“I’m thinking it’s you two who should be showing some respect,” a deep voice growled from behind Kurt. A warm arm wrapped around his waist and Kurt saw Max’s familiar coffee colored skin surrounding him and instantly felt safe. He relaxed himself back into his hold, letting Max’s large body hold him up.

“Is this your little bitch?” Bulky asked. “You need to keep him in line.”

“You need to back your ass out of this club before I decide to lose my temper. Kurt, should I lose my temper? It’s up to you. I can lose my temper or we can dance. I’m okay with either,” Max said, his voice conversational.

“Hmm. Can I see your bicep?” Kurt asked, playing along.

Max’s around came up and he flexed his arm which was very close to being as wide as Kurt’s waist. “What do you guys think? Should he lose his temper?” Kurt asked Bulky and his friend. His friend made his decision by slinking away and melting into the crowd.

“Fucking little twink bitch,” Bulky muttered before following his friend.

As he passed by, Max’s huge hand flung out and slapped the back of the guy’s head, making him stumble into the wall. Kurt let out a laugh and hugged Max’s arm to him. After the guy groaned and hurried away, Kurt turned and didn’t resist his desire to hug Max.

“You were amazing, thank you,” he said, looking up, way up, into Max’s warm eyes.

“Glad to help. It’s always fun to smack an asshole upside the head,” Max said, his arms still wrapped around him. “So, how about that dance?”

“Sounds good to me,” Kurt agreed. He took Max’s hand as the taller man led him onto the dance floor.

The new Adam Lambert song “For Your Entertainment” was just beginning and Kurt sang along as Max pulled him into his arms. Max let his hands settle on Kurt’s hips after wrapping Kurt’s hands around his neck and began moving them into a smooth glide back and forth to the beat.

So hot
Out the box
Can you pick up the pace?
Turn it up,
Heat it up
I need to be entertained
Push the limit
Are you with it?
Baby, don't be afraid
I'm a hurt 'ya real good, baby

As the music settled over them, Kurt added a dip to his hips that Max matched and before Kurt knew it, they were nearly grinding. They had to make quite a picture. Max was easily half a foot taller than him and his build was so large, he was certain that if you were standing behind Max you wouldn’t be able to see him. Add in Max’s coffee dark skin and Kurt’s porcelain tones and they were a picture of opposites. Kurt thought they looked beautiful together. He also thought Max was freaking hot as fuck.

Let's go
It's my show
Baby, do what I say
Don't trip off the glitz
That I'm gonna display
I told ya
I'm a hold ya down until you're amazed
Give it to ya 'til you're screaming my name

The heat building between them was insane. Sadly, the last time he’d felt this kind of sensual fire was when he’d danced with Sebastian. Pre-insanity. Instead of giving it too much thought, he decided to just enjoy himself. He wasn’t feeling anything that was wrong so he would just go with it.

No escaping when I start
Once I'm in I own your heart
There's no way you'll ring the alarm
So hold on until it's over

Oh, do you know what you got into?
Can you handle what I'm 'bout to do?
'Cause it's about to get rough for you
I'm here for your entertainment

Oh, I bet you thought that I was soft and sweet
'Ya thought an angel swept you off ya feet
But I'm about to turn up the heat
I'm here for your entertainment

It's alright
You'll be fine
Baby, I'm in control
Take the pain
Take the pleasure
I'm the master of both
Close your eyes
Not your mind
Let me into your soul
I'm a work it 'til you're totally blown

“You’re feeling it too, aren’t you?” Max asked, his eyes smoldering.

Kurt didn’t play stupid. “Oh yeah. Are you gay?”

“Nah. I consider myself just plain old sexual. Female sexual, male sexual. Whoever catches my eye. I like times like this when two hot people can enjoy being hot together. No pressure, no expectations. Just enjoying the hotness,” he said with a sexy grin. “You are freaking gorgeous, you know that right?” he asked, his hazel eyes slowly running up and down Kurt’s swaying form.

Relieved and turned on at his words, Kurt shivered as Max’s big hands rubbed circles onto his hips. He was so concentrated on the desire coursing through him, he didn’t filter his next words. “Well, seeing as how the only two people who ever found me attractive turned out to be a vicious stalker and an abusive asshole, I don’t really know,” Kurt blurted. He stopped dancing, slapping his hand over his mouth, his eyes wide. What had he done? “I, uh, gotta go to the bathroom,” he said and began walking away. He couldn’t believe he’d just said all that. After trying so hard to keep his personal life personal and he just spilled it all. Damn Max and his sexy self.

His hand was grabbed and he was pulled back into Max’s arms. “Look at me, Kurt,” Max
demanded. Kurt was right, he was a Dom. It wasn’t a Dom order, but only a Dom could put that much power behind a command.

Kurt’s hands returned to their prior position behind Max’s neck. He looked up at him, his eyes guarded.

Max led them back into the dance as a new song started. He didn’t say anything until they were both into the music, their bodies swaying together, the heat building between them again.

“I’m sorry that the only people to acknowledge your beauty were such poor specimens of humanity. I, on the other hand, am an exceptional specimen,” he said with a huge white smile, his expression warm and genuine. “You can be guaranteed that when I say you are gorgeous, sexy, heavenly, and hot, I mean it. Therefore, it is the truth. I’m a good person now and will be tomorrow, so you’ll have no need to doubt my words.”

Kurt swallowed hard but couldn’t fight the tear that slipped down his cheek. “Thank you,” he said.

Max wiped the tear away. “Beautiful Kurt. Sweet Porcelain. You belong to us now. Four people who will love you and will protect you and your heart. I won’t ask anything, I won’t say anything. But I will listen if needed. Any of us will. All of us will. We all have our damage. We accept that and we accept each other. That’s what makes us family. Now we are a family of five. You complete us, Porcelain. You make us better. And just maybe we’ll help make you better.”

Kurt stared up at him. A slow smile spread on his face. He didn’t need to say anything, Max had said it all. He leaned his head onto Max’s chest and let himself sink into his friend and the music. For the first time in a long time he felt safe.

Chapter End Notes

I Believe in a Thing Called Love: The Darkness

For Your Entertainment: Adam Lambert

I’m going to be taking a small hiatus. I’m dealing with some real life crap and need my brain concentrated on that. I will be working on this during that time and will be posting when I can. I don’t know how long I’ll be away, but no later than December 1st. I’ll have several chapters to post by then, so hopefully it’ll be worth the wait. Don’t give up on me!
Chapter 37

UCLA
Los Angeles, California

Blaine contemplated the heavy book in front of him. He knew he had hours of homework ahead of him but as had been the case lately, he couldn’t find the desire to memorize more anatomical terms. His musical theory class was the only class that he was truly enjoying and able to immerse himself in. One of his pre-med professors had already pulled him aside and asked him to question whether or not medicine was his true passion. He was certainly not showing an aptitude for it. That was something Grandpa would not be hearing about, he would be livid. Music was a hobby, not a career. Despite that, Blaine couldn’t stop thinking of what it would be like to pursue music as a career. Even to just get a degree to teach music to kids or get involved in musical therapy. Here it was, only a month into his freshmen year and he was already thinking about ditching the dream he’d had since he was little. It was something to bring up in his Dominant Crisis Classes. They were bound to have some advice for him.

He wondered if Kurt would be proud of him for attending the classes. It was the first thing he had signed up for after registering for his classes and getting settled in his tiny dorm room. The Dominant Crisis Classes covered a variety of topics from Dominant Identity Crisis, which helped Doms learn to be stronger in their role as Dom to Dominant Anger Management classes which Blaine was in as well as Dominant Domestic Abuse. That was the hard class to be in. The anger management could be easily explained away as him having anger problems, which he obviously did. But walking into a room with a large sign outside that said Dominant Domestic Abuse let everyone know exactly what kind of Dom he was.

If that weren’t bad enough, he had literally gone light headed when he had left the class and walked right into one of his Anatomy classmates, Lily. She was in his study group and though they hadn’t hit it off personality wise, she had proven to be a bright and capable member of the study group. She had made it clear that she would not be treated differently just because she was a sub. Nobody had treated her differently which confused Blaine until his new friend Brian had filled in the blanks. Lily had apparently left her abusive soul mate in order to follow her dream of becoming a doctor. Now here he was walking out of a class that screamed BEWARE! ABUSIVE DOM! And the small woman had glared at him for a solid minute before stalking away from him.

She hadn’t told anyone where she had seen him which was a relief, but Blaine felt the need to explain why he was going there and what had happened with Kurt. She had agreed to sit down for coffee and he told her his entire story. It was painfully cathartic to just sit there and spill his guts especially knowing it was being heard by non-sympathetic ears. When he was finished, she sat there and glared at him, tears shimmering in her brown eyes.

“How could you do that to him? I just, I do not get it! What is with you Dominants who think you should be able to treat your sub any old way you want to, damage us, hurt us, change us forever with your abuse, and then expect us to come prancing back, eager to dive at your feet and worship you? Are you fucking kidding me?” She had stood up, this five foot nothing little blond and she had smacked him right across the face.

“You make me sick. You do not deserve to have that man as your soul mate. I hope he never takes you back,” she cried and stormed away.
Surprisingly, she still didn’t say anything to anyone and continued to be a part of the study group. Blaine did get the hint, however, and kept his distance from her.

The only other person who knew Blaine’s story was another study buddy, Etienne. He had proved to be a real friend, the only one Blaine felt he had in the entire state. He was probably the loudest man Blaine had ever met, even during normal conversation. He dressed in every color imaginable as long as it didn’t match. He called everyone Darling, including the professors, who surprisingly, just smiled and moved on. Nobody knew how the man got away with being so sassy, but he did. One afternoon, they had hung out in Blaine’s dorm drinking cup after cup of coffee trying to slog their way through their homework. Etienne had commented on the Spartan look of the room. Blaine said something about Kurt not being around to turn it into their home. Of course, Etienne had to know who Kurt was and then Blaine had opened the floodgates and poured out his entire story. Other than his group and Lily, Etienne was the only other person he would share his story with in California. When he was done, he was sobbing into Etienne’s shoulder, begging for forgiveness. From who, he did not know. Etienne let him cry himself out then grabbed his chin. For the first time ever, he’d called him by his name, not Darling.

“Blaine, now that you got that out of your system, you need to get over yourself. You fucked up. Not just a normal fuck up that can be fixed. You fucked up someone’s life, someone’s body, and worst of all, you fucked up his trust. That man entrusted you with his heart, his body, his submission and you just trampled all the fuck over it. And you want him back?” Etienne had asked.

“More than anything,” Blaine said passionately, his golden eyes wide and sincere.

“Honestly? I would put money on the fact that he never speaks to you again. I wouldn’t,” Etienne said bluntly.

“Then what do I do?” he asked, feeling desperate. He had to get Kurt back, had to show him he was a new person. He could be the soul mate Kurt needed and deserved. He hoped.

“You make yourself into that new person. Finish every single one of those crisis classes, including an alcoholic abuse class. Fix your damage. Then you present yourself, put yourself out there and make yourself vulnerable like he was forced to do. If he accepts you, fantastic. But, Blaine, if he denies you, which I think is most likely, you are going to need to suck it up and deal with it. You hurt him bad enough, he doesn’t need any more from you. You do not deserve him. I am sorry to be so blunt, but you do not. You made your bed, you sleep in it. Alone. I know you probably wanted me to assure you that he would take you back, but I will not do that, especially because I know it’s not true. Most likely, you will need to start accepting the fact that you will not have him in your life anymore.”

His friend had then held him as he cried again, trying to accept the truth of Etienne’s words. He could not accept it, not yet. He had to try. He pulled out his phone and showed Etienne some pictures of Kurt.

The taller man shook his head. “You hit that angel? How dumb are you? That boy is beautiful,” Etienne said, flipping through the pictures. “I would have done anything in my power to make this boy happy. Damn, you lucked out and then you go and fuck it all up. Top notch, Blaine. Well done.”

Etienne had left soon after. They had talked again a couple days later and Etienne assured Blaine he would stay his friend, but would not be comfortable giving advice on how to get Kurt back. Blaine understood, though that left him alone in his journey to make Kurt his again. He got some comfort from hearing Etienne calling him Darling again. It was a small comfort, but one he welcomed.

Blaine had decided to do what he did best and sing his emotions. He had found a small piano bar
near the dorms and had applied to play music for a few hours in the evening. The pay was practically non-existent but he didn’t care. All he wanted was the chance to sing out his heart. He had found a sympathetic soul in the bartender who had agreed to record his songs so Blaine could upload them to his Facebook. He could only hope Kurt found them somehow, though he would never know either way. He could try and find his address and send him something in person, but that was an invasion of privacy Blaine could not be okay with. It was bad enough he had let Grandpa carry through with the private investigator.

Though it had taken some time and people he would rather not know his Grandfather was capable of hiring, Blaine had finally learned Kurt was in New York. He had known, of course, where else would he be? But he had needed the confirmation to ease the worry in his heart. His first instinct had been to fly out there and find him, beg him or even order him to come home, despite the loss of their connection. Would a Dom order still work? He doubted it. He wished he could say for certain that he knew he would never do that to Kurt. But he didn’t know. What he did know was that he missed Kurt so damn much. Knowing where he was, was a relief and a hindrance. All he could think about was that in a few hours’ time he could be in the same state as his beloved. After finding out he was in New York, he had taken several days to decide on what course he would take. His grandfather, of course, was set on finding Kurt and bringing him home, broken connection or not. He’d seen a look on his grandmother’s face, almost disgust, as she’d gazed at her husband. She had told both of them to leave Kurt in peace. Blaine had eventually agreed with her and told his grandfather to call off the investigator. He had and Blaine had been able to move on as much as he could.

Pushing aside his anatomy homework, he watched the recording of last night’s song and rubbed his chin.

*Return to me*

*Oh my dear I am so lonely*

*Hurry back, hurry back*

*Oh my love hurry back I am yours*

*Return to me*

*For my heart wants you only*

*Hurry home, hurry home*

*Will not you please hurry home to my heart*

*My darling, if I hurt you I am sorry*

*Forgive me and please say you are mine*

*Return to me*
Please come back bella mia

Hurry back, hurry home to my arms

To my lips and my heart

Ritornate a me (Return to me)

Cara mia ti amo  (Honey I love you)

Solo tu, solo tu, solo tu, solo tu (Only you, only you, only you)

Mio cuore (My heart)

He knew Kurt loved this song as it was from one of his favorite movies, Return to Me. Was this the one he should upload to his Facebook? Should he pick a different one? Should he put some sort of message on it? Would Kurt even look at it? He shook his head, trying to figure out what the hell he was doing. There was nothing saying Kurt would even look at Blaine’s Facebook, much less watch a video. Could he blame him? No. Did he hope Kurt would watch? Yes. Did he hope that singing one song could undo all the damage he had created? Well, it seemed to work in TV shows where anything serious could be fixed in one hour with no lasting consequence. More often than not, anything bad could be fixed with a well-timed, well picked song. So, yeah, it should be that easy for him. Did he really think it would be? Of course not. He was an idiot, but even he had some brain cells left.

Blaine again considered the list of songs he had compiled all for the sake of trying to woo Kurt or at least let him know that he was still loved. How many times per day was he going to feel like slamming his own head into a wall? It felt like he was living in a nightmare that he just could not wake up from. He had to do something.

Leaving the table, he grabbed his phone and called one of his mentors from the Dominant Crisis Class. He spoke with the man for almost forty five minutes and when he hung up, he smiled broadly. A real smile, not forced, something he hadn’t experienced much over the last couple of months. He had a plan and he was going to put it into place right then.

Three hours later, his life had changed once more. He was no long Blaine Anderson, future Doctor of Medicine. Now he was Blaine Anderson, future musical therapist with a minor in education. He was going to help hurt people and just maybe he would be able to use it to help pay back to the universe the awful things he had to do to Kurt.

With a skip to his step, he headed off for the piano bar, the lyrics of the song he was going to sing for Kurt dancing around in his mind. He would sing and record this song and then post it on his Facebook page. Then he would write the perfect message to him and it would somehow, some way, begin his journey back to his true love.

I’m not a perfect person

There’s many things I wish I didn’t do
But I continue learning
I never meant to do those things to you
And so I have to say before I go
That I just want you to know

I’ve found a reason for me
To change who I used to be
A reason to start over new
And the reason is you

I’m sorry that I hurt you
It’s something I must live with everyday
And all the pain I put you through
I wish that I could take it all away
And be the one who catches all your tears
That’s why I need you to hear

I’ve found a reason for me
To change who I used to be
A reason to start over new
And the reason is you
And the reason is you

I’m not a perfect person
I never meant to do those things to you
And so I have to say before I go
That I just want you to know

I’ve found a reason for me
To change who I used to be
A reason to start over new
And the reason is you

I've found a reason to show
A side of me you didn't know
A reason for all that I do
And the reason is you

He titled the video "For Kurt" and wrote underneath:

My darling soul mate, my beautiful Kurt,

I pray this song reaches you and brightens your day. You are the reason for all that I do. You are the reason I get out of bed and get through a day of studies. You are the reason I am working on making myself a better person. A better man. A man who deserves you. I am so sorry that we are not living all of these minutes and days together. I do hope you are loving each moment of your dream. I will leave you in peace and will not interfere with the life you have chosen to live. Instead, I will support you from afar, applauding each step you will take in a life I know will be filled with success and excitement. You are still my teenage dream, Kurt, you always will be. Enjoy each day you are given and live it to the absolute fullest. I will still be here loving you every single moment of every day.

I love you, baby.

Love, Blaine.

. . . . . . .

Return to Me: Joey Gian version

The Reason: Hoobastank
Chapter 38

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Last Time on Unlock My Heart:

You are still my teenage dream, Kurt, you always will be. Enjoy each day you are given and live it to the absolute fullest. I will still be here loving you every single moment of every day.

I love you, baby.

Love, Blaine.

.........

Kurt was trying to decide if he was going to bounce off the walls with excess energy or spend an hour vomiting in the bathroom. The day had finally came when he was singing a solo with the band. They had decided, and he had whole heartedly agreed, that he would sing duets and back up for Elliot until they were all comfortable. They had sat down after their first gig together and went through songs that Kurt would do well singing on his own. After deciding on the song, Kurt had begun practicing. Now, a month later, they had actually planned the entire set list around the song he was singing. It wasn’t an exceptionally hard song, but he was determined to do his very best. He had rehearsed it until he felt like his vocal cords would bleed. Then he’d sung it for Elliot, then Sam, then Max, and finally Dani had smacked him upside the head and told him to get it together. That had been during their third guitar lesson. Well. Lesson attempt. Kurt had turned out to be quite pathetic at the instrument. He could hand sew a handkerchief hem with his eyes closed, but placing his fingers just right to play the chords on a guitar? Yeah, not so much. Dani had finally given up on him and told him to stick to roadie detail. He was perfectly fine with that. Give him heavy lifting and a million cords to untangle over a damn guitar any day.

Elliot, sweet Elliot, had thought maybe it was his teacher and had brought over Chinese food one night to spend time teaching him. It only took him an hour to realize Dani had been overly generous with the amount of time she had spent with him. That spelled the end of the guitar fiasco. Sam had then crashed their dinner and mocked Kurt relentlessly about the whole situation. He then told her at least he could reach to the top shelf where the wine glasses were kept and she promptly kicked him in the shin.

Sam and Elliot had quickly become his best friends. The best friends he had ever had if he was honest. He swore he and Sam shared a brain. They had begun referring to themselves as Mind Twins because they tended to have the same opinion on most topics. They could finish each other’s sentences at times which tended to creep the whole band out. They enjoyed it and had a great time ragging on each other and making fun of everyone around them, knowing that nobody could possibly be as fabulous as they were. Elliot was his best friend in a deeper, more emotional, way. It wasn’t serious all the time or anything, they just got each other in a more profound way than anyone else. Elliot understood things inside Kurt that even he didn’t understand.

That night with the Chinese and guitar lesson had changed their friendship and taken it to a level Kurt had never anticipated. With his Mind Twin there, the experience bonded the three together in ways that would never be able to be broken.

Kurt had noticed early on that, like ninety nine percent of New Yorkers, the Ideal Misfits kept their
Marks covered. Kurt had whispered his question about soul mates to his Mind Twin, and he discovered that yes, Sam’s boyfriend, Joseph, was her Soul Mate. They had been together for two years after meeting at a country club where Sam, at sixteen, was working as a waitress. After they had gotten to know one another, Joseph had asked her to move in with him in a strictly non-sexual agreement. The Dom had found out that Sam’s father was verbally abusive and neglectful and had wanted her away from the situation. He had helped her get through high school as he finished college. When it came time for her to apply to colleges, she had dragged her heels. Joseph had suggested she take a year off to just ‘be’, to live and explore her love of photography in New York. She had happily jumped on the offer for him to fund her year of being a free spirit. They would take weekends together and explore new areas of the city, looking for the next amazing thing that she could capture with her ever-present camera. Now Kurt got to enjoy tagging along on some of their jaunts and found himself the unwilling subject of too many of Sam’s photos.

Max, he discovered, had recently broken up with a girlfriend. Though he was sad about it and a bit stung over being dumped, he wasn’t completely miserable. Dani had a mad crush on a local barista but refused to ask him out. Kurt still wasn’t sure if she was a sub or Dom. While Sam hadn’t minded sharing her story with him, it was quietly accepted that they did not discuss the other band member’s personal lives. Elliot was the only one who didn’t have a current anything. No boyfriend or soul mate, at least as far as anyone knew. He was certain the man was a Dom, but even that hadn’t been confirmed. Until the night of the Chinese dinner.

After the mocking over Kurt’s epic guitar fail had finally ended, they had put in a movie and the three snuggled together on the couch. Apparently Elliot knew Sam’s personal situation as she had slipped her band off with her coat when she’d arrived. Part way through the movie, Elliot began rubbing at his band, trying to scratch through it. Finally, Kurt heard a whispered ‘fuck it’, and Elliot slipped his band off with a contented sigh as he scratched at the itchy area. He tried to keep his eyes averted, he really did, but he failed. As he’d suspected, Elliot was a Dom, his key bright against his skin. What he’d had no way of knowing was that he and Elliot had more than one thing in common. Unable to contain his gasp, he saw that Elliot’s key was broken clean through. Unlike his, however, the break was a straight line, not jagged.

“What the hell is wrong with your Mark?” Sam the Sensitive and Subtle, demanded.

“Subtle, Burke,” Elliot snarked, calling her by her last name.

“Well, I am sorry, but I have never seen a broken Mark before,” Sam said. “I know it isn’t any of my business and I’m sorry I busted out like that. Just ignore me. Let’s watch the movie.”

“It’s okay if you have questions,” Elliot said gently. “I don’t mind. I don’t offer the information, but it’s nothing I’m ashamed of.”

Kurt questioned himself. Was he ashamed? Was that why he still hadn’t told his friends about Blaine? They knew he’d left a bad situation and that he was from the Midwest. That was it. Everything else in their friendship was based on what they had built since he moved. He just wasn’t ready. He had almost blown it with Max that one night in the bar after he’d joined the band. But true to his word, Max had never brought it up again. Part of him wanted to take his wrist cuff off and show Elliot that he wasn’t alone, but he just couldn’t bring himself to do it. Besides it was clear that Elliot had a story to share and he deserved Kurt’s full attention.

“Well, you have a soul mate, right? But something happened?” Sam asked, feeling hesitant and embarrassed now.

“I do and yes,” Elliot answered.
Kurt could see grief deep in Elliot’s beautiful gray eyes and his stomach sank. He knew this wasn’t going to be a happy ending.

“I met Declan when I was fifteen. He was eighteen, his family and he were from Ireland. He had the cutest accent. He was working at my Dad’s garage. I went to help out one afternoon and handed Dec a wrench and that’s when we discovered we were soul mates. We kept it platonic and just got to know each other and became friends. When I was about halfway through junior year in high school, we became boyfriends and became fully Claimed. It was amazing, like the kind of true love you read about in romance novels,” Elliot said, a sweet smile curving his lips.

Kurt noted the comment about his dad owning a garage and decided to mention it later as something they had in common. He could share that much.

“Declan moved in with us the summer between junior and senior year because our house was bigger and was closer to the garage,” Elliot recounted. His eyes grew dim and he rubbed his thumb over the split in his Mark. “A few months after he moved in, I uh,” he cleared his throat several times. “My mom came and got me from school. One of the car lifts at the garage collapsed.” Sam and Kurt gasped, hands to their mouths. “He was partially crushed and went into a coma,” his voice cracked and Kurt took his hand.

“You don’t have to continue,” Kurt whispered, tears streaming down his face.

Elliot gave him a soft smile and squeezed his hand. “It’s okay. It’s just been a while since I’ve told the story. His family included me on the decision of whether or not to stop life support on Dec since he was in the coma for almost six months and he wasn’t showing signs of brain activity. I couldn’t handle it. Nobody should have to make that decision about their soul mate,” he said, his voice breaking.

Sam gave a quiet whimper, thinking of her Joseph, and soon all three of them were holding hands, tears falling.

“His family finally stopped the life support and he died in minutes. I was holding him in my arms. I remember while he was in the coma, I started getting so weak because I couldn’t gain strength from him through our bond because his body was shut down. I knew the moment he was really gone,” Elliot’s throat worked as he tried to swallow. “I knew he was gone because I felt better. Better than I had in months because I didn’t need his energy anymore because he was gone. Do you have any idea how that felt? My soul mate, my other half dies and my body felt relief!” Elliot broke down and Kurt brought him into his arms and held him, rocking him slowly. His sobs were quiet, but deep with pain that was still very strong. Doing the math, Kurt knew it had been around three years, but figured when it came to the loss of a loved one, like his dad, the pain would never be fully gone.

Sam disappeared for a few minutes and returned with a tray of mugs filled with tea and a box of tissues. Kurt smiled at her gratefully, both of them still crying silently with their friend. Sam sat down and rubbed Elliot’s back until he sat up and blew his nose.

“I’m sure Declan is so proud of you, Elliot,” she said quietly, her lilac eyes bright.

Elliot grinned weakly. “I was gone for so long at first, just not me anymore. I couldn’t function. I stopped singing altogether. I wrote songs but couldn’t do anything with them. I had to repeat my senior year in high school because I wasn’t able to concentrate on what I was supposed to be doing. My nana helped pull me out of it. She reminded me how much Dec loved his Starchild and he’d wanted me to ‘go rule the feckin’ world’. That really pushed me to start working on myself. Three years later, here I am, ruling the feckin’ world,” he said with a bad Irish accent, and a brave smile. Kurt admired so much in that moment. To carry on after such a tragedy. Next to his dad, Elliot was
the strongest man he’d ever met.

“Do you have a picture of him?” Sam asked.

“I do,” Elliot said and pulled his phone out. He pulled up a picture and showed them a picture of the two together. Declan Murphy was a good looking guy. He was much shorter than Elliot, probably more than half a foot shorter. He was stocky with auburn hair and a goatee.

“He is cute,” Kurt commented honestly. The man had a warm glow about him that screamed mischief and fun. He also looked very much in love.

“And tiny, and that’s saying something coming from me,” Sam said, commenting on her five foot one inch frame.

“He was about five foot six. He was the perfect little spoon,” Elliot said, tracing his finger down the picture.

“I bet he was. Elliot, I am so very sorry for your loss. There really are no words, but I am sorry,” Kurt said. He wanted to have the perfect platitudes for his friend, but really, what can you say to someone who has lost the other half of their soul?

“Thank you, Kurt,” Elliot said and hugged him. Then he hugged Sam and they sat there quietly enjoying their tea.

Kurt struggled to figure out a way to change the subject to something happier. Then Sam struck.

“So, did you guys see that guy with the hard on at the coffee shop yesterday?” she asked loudly.

“What?” Kurt gawked at her.

“Come on, you can’t say you didn’t notice. He was standing by the counter where the straws and shit are you know? He either had a hard on or a freakin’ Godzilla sized banana down his pants,” she said, holding her hands out to show just how large.

They all broke out laughing and Elliot pulled his wrist band back on, effectively shutting off that conversation and the friends moved on with their evening. After that, they were closer than ever even though they never spoke of the topic again.

Kurt decided bouncing off the walls was good enough for the eve of his first solo performance for Ideal Misfits. He tried on his outfit again before taking it off, convinced he was going to spill something on it or some horrible wrinkle would appear out of thin air, completely ruining the whole look. And he had to look perfect. He was singing center stage. Elliot was going to be his back-up singer. His! Oh god, he thought, making barfing was the way to go, and ran towards the bathroom.

He was leaning against the sink, pleading with his body to not give in to the nausea when he saw a shadow at the door to the bathroom.

“Ginger tea, just how you like it,” Elliot said, holding out a mug and smiling at him sympathetically. “It’ll help settle your stomach.”

Kurt took it gratefully. “Thank you,” he said and took a slow sip, humming in delight.

“Drink that up while I bag up your outfit for tonight. You’re going to hang out with me until show
time,” Elliot said, heading toward Kurt’s bedroom.

Kurt felt like he should decline and tell Elliot to stay away from his clothes, but he couldn’t do it. The relief was too much. He loved knowing Elliot could take control of the situation and keep Kurt from freaking out for the next several hours.

“Just be careful with the pants, the hemming was a pain in the ass and I don’t want to have to redo it,” he called out. He packed up some toiletries, figuring he’d probably ask to crash on Elliot’s pull out couch because he’d be too amped up after the show to come back home alone. He would ask later, though, just in case Elliot had to say no. No need starting off the evening being disappointed.

“Are these the pants you got the A on in class?” Elliot asked.

“They are! Can you believe it? The old battle ax gave me a perfect grade,” he responded, coming into his room with the tea and his bag. His sewing teacher was so picky with grades, getting a perfect grade was nearly impossible. Or had been until now.

“They are amazing,” Elliot said, looking closely at the stitching. “You did a really good job, Kurt, you should be proud of yourself,” he said, giving him a warm smile.

Kurt felt like he was glowing from the inside out. “Thank you. I am pretty proud of them. I just hope they don’t unravel during our set.”

Elliot rolled his eyes and put the pants in the garment bag with the black button down he’d paired it with. They gathered up the last few items Kurt needed and headed out.

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Several hours later, the band was hugging in a large circle, with Dani just having finished up their normal pre-show pep talk. They were in front of a familiar crowd at The Liquid Kitty. They’d performed here around ten times, twice since Kurt had come along. The club owners had been in talks of offering them a regular gig with an increased paycheck. Tonight they were due to have their answer. No pressure on Kurt, he thought sarcastically.

“So Porcelain, go out there, kick ass, and most important?” Sam said, with a shit eating grin.

“What’s that?” Kurt asked hesitantly.

“Don’t fuck up!” she said with a grin and a slap on his back. For such a small woman, damn did she hit hard! And so inspirational!

“Damn, ‘cause that was exactly what I was planning on doing!” he returned, bumping his hip into her. “Simmer down, shorty, and don’t you fuck up during my solo!”

She grinned at him and flipped him off.

They started their set list off with a couple of crowd favorites. Kurt and Elliot shared the lead, working the crowd up with their musical chemistry. They seemed to have a magical ability to draw the crowd in and keep them eating out of the palms of their hands. It was more fun than Kurt had ever had.

Finally, his turn was up. Dani moved to the violin she’d brought with her and Elliot grabbed his electric guitar.

“And now, for his Ideal Misfits solo premier, let’s hear it for Porcelain!” Elliot called out.
Kurt took center stage and waited as the lights went black. The crowd, of course, went wild, before quieting as Dani began playing the opening measures on her violin.

"Out on your own"

"Cold and alone again"

"Can this be what you really wanted, baby?"

"Blame it on me,"

"Set your guilt free"

"Nothing can hold you back now."

"Now that you’re gone,"

"I feel like myself again."

"Grieving the things I can’t repair and willing…"

The haunting rhythm pounded through him as he moved to the music, his body undulating and swaying. He sang with everything he had, putting his all into the song. The lights flashed with the rhythm of the drums. It was magical. He refused to think about how the lyrics fit his life. Nothing would interrupt his moment.

"To let you blame it on me,"

"And set your guilt free."

"I don’t want to hold you back now love…"

"I can’t change who I am."

"Not this time, I won’t lie to keep you near me."

"And in this short life, there’s no time to waste on giving up"

"My love wasn’t enough"

His arm raised as he put his all into the notes. The power sucked him in and he knew he’d never sung so well in his life.
And you can blame it on me,
Just set your guilt free, honey.
I don’t want to hold you back now love!

As Kurt held the last note, the audience went wild. Kurt couldn’t stop smiling as the applause continued. Elliot came over and grabbed him in a hug, kissing him on the cheek. The audience loved that and began shouting out for them to kiss each other.

“How about we sing instead of making out?” Kurt said into the microphone.

The crowd decided that was a good idea as the band began playing. Kurt and Elliot sang, dancing around one another, much more suggestively than they’d planned. The crowd was jumping to the beat, pumping their fists in the air. It spurred them on, putting every ounce of passion they could into the song.

I wish that this night would never be over
There’s plenty of time to sleep when we die
So let us just stay awake until we grow older
If I had my way, we would never close our eyes, our eyes, never

I do not want to let a minute get away
Cause we got not time to lose
None of us are promised to see tomorrow
And what we do is ours to choose

Kurt and Elliot turned to face each other, their hands touching as they sang into the mics. Their eyes didn’t leave each other for even a moment.

Forget about the sunrise
Fight the sleep in your eyes
I don’t wanna miss a second with you
Let’s stay this way forever
It’s only getting better if we want it to
You know that I wish that this night would never be over
There’s plenty of time to sleep when we die
So let’s just stay awake until we grow older
If I had my way we’d never close our eyes, our eyes, never!

It is so hard to think this could fade away
But what goes up must come down
Why can’t we just live life with no consequence?
And always live in the now

Forget about the sunrise
Fight the sleep in your eyes
I don’t want to miss a second with you
Let’s stay this way forever
It’s only getting better if we want it to

Kurt and Elliot sang to each other, their eyes still never leaving each other even as their bodies moved to the hypnotic beat. Kurt couldn’t believe the heat he could feel flying between them. Was it only the song or was it more? All he could do was lose himself in the words and in Elliot’s glowing silver eyes.

You know that I wish that this night would never be over
There’s plenty of time to sleep when we die
So let’s just stay awake until we grow older
If I had my way we’d never close our eyes, our eyes never!
Oooh! Yeah!

They repeated the chorus while pointing the mics at the audience so they could sing aloud. They ended the song with their hands in the air. When the last note sounded, they stood with the rest of the band, holding hands as they took their bow, the audience roaring its approval. Suddenly, the club owner bounded up on stage and reached out his hand for the microphone, which Kurt handed to
him. He looked at Elliot, then Dani, but everyone just shrugged.

“Wasn’t that awesome folks? Come on, give it to them one more time, the Ideal Misfits!” the crowd applauded, screaming for them. “We have two important announcements for our favorite band. First, The Liquid Kitty is pleased to announce that the Ideal Misfits are now club regulars and will be here playing for us every weekend!”

The band looked around at each other before giving high fives and cheering for themselves. It was what they’d been hoping for. More gigs meant more money and better equipment. And for Kurt, it meant he got to plan actual band costumes. His mind started to drift to fabric colors and choices. The club owner’s voice broke through his runaway thoughts.

“Although I would like to think our little club announcement was the most exciting one, but it isn’t. We just got word and the utmost honor of letting Ideal Misfits know that they have been invited to compete at the band competition, Live and Unsigned in San Francisco!”

The band went berserk, jumping up and down, screaming and hugging each other. This was something they had tried for and hoped they could be part of for a long time. Kurt was thrilled that he was able to be a part of it.

“For those of you who don’t know, Live and Unsigned is a band competition that started in the U.K. and is now moving over to the States. If Ideal Misfits win, they win a recording contract and fifty thousand dollars! Come on folks, wish our band good luck!” the club owner encouraged.

The club went wild. After that, everything was a blur. Kurt could barely remember loading up the equipment in their small trailer. All they could talk about was the club signing and the competition. Kurt had heard about how the band had entered a tape of their songs months before Kurt came along. Now he had the chance to help them win the whole thing. They ended up at Elliot’s apartment. They stayed up all night, celebrating and making plans for the competition. Kurt didn’t plan on falling asleep cuddled up to Elliot on the couch. He also didn’t plan on his fellow band mates seeing them and deciding they looked amazing together. All he knew was he slept deeply and peacefully.

. . . . .

“Hey Blaine, you have got to hear this band. Live and Unsigned released the list of bands competing this year. It’s being held in San Francisco. We are going, Darling, so no arguments. This band, though, out of New York, is amazing. It’s called Ideal Misfits. Their lead singer, Porcelain, is talented and so damn hot I want to lick him up one side and down the other. Holy crap, that ass! He kind of looks like your Kurt, just with purple hair,” Etienne said. He shoved Blaine over to sit next to him on his little love seat. He handed him his iPad and clicked play on the video.

Blaine’s mouth dried up and his heart stopped. “That is Kurt,” he whispered. His eyes took in every detail like a starved man. His soul mate sounded wonderful. The song was more rock and roll than he was used to Kurt singing. The lyrics weren’t lost on him either, but he didn’t care. Not when he got to see him after so long.

“That’s Kurt? Oh man, Darling, I am going to have to slap you all over again. He is one hot tamale. Oh, look at Mr. Back Up Singer. He is damn fine! The whole band is. Lucky bastards. Apparently, Mr. Back Up likes your Kurt too,” Etienne commented as they watched Kurt and Elliot hugging after the song. When Elliot kissed Kurt on the cheek, Etienne turned to see Blaine’s reaction.
Blaine paled and felt ill as the audience chanted for the two to kiss again. It was only a friendly kiss on the cheek, he assured himself. His relief was short-lived when Kurt began singing with the guy. There was chemistry between the two, undeniable chemistry. A raw kind of chemistry he wasn’t sure he and Kurt had ever shared.

Standing under his own shower the next morning, Kurt rubbed his body wash thoroughly into his skin. He hadn’t stayed at Elliot’s, needing to get some space so he could think about what it felt like to wake up in Elliot’s strong embrace. Stroking the body wash over his right arm, he looked down, then rubbed the soap over the area again. Was he seeing things? What the hell was going on with his Mark? The jagged line was still there, but the lock was no longer broken. It was more of a scar than a clean break. Even more shocking, the padlock was open again. Like he’d never had a soul mate or been Claimed. What the hell was going on? What did it all mean?

Chapter End Notes

I do not own Glee or iPad

As far as I know 'Live and Unsigned', though real and in the U.K., is not here in the States and has no plan to be. I just liked the sound of it.

Lacrymosa by Evanescence

Close Our Eyes by Adam Lambert

Reviews are welcomed and loved!
Chapter 39

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Last Time on Unlock My Heart:

What the hell was going on with his Mark? The jagged line was still there, but the lock was no longer broken. It was more of a scar than a clean break. Even more shocking, the padlock was open again. Like he’d never had a soul mate or been Claimed. What the hell was going on? What did it all mean?

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Kurt sat in his bathrobe, rubbing distractedly at his Mark. Pulling his sleeve back, he looked down at the familiar padlock before yanking the sleeve down again. No matter how many times he checked on the Mark, it was the same. The jagged break in the colors was gone, all that was left was a fine line, like a scar. There was also no mistaking the fact that his padlock was open again. It made no sense and there was nothing online about anything like this. The fact that the break had been there in the first place was rare, if not unheard of. But this? Nothing like this was documented anywhere that he could find. He needed an opinion about it. Maybe his dad would know? The one person he knew would probably have an answer was someone he would never likely speak to again. As much as he disliked the man’s extreme opinions, he begrudgingly had to admit he had a deep well of knowledge when it came to soul mates and Marks. Speaking of, he realized he hadn’t checked his mail in a few days. He had been so wrapped up in preparing for the gig, he had forgotten about the letter his father was sending him. The call from his father hadn’t been a surprise, they talked every day. They were closer now than when he’d lived in Ohio, it was wonderful. His father had hesitantly told him he had received a letter from Blaine’s grandmother. Without opening it, he’d asked Kurt if he wanted him to mail it. Kurt had agreed, knowing it would most likely not be a bad thing. Grandma had always been so sweet and nice, especially after the incident. She had seemed sorrier about everything than Blaine.

Retrieving the mail, he found the letter and curled into his favorite wingback chair by the large window. In the distance he could see parts of Manhattan and smiled at the view before carefully opening the letter. Grandma’s handwriting was beautiful, a clear loopy script.

Dear Kurt Elizabeth,

I hope and pray this letter finds you healthy and happy. I hope it isn’t presumptuous of me to include happy in that wish, as you only deserve the best. My sweet boy, I heard from Grandpa that you are in New York and I could not be more thrilled for you. I know it was your dream and I hope you are racing after that dream with everything you’ve got. Your Grandpa – I know he isn’t, but we still consider you ours, despite the situation – is angry that you cashed the check we gave you. I’m not. Do not tell him I told you, but you did exactly what I was hoping you would. I hoped you would escape and go after the life you wanted. It is what I would have wanted to do. It is what I wished I had done when I’d had the chance.

Kurt Elizabeth, I never told you my story, but I haven’t always been the best behaved wife and submissive. I bet you couldn’t guess that I have a sassy side to me. I can see your beautiful grin now. We are more alike than you know. When Grandpa and I first met, I had wanted to skip being a housewife to be a writer. I wanted to write books and stories and articles on things from war to skirt
patterns. Anything, really. I just wanted to write. I actually had some articles printed in our high school newsletter and even one article on how to clean wine out of a suit shirt in a women’s magazine right after I graduated. I was on top of the world! I felt like I really had a chance to make it, to make something of my life and my dream. Then I met your grandfather. Like you and Blaine Devon, we met and became friends before we ever touched. Good girls wore gloves back then to protect themselves from soul mates until their father’s decided they were old enough or had approved of a young man enough to try shaking hands. Your grandfather was so charming, so sweet and accommodating. He fully supported my dream of becoming a writer though he didn’t let my father know about that.

After high school was over, we spent the most beautiful summer together. It was fun all the time. Neither of us felt any sort of pressure to commit to shaking hands or anything else. It was just day after day of doing whatever we wanted to. That August, my dad finally decided it was time for us to shake hands, to see if we had a connection. I knew that if there was no connection, I would be forced to lose Grandpa as my friend. It was going to break my heart. As you know, though, we found out we were soul mates and that was the beginning of the end.

We had several official dates, starting to work on a relationship and not just a friendship of fun. It was becoming way more serious than I was ready for, but back then it didn’t matter. A soul mate was as good as a wedding ring and even more serious. I knew of Grandpa’s dream to go to UCLA and I was preparing myself to move there. Then I got an offer from a women’s magazine to write a monthly article. Me! I was going to be a writer and I couldn’t have been more excited. When I told your grandfather about it, he froze. It was like he’d had a personality transplant. Suddenly, there was no way on earth I was going to work at all, even at something I loved, like writing. He had this life for me completely planned out and it all consisted of being submissive and taking care of him. I wasn’t strong like you, Kurt Elizabeth. I did not fight, I did not tell him how wrong it was that I had to give up on what I wanted. I began telling myself ‘maybe later’. Maybe after college. Maybe after we buy a house. Maybe after we have kids. Then it was maybe after the kids went to school, moved out, got married, had kids of their own. I now know he will never let it happen.

Please do not think I have led a miserable life, because I have not. Being a wife and especially a mother has been so very fulfilling. I have a wonderful life and I wouldn’t give it up for anything.

I am so proud of you. I am so impressed at your strength of character and the bravery it took to leave everything you knew to pursue your dream. I may not be able to strut down the street singing your praises, but I am on your side and always will be. You keep fighting, Kurt Elizabeth, and never stop doing what is your right to do. Live your life in your way, nobody else’s.

I am going to get a post office box because I have decided to begin writing and I need to have a way to get the manuscripts to the office. Your grandfather might not let it happen, but it doesn’t mean I can’t make it happen anyway. I am not good enough with computers to do it that way and hide it, but I met a lady at the office of the publisher’s office and she is helping me write through snail mail as they call it. I can’t believe I’m doing this! I owe it all to you, so thank you. I will send your father the address to the post office box so if you want to, we can keep in touch that way. I would love to be able to keep up on your achievements as I know that there will be many. You will remain my grandson no matter what else happens. I love you, sweet boy.

All my love, Grandma

P.S. Do not worry about Grandpa or Blaine Devon coming to bother you. Blaine Devon made it clear that you were to be left alone to live your life as you saw fit. Grandfather had other ideas but Blaine Devon put him in his place about that. I knew it was hard for him to do, but he did and I am proud of him for it. So, live your life to the fullest and enjoy every minute.
Kurt wiped his eyes, overwhelmed by love for the woman. To have given up on a dream with no hope to get it back. But now! He was so excited for her to begin working and doing what she loved. He would definitely write back to her and keep in touch. He could not wait to hear when she was published and he would run out and snatch up whatever it was and frame it like a proud parent. He was beyond grateful for her words. It eased a piece of him that felt bad about taking their money and using it to run away.

His phone buzzed.

Elliot: Hey are you okay?

Kurt: Fine, why?

Elliot: You just took off so suddenly and we’d all wanted to spend the day together. Any chance you’ll rejoin us?

Kurt thought for a minute. There really was no point sitting around wondering about his Mark when there was no answer.

Kurt: What are the plans?

Sam: Just get your ass over here, Porcelain. You don’t have anything better to do. Besides, Joseph is joining us.

Kurt grinned. He did enjoy Joseph’s company. Besides, he and Joseph loved to torment Sam and that was always a good time.

Kurt: Alright you two, I’m on my way.

Elliot: Meet us at Between the Sheets off 48th street!

Kurt: Sounds good.

He sent the last message to both of them and gathered an overnight bag. Better to be prepared he figured.

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Two hours later found him with Joseph and his band mates going through sheet music at a local music store. He and Elliot had been recognized and had done an impromptu reprise of “I Believe in a Thing Called Love”, the first song they’d sung together after Kurt joined the band. The others had gathered available instruments and they’d turned the small store into a concert. All of them were now flying high from adrenaline and the compliment of being recognized and celebrated. They’d been wished luck and the store owner had offered them a discount on their purchases. With that in mind, they’d made the decision to buy as much sheet music as they could. Times were about to become very busy for all of them with midterms coming up and more performances at The Laughing Kitty. Dani was determined that they would be as organized as possible to make it easier on themselves. Sam had offered herself up as a gofer for all of them whether it be fabric for Elliot, coffee for Kurt, or runs to the office supply store for Dani. They all appreciated her and when she’d turned her back,
they’d decided on a new lens she’d been wanting for her camera for her Christmas gift.

Kurt felt a bit down thinking about Christmas. It would be the first one away from his Dad. He’d had to split the last one between his house and Blaine’s parent’s house, but he’d still seen his father. This year there wouldn’t be any visiting. They would Skype, but that was it. His dad was spending the day with Carole’s family as this was their first holiday without Finn. He was glad that his dad could be there for her. He remembered the first Christmas without his mom and knew this would be a rough day for her.

“Why so down, Porcelain?” Elliot asked, bumping their shoulders together.

“Oh, just sad Christmas thoughts. I can’t go home this year. I’ve never been away from my Dad for the holidays,” he confessed. Elliot knew he and his dad were closer than anyone Kurt had ever known.

“Why don’t you spend it with me? Everyone else has family to go to. I don’t really celebrate it,” Elliot replied, looking around. He then looked at Kurt meaningfully. “I haven’t celebrated it in about three years.”

Kurt understood immediately that since Declan died, Elliot didn’t celebrate. He could understand and appreciate that. He nodded. “Sounds like a plan to me. We can watch movies and get drunk on egg nog and rum.”

Elliot grinned. “Ah, yes, the holiday nog with a side of roast beast. Shall we get a small tree or shall we go full on Grinch and steal someone else’s?”

Kurt laughed, picking up his phone when he heard his text notification music. “I’m not good with prison colors, so we’ll just go no tree or small tree. Host’s choice. I’ll bring dinner. I make a mean ham, does that sound okay?”

“Sounds even better now that you’re cooking,” Elliot said with a smile. He headed down the aisle while Kurt opened his phone.

Jeff: Friend! I miss you and gigantic servings of caffeinated beverages!

Kurt giggled. He missed his friend too, so very much. Elliot and Sam were wonderful, but Jeff was… well, Jeff.

Kurt: Friend, I miss you more. How are you?

Jeff: I’m fantastic. I hope you are well, especially after I tell you that your band video from The Laughing Kitty made it on YouTube and is well over ten thousand hits. You guys are amazing!

Kurt gaped. “Guys! Did you know the video of our gig last night made it YouTube and has ten grand views? My friend lives in the Midwest and says he saw it and apparently we’re amazing!”

The other band members converged, pulling out phones to pull up the video.

“We’re over twelve thousand now,” Max exclaimed.

“There’s three thousand comments, you guys. How the hell is that even possible?” Sam wondered, her face lit with awe.
Kurt: Thank you so much for letting us know. We’re all standing here gaping in wonder at our phones. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you.

He felt tremendous guilt for not telling his friend. But things had been so busy, he was distracted. And this was his life now. It felt more private, even if it was all over the internet now.

Jeff: No big, I get it Kurtie. Or should I call you Porcelain? Do you want the bad news now?

Kurt’s stomach twisted. Bad news? A thought hit him and he shook his head. No, no, no…

Kurt: Do I have a choice?

Jeff: Afraid not, sweetie. Blaine saw the video. He sees you and hottie band member kiss on cheek and then sing super hottie song together. He posted a video in response, sort of. Kurt, it’s kind of creepy. I don’t know if you want to watch it.

Jeff: He’s posted other songs on there, I’ve told you that. I don’t know if you’ve looked at them or not, but I let you know. Now, I really don’t think you should look. Nick didn’t want me to tell you at all. But, I think you had a right to know, in case you did watch the rest. At least a warning so you didn’t get such a shock.

Jeff: I’m sorry. I thought you should know. Use my login like usual if you want. Nick still thinks it’s smart to not have your own page. I love you, friend, and I’m here if you want to talk.

Kurt stood there, knowing his face had to be fifty shades of white. What the hell did Blaine do and did he want to know? Fuck his damn curious nature.

“Kurt? Sweetie, you are seriously pale,” Max said, coming over and placing his giant hand on Kurt’s face. “Are you alright?”

Kurt swallowed, trying to get to the point where he could show a genuine smile. He failed. “I, um, don’t think so. I need a moment. I’ll be outside.”

Max looked deep in his eyes before nodding. “All of us are here, if you need someone,” he said quietly. “You don’t have to handle everything on your own.”

Kurt put his hand on Max’s, as always a little shocked by the size difference. “Thank you, Max. I’ll be okay. I just need a minute.”

Max nodded and let him go with a small touch. He could feel the larger man’s eyes following him in concern. He was a big teddy bear who loved to take care of the people around him. He took it as his duty to protect everyone smaller than him. So that meant everyone. Kurt didn’t mind. It wasn’t oppressive. It was comforting and sweet. He liked feeling small next to him.

Kurt walked outside and found a bench near the door. Taking a deep breath, he pulled up Facebook and signed into Jeff’s account. The idea had been Nick’s when Kurt had wanted to restart his old
Facebook page. Nick thought it wasn’t quite safe as it might open him up to harassment and came up with Kurt sharing Jeff’s account. Kurt couldn’t comment like he had before, but he was thankful for a way to keep up on his friend’s lives. Besides, by now, they’d agreed that it wasn’t a problem for Kurt to contact his old Glee friends by text, so he had that.

There it was, at the top of Jeff’s page. “For Kurt”, it was called. Taking a deep breath, he clicked play. The beginning notes played as he watched Blaine sitting at a piano. It looked like a small bar. He had a feeling he knew the song and as Blaine began to sing, it was confirmed. Jeff was right, it was creepy. Very creepy. As much as he loved Blaine’s voice, had always been a fan of his ability, he couldn’t feel anything but ill as the song continued.

Every breath you take
Every move you make
Every step you take
I’ll be watching you

Every single day
Every word you say
Every game you play
Every night you stay
I’ll be watching you

Oh can’t you see
You belong to me
How my poor heart aches
With every step you take

Every move you make
Every vow you break
Every smile you fake
Every claim you stake
I’ll be watching you
Since you’ve gone I been lost without a trace
I dream at night I can only see your face
I look around but it’s you I can’t replace
I feel so cold and I long for your embrace
I keep crying baby, baby please!

Every move you make
Every vow you break
Every smile you fake
Every claim you stake
I’ll be watching you

“Kurt?” he heard a voice next to him. “Kurt, sweetheart, look at me?”

Realizing Elliot was sitting next to him and he was crying, he looked up into his concerned gray eyes.

“Sweetheart, what is it? What’s got you so upset?” he asked.

Kurt didn’t try to think around the truth or come up with a story. He handed Elliot his phone after pressing ‘play’. He tried to block out the sound in his head, wanting the song to erase itself from his mind. And just like he had tried when he first heard it, he tried to un-hear Blaine’s voice at the end of the song. He could see the video in his head, the song had ended and the video had cut before coming back on. Behind Blaine, he could see a small apartment, probably his dorm room.

“Kurt, I saw your band’s video. Congratulations, you guys sound amazing. Especially you. Always you. I don’t know if you listen to the songs I post on here, but like with all of them, I’ll tell you again. I love you and I am going to do my best to get you back. I fight myself with letting you go or fighting for you. After seeing you sing with that… band, I can’t help but want you back. I am going to keep fixing myself and my problems, and then I will be able to show you that I can be trusted again. I’m pursuing music now. I proved rather terrible at medicine, so I’m majoring in music. If I had used my brain I could have studied at NYU and been with you. Instead I hurt you in all of the worst ways possible. But I’m fixing that, all of it. I’m glad to see you are settled in New York. The Laughing Kitty is a great club, I hear. You are going to continue to be a great success, Kurt, I’m so proud of you. Meanwhile, though, know that I’m here, watching over you. Always. I love you.”

“Kurt? Is this your boyfriend? Or, I guess, ex-boyfriend?” Elliot asked, his hand rubbing along Kurt’s leg. Kurt heard an edge in his voice and didn’t know what it was from.

“Definitely ex,” he whispered.
“Can you tell me what this is about?” he asked, his eyes warm with caring. “You don’t have to tell me anything you don’t want to. I think I get a pretty good idea of what’s going on from this video. That’s enough for now. Do you want to leave it for now?”

Kurt nodded, tears of gratitude slipping down his cheeks. “Thank you,” he whispered.

“You’re welcome sweetheart. Can I ask one thing?” Kurt nodded so Elliot continued. “This really makes me concerned for your safety. I know this is a horrible invasion of privacy, but can we show this to Max? I want you to be safe and he is really good at figuring out things like that.”

Kurt just nodded. There was no reason to keep it all hidden from his new friends since it was on Facebook. Anyone and everyone could see it there. It was no secret anymore.

“I’m going to go get him,” Elliot said, rubbing his back before walking back into the shop.

Why couldn’t Blaine leave him alone? Why couldn’t he let go? Their bond was very obviously broken, it didn’t exist anymore. Why was he doing this?

Max and Elliot came outside and sat on either side of Kurt. Kurt looked at Max. “Remember the dance floor at Club Masque? The two guys who thought I was attractive?” He saw Max’s face harden before he nodded. “This is the abusive asshole.”

As Max took the phone with a heavy sigh, he felt Elliot’s hand take his. “Abusive? Are you alright now? Do you need anything?”

“I’m okay,” Kurt assured him, smiling at him. He couldn’t be more thankful for his friends if he tried. They sat silently as Max finished the video.

“Motherfucker,” he muttered. “Damn it, Porcelain, I’m so fucking sorry. What can we do? Do you feel safe where you live and at school?”

“I did,” Kurt said with a shrug. “Now, I can’t decide if he’s declaring his devotion or threatening me. I kind of have a stalker already, I don’t need another one,” he said, referring to Sebastian. He was just thankful that creep didn’t know where he was now.

“You have a stalker?” Elliot demanded, his eyes going cold.

“Not currently active,” Kurt said hesitantly. He had never seen Elliot look so pissed. And why was it kind of hot?

“Damn, Porcelain, you really know how to pick ‘em, don’t you?” Max teased.

“You know it. Hey, I found you guys didn’t I?” Kurt snarked right back.

“Do not compare us to this scumbag,” Elliot demanded, his tone dominant as he stood up and glared down at Kurt.

Kurt sank back into the bench. The last person who had talked to him like that was Blaine. Fear churned in his gut before he squashed it. He gathered up his courage, got up and stood toe to toe with Elliot. “I will not be bossed around or bullied again, Elliot Gilbert. I was teasing and you know I was. If I want to be talked to like that, I would have stayed with Blaine!” Before he could say something he would regret, he stalked off, ignoring Max and Elliot’s calls for him to come back.

Before long he was back in his loft, thankful he’d met them at the music store so he had his overnight
bag with him. The last thing he wanted was to have to see Elliot again right now. He knew he should have waited to see if Elliot would apologize. He’d claim having a creative temperament. They were all drama queens. He knew Elliot was probably just concerned for him and honestly didn’t want to be compared to Kurt. But he also knew that if Elliot was being honest, he knew Kurt hadn’t done that, not really. They were just being dramatic. But that didn’t mean Kurt wanted to go fix it all right now. He was fine with being on the outs for now. It was helping him feel more in control with the whole Blaine situation. That was a situation he did not feel in control with.

What could he do? Send Blaine some sort of message to leave him alone? Did he want to make some sort of contact which made it so Blaine would have a way to contact him back?

He spent the next hour on a conference call with his dad, Nick, and Jeff. They came to no real conclusion other than an agreement that Kurt would not contact Blaine at all. They had discussed Jeff sending him a message letting him know that Kurt was not on Facebook, but Nick didn’t feel comfortable with that. It was decided, in the end, that no contact would be made, no comments, nothing. His dad didn’t want anything done that could possibly encourage Blaine’s pursuit.

After the unpleasant discussion, they caught up with each other. Jeff asked Kurt about Elliot and they all laughed and teased him. Kurt assured them that though yes, he found Elliot attractive, they were just close friends. They were all happy that Kurt had such a good group of close friends. It made Kurt feel softer toward Elliot and more willing to make up instead of waiting for a more dramatic time period to pass before deigning to acknowledge him.

He was pouring himself a glass of wine that Elliot had bought for him when his doorbell sounded. Hearing the voices of his bandmates, he shook his head. He should have expected this. As soon as he unlocked the door, it slid open, Sam pushing her way past him.

“Elliot’s sorry for being a dumb fuck,” she announced. “Ooh, wine! I’ll pour!”

“Sam, wait, remember?” Dani called.

“Oh yeah!” Sam cried and came running back.

Kurt stood, staring at the group still standing outside the door. “Are you guys coming in?”

“First, Elliot wants to apologize,” Dani said, looking at Elliot with her stern ‘mama’ voice.

“Kurt, I am sorry. I know you’d never… talk bad about us,” he said, looking at Kurt meaningfully. “I hope you can find it in your beautiful heart to forgive me,” he finished dramatically.

Kurt put his nose in the air, his blue green eyes twinkling playfully. “I suppose. But you owe me dinner. And dessert,” he announced. “As much cheesecake as I can eat.”

Elliot grinned. “Done. Now, to cement my apology, I come bearing a gift.”

“Ooh, presents!” Kurt said, hopping up and down, clapping his hands.

“You’re gonna love her!” Sam said excitedly.

“Her?” Kurt asked, cocking his head. His smile faded. “Oh, god, you didn’t get a stripper, did you?”

Everyone laughed. Sam howled, falling onto the floor, kicking her feet. “Not unless she can fit in a cage,” she cried.

“What?” Kurt was utterly confused.
“Just give it to him,” Max said.

Elliot bent over behind Max and stood, handing the tall man a small cage. Elliot opened a small door and pulled a little gray fluff out.

Kurt looked suspicious until he saw what Elliot was holding. A tiny kitten was sitting in his hand, her little body covered in a medium dusty gray. She was blinking and looking at Kurt calmly, her little head cocking to one side.

“She’s so adorable,” Kurt squeaked, immediately reaching for her.

“Hold on,” Elliot said. “You have to see this.”

“You do, you really, really do,” Dani said excitedly.

“Okay,” Kurt said, following them to the floor as they all knelt.

Elliot put the kitten onto the area rug and Kurt cocked his head to the side. What was off about this little creature? She was so short. Her legs were tiny.

“What is wrong with her legs?” he shrieked. “Was she hurt? Abused? Who did this?”

“Kurt, calm down!” Elliot called to him. “She’s a munchkin cat. She is meant to look like that.”

“Munchkin cat?” Kurt asked, picking up the little fluff ball.

“She was born with naturally short legs,” Dani explained. “They are a relatively new breed, but she is perfectly healthy.”

“Aww! She’s so freaking adorable,” Kurt cooed, petting his new friend. “She’s for me? Really?”

Elliot grinned at him. “She is all yours. You get to name her and everything. We brought some kitty supplies, too. Food, litter, that kind of stuff.”

“And kitty toys,” Max said, running a giant finger over the kitty’s tiny head. “The lady at the pet store said she was abandoned, someone found her on the street and she hadn’t been claimed. She was just put up for adoption this morning.”

“Aw, poor little orphan kitty. A girl?” he asked and saw them all nod. “Well, then I guess we’d better name her,” he baby talked to the kitten. “Wait, can she jump with these little legs?”

Elliot nodded. “The clerk said that according to all research, their little legs can do everything a normal sized cat can. She’ll need to be watched when she gets old for back problems, but she should lead a perfectly healthy life. She’s up to date on her shots and stuff. She’ll need to get spayed when she reaches about six months old.”

“How old is she?” he asked, putting the kitty up to his face, giggling when the little lady sniffed at his nose, her whiskers tickling.

“They estimate her at nine weeks old. She eats regular cat food just fine. She likes milk but doesn’t need it,” Elliot told him. “Any names jumping out at you?”

“Only my favorite little female orphan,” Kurt said, nuzzling into the warm gray fur.

“No way, it’s gotta be a Punky Brewster,” Sam insisted.
“You know who Punky Brewster is?” Kurt asked in surprise. He only knew because his dad had enjoyed the TV show.

“Of course I do. She’s got a New York fashion sense,” Sam said with a wink.

“That she did,” Kurt said.

The others were looking at them oddly. “Look her up,” Sam said, rolling her eyes.

“I’m going to go with the classic Cinderella,” Max offered up as his orphan girl idea.

“I was thinking Fantine from Les Mis,” Elliot suggested.

“Oh, very close Elliot. Nope, this little lady is hereby named… Cosette,” Kurt announced with a grin. He’d always loved the orphan girl from Les Miserables. He held up Cosette next to his face. “Will someone take a picture of us?”

“That is so cute, Kurt!” Dani cooed, snapping a picture. “I’ll text this to you.”

“You could call her Cozy for short,” Max offered.

Kurt and Dani looked at each other. “Aww!” they cried.

Kurt held Cosette to his chest. “My little Cozy girl!” He looked at his friends, happy tears in his eyes. “You guys, thank you so much. I can’t tell you how much this means to me. I never even considered getting a pet. Hell, I don’t know if I’m allowed to here. Maybe I can offer a pet deposit,” he said, considering the option. He would call Cody and see what he said. “I get so lonely here. Now I’ll have little Cosette to keep me company. This is one of the kindest gifts I’ve ever gotten. I will treasure her every day of her life,” he promised. “Oh, she can be our mascot!”

Sam clapped. “We can get her a little t-shirt!”

“No!” they all yelled, making Cosette meow in distress.

“Oh, I’m so sorry my baby,” Kurt cooed, stroking her soft fur. “But wasn’t that the cutest little meow in the whole world?”

“Let’s take a group picture,” Elliot suggested.

They set up their phones and huddled together on the floor, Kurt and Cosette in the center. Several flashes later, they were texting each other the picture. Ideal Misfits and their new mascot, Cosette Hummel.

They spent the rest of the night eating takeout, watching movies, and playing with Cosette. The little kitten took to her new home quickly, prancing around like she’d lived there forever. There were several times when Kurt had had to claim ‘owner’ status in order to break up fights over who got to hold her or play with her next. He stepped away and called Cody and his landlord didn’t have a problem with him having Cosette. Kurt offered a pet deposit, but Cody just said to make sure to keep the place clean. Kurt had no intention of his home becoming a giant kitty litter box. He was thrilled that Cosette was already potty trained and took to her new litter box like a champ.

After Max went home, the girls got settled in Kurt’s bed which he insisted on when they had band sleepovers. Once again, Kurt ended up sleeping curled up with Elliot on the couch. If Elliot had purposely gathered Kurt to him and spooned around him without waiting for the excuse of sleep, nobody mentioned it. If Kurt fell asleep with a content smile on his face, Elliot’s arms around him,
and his arms around Cosette, well, nobody mentioned that either.

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Chapter End Notes

Every Breath You Take: The Police

To picture Cosette, Google ‘gray munchkin kitten’ and take your pick of the adorable little things. I picture Cosette as a solid gray one.

I hope everyone is enjoying the story. Please review and let me know what you think… kindly please! I don’t mind kind critiques and opinions. Thank you everyone!

Next up: The next morning and Kurt tells his tale…
Chapter 40

Chapter Notes

I want to quickly address some comments about not knowing if this is a Klaine story or not. I simply ask that you just read the story and enjoy it. You’ll find out the ending when it comes, just like a book. I’m hoping that what I’m writing is worth the wait no matter the ending. Thank you for reading.

Please forgive any bad French. Blame it on Google Translation. : )

Last time on Unlock My Heart:

If Elliot had purposely gathered Kurt to him and spooned around him without waiting for the excuse of sleep, nobody mentioned it. If Kurt fell asleep with a content smile on his face, Elliot’s arms around him, and his arms around Cosette, well, nobody mentioned that either.

It felt like being pricked all over with thorns. What was going on with his hip? What was that weight on him? Kurt opened one eye and peered down his body to see Cosette happily kneading away at his hip. She was purring, the sound so tiny and sweet that Kurt couldn't help but gather her close to him. “Bonjour joli peti chaton (Good morning, pretty little kitten),” Kurt greeted her quietly.

“Bonjour mon beau ami, (Good morning my handsome friend),” Elliot whispered behind him.

“Bonjour,” Kurt responded, turning carefully so he didn't fall off the couch. “Little Cosette decided to use me as a kneading post. For being so tiny, she has surprisingly sharp claws.”

“You can take her into any pet store and they should have someone who can teach you how to trim her nails. Would you ever consider declawing her?” Elliot asked hesitantly.

Kurt shook his head. “No way. I’ve seen cats who have been declawed and I swear it does something to their little minds. They need their claws; it is part of what makes them cats. I will learn how to trim them, however. Good idea.”

Elliot winked at him. “That’s why you keep me around, I have all the best ideas.”

Kurt pretended to study him seriously. “I don’t know. Maybe I keep you around to bring me cute little kittens,” he said with a smile.

“Well, I am multi-talented. Speaking of talent, any chance of getting coffee this morning?” Elliot asked hopefully.

Kurt tried to ignore how adorable his hopeful expression was. He looked very young in the morning, his features soft and relaxed. All of him was adorable, Kurt decided. He would have to stick with adorable and not drop dead sexy like his mind wanted him to admit.
“Coffee, check. Coming right up,” Kurt said. “Cosette, go sit with Uncle Elliot while Daddy goes to the kitchen.” He gave the snuggly kitten a kiss on her little head and handed her to Elliot.

“Aw, come on, Daddy. I got her for you, can’t I at least be Papa? We can co-parent her,” Elliot said, cuddling Cosette and giving him big eyes.

“You are dangerous when you want something,” Kurt noted with a grin. “Fine, Papa it is. In that case, I demand child support in the form of coffee at that new shop near school.”

“Ooh, yeah, Steamy Indulgences. I love the name of it. I wonder if it’s all sexy in there,” Elliot said with a leer and a wiggle of his eyebrows.

“Yeah, cause coffee is so erotic,” Kurt teased, standing up. “Oh, man, I’m surprised I’m not sore from sleeping in one position all night.” He stretched his arms over his head, not realizing his shirt had pulled up to reveal his abs. When he put his arms down and looked at Elliot, he was surprised to see his gray eyes dilated as he stared at him.

“Nice abs,” Elliot commented hoarsely. “I didn’t know you were so ripped.”

Kurt blushed, flattered that someone as gorgeous as Elliot found him attractive. “I, uh, do yoga every day. Since I moved out here, I’ve been working out more. Lots of crunches and stuff,” he babbled. “I just want to be strong, you know?”

Elliot smiled at him. “I get it. I am more of a runner than a work out fiend. But I enjoy pushing my body. Maybe we can work out together some time.”

Was Elliot asking him on a date? Don’t be silly, Kurt, he told himself. It’s a work out, not dinner and a movie.

“That sounds good. It’s pretty lonely. I could teach you some yoga,” he offered.

“I would like that,” Elliot said with a grin. “I have a feeling you are really flexible.”

“I can be when I’m all stretched out,” Kurt said bashfully.

“Will you show me something?” Eliot asked, Cosette now snuggled between his shoulder and neck. Kurt thought about a pose he could slip into without stretching fully. He didn’t want to hurt himself, but he couldn’t help but want to show off just a bit. He hoped to see that admiring look on Elliot’s face again. “Sure, let me stretch for a moment first. Have you ever done yoga?” he asked as he began stretching his arms and legs out. He sat on the floor and stretched his hamstrings before pulling his leg up and over his head.

“I tried once with my mom when I went home to visit last year. I am just not built the right way for it. Holy crap, Kurt. Doesn’t that hurt?” Elliot asked, his jaw dropping at the sight of Kurt’s legs behind his head. Don’t look at his crotch, he lectured himself, don’t look, don’t look. Damn it! He cursed at himself and his treacherous body for watching and becoming aroused. He pulled his knees up to his chest as he lay on his side, covering up his growing erection.

“No, it doesn’t hurt. Like I said, I do this every day so my body is used to moving around in funky positions. Okay, I’m still not fully stretched, so I’m going to do a pose that is more strength and balance then flexible. This is called the Peacock pose,” he said. He pulled his body into a kneeling position before leaning forward and placing his hands down, elbows together to support his stomach and rib cage. He pushed his legs straight back, balanced on his toes. Taking a deep breath, he pushed his body forward to balance fully on his forearms. Slowly, his legs began to lever up until they were
in the air and rising. Kurt adjusted his balance and raised his legs higher in the air until he was fully diagonal. He breathed through the pose, easily slipping into the meditative state he was able to achieve through yoga. He had found that this helped calm the ache he sometimes got because of his submission.

“Kurt, your body is amazing,” he heard Elliot say quietly with awe in his tone.

“Damn Porcelain! You go with your yoga badass self!” Sam cried, coming out of Kurt’s bedroom where she’d slept with Dani on Kurt’s bed.

Kurt slipped out of position and tumbled forward to the floor, twisting his wrist. He let out a cry of pain and instantly, Elliot was beside him.

“Kurt! Are you alright?” He demanded. He grabbed Kurt’s wrist and looked at it.

“I think it’s fine, probably just twisted it from the odd position I had it in,” Kurt said, his voice strained. He knew Sam was going to feel bad so he downplayed how much it actually hurt.

“Sam, damn it, try to pay attention to things that are going on around you,” Elliot lectured, his expression stern.

“Kurt, I am so sorry,” Sam said, tears shining in her eyes. “I was just so impressed. I didn’t think I was interrupting anything.”

“It’s alright, Sam, really. I just concentrate hard when I do yoga and I got surprised. No problems, it will feel better soon, I’m sure,” Kurt tried to assure her, but both of his friends could hear the pain in his voice.

“Do you have an ice pack?” Elliot asked. When Kurt nodded, Sam rushed off to get it. “How bad does it hurt?” he asked quietly.

Kurt let his pain show in his expression. “Pretty bad. I don’t think it’s broken or anything. How am I going to sew this week? I’m supposed to be working on my mini line for mid-terms!” He tried not to sound as panicky as he felt.

Elliot manipulated his hand and wrist, satisfied that it was just a strain and nothing was broken or out of joint. “I’ll see if your instructor will let me help. I finished my mid-term project already. We’ll take you to the medical clinic near school Monday morning and see what she says.”

“Good idea,” Kurt said.

Elliot grinned and winked. “See? I told you I have great ideas. Come on, let’s get you to the couch. I will make you coffee.”

“Thank you, Elliot,” Kurt said sincerely.

Elliot easily helped Kurt to stand and led him to the couch, his hand on the small of his back, his other hand supporting his wrist. Kurt had to hold himself back from giving a little moan. The feeling of Elliot’s hand on his back was hot and supportive. He may be an independent male, but there was something about a guiding hand on his back that made him feel protected and cared for.

Once he was seated, Elliot took the towel covered ice pack from Sam and wrapped it carefully around Kurt’s wrist. Dani got up after the commotion woke her and the girls went into the kitchen to start breakfast. Elliot was on coffee duty and after he got it started he came back in to sit with Kurt. He handed Kurt a glass of water and two pain tablets.
“These should help with the pain and swelling,” Elliot said, watching to make sure he took them. He couldn’t stop his Dom side that demanded he take care of and protect Kurt.

Now that he had it confirmed that Kurt was a sub, he couldn’t stop his nature’s desire to see to all of Kurt’s needs. He had suspected Kurt was a sub, but wondered about it because of Kurt’s natural leadership skills, not that those were only seen as Dom traits. It was just that when Kurt spoke, people listened. But seeing the video of that abusive troll asshole, he’d seen his Dom Mark. It had been too dark to see if he had a name, Kurt’s name, on his band, so he had no idea if they were soul mates. Probably not, seeing as abusing a sub was abhorrent. It was bad enough if they were just dating. To Elliot, it was impossible to abuse a sub. It went against every single instinct a Dom has. No matter the situation, there would be no excuse or reason to hurt a sub. Especially one as beautiful, kind, talented, hot as Kurt was.

He had felt such guilt when he realized just how much Kurt appealed to him on all levels. Dom, sub, it didn’t matter, the attraction was instant. After wrestling with his feelings for weeks, he talked with his grandmother who assured him that Declan would fully support Elliot moving on. How else was he supposed to ‘rule the feckin’ world’ as Declan wanted him to do. Ruling the world would include being able to have feelings for someone. He wasn’t ready to jump into a full on relationship, hell, he didn’t even know if Kurt was interested in him like that. But he would be very open to dating. And kissing. And licking. And touching. And maybe thrusting into the hot depths of Kurt’s ass, listening to the high pitch moans and keens as they filled the air. Stop it, he yelled at himself. It had just been so long and Kurt was so beautiful.

“Elliot? Hello? Did you hear me?” Kurt asked, nudging his shoulder with his own.

Elliot snapped out of his thoughts, willing his body to behave and for his half hard cock to go away. “Sorry, I was thinking and caught up. What did you say?”

“I was wondering if you could go in the bathroom and grab the ace bandage wrap that is in the second drawer. I think it would be good to have it wrapped for support,” Kurt said, smiling. Elliot had certainly been caught up in his thoughts. He wondered if the gray eyed man knew he’d been staring at Kurt like he was lunch. “Also, I think the coffee is done and we’d better get some before the girls drink it all.”

“Of course! I’ll be right back,” Elliot said and hurried toward the bathroom.

Kurt grinned to himself, allowing himself a little fist pump as he noticed Elliot pulling his shirt down lower to cover his groin. Please let those thoughts have been of me, he pleaded with the spaghetti monster in the sky.

Before long, Dani and Sam headed out so Dani could meet up with Joseph who’d had to work the night before. Sam was following along on the picnic they’d planned so she could get pictures of them to add to her portfolio.

Kurt and Elliot were on the couch watching one of Kurt’s favorite movies, Return to Me. Kurt was sniffling when the main character learned how much she shared with her love interest’s late wife. He looked over at Elliot, who snagged a tissue and gently wiped Kurt’s face.

“Don’t be sad,” Elliot said gently. “It’s just a movie.”

Kurt froze, realizing just how insensitive he was being, watching a movie about a man who lost his soul mate.

“Elliot, I am so sorry! I wasn’t even thinking about you and Declan. Here, let’s turn this off and
watch something light hearted,” Kurt said, feeling awful. “I can’t believe what an idiot I am.”

“Kurt,” Elliot said, trying to get his attention. “Kurt, look at me.” When the other man continued to berate himself, Elliot took Kurt’s chin in his hand and directed him to look at him. “Kurt, it is perfectly fine. I enjoy this movie and it doesn’t make me feel sad or anything like that. Don’t be so hard on yourself.”

Kurt searched his face, trying to see if Elliot was telling the truth or trying to spare his feelings. He finally nodded when he found no shadows in Elliot’s beautiful gray eyes. “Okay then,” he whispered.

They turned back to the movie and watched the rest, making comments here and there on funny parts and the songs playing. As the credits began to roll, Elliot stood and held out his hand.

“May I have this dance kind sir?” he asked with a smile.

Kurt looked up at him, delighted. “Absolutely!” He stood and Elliot took him into his arms, placing Kurt’s hurt wrist on his shoulder and interlocked their fingers on the other hand as he began moving him around the room.

“You’re a good dancer,” Kurt said, smiling up at him. It was new to dance with someone who was a bit taller than him. It felt nice and right.

“As are you,” Elliot replied, returning his smile.

They both began humming along to the song as Elliot led them around the living room and kitchen area. Kurt felt like he was in a movie, dancing with the handsome male character, feeling heat build between them. As the credits came to a close, Elliot easily dipped Kurt backward, supporting his weight with no problem. Bringing him back up until they were face to face, they froze there, arms still around each other.

“Thank you for the dance,” Kurt whispered, his eyes moving between Elliot’s eyes and his mouth.

“It was my pleasure, I assure you,” Elliot murmured back. He took a deep breath. “I’m going to kiss you now.”

Kurt mind raced trying to figure out what to do. He was shocked but found no reason or desire to stop him. He simply said, “Okay,” and tilted his face up to receive his kiss.

Elliot’s heart pounded as their lips lightly brushed against one another. He breathed deeply against him, enjoying the softness of Kurt’s full lips. It had been so long since he’d felt warm lips under his. It felt wonderful and so very right.

Kurt gave a small shudder as his body came alive under Elliot’s skillful kiss. Elliot nibbled lightly at Kurt’s bottom lip before opening his mouth to swipe his tongue along the now puffy flesh. Kurt whimpered as he opened his mouth in invitation. Elliot returned his needy sound with one of his own and slid his tongue into Kurt’s mouth, moaning at the feel of their tongues touching.

Massaging Kurt’s tongue with his own, Elliot couldn’t get over how perfect Kurt’s mouth felt against his own. Their lips slotted together like they were made to do just that. Kurt’s taste, a mix of sweet warmth from the coffee he’d been drinking and something purely Kurt, made Elliot go hard. Lowering his hands to Kurt’s trim waist, he pulled him closer as their mouths moved hungrily against each other.

Elliot left Kurt’s mouth, despite Kurt’s mewl of protest, in order to kiss along his jaw and over to his
ear. A shiver wracked Kurt’s body and he tilted his head in invitation. Elliot moved to his ear, licking playfully at his earlobe before sucking it into his mouth.

“I want you,” he whispered hotly into his ear. He’d been torn over the decision of what to do but now, with Kurt in his arms, the choice was easy. If Kurt was interested, then Elliot would have him.

Kurt whimpered loudly. “Me too. Oh god yes, I want you.”

Elliot kissed him deeply as he reached to take Kurt’s hand to lead him to the bedroom when his fingers encountered Kurt’s Mark cuff. He slowly pulled away and his eyes moved down to the leather piece and he realized he needed to ask an important question.

“Kurt, I need to ask you something before we continue,” Elliot said gently. Kurt’s eyes were glazed over, his pupils so dilated with pleasure and need, only a thin ring of blue was visible. “Sweetie, are you listening?”

“Mmhmm,” Kurt responded, blinking several times. “What is it?” he wanted to demand that Elliot save the questions for after they had amazing sex.

Elliot held up his arm to show Kurt the cuff. “I need to know if you have a soul mate. I don’t think I can get in between that kind of relationship. Not to mention, I know it can be very painful for a person who is intimate with someone other than their soul mate,” Elliot said. “We need to be honest with one another.”

Kurt swallowed hard. Was he ready to tell his story or did he just want to tell Elliot he wasn’t ready and remain only friends. Did he want something with Elliot? Want it enough to tell his deeply buried past? He had intended to never tell everything that had happened. But Elliot was being honorable and he was such a good friend. Kurt knew he could trust him. “Let’s go sit down,” Kurt said. “I have a story I need to share with you.”

Elliot stared into his eyes before nodding. He slotted their fingers together and they went to the couch.

Kurt took a moment to gather his thoughts, trying to decide if he wanted to tell his whole story or just part of it. Studying Elliot’s open face, he decided he would tell his friend everything. Elliot had shared his painful story, so he knew he could trust him.

“Nobody here knows much about me,” he began. Elliot nodded, not letting go of his hand. “I’m going to start at the very beginning of my story. I hope you can be patient with me.” He looked at Elliot hopefully.

“Take your time, sweetheart. I’ll listen to anything you want to share,” Elliot assured him.

Kurt smiled tremulously. “Thank you. So, when I was young, my father and I were completely sure I was a Dom. I’m naturally bossy,” he said and chuckled when Elliot smiled and nodded in agreement. “Everything changed when I saw the lock on my arm.” He went on, telling Elliot of his struggles to accept who he was, how he was treated at school, and his own denial of his nature by pretending to be a germaphobe. “Then I met Blaine at the coffee shop by my house. We met up every day, talking for hours. One day, Blaine reached over because I had whipped cream on my face from my coffee. That was the day everything changed.” Kurt went over how he ran from Blaine and Elliot laughed when he told him about jumping out the window onto the top of the Navigator just to get away. He talked about the move to Dalton, how Blaine had a book with rules and consequences in it.

Elliot’s face was expressive and it was very apparent that he was not impressed with Blaine at all.
When Kurt got to the part of the story when Blaine used the Dom order to demand a kiss, his face went dark with anger.

“He didn’t,” Elliot tried to deny.

“He did,” Kurt said with a nod. He went on to confess his own shortcomings when it came to Sebastian, the Joining and the kiss and how much it had hurt. Elliot just listened, his fingers tracing designs on the back of Kurt’s hand. The subsequent Joining with Blaine and making up for what he did seemed to meet with Elliot’s approval. Kurt quickly got through the memory of Sebastian kidnapping him, though Elliot didn’t seem as willing to dismiss it.

“Did you… Did he hurt you?” Elliot demanded, his face stiff.

“No, I was okay. I had bruising and sore muscles, but physically I was fine. I had nightmares for a long time, but eventually it was okay. Life after that was good, we got along and seemed to be in a good place. Then came the college talks,” Kurt said, sighing deeply. He didn’t know how taxing it would be to go over his story.

“Do you want to stop for now? I don’t want you hurting, doux une,” Elliot said comfortingly.

Kurt smiled at him, a thrill racing through him at Elliot calling him ‘sweet one’. “We’re nearing the end. I’d rather get it all out now if you don’t mind listening some more.”

Elliot squeezed his hand. “I could listen to you forever,” he said with a warm smile.

“Thank you. Anyway, we were so busy during college application time, we didn’t discuss things as we should. As it turned out, when we met he had told me that he wanted to go to NYU, which was a lie and was simply to give us something in common. He was actually determined to go to UCLA for pre-med. I was fine with that. I was eager to go to Parsons. We were fully Claimed and I figured our bond was so strong we’d be perfectly fine being away from each other. I was wrong,” Kurt said, shaking his head. He went into the college arguments, the order to not fight it, and how Kurt found a loop hole. Cosette appeared at his feet just then and tried to climb up his leg. With a pain filled squeak at her sharp claws, Kurt pulled her up and she settled right into his lap.

“Smart thinking. Very clever,” Elliot said admiringly.

Kurt went on about packing and his plan to get out of Ohio. Elliot was impressed, asking questions and saying how grateful he was that Kurt had had Jeff, Nick and his dad on his side.

“Then one afternoon we had a disagreement.” Kurt must have sounded disgusted because Elliot raised an eyebrow. “Throughout our relationship, he knew how much I despised being called a ‘good boy’. I opened our bond and let him feel exactly how I felt about it, how it was demeaning and belittling, how it was like being equated to a dog. I hated it. He knew it, but that day he said it to me anyway. I know plenty of subs appreciate and like to be called that. But people say that to their dogs. Why would I want to be called that?” Kurt said, still frustrated by the whole thing. “He knew but he kept doing it!”

Elliot nodded. “I can see how you would feel that way. I never called Declan a good boy. He was three years older than me and it just seemed to be something you would say to someone younger than you. It just didn’t feel right. It’s the type of thing where you say ‘to each their own’. If you had told him over and over that you didn’t like it and didn’t get the feeling of praise that you should have felt, then it should have never been brought up again. Simple as that. What happened after that?” Elliot never stopped touching Kurt, though his fingers were now trailing across his hand and up his wrist. It was calming and soothing and Kurt was grateful for the comfort.
Kurt began talking about the letter, how Blaine had been drinking prior to bringing in the letter. Then he told him about the Dom order that ended up with Kurt falling and hitting his head on the coffee table.

Elliot’s face hardened and his eyes went cold. “Continue,” he demanded his hand freezing on Kurt’s forearm.

Kurt could tell the anger was aimed at Blaine, so he tried to not feel threatened. “He, um, was yelling and yelling. He slapped me around and called me a faithless whore, that I was useless. Then he decided that maybe if he beat me, he could make me obedient and loyal. He took a wooden kitchen spoon and started hitting me. I couldn’t scream because I was still under the order to stay silent,” he said, tears sliding down his cheeks.

“Kurt, doux une, you don’t have to continue,” Elliot said, regretting that he told him to keep going and half hoping he would quit. He couldn’t stand seeing his strong, beautiful friend look so beaten down. He could tell the man had been through hell with that asshole. He just wanted to take him into his arms and hold him until he didn’t hurt anymore. He also wanted to take Blaine and beat the motherfucker silly until he was unable to scream. To rage and rail at the spineless, pathetic example of humanity, much less a Dom.

“I’m almost done, I promise,” Kurt said with a weak smile. He was surprised how much it was taking out of him to tell his story. “Anyway, I don’t know how long he hit me or how many times. I just remember wondering if it would ever end. Finally, for some reason that I don’t know, I was suddenly able to scream. I kept screaming, over and over as loud as I could. The door slammed open and Blaine was pulled off of me by our friends. Jeff, my best friend, took me to his dorm. After that, the cops came, but Blaine was quickly released. According to some ancient Ohio law, that letter proved I had been unfaithful. It allowed corporal punishment as long as it didn’t cause permanent damage. I guess welts and a swollen, purple and black bruise from my mid back to the backs of my knees didn’t qualify as permanent,” Kurt said, his tone cynical. “I couldn’t sit comfortably for weeks, walking was hell. Every movement seemed to pull or put pressure on the bruises. It was awful.”

“Jesus, Kurt, I am so sorry you were hurt so bad. Please tell me this is when you got away,” Elliot pleaded. The vision in his head of Kurt’s fine white skin colored with disgusting bruises brought out the protective Dom side that he was usually able to ignore. He called it his caveman side. Right now, he wanted to gather Kurt in his arms to protect him and then go and shoot Blaine in the head for raising a hand to another person. Especially one as sweet, real, and beautiful as Kurt.

“Yeah, well it was couple more weeks. I ended up going back to our dorm. I enjoyed the guilt he was suffering. Call me a bitch, but I did,” Kurt said with a cold smile.

“Good, I’m glad. He deserved every miserable moment,” Elliot agreed.

He talked about finding the collar catalog in Blaine’s drawer, the plan for the ‘getaway’ car, aided by Jeff, Nick, and his Dad, then all about the checks at graduation. When he mentioned the large check from Blaine’s grandparents, Elliot laughed his ass off. He said it was the least they could do for helping raise a douchebag.

“Finally, the day came. Blaine left, I’m pretty sure it was to get a collar. I left. Just like that. It was over. Then, when I was on the road, I felt a horrible pain in my Mark. I looked and there was a jagged crack through it,” Kurt said and pulled his cuff off. It was the first time it was bared to someone since he moved to New York. Elliot touched it curiously. “It was completely ripped open, two different pieces. Since then, I couldn’t feel him anymore. We were still sharing energy, but that’s as far as it went.”
“What happened here then? It looks more like a scar than two different pieces,” Elliot said, lightly tracing the jagged scar. “And how is your lock open if you have a soul mate?”

“I’m not sure. Yesterday after I came home and showered, I noticed a weird sensation and then I looked down to see this. I’m not sure what any of it means. I’m like ninety nine percent sure that the scar means Blaine and I have no more connection at all. I don’t feel any sort of energy exchange anymore either. As for the open padlock? I have no idea. I did some research and having a broken Mark and a broken connection is practically unheard of. Add to that the fact that the Mark has almost been reversed, I am clueless. Any ideas?” Kurt asked hopefully, though he knew it was a long shot.

“Not really. I have a small theory, but I think I’ll do some research on my own before I share it. I have a couple of friends at NYU who might have some ideas, too. Is it okay if I share some basic details? Nothing specific, no names, just the abuse and the results on your Mark,” Elliot had a determined look on his face.

Kurt couldn’t believe how much of a relief it was to have someone to talk to about this. Someone to help him and make it so he didn’t feel so damn alone in all of this.

“Absolutely. Share what you need to. We can even take some pictures of my Mark if you want. That might be helpful,” Kurt offered.

“That is a great idea,” Elliot agreed and pulled out his phone.

“See, I can have great ideas too,” Kurt teased as Elliot snapped several pictures.

“Yes, you can. I have a better idea, though. Wanna hear it?” Elliot asked, his eyes twinkling playfully as he put his phone away.

“I suppose. Astound me, oh wonderful idea man,” Kurt giggled.

“I purpose we pick up where we were before the whole Mark thing. I am dying to kiss you again,” Elliot said, his voice full of passion.

“Excellent idea, Starchild,” was all Kurt could get out before Elliot’s mouth was on his. “Wait, wait,” Kurt had to know. He didn’t want Elliot to regret whatever became of them.

Elliot ran his fingers down Kurt’s cheek. “As far as we can tell, you don’t have a soul mate anymore. You have no more emotional or physical attachment to him anymore, right?”

Kurt nodded. “Right.”

“Well, we will just go with the idea that you have no soul mate. I’m single, you are single and answerable to yourself alone. You get to choose what you do. Do you choose to kiss me?” Elliot asked, teasing.

“Yes, I do,” Kurt said, leaning back toward him.

The taller man pushed him back gently until he was laying down on the couch with Elliot hovering over him. He attacked his mouth like a starving man, licking his lips and into his mouth when Kurt
moaned. Their tongues massaged one another, memorizing the taste and texture of each other. Kurt cried out in protest when Elliot’s talented mouth left his to find his way across his jaw and down his long, pale neck.

“I love the way you smell. Sweet spices and delicious man,” Elliot murmured against his skin, nuzzling his nose in to get more of his scent.

“Fuck,” Kurt whimpered. That was the extent of his brain power at the moment.

“Doux une, can I take your shirt off? I need more of you,” Elliot asked, nibbling along his collar bone.

“Only if you do the same,” Kurt muttered. “I’ve wanted to see you since we met.”

“Damn, that’s hot,” Elliot said before kissing him again, passion pushing them and the kiss, though sloppy, was hot and erotic.

“Let’s move into the bedroom, shall we? There’s more room,” Kurt offered. He wanted to be skin to skin with Elliot, which required room.

“Absolutely,” Elliot said. He stood and reached out his hand, gently pulling Kurt up.

Instead of walking to the bedroom, Elliot pulled off Kurt’s shirt, being careful of his wrist. Kurt whimpered at the way Elliot’s eyes seemed to darken more than they already were.

“Holy shit, look at you,” Elliot moaned. “Perfection. How do you have such perfect, beautiful skin?” He didn’t seem to expect an answer as he traced his hands up and down Kurt’s sides. During one pass, he flicked his nails across Kurt’s nipples.

Kurt whimpered loudly, his hands grabbing at Elliot’s forearms. “Again, please,” he begged.

Elliot let out a low growl deep in his throat and flicked his nipples again. He got another delicious sound from Kurt and continued to do it as he leaned in a kissed Kurt with all he had. He broke away for a moment to strip off his own shirt. Immediately he wrapped his arms around Kurt so their skin touched from neck to waist.

They both cried out at the deluge of pleasure racing through their blood. Running his hands over the V at Elliot’s hips, Kurt couldn’t contain his quiet whimpering. “Please, Elliot, take me to bed.”

Elliot groaned. “Yes, doux une. I know it has been a while for both of us. If you want or need to stop at any time, just say so, okay. We are both in control of what we do. Now, come with me, I can’t wait any longer. Let me love your body until you come crying my name.”

Kurt appreciated his words and his care more than he could express. Then Elliot’s final words broke into his lust filled haze. He let out a low cry at the erotic words. “Yes. Go now,” he agreed. They went to the room and within seconds, they were nude and took a moment to look at each other, practically panting with need. Quickly, they walked toward the bed, eager to get back in each other’s arms.

To Be Continued.
Thank you to everyone for your support and love!!! Also a big thank you to Filthy Absinthe for the French correction!

Enjoy!

Last time on “Unlock My Heart”:

Elliot groaned. “Yes, mon doux (my sweet). I know it has been a while for both of us. If you want or need to stop at any time, just say so, okay. We are both in control of what we do. Now, come with me, I can’t wait any longer. Let me love your body until you come crying my name.”

Kurt appreciated his words more than he could express. Then his final words broke into his lust filled haze. He let out a low cry at the erotic words. “Yes. Go now,” he agreed. They went to the room and within seconds, they were nude and took a moment to look at each other, practically panting with need. Quickly, they walked toward the bed, eager to get back in each other’s arms.

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Kurt slid backward until he was in the center of the bed, his eyes never leaving the long, lean form of his soon to be lover.

“You are unbelievably gorgeous,” Kurt whispered. “You should never wear clothes again.”

As he climbed on the bed, Kurt’s eyes hungrily traced every inch of his body. Elliot’s skin was naturally darker, more tan, than his own pale body. His arms were well muscled and covered in beautiful tattoos that only seemed to emphasize his masculinity. Kurt loved his lightly muscled pecs and abs. He was perfectly built. He could tell Elliot took care of his body, but it wasn’t an obsession. Somehow, though, his abs were framed by a beautiful deep V, Kurt’s absolutely favorite spot on the male body. He wanted to lick it and though he’d never admit it out loud, not even when he was with Blaine, he had a secret fantasy of rutting against that dip until he came just to see what it would look like. Maybe someday he would have the courage.

Elliot chuckled at his clothes comment. “Well, I would say the same to you, but then I would be forever bound to end every male who looked at you. I just can’t rock the violent murderer look,” he said with a grin. “Now, you on the other hand, may not go around naked in public. However, I am of the firm belief that you should never wear clothes around your apartment ever again. This skin,” he ran his hand down his body starting at his neck and trailing over his chest, flicking his nipples with his nails again. Further down, his fingers lightly grazed his firm belly, and down to the light patch of trimmed hair surrounding his erection. “I could spend hours worshipping this body. If I didn’t need you so desperately, I would do it right now,” Elliot moaned, licking and nipping at Kurt’s puckered nipples.

Kurt’s mind turned to mush hearing Elliot’s words. He could definitely get into that worship session. Kurt gasped as Elliot took his cock in his hand.

“I need to taste you, Kurt. Can I do that, mon doux? May I have the pleasure of your flavor on my
tongue, sweet one?” Elliot whispered in his ear, his hot breath making Kurt shiver.

“Ohdeargodyespleasenow!” Kurt cried out.

With one tiny lick, Kurt felt like he would pass out from the pleasure. Elliot’s tongue felt like fire, burning him in the most delicious way. “More!” he demanded.

“Alright, bossy,” Eliot chuckled before taking more of Kurt into his mouth.

Kurt froze for a moment. How many times had Blaine teased him and called him ‘bossy’ when they made love. Kurt always demanded things, it must be a natural reaction to call him that, he figured. There was no way Elliot could know. He squeezed his eyes closed harder, letting himself get lost in the sensations.

Eliot moaned around him, taking him all the way until Kurt was touching the back of his throat. He loved the taste of him, the weight of him against his tongue, the feel of his cock stretching his mouth. Slowly, he raised and lowered his head, swirling his tongue around Kurt’s hard cock.

Kurt wailed his pleasure, unable to hold back the intense feelings coursing through him. “Elliot, I’m gonna come if you don’t stop. Oh god, please!” He had no idea what he was saying please to, continuing or stopping. He decided to leave it up to Elliot.

Eliot hummed musical scales as he hollowed his cheeks, bobbing his head faster. He needed to feel Kurt come in his mouth, feel his come shoot into the back of his throat.

Kurt began moving desperately underneath him, his foot stomping on the mattress. He shrieked loudly as he came, the pleasure so deep, he saw spots in front of his eyes.

Eliot swallowed around him, taking everything he was given. The feel and taste of Kurt in his mouth added to the overpowering desire of being on top of the beautiful man pushed Elliot close to the edge. “Kurt, baby, I’m so close,” Elliot said. On instinct, he lowered himself to where his cock could rub against Kurt’s abdomen. “So close,” he whimpered.

“Come for me, Elliot. I want to feel your come on my skin,” Kurt encouraged, surprised he could even talk. But he wanted this man to have the ecstasy he’d just experienced. He grabbed Elliot’s ass and couldn’t help but squeeze the firm but soft skin.

Elliot loved his ass being grabbed and he gave a powerful thrust, coming in streaks across Kurt’s belly and chest. He cried out with a harsh groan as he continued to rut through his orgasm. Finally he came to a stop and collapsed on top of Kurt.

Again, Kurt was reminded of Blaine. Not just because Elliot was laying on top of him, but because this was the position they’d used to Join. He equated it with pleasure, safety, and submission.

As if he were reading a script, Elliot spoke the words Blaine had used their first time.

“My god, you are perfect, Kurt. So beautiful and you taste like heaven,” he whispered in Kurt’s ear.

It was all too much. The intimacy, the words, the position. It was like Blaine was here and he couldn’t handle it.

“Please. Please get up,” Kurt said, pushing at Elliot’s shoulder.

Elliot, who was still feeling groggy, lifted himself up and collapsed at Kurt’s side, not hearing the urgency in Kurt’s words. He breathed deeply for several minutes, not knowing the man beside him
was working himself into a panic.

“Thank you for trusting me with your body, Kurt,” Elliot said sincerely. He rolled over and raised up onto his elbow.

More words from Blaine. Why was this happening? This was supposed to a new beginning! This was supposed to erase Blaine from his body. A moment of new passion and an experience with someone he was coming to care for so very much.

“I’m sorry, you need to leave,” Kurt said, unable to meet Elliot’s eyes. “Please.”

Elliot frowned, instantly upset and needing to know what was going on. “Kurt what’s wrong? Did I hurt you?”

In ways you’ll never know, Kurt thought. “No, you didn’t hurt me. I just… I just need to be alone. Please,” he begged, tears streaming down his face as he sat up, turning his back to Elliot. He didn’t want to hurt him, especially after their beautiful moment. But it was like Blaine was there, interrupting, determined to ruin everything.

Elliot wanted to demand that Kurt explain, but he could see clearly that Kurt was closing himself off. “Kurt are you sure? I want to help. Whatever you need,” he insisted. He needed to take him in his arms, ensure his safety, and fix everything.

“I need to be alone. I am so sorry, Elliot. I’m sorry you have to deal with someone so ruined,” Kurt sobbed and ran to the bathroom, so upset, he didn’t even grab his robe.

Elliot cleaned himself up with tissues on the bedside table and dressed quickly, wanting to honor Kurt’s wishes, though it went against all of his instincts. He cared for people in need, which was what he was good at. For someone he cared about so deeply? He wanted to lay down his life to make it better. Petting a meowing Colette, he slid his coat on. As he left, he turned the lock on the door to keep Kurt safe – it was the least he could do – and headed toward the subway. As he walked, he sent Kurt a text.

Mon doux, I don’t know what happened, what went wrong. What we shared was wonderfully erotic, passionate and perfect. You touched me on a level I thought I would never experience again. You mean so much to me, Kurt. I will do anything to fix whatever it is that is hurting you. If that means we only remain friends, than that will be what happens, with no awkwardness or hard feelings, I promise. I want you in my life, it doesn’t matter what form it takes. Please talk to me, my heart is hurting so bad to have left with you crying. If nothing else, please let me know if you are, or will be, alright. If you need me, need anything, I am here. Always.

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Kurt was mortified by what he’d done. After spending a good half hour sobbing, he checked his phone and read Elliot’s heart felt message. The man was beyond wonderful and didn’t deserve the way Kurt had treated him. There was no way he could have known that he had perfectly quoted Blaine. It was Kurt who was the problem. He was obviously damaged and had no way of figuring out how to fix himself. Even if he couldn’t fix himself, he could fix this situation. He wasn’t going to lose Elliot because of Blaine Anderson. He did want Elliot as his friend, his best friend, but he also wanted to explore what was going on between them. He longed to see if they could be good
together. Elliot hadn’t thought that his break up with Blaine had been Kurt’s fault. He never talked about being a Dom or Kurt being a sub. He considered everyone equal, like Kurt did. Elliot was so much braver than he was. He had shared an experience that, Kurt was pretty sure, he hadn’t had since Declan passed away. He had put himself out there, vulnerable, but so open to Kurt. He was ashamed of how he acted and he needed to fix it now.

Cleaning himself up, he noticed he wasn’t grossed out that he was still covered in Elliot’s come. With Blaine he’d always cleaned up immediately, feeling nasty and disgusting. Instead, he had this sensation of being marked and it turned him on, despite his distraught emotions. Looking around, as if he was afraid of being caught, he wiped his finger through the chilled white fluid and licked it up. He hummed at the musky and manly taste. Gross or not, something in him wanted more of it. Finishing up, he dressed casually in jeans, an Ideal Misfits t-shirt and a pair of worn-in bright red Converse.

As he sat on the subway, he opened up Jeff’s Facebook account and caught up on the gossip. Though Nick and Jeff were attending Ohio State, they kept in touch with most of the Dalton alumni. As he scrolled through the many updates, he grinned and chuckled at the jokes, grateful for the diversion and wishing he could comment. He was still trying to decide about his own account, but was too wary of providing a way for Blaine to send him private messages. He and Dani were running the Ideal Misfits Facebook page and that was as close as he was going to get.

Seeing a new video from Blaine, he grimaced but decided to listen after giving it some thought. He didn’t exactly need more of Blaine in his world or his head right now. Besides, he was leery of the videos after the last song that was way too close to being a stalker anthem. He wanted to see if he was continuing on that path or if he was simply trying to get Kurt back. If he proved to be a wannabe stalker, he would be talking to his dad about what kind of steps they could take to get Blaine to leave him alone. Plugging his earbuds into his phone, he sighed and hit play on the video.

The video was posted with the same title all the others were, “For Kurt”, but now he added the number of the video. This one was “For Kurt #13”. There were thirteen of these things? Kurt had only watched a few, not able to handle all of them. As the video began, Blaine was surrounded by a band which was new. Kurt was surprised as all the other videos only featured Blaine on the piano. Now there was a full band just like Ideal Misfits. Blaine had a guitar and began playing, something Kurt had always enjoyed watching. Watching talented, knowledgeable fingers strum and pluck at the guitar strings had always caused heat to rush through his body. He ignored that interest now as the drummer began to play and Blaine began singing. Kurt knew he’d heard the song before, but couldn’t place it. Until he did.

So lately, been wondering
Who will be there to take my place?
When I’m gone, you’ll need love
To light the shadows on your face

If a great wave shall fall
Yeah, it’d fall upon us all
And between the sand and stone
Could you make it on your own?

If I could, then I would
I’ll go wherever you will go
Way up high or down low
I’ll go wherever you will go

On the screen, Blaine reached out his hand toward the camera as if trying to touch him. Kurt wondered if Blaine really thought he was impressed with this show.

And maybe, I’ll find out
The way to make it back someday
To watch you, to guide you
Through the darkest of your days

Kurt’s mouth gaped open in response to that verse. ‘To watch you, to guide you’? Blaine had definitely watched him and guided him into the sub he wanted, guided him into a person that wasn’t him. And the line ‘Through the darkest of your days’? Really? Blaine had caused the darkest of his days by beating the shit out of him. Seriously? If anything Elliot could be the one singing this to him. Elliot had no idea how much his friendship and affection had helped Kurt. He shook his head and watched the rest of the video, his diva eyebrow raised in disgust.

If a great wave shall fall
It’d fall upon us all
Well, I hope there’s someone out there
Who can bring me back you?

If I could, then I would
I’ll go wherever you go
Way up high or down low
I’ll go wherever you will go
Run away with my heart
Run away with my hope
Run away with my love

I know now, just quite how
My life and love might still go on
In your heart, in your mind
I’ll stay with you for all of time

Yeah, at least that line was true. ‘In your heart, in your mind, I’ll stay with you for all of time’. Absolutely, the scar of Blaine’s place in his life would stay with him for the rest of his life. He was a different person because of Blaine. He was less likely to be affectionate or trust any feelings he had for people. Hell, he was already trying to chase Elliot away, all because he had said words that reminded him of Blaine. That wasn’t Elliot’s fault. Hell, he didn’t even know what had gone wrong.

If I could turn back time
I’ll go wherever you will go
If I could make you mine
I’ll go wherever you will go
I’ll go wherever you will go

Like every other video, a message was posted with it. Kurt shook his head as he read the words.

Kurt, as always, please know that I love you. I will go wherever you go, be whatever you need, do whatever it takes to make you mine. I want to be yours just as much as you are mine. And you are mine, Kurt, you always will be. As the song says, if I could turn back time, I would have agreed to go to New York with you. I would have made sure to address your needs just as much as you would have addressed mine. We could have made it work with being across the country from each other. You were right. I just wanted for me to be right. I was so selfish. But I am trying, Kurt. I am trying to be a better man, a better Dom, a better soul mate. I will be here when you want me again. And wherever you want me to go, I will go there. I love you so very much. Until next time...

Did Blaine really think he would just forget everything and plead for Blaine to come be with him?
He was still hooked on the Dom thing, mentioning how he wanted to be a better one. Kurt had quickly become accustomed to, and appreciative of, New York’s stance on Doms and subs. It was between each couple to decide the dynamics of their relationship. It was considered extremely private and bad form to openly discuss it. There was no Dom laws or sub laws. There were privacy and protection laws. Kurt logged out of Facebook, even more determined to fix things with Elliot.

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As he approached Elliot’s building, he texted him.

Kurt: Are you home?

Elliot: Yes. Are you okay?

Kurt knocked on his door. Elliot opened the door, surprise on his face. Kurt stepped inside and wrapped himself around Elliot. Without hesitation, Elliot returned the hug, squeezing him tightly as Kurt nuzzled into his neck.

“I am so sorry, Elliot. Please say you can forgive me,” Kurt said, his voice breaking.

“Of course I forgive you, mon doux. Come in and sit down. Do you want some coffee?” Elliot took his jacket and led him to the couch.

Kurt shook his head. He knew he’d hurt Elliot and here he was sweetly forgiving him and wanting to take care of his needs.

“Maybe in a bit, please sit down with me. I want to explain what happened,” Kurt said, patting the cushion next to him. Elliot sat and Kurt took his hands. “Nothing that happened was because of you. It was me and my personal damage.” He quickly told Elliot about how he’d flashed back to things Blaine had said to him and how it was too much for Kurt to deal with.

“Oh, sweetheart,” Elliot whispered before gathering Kurt to him.

Kurt began weeping quietly, trembling in Elliot’s strong arms. He knew he was safe here, safer than he had ever felt in his life, apart from his father’s arms. “I am so sorry, Elliot. I know I hurt you and ruined what was such a perfect moment. You gave me such pleasure and I turned around and basically slapped you in the face with it. I know I can’t make it up to you,” Kurt said, raising his tear filled eyes to look pleadingly at Elliot. “But please, can we give this a try? Whatever is happening between us? It feels so good, so right, and I don’t want to lose that. I will understand, though, if you would feel more secure if we remain friends. I know I’m pretty fucked up and not everyone would…”

Elliot interrupted him by grabbing his face and kissing him deeply. Their lips slotted together as if they’d been kissing each other for years. Elliot moaned and slipped his tongue easily into Kurt’s accepting mouth, tasting and exploring him. Like before, his mouth moved along Kurt’s jaw, nibbling softly.

“Mon doux, I may be mistaken, but why do I taste myself in your mouth,” Elliot whispered hotly in his ear, taking the soft lobe and nipping at it.

Kurt shuddered, his body breaking out in goose bumps. “I, um, may have been curious about what you taste like,” he responded, his voice so quiet, Elliot had to strain to hear him.
Elliot swore loudly. “Sweet Spaghetti Monster, are you trying to kill me?”

Kurt giggled and leaned back, his face bright red. “No, that would kind of defeat the purpose wouldn’t it?” he said, giving a bashful grin when Elliot chuckled. Kurt leaned in to kiss the gray eyed man and hummed in pleasure.

“I guess so. Doing that would also deny you pleasure. That goes against everything I believe in, so warn me next time you want to be outrageous,” he said with a wink. “So, Kurt ‘Porcelain’ Hummel, I have a question for you.” Elliot asked softly, rubbing his hand across Kurt’s cheek.

Kurt nuzzled into his hand, sighing in pleasure. “You can ask me anything. I always want to be honest and open about everything,” he said sincerely.

“Good, that makes two of us,” Elliot replied, smiling. “My question is this; will you be my trial boyfriend?”

Kurt had begun to smile with joy before it died off when he heard the word ‘trial’. “Trial?” he asked, sadness filling him. Though he couldn’t blame him for not wanting to make a full commitment.

Elliot’s other hand came up to raise Kurt’s face to his. He kissed him softly, a gentle motion of lips. “Listen to me, okay?” Elliot requested and Kurt nodded, his blue eyes dimmed. “I’m calling it a trial because you aren’t the only one damaged. We both have a train car full of baggage to work through. You have your abusive soul mate and his effect on you. I have the fears that come from Declan dying. That fear comes with extreme worry about losing you, in life and in a relationship. When I left your place, I’ll admit I spent the subway ride home crying. I don’t want to lose you, whether in a relationship or our friendship. I think it will take both of us time to truly become comfortable together. You need to realize I’m not Blaine and I need to deal with my fear and not become paranoid. I call us trial boyfriends because I want the option of returning to being best friends. I refuse to lose that side of us. It is too precious to me. You are too precious to me. So, what do you say?” Elliot’s eyes were filled with hope, his hands trembling on Kurt’s face.

Kurt covered Elliot’s hands with his own. “I say, you are precious to me as well, my sweet trial boyfriend,” he said with a wide smile.

“Oh thank god,” Elliot said, standing and pulling Kurt up and into his arms. Picking him up, he swung them around until Kurt was giggling. “We are going to be so good together!”

“Yes we will,” Kurt agreed. “Now, how about some coffee? Maybe something to eat?”

Elliot kissed him long and hard. “Of course, mon doux, what are you in the mood for? I have some steaks?”

Kurt grinned and flattened his palms against Elliot’s abdomen. “Actually, I’m kind of hungry for another taste of something else,” he said sultrily, lowering his hand to cup Elliot’s growing erection, smiling when he heard him swallow loudly.

“Another taste?” Elliot said, his voice higher than normal.

“Of you,” Kurt whispered.

Elliot’s arms tightened around Kurt’s waist. “Screw the coffee,” he muttered and took Kurt’s hand, dragging him toward the bedroom.
Chapter End Notes

"Wherever You Will Go" The Calling
Chapter 42

Last time on Unlock My Heart:

“Listen to me, okay?” Elliot insisted. Kurt nodded, his blue eyes dimmed. “I’m calling it a trial because you aren’t the only one damaged. We both have a train car full of baggage to work through. You have your abusive soul mate and his effect on you. I have the fears that come from Declan dying. That fear comes with extreme worry about losing you, in life and in a relationship. When I left your place, I’ll admit I spent the subway ride home crying. I didn’t want to lose you, whether in a relationship or our friendship. I think it will take both of us time to truly become comfortable together. You need to realize I’m not Blaine and I need to deal with my fear and not become paranoid. I call us trial boyfriends because I want the option of returning to being best friends. I refuse to lose that side of us. It is too precious to me. You are too precious to me. So, what do you say?” Elliot’s eyes were filled with hope, his hands trembling on Kurt’s face.

Kurt covered Elliot’s hands with his own. “I say, you’re precious to me as well, my sweet trial boyfriend,” he said with a wide smile.

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A very satisfied Kurt poured himself and Elliot a cup of coffee. “I think that encounter deserved a nice hot cup of coffee,” he said, handing Elliot a mug prepared just how he liked it. They had gone back to Kurt’s loft so he could ice his wrist and feed Cosette.

“Indeed,” Elliot said, taking a sip and humming in pleasure. “This is perfect, mon doux, thank you. So, what would you say if I asked you out on a date? Like an actual ‘going out’ type of date?”

Kurt could barely contain his excitement. “I would say I would like that very much.”

“Good to know,” Elliot said casually, walking to the living room.

“What?” Kurt was appalled. He stomped after Elliot. “What was that?”

“What do you mean?” Elliot asked innocently. “I just asked what you would say. Purely hypothetical.” He grinned at the outrage on Kurt’s beautiful features.

“Asshole,” Kurt mumbled. Then an evil expression stole across his face. “So what would you say if I withheld visitation rights to Cosette?”

Elliot’s eyes narrowed. “You wouldn’t.”

“Oh wouldn’t I?” Kurt smirked and left the room, heading to the bedroom to clean it. Earlier they had thrown the pillows and blankets all over the place as they’d sought mutual pleasure. It had rocked Kurt’s world before he’d freaked out. Adding the sensual experience with the sixty-nine position at Elliot’s apartment, it was turning out to be a damn good day. Now the teasing was just adding to his bursting happiness.

As he knew he would, Elliot followed after him. He stood in the doorway, trying to determine how serious he was. His love for the sweet fluff ball, Cosette, won out. “Kurt Hummel, would you do me the honor of accompanying me on a date tomorrow night?”

Kurt picked up little Cosette who had followed them into the bedroom, her tiny claws pulling her up onto the bed. “What do you think, Cozy Kitty?” The kitten nuzzled Kurt’s nose, purring loudly.
“Alright, we’ve decided you can take me out.” He smiled widely at Elliot who returned it with a wink.

“Good! Now gimme!” he made grabby hands at Kurt until he handed him the little gray kitten. Kurt giggled, watching the two nuzzle and snuggle each other.

The evening was perfect. They watched scary movies while eating their homemade chicken Caesar salads. Kurt constantly hid his face in Elliot’s neck, half scared of the movies and half enjoying the opportunity to cuddle with Elliot. Finally, Elliot pulled Kurt to sit on his lap sideways. They spent equal time watching the movie and sharing kisses. They didn’t go any further, both just happy to explore the new feelings between them.

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The next morning, Monday, they went to the nurse’s station at Parsons to have Kurt’s wrist checked out. It was still a bit swollen and he couldn’t bend it without pain. Kurt was determined to have it fixed so he could sew and so it wouldn’t hinder his ability to give and receive pleasure with Elliot.

They were expecting Nurse Rogers, but the friendly nurse wasn’t in. Instead, a good looking man came up to them, greeting them with a handshake and a smile.

“I’m Tim Mindwin, I’m taking over for Penny, er, Nurse Rogers. You can call me Tim, though. I figure the scrubs give away the nurse position, so I don’t need a title,” he said with a wink. “How can I help you gentlemen?” The man had a warm, unassuming smile and Kurt was put at ease.

“I’m Kurt Hummel. I, uh, got interrupted during a strenuous yoga pose and collapsed on my wrist. It’s not broken, but still swollen and tender. I have my sewing classes to attend and I need to find out what’s wrong, first, then see if I can get some sort of documentation to show my teachers so they know I’m not just slacking,” Kurt explained.

“Alright, come on back,” Tim said and led them to the back. Kurt couldn’t help but admire his milk chocolate skin and the view from behind.

“Stop that,” Elliot said with a mock glare.

“What?” Kurt said innocently.

“You can only make those eyes to me, not the hot nurse,” he said, shaking his finger with a grin.

“Oh, so you admit he’s hot. Now you can take your little lecture and shove it up your delicious hiney,” Kurt whispered in his ear before hopping up on the table.

Tim checked out his wrist and declared it sprained. He would need to keep it wrapped and iced a few times per day. He said it should be fine by the end of the week. Tim had no problem filling out a form for Kurt to show to his teachers. It gave them the choice of extending Kurt’s due dates by a week or allowing him to have an assistant.

As he waited in the office for the form, Kurt looked around Tim’s desk. He saw a picture of a cute guy in a Curious George t-shirt clutching onto Tim’s back with a happy grin. “Who is that?” Kurt asked, chuckling at the silly picture.

“That is my spider monkey, Alex,” Tim said with a grin, looking at the picture fondly.

“You guys make a cute couple,” Elliot commented.
“I think so,” Tim said, grinning. “Here you go, gentlemen, all done. Kurt, take care of that wrist. If it starts hurting more than it does now or if the swelling gets out of control, either come see me or your doctor. And leave that wrap on, got it?”

Kurt saluted him with his bandaged wrist. “Yes, sir!”

“Smart ass,” Tim muttered. “And no crazy yoga for a couple weeks, okay? If that’s even how it happened,” he said winking and looking suspicious. He grinned as Kurt blushed bright red.

Kurt nodded and he and Elliot waved as they made their way to Kurt’s class.

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Kurt was able to get an extension on his assignments, though he was expected to do all of his written work. He was able to type, albeit very slowly, but he agreed because his teachers were being gracious.

That evening, Kurt dressed with care for his date with Elliot. Slacks, his favorite suspenders hanging down, and his black vest over a white Henley. He finished his look with a firefly brooch. He mussed his hair and sprayed it into place. Kurt enjoyed his more relaxed style. He had been so uptight in high school that he spent most of his free time on his appearance. Now he could be ready to go in fifteen minutes. Kurt snuggled with Cosette for a few minutes before feeding her and making sure her favorite mouse was available. She had a tendency to bat it under the fridge or couch which caused the saddest little meows. Those always broke his heart, so he had bought more toys so he would always have spares.

Right on time, Elliot knocked on the door. He held out a bouquet of lilies, Kurt’s favorite flower.

“You look wonderful, mon doux,” Elliot whispered, leaning in and kissing Kurt’s neck and breathing deep. “You smell delicious. Can I have Kurt for dinner?”

Kurt’s hands trembled around the bouquet. “Um, I need to put these in water,” he said. Otherwise, he was likely to strip right there in the doorway. “You look pretty good yourself.” Elliot was in a pair of dark washed jeans with a black button down and a gray blazer over it. A simple, thin, silver chain was around his neck and Kurt fought the desire to nuzzle the spot where the necklace was settled.

“So, what are our plans?” Kurt asked, grateful for the distance that allowed him to breathe.

“We have reservations at Three Sixty in forty five minutes which means we need to get to the subway pretty soon,” Elliot said. “Do you have a jacket?”

“Yeah, hanging by the door,” Kurt said. He left the lovely flowers on the kitchen table and after making sure he had his keys, phone, and wallet, he walked to the door.

Elliot held his coat out for him. Kurt smiled at him gratefully as he turned and slid his arms into the pea coat. “Thank you, kind sir.”

“You are most welcome, mon doux. Shall we?” Elliot said, holding his arm out.

Kurt grinned and slid his arm into Elliot’s happily. “We shall.”

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The date could not have gone better. Dinner was wonderful. Three Sixty looked fancy and expensive on the outside, but was relaxed and welcoming inside. The food was delicious and Kurt
couldn’t contain his moans as he split a piece of cheesecake with Elliot. His trial boyfriend had stared at him, licking his lips. He had asked Kurt to keep the moans to a minimum unless he was willing to crawl under the table and take care of the problem he was causing with his sexy sounds. Kurt winked and let out a long, sensual moan, taking his time licking his fork.

“You are such a tease,” Elliot said, laughing. It was either laugh or come in his pants. He decided he’d rather not spend the rest of the evening with a sticky spot in his jeans.

After dinner they had taken a long walk, buying hot chocolate and telling stories about their childhood. Kurt talked about losing his mom and Elliot comforted him, kissing him sweetly to show him he wasn’t alone. Elliot shared the story behind the name Starchild. His grandma had told him many times, ‘You are going to be a star, child’. She told him that so many times, she began calling him Starchild and it stuck. Declan had loved calling him that and he knew he would always keep the nickname close to his heart.

When they got back to Kurt’s loft, they snuggled on the couch and talked some more. When Elliot realized it was midnight, he quickly decided it was time to go. They both had classes the next morning and he needed to get some sleep.

“Good night, mon doux. Sleep well and dream of sweet things,” Elliot said at the door. He traced his fingers down Kurt’s face.

“Then I will be dreaming of you,” Kurt whispered, nuzzling his hand.

“Wait a second. I need to do something,” Elliot said and stepped closer to Kurt.

“What?” Kurt asked as Elliot tipped Kurt’s head to the side and slid his lips low on Kurt’s throat, near his collar bone. He teased the smooth skin with his tongue before latching his lips on and sucking deeply. Kurt moaned and held Elliot’s head to him, feeling the pull and scratch of his teeth all the way to his cock. After a minute of licking and sucking, Elliot gave one last swipe of his tongue and stood back. He leaned his head to the side and nodded.

“Perfect,” he said gruffly.

“What was that for?” Kurt asked, panting, not that he really cared.

“I had to mark you. Trial boyfriend or not, you are mine,” Elliot said seriously, looking Kurt square in the eyes.

“Yes,” Kurt whispered, caught in his gaze. He felt owned in that moment and he loved it.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, mon doux,” he said and walked out the door. “Lock the door behind me.”

Kurt did as he said and then leaned against said door, dizzy and horny as hell. He slid his fingers across the mark on his neck. Pressing in, he moaned at the slight pain mixed with intense pleasure. Unable to resist, he unzipped his pants and pulled out his leaking cock. Using the pre-come, he slicked his hardness and began stroking himself. He pushed and pressed on the hickey with his nails, each sensation sending sparks of desire through him. Faster, he pulled up and down, twisting a bit at the head of his cock, crying out his need. It only took a few more strokes and a hard push into the hickey to make him come hard into his hand. He moaned loudly as his cock throbbed in his grip. Wrung out, he walked to the bathroom and washed up. Still in a daze, he walked to his bedroom, stripped naked and crawled between his sheets. With visions of his sexily possessive, gray eyed boyfriend, he slipped into a deep sleep.

His dream consisted of colors, confusing him. Gray mist seemed to surround him, warm and
comforting, holding him softly like a favorite coat. From the distance, a fog made of gold approached him and he reached out to the beautiful color, wondering what it felt like. Would it feel like home, like the gray? As soon as his finger touched it, the gold cloud burned him, sending intense pain shooting through him. He backed up, surrounding himself in the silvery gray that instantly eased his pain. The gold pursued him, trying to push into the security Kurt felt, it continued to burn wherever it touched. Kurt was confused and afraid, worrying that the gray cloud would disappear because of the pain that the gold caused. He needed the security the gray provided, the safety, the comfort of knowing he wasn’t alone. The gold seemed to want to punish him, hurt him, and steal him from what made him happy. Suddenly the gray dissipated from around him and he was drowning in the fire and electric pain of the gold cloud. It felt like his body was being consumed with pain as the cloud tried to pull him apart.

Kurt woke screaming, ripping his blankets off him, feeling like his skin was on fire. After a moment of clawing at himself and thrashing, he realized he was awake and it was only a nightmare. In fear and relief, he began sobbing. He knew what the dream meant. If he ever ended up back with Blaine it would be nothing but punishment and pain. Fear built up in him. He had to stay away from him. He had to know where Blaine was and make sure he was far away at all times. He obviously knew Kurt was in New York, what if he tried to come after him?

Kurt wanted to call Elliot and have him come over. He wanted to be held and comforted by his gray eyed boyfriend. Ask him to sing him to sleep and know that he would be there keeping him safe from any bad dreams. Was he depending on Elliot too much too fast? Looking at his clock, he saw it was two in the morning. There was no way he was going to ask his new lover to come over.

Instead, Kurt got up and turned on every light in the loft. He picked up a sleepy Cosette and carried her with him while he prepared coffee. He knew he wouldn’t be able to get back to sleep. With a mug of hot coffee in his hand, he went and turned on the TV. He put it on a comedy movie, something without love or soul mates. Movie after movie played as he worked on his homework assignments and made his way through the entire pot of coffee and quickly preparing another one. Cosette didn’t seem to mind Kurt’s company and spent most of the time asleep in his lap or in her new favorite position on his shoulder, nestled against his neck. She fit so sweetly, he didn’t have the heart to move her even when his neck got stiff. Kurt was so grateful for his furry little friend. It didn’t seem so scary to be here alone with her in his arms.

The rest of the week passed quickly in some ways. In other ways, the minutes would drag on forever. Kurt now spent his nights as he had the night of the first nightmare. He had the same dream now, every night. Each night he would cling to his warm, safe, gray cloud, his Elliot. But inevitably, the threatening, painful gold mist, Blaine, would fight off the gray and take Kurt away to cause him pain and make him lonely and lost. He would wake feeling the phantom pain, covered in sweat. Each time he would shower in ice cold water, trying to erase the burning pain he swore he could feel under his skin.

Kurt only got a few hours of sleep per night, whether he fought to stay awake or not. One night he took a sleep aid to see if he could sleep deeply enough to escape dreaming, but all that did was make it harder to wake up and break free when the gold cloud had him surrounded and screaming in agony.

With as tired as he was, each day became a struggle. He ate less and less as he depended more on coffee to keep him going. As he had done in high school, he began wearing make up to cover up the shadows under his eyes. As pale as he was, a lack of sleep was always immediately visible. The concealer he used couldn’t even cover up everything. The one thing he didn’t cover up was the large
hickey Elliot had left on him. He would press on it and rub it to make him feel like Elliot was with him. At one point, when he was caught up in tears and exhaustion, he pressed on the bruise as hard as he could to try and make it stay longer, to keep the comfort.

He knew he should talk to Elliot, but he couldn’t bring himself to do so. He knew they were in a trial relationship and the last thing he wanted was for Elliot to decide he was just too much trouble. Deep down, he knew that they had agreed that honesty was a necessity, but his fear of being left alone now was too strong. Instead, he managed to avoid Elliot in person, instead keeping in touch through texts and short phone conversations. It helped that both of them were busy with homework and various projects.

Jeff sent a text Saturday night telling he might want to check out the latest video on Facebook. Kurt shivered, though he was in sweats and under a blanket in front of the television. He couldn’t even stand being in his bed anymore. He preferred to fall asleep sitting up, Cosette on his shoulder, while a happy movie played with all the lights on. He didn’t care about his electric bill. He needed to feel secure.

Elliot had wanted to come over but Kurt claimed that he had too much homework. He did, but he could have done it with Elliot there, he could even have used his help as his mentor. He had gone to see the nurse, Tim, on Thursday, and he’d agreed that Kurt’s wrist was fine and he could return to his normal activities. He had looked at Kurt in concern, seeing the dark circles under his eyes. Asking if everything was alright, Kurt assured him he had just spent most of the night studying for a test. Tim didn’t look like he believed him, but let it go. He even offered an ear if Kurt ever needed to talk about anything. Kurt appreciated it and exchanged phone numbers with the nurse. It was always nice to have a new friend, though he knew he probably wouldn’t call him, at least not now.

Debating whether or not to check out Blaine’s video, he figured he should. He was determined to know where Blaine was at all times, so Kurt could make sure he was far away. Signing into Jeff’s account, he went through the many updates and comments until he found Blaine’s video.

“For Kurt #16” Kurt shook his head. Blaine needed a new hobby. Didn’t he realize how pathetic all of this was? He tightened his blanket around him and hit play. As he listened, he froze, his heart unable to decide if it was going to stop beating or beat out of his chest.

*How I wish you could see the potential*

*The potential of you and me*

*It’s like a book elegantly bound but,*

*In a language that you can’t read.*

*Just yet.*

*You gotta spend some time, Love*

*You gotta spend some time with me*

*And I know that you’ll find, love*

*I will possess your heart*
You gotta spend some time, love
You gotta spend some time with me
And I know that you’ll find, love
I will possess your heart

There are days when outside your window
I see my reflection as I slowly pass,
And I long for this mirrored perspective
When we’ll be lovers, lovers at last

You gotta spend some time, love
You gotta spend some time with me
And I know that you’ll find love
I will possess your heart
I will possess your heart

You reject… my advances… and desperate pleas…
I won’t let you… let me down… so easily
So easily

You gotta spend some time, love
You gotta spend some time with me
And I know that you’ll find, love
I will possess your heart
I will possess your heart

Kurt was shaking and tears were streaming down his face. What the hell was Blaine’s problem? Why the hell was he doing this? He went on to read the message, terrified by what he was going to read.
Dearest Kurt, I know this song is intense. I had to find the lyrics to let you know how passionate I feel about you. I know if I were to ask to talk to you, you would refuse me. So I let the lyrics speak for me and hope they make their way into your heart. I just need some time with you. Can you please send me a private message? I know you have been on Facebook and I would love to hear from you. I need you, Kurt. Even if you want to rail at me and tell me to go to hell. I just need your words. And your time. Please, give me something, Kurt. I need you in my life in any way I can get you. I’m begging, Kurt. I swear I have changed. I am worthy of your love now. Please believe me. Give me a chance Kurt. We have a beautiful love between us that cannot die. I love you, baby.

Love Always, Blaine.

If that wasn’t bad enough, people began commenting on the song and the message.

17 People Like This

Rachel Barbra Berry says: Aw, Blaine, this was a beautiful performance. I would recommend you go for more Broadway themed songs, however, in order to recapture Kurt’s heart. He is easily swayed by a beautifully dramatic song. I am Team Blaine all the way! If there is anything I can do to help, let me know! I have a fantastic recipe for vegan ‘I’m Sorry’ cookies.

Brittany S Pierce says: Blaine Warbler, Lord Tubbington says you need to find a leprechaun to make your wishes come true. Kurtie is the most unicorn of all the dolphins. You need a horn and swim lessons. Then you will win Kurtie.

Santana Lopez says: Holy hell, troll, are you some sort of stalker freak now? What kind of shit is this? If I hear you hurt Princess Porcelain, I will drag your gelmet ass off to Lima Heights Adjacent. Then I will show you my razor collection. [Picture Attached] See, I’m not lying! Hi Brit Brit!

Nick Duval Likes This

Sam Evans says: Team Klaine for the win! If there is anything I can do, just let me know. Just keep telling the truth. Maybe Kurt can’t handle the truth! (That was Jack Nicholson, get it?) Just tell Kurt ‘nga yawne lu oer’. (‘I love you / You are beloved to me’ in Na’vi, at least that’s what the internet says.) You’re welcome, dude!

Trent Barnes says: Blaine, you know you have the full support of your Warbler brothers! Maybe we can re-enact the Gap Attack!

Noah ‘Puck’ Puckerman says: Dude, know anyone who needs their pool cleaned out there in
Cali? Nice guitar by the way. Maybe you should try some songs by Jewish artists. They’ve never steered me wrong!

**Wes Montgomery says:** Blaine, I know we haven’t kept in touch as much as we’d like. Please know I am supportive of your attempts to make things right with Kurt. Please don’t take this the wrong way, but, why don’t you give him time? I know you want him to talk to you, but why don’t you let him breathe. Take a break from videos. It’s putting pressure on him, you know that right? That’s not really fair. Call me, okay?

2 People Like This

**Rachel Barbra Berry says:** Kurt, if you are reading this, I hope you are doing well. I don’t know why you haven’t kept in touch with me. You are really being rude and petty toward Blaine. He is trying so hard to be who you need him to be. Don’t be a selfish diva. You are better than that. Give him a chance, he is your Dominant, it is the right thing to do. I think you will be happier once you are with your soul mate. It is where you belong.

Mercedes Jones: Aw HELL NO! I know things about you, Blaine Anderson. Do not test me, boy. I will not hesitate to make my own video. And you know I will have things to say.

Three People Like This

**Nick Duval says:** Nick Duval does NOT like this video message.

**Trent Barnes says:** Nick, that is not the Warbler way! We should be supportive of our Warbler brother.

Nick Duval says: Trent, do not speak of things you do not fully understand. You have no business putting in your two cents. Stay the hell out of this.

Santana Lopez says: Nick, I don’t know who the hell you are, but you go with your badass self! Call me if you need to kick some gelmet Warbler ass.

Nick Duval Likes This

**Rachel Barbra Berry** says: Santana, you should stay out of this. You should know how important it is for soulmates to be together.

Three People Like This
Santana Lopez: Berry, I know where you live. Back the fuck off of me and Porcelain. I will not hesitate to put your mousy ass brown hair in a blender and turn it on while I kick your ass all the way back to Lima. Got it?

Four People Like This

Rachel Barbra Berry: Yes.

Kurt had to wonder what the hell Rachel meant about Santana. That thought was gone as quick as it came. Part of Kurt wanted to laugh and the rest of him wrestled between crying and throwing things in a rage. Why was Blaine doing this? Why do all of these people think they have the right to interfere in his life?

As helpless tears streamed down his face, Kurt yawned and tried to drink his coffee. He couldn’t fall asleep after this. He couldn’t handle another night of terror.

A loud knock sounded at his door and he shrieked in fear.

“Kurt, sweetheart, it’s us. Dani, Sam, Max and me,” Elliot called.

Kurt sobbed in relief and stumbled to the door. He unlocked and slid the door open and fell into Elliot’s welcoming arms.

“Mon doux, what is it? What is wrong?” Elliot murmured, holding him tight and kissing him all over his face.

“Everything,” Kurt whimpered and looked up at him. He couldn’t be more thankful that Elliot was here. That all of them were here. His friends. His family. They would help him stay awake. Maybe they could make the darkness go away. “Why are you guys here?”

“I’m sorry to say that this might upset you further,” Elliot said hesitantly as everyone came into the loft.

“Kurt, we’re holding an intervention,” Sami announced.

Kurt looked around, confused. “For who?”

“You,” Dani, Max, and Sami said.

I Will Possess Your Heart: Death Cab for Cutie (creepy song is super creepy)
Chapter 43

Chapter Notes

It took me about 6 go arounds before I finally got this chapter heading in the right direction. I hope you like it.

If you like listening to the songs in the story as they are written, have “I’ll Be There” by the Jackson 5 ready to go…. Then get ready for some time jumps.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

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“You,” Dani, Max, and Sam said.

“... . . .

“What do you mean?” Kurt asked, his head swimming as he tried to understand.

“Kurt, sweetie, when is the last time you slept?” Dani asked, coming over to take his hands. “Your hands are freezing!”

“I just need some coffee in me to warm me up,” Kurt said, taking back his hands and returning to the couch, wrapping his blanket around him. He picked up his coffee and took a deep sip. “So, why do I need an intervention?”

“You need to answer Dani’s question, Porcelain,” Max said gently, coming and sitting next to him. Elliot joined him on the other side and both of them scooted in, surrounding Kurt with warmth and the feeling of being protected.

“I slept last night,” Kurt murmured. He knew they’d be able to see he was tired. He’d already washed off his make-up after he went out for coffee earlier.

“And how many hours did you sleep?” Dani asked, her countenance that of a mother figure.

“I don’t know,” Kurt said, taking another sip. His hands trembled as he held the cup. Elliot took the cup as it threatened to spill all over Kurt. “Mon doux, I think you’ve had enough coffee. You are shaking and I have a feeling it’s from too much caffeine.”

“How many hours, Kurt?” Dani persisted.

“I don’t know,” Kurt insisted irritably. “Two or three, I guess.”
'Has it been like that all week?' she asked, sitting in front of him on the floor.

'I guess,' Kurt whispered, watching Cosette trotted over and climbed into Dani’s lap.

'And when did you eat last?' she asked, petting the sleepy kitten.

'I’ve been busy. I had some celery at lunch. I’ve kinda been living on coffee,’ he admitted, feeling his exhaustion catching up with him.

'Can you tell us why all this is going on? I have a feeling it’s all connected. Isn’t it?’ Dani asked, taking one of his hands in hers, rubbing it, and trying to warm his cold fingers.

'I don’t know,’ he mumbled.

'Kurt, look at me,’ Elliot said sternly.

Kurt didn’t hesitate, he immediately looked into Elliot’s concerned eyes.

'Tell me why you haven’t been sleeping,’ he demanded.

Kurt looked at him, fatigue making him irrationally fearful that this would be it. If he told him what was happening, the trial would be over. Would he at least get to keep this wonderful man as a friend?

'Kurt?’ Elliot brought his attention back to him.

Kurt let his head fall back against the couch. ‘I don’t want to talk about it. You’ll be done,’ he cried.

‘Mon doux, what do you mean I’ll be done?’ Elliot asked, his heart aching. He wrapped his arm around Kurt and nodded at Max who did the same from the other side.

For the first time in days he felt safe. Max and his large body next to him, surrounding him. On the opposite side, Elliot protected him, covering him from harm. He took a deep, shuddering breath and it almost hurt. He felt like he hadn’t breathed for a week.

'The trial will be over. My baggage car is overflowing, Elliot. You don’t need to deal with this,’ Kurt said, struggling to get the words out.

‘Kurt Hummel, look at me,’ Elliot demanded, not caring if his Dom side was showing.

Kurt immediately looked at him, ready to see disgust or a look of regret. Elliot’s gray eyes were warm, but determined. Kurt didn’t understand.

‘Did I ever give you the impression that either of our baggage, no matter how much we have, is grounds to break up?’ Elliot asked, never moving his eyes from Kurt. He had to make this precious man realize that he wasn’t going anywhere. This week had been hell not being able to spend time with him. He realized he didn’t need a trial. He wanted a full on relationship with Kurt and he would tell him that tonight. As a couple they were stronger, they could handle their baggage together. They wouldn’t let the other drown in worries and fears as Kurt was so obviously doing. “Please answer me, Kurt.”

“No, you never gave me that impression,” Kurt answered quietly, feeling bad that he had let his own fears reflect onto Elliot.

“When I brought up being trial boyfriends, it was because I was afraid. I was afraid to let myself feel,” Elliot said.
“Afraid to feel what?” Kurt asked, his eyes still locked on Elliot’s.

His eyes returned to the vulnerable green and blue of Kurt’s gaze. “I’m afraid to feel love, Kurt. I love my friends, all of these people are in my heart. But I’m afraid to open that part of my heart that can lead to heartbreak and losing someone.”

“I’m afraid, too,” Kurt whispered, feeling hypnotized by the depth of feeling in Elliot’s eyes.

“What are you afraid of, *mon doux,*” Elliot responded, tracing Kurt’s face with his hand.

As he loved to do, Kurt nuzzled into his hand, sighing with pleasure. “I am afraid that Blaine will find me and hurt me or make me go with him. I’m afraid he will ruin this wonderful life I have,” he said, a lone tear falling as he brought up his hand to hold Elliot’s in place.

“Why are you afraid of that, sweetheart?” Dani asked quietly.

“The nightmares. The same every single night. I try to sleep and then he comes and chases the gray away and the gold hurts so very much,” Kurt whispered, beyond tired. His words were beginning to slur but his friends wanted to get to the bottom of his worries.

“Gray and gold?” Max asked from his other side.

“Elliot’s gray eyes, Blaine’s gold eyes. Elliot is warm and protects me and makes me happy. Blaine is painful, restrictive, hurtful and demanding. All I hear is that I’m a useless whore. A worthless sub. Each time, Elliot is pushed aside and Blaine takes me and all I can do is scream from the pain,” Kurt said quietly. He wanted to crawl inside of Elliot where it was safe and warm. He’d had enough. He couldn’t handle it on his own anymore. “Please help me,” he begged softly. “I’m so damn tired of this crap.”

Elliot wiped his own tears away as he cuddled Kurt into his arms, trying to draw him as close as possible. He wanted to strip them down to their skin and wrap each other up in the other. Nothing between them but the possibility of love. No fear, no threats, no harm.

“We are going to help you, sweetheart,” Dani said.

“Sam, you okay?” Max asked out of the blue.

This whole time, nobody had noticed Sam had curled into herself in a chair, tears shimmering in her lilac eyes. “I can’t fix him. I am his mind twin and I can’t help him. What can I do? I feel so helpless,” she said with a whimper. “I can’t protect him like Elliot and Max. I’m not a big comforter like you, Dani. I just feel useless.”

Dani went to her and cuddled with her in the chair. “You’re nowhere near useless, Sami. We’re all going to help him. Together. That’s what we do, right? We’ve been there for you when you had that huge fight with Joseph. We’ve been there for Max when Julie broke up with him. We’ve been there for Elliot when he wouldn’t stop using a gallon of hairspray,” she said lightly.

“Hey now,” Elliot warned with a grin.

Sam and Kurt giggled quietly.

“That’s better,” Dani said with a grin. “We will figure out a way to help Kurt. We’ll make sure he eats more,” she said, staring at Kurt pointedly from where he was cuddled into Elliot. “We’ll stay with him at night if that is what it takes to keep the nightmares away. And we’ll sing to him. Music always makes it better, right?” Dani pointed out.
Sam nodded and hugged Dani tightly.

“Music doesn’t always make it better,” Kurt murmured, suddenly remembering the video on Facebook.

“What do you mean, Porcelain,” Max asked.

“Facebook again,” Kurt whispered, almost embarrassed to admit he still let the damn videos get to him.

Max grabbed Kurt’s laptop and hit play on the video that was still sitting there. Kurt buried his head into Elliot, pulling his blanket over his head. Elliot rocked him and hummed in his ear, even though he was listening to the video. Kurt didn’t see the horrified look on Dani’s face or the absolute rage on Max’s and Sam’s. Elliot just pulled him in tighter as if he could prevent any harm coming to him if he could only hold him closer.

“Kurt, look at me,” Max said after they’d all read the comments and closed the laptop.

Kurt pulled the blanket down and turned his head, trying to stay as close to Elliot as he could.

“We will make you safe,” Max stated in a tone that brooked no argument. “Do you understand? You will never be taken by the gold man, this Blaine person. You will remain here, loved by all of us, safe with us. Is that understood?”

Kurt was amazed. These people didn’t know his story. They simply cared and were willing to help him in any way he needed it. He’d never felt more lucky and blessed then he did just then. He needed them to help him be strong through this and he knew they would be.

“I love you guys,” he said, his voice stronger than it had been all night. “So very much.”

“I love you, too, mind twin,” Sam said, sniffing into Dani’s chest.

“I love you too, Kurt,” Dani said, giving him a gentle smile.

“You gotta know I love you, Porcelain,” Max said with a wink and a grin. He got a chuckle from Kurt and felt ten feet tall.

Elliot took Kurt’s chin and lifted it, directing Kurt’s teary blue green eyes to his. “Look into my eyes, mon doux, and know that from the bottom of my heart, I love you. I love you as a person. I love you as a friend. And I definitely love you as a boyfriend,” he said. He leaned down and covered Kurt’s lips with his, the kiss soft and gentle, but full of real emotion.

Kurt pulled back just far enough to speak. “You love me as a boyfriend? A trial boyfriend?” Kurt hated feeling this uncertain, but he was. He felt like he was flayed open for everyone to see what was inside him. Though he knew he was loved, there was still room for uncertainty.

“I love you as my friend, my boyfriend, my love,” Elliot said, giving him another sweet kiss.

Kurt’s lips trembled as he fought against the tears burning in his eyes. “I love you too, Elliot, so damn much.”

With that, the two locked into an embrace that was just them. Nobody else was there as their lips met and claimed each other. It was no longer sweet and soft. This kiss was demanding, passionate, a declaration of their love for each other. It was a new love, they both knew that. They still had much to learn about each other and from each other, but they were deciding to do it together. To go
through life’s ups and downs together as they came along.

“Holy crap, that’s hot!” Sam exclaimed, doing her part to end their passionate interlude.

“Sam, shut up,” Dani snapped.

“Well, it is. You can’t deny it,” Sam argued.

“She has a point,” Max said, not ashamed to be leaning over to get a better view. Elliot and Kurt were hot and together, making out? Double hot. And no, he wouldn’t think of that hot kiss and the tongues he got a glimpse of that night when he was alone in his bed. Really, he wouldn’t.

“We need to sing a song,” Dani announced after a minute.

“What song?” Max asked.

Sami smiled and began to sing, her beautiful alto tentative, but filled with emotion.

_You and I must make a pact_

_We will bring salvation back_

_Where there is love_

_I’ll be there…_

Dani took over, holding Sami’s hand and looking toward Kurt and Elliot, who had pulled away at the sound of her voice.

_I’ll reach out my hand to you_

_I’ll have faith in all you do_

_Just call my name_

_And I’ll be there_

Max joined in as Sami and Dani sang the chorus.

_And oh, I’ll be there to comfort you_

_Build my world of dreams around you_

_I’m so glad that I found you_

_I’ll be there with a love that’s strong_
I’ll be your strength, I’ll keep holding on
Yes, I will, yes, I will

Elliot broke in, tilting Kurt’s chin up, gazing into his love filled eyes.

Let me fill your heart with joy and laughter
Togetherness, well that’s all I’m after
Whenever you need me
I’ll be there
I’ll be there to protect you, yeah baby,
With an unselfish love, I’ll respect you
Just call my name, I’ll be there

Now they all joined in, Kurt’s high clear voice ringing out in the room as his heart poured out with his friends, his family.

And oh, I’ll be there to comfort you
Build my world of dreams around you
I’m so glad that I found you
I’ll be there with a love that’s strong
I’ll be your strength, I’ll keep holding on
Yes, I will, yes, I will

Don’t you know, baby, yeah, yeah
I’ll be there, I’ll be there
Just call my name, I’ll be there
Just look over your shoulders, honey, ooh
I’ll be there, I’ll be there
Whenever you need me
“Group hug!” Sami cried, and they all converged on the couch, encircling Kurt and making him feel safer than he ever had in his life.

Two months later, the band found themselves celebrating in California after winning the Live and Unsigned Band competition. It had been a long, hard road with endless rehearsals mixed with getting through mid-terms. They’d had to lean on each other for strength and the stamina to keep going. Kurt had painstakingly arranged the clothes everyone wore and the band let him, sometimes teasing him for being uptight. As it turned out, their clothes had added to their performances, which helped along the way. The band battle had been tough. Each heat of competition got more intense than the last. By the last round, they were working harder than ever, coming up with better songs and better ways to work them into their own style, making the songs their own. But they’d done it and when Ideal Misfits had been declared the winner, nothing could have topped the joy they felt. They were jumping, crying and hugging each other for at least five minutes before the competition host was able to gather them around for a short speech.

Kurt was filled with such joy and pride he could barely contain it. He had never felt as strong within himself as he had the last couple months. After his friends had rallied around him, he began opening up with Elliot when he was feeling insecure. His nightmares, the gold mist, had eased off as Kurt went to bed ready to conquer whatever appeared with the intent to hurt him. Elliot had spent several nights per week with him, kissing him and comforting him as he fell asleep. They were stronger as a couple and as friends since the intervention. It had opened doors of communication to embrace and share their fears. He had stopped watching the Facebook videos after that last one, which really helped him get over himself and Blaine’s ability to instill fear in him and return to the strong version of himself that had the guts to get away from the asshole in the first place. Now, he gazed over at his gorgeous boyfriend, talking with the host of the competition, confident and proud, winning everyone over with his gregarious personality.

It was as Kurt looked out, smiling at the crowd, that he saw him.

In the audience, about ten rows or so back, the bright red shirt and striped bowtie caught his attention. Blaine was watching. Staring at Kurt. There was longing in his golden eyes, but also a hardness to his features that once would have made Kurt tremble nervously, but now just pissed him off. He shoved down the shock of seeing him and sent him a firm, arrogant stare, his brow raised imperiously. He would not allow this man to instill fear in him ever again. For a long moment, their eyes were locked, glasz and hazel gold. Kurt could see the torment deep in Blaine’s gaze. He’d never liked seeing Blaine in pain, but now he could care less. He knew his expression must have reflected his feelings because Blaine suddenly looked sad, but almost insulted as if he were thinking ‘how dare he not look at me with love’. Kurt twitched in anger and leaned into Max who was standing next to him.

Max grabbed his hand and leaned down. “Porcelain, you okay?”

Kurt glared at Blaine as he whispered, “Abusive asshole out there, main floor on the left, red shirt, bowtie.” He knew Max would understand. During one of their marathon rehearsals, he’d finally
shared his story with the rest of the band. They were his family and once he’d seen that Elliot hadn’t judged him for leaving Blaine, he’d felt free to share with them. After embracing him, they had praised his strength to escape the abuser and let him know that he was not alone in knowing Blaine was in the wrong.

Max rested his large hand on Kurt’s shoulder as his gaze swung out to the audience. Kurt could feel the hulking man next to him tensing and looked up at him. He barely held in a gasp at the dark, murderous fury reflected on his normally kind face, his hazel green eyes filled with a promise of malicious intent. Looking back out at Blaine, he saw the small man jerk backward and pale considerably.

Kurt couldn’t help his vindictive grin and vaguely noted that Blaine had gained weight, his usual polo not fitting as flat as it used to, probably from comfort eating as he tended to do. When they’d been together his stress snacking had been tempered by boxing and long workouts. It looked now like he didn’t work out at all. Kurt refused to let any sort of guilt take hold of him. It was not his fault if Blaine couldn’t or wouldn’t take care of himself.

Blaine’s gaze was held by Max’s for several tense moments. Finally, he turned his eyes back to Kurt, held his hand out to him like he wanted to take his hand. Kurt looked at him like he was crazy and shook his head firmly, his hands twitching with anger. Blaine’s hand fell and he nodded before squeezing through the crowd and heading toward the exit, turning back once before leaving the building.

“Thank you,” Kurt said, nudging Max.

“I could crush that little troll in the palm of my hand,” Max snarled. “Lucky for him, he left when he did.

I don’t want you to go anywhere alone until we’re on the plane out of here.” He gave Kurt a stern look.

Kurt held up his hands. “You won’t hear any arguments from me.” There was no way he wanted to put himself in a situation where he would confront Blaine on his own. Though by the looks of him and Kurt’s new, stronger body – thanks to extra workouts with Max – he could probably take the shorter man down with little effort. A body that Elliot loved, especially in the morning when he did his push-ups.

At that moment, Elliot pointed to the band and introduced them. Max and Kurt snapped their attention back to what was going on and smiled. Kurt hoped the photographers hadn’t caught that short interlude. He waved as he was introduced and then they were each given a chance to give a short hello and shout out.

Kurt took the microphone and turned to the crowd. “I just want to thank my family here on the stage. They took me in like the proverbial orphan and protected me and loved me and gave me a chance to be part of this band. I also want to say hello to my dad. I love you, Dad,” Kurt said, giving a winning smile and wave to the camera and audience.

Afterward, they were joined by the judges and creators of the competition for a huge banquet where they were presented with the check for the fifty thousand dollar prize. It was a long night, but possibly the best night they’d had as a band.

Back at their hotel, they carried on celebrating on their own. They recounted the various performances and the amazing bands they’d come up against. They were still chatting when the sun began to rise. Soon after, one by one they curled up where they were and dozed off.
After sleeping until late morning, they made themselves get up so they could spend the day sightseeing. Kurt kept close to his friends, keeping an eye out for Blaine everywhere they went. Eventually, he was able to let go and enjoy the shopping and sights. It was a long day, but adrenaline and lingering excitement kept them going. Finally they got on a plane and headed back home to their familiar beds and lives.

Kurt contacted his dad when he got home and let him know about the Blaine sighting.

“I’m glad you stayed with people. We have no idea what would happen if you ended up alone with him,” Burt said.

“Do you think I should have talked with him? Some sort of closure type of thing,” Kurt asked, hoping his dad would say no because he sure as hell didn’t think so.

“That’s up to you, son. Do you have something you are dying to say to him? Are you needing to be around him for a time to know that you don’t need him in your life anymore?” Burt asked.

Kurt paused, really giving the questions some thought. He had nothing to say, except to tell Blaine to stop making videos, which Jeff told him were continuing on. Kurt figured it wasn’t worth his time, so he’d let Blaine continue to embarrass himself. As for the question of him needing Blaine in his life? Hell no, no way. Never. His life was near perfect at this point. He had Elliot and his friends in New York and his friends and family in Ohio. His life was his own and he didn’t need anyone telling him different.

“No,” Kurt said with absolute certainty. “I’ve made my peace with his place in my history and there is no way I want him in my present or future.”

Burt, on the other end of the phone, couldn’t be more proud of his son. “Well, then, I guess that’s your answer. Just keep living your life just as you are. I am so damn proud of you, Kurt. You have really taken control of your life, just as you always wanted to. You did it on your own,” he said, his voice shaky.

Kurt disagreed. “You did help me, though, Dad. If it weren’t for you, Nick, and Jeff, I wouldn’t have been able to leave. I probably would have gotten caught by Blaine and who the hell knows what he would have done,” Kurt said, shivering at the thought.

“Yeah, let’s not think about the what-ifs,” Burt said. “As for helping you, what else could we do? There was no way we were letting you stay. But we just dealt with the technicalities, you were the one who got the guts to pack your stuff and drive away. You could have changed your mind at any time and none of us would have blamed you. But you have a strength in you that is larger than fear,” he said. His voice caught. “Your mother would be so proud of you, Kurt. She would be here cheering you on and praising every step you’ve taken toward living your own life. Keep that in your heart, son. Your mother and I supported you when you took your first step, when you designed your first outfit, and now, when you are grasping your life with both hands and living the hell out of it,” he said forcefully, the words hitching in his throat.

Kurt sniffed, tears welling up in his eyes. He hadn’t realized how much he needed to hear that. Hear that his mom would be just as proud of him as his dad. “Thank you, Dad,” he whispered, a lump in
his throat. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too, bud. Call me soon, okay?” Burt sounded like he was barely holding on.

“Okay, Dad,” Kurt said and they hung up. Kurt let himself give into his emotions for a moment, thinking of his mother and father. How he wished his mother was here so he could see the love in her eyes.

There was a knock on the door and Kurt yelled out for the person to come in. It was most likely some member of the band and he liked for them to just come in so they knew how welcome they were. He cleared his throat and wiped his eyes before the door opened.

“Kurt, love, you really should keep your door locked,” Elliot said as he came in and sat next to Kurt. He leaned in for a kiss, their lips moving softly against one another.

“Maybe I should, then I could keep kissing singers out,” Kurt teased, leaning in for another kiss.

Elliot kissed him then pulled back with a serious expression. “I mean it Kurt, I’d really like it if you would keep the door locked. This isn’t the best neighborhood and we know at least one asshole who would like to come see you.”

Kurt looked at him, trying to keep his temper from flaring. He knew Elliot was just coming from a place of caring. “I’m going to stay calm when I say this. Do not Dom out on me, Elliot. I appreciate your concern, but I will make the decision of how I keep my home safe on my own,” he said firmly.

Elliot took a deep breath. “I understand that. What I need you to understand is that I can’t stop myself from caring about you and wanting to keep you safe. I just can’t. Being a Dom has nothing to do with it. I care about you just like I care about Sami, Dani, and Max. I would ask them to do the same thing for their safety.”

Kurt paused for a moment, looking at him. He had to be honest with himself and realize that he still tended to see Blaine’s actions everywhere, even when it was unnecessary. Rationally, he knew Elliot never went Dom on him and wouldn’t, especially knowing Kurt’s past. “I’m sorry, Elliot. Call it a suitcase from my baggage car. I know you aren’t trying to get all Dom on me. I will keep the door locked. I just want you guys to be free to come in whenever you want,” Kurt said sincerely, playing with Elliot’s long fingers. “Maybe I’ll just get you all keys.”

Elliot ran his other hand down Kurt’s face. “That would be fine. I just want to know you are safe. You are so special to me.”

“You are special to me, too,” Kurt said, looking at him through his lashes. “Want me to show you how much?”

Elliot’s eyes darkened. “I’d love for you to show me.”

Kurt leaned in and grasped Elliot’s face in his hands.

. . . . . . .

Several weeks later, Kurt got a call from his dad. He wasn’t able to take it because he was in class, but hearing the message that it was urgent, he hurried out of the building and called him back.
“Hey buddy. I got a notice from the prison that Smythe is in,” Burt announced abruptly.

“Sebastian?” Kurt froze suddenly.

“Yeah, him. It’s actually good news, so don’t freak out,” Burt assured him.

“Okay,” Kurt said, trying to concentrate on his breathing.

“It’s taken freaking long enough, but they finally decided that the damn letter was indeed stalking and harassment toward you and he was sentenced to a further three years for it. So, all together, you’ve got at least seven years before you will have to worry about him. Mix that with the restraining order and you should have no problem being safe. His letters are now being looked over before they are allowed to be sent out. That’s good news, isn’t it?” Burt finished.

“That’s wonderful news,” Kurt said gratefully. Sebastian wouldn’t be coming for him! “Thank you so much for letting me know. This calls for a celebration!”

So, that night, he invited the band over, along with Alex and Tim the nurse, whom he’d been talking with on and off over the past weeks. They stayed up late, drinking and telling nightmare stories and funny anecdotes about people they’d known. He stayed next to Elliot, soaking up his warmth and love. The night was perfect and Kurt enjoyed every moment. There was nothing more tying him down. He was finally able to trust people and tell his stories without fear. He was free.

Chapter End Notes

Another time jump ahead… How did Blaine feel when he got the brush off from Kurt? We will get Blaine’s perspective!

What is going on with Kurt’s Mark and what does it mean? Answers coming up…..

Also… the end is nigh my friends!! Probably 3-5 more chapters. Don’t worry, all loose ends will be tied up!
Chapter 44

Chapter Notes

Terminology:

Mark: The key or lock that symbolizes a Dominant or submissive

Soul band: the black band under the Mark that will show the name of the soul mate once they have Connected

Connect: The moment when two people touch and they feel and realize they are soul mates

Claiming: Occurs during a time of great intimacy and opens the emotional bonds between soul mates, bringing them into the ultimate relationship between soul mates

Another time jump and ..... Blaine.... And (drumroll please).... The MARK...... and some angst

Last time...

*Kurt enjoyed every moment. There was nothing more tying him down. He was finally able to trust people and tell his stories without fear. He was free.*

. . . . . . . .

Journal,

*The end of my first year at Parsons is upon me! It has been a year of ups and downs, but I am so happy to confess there are so many more ups then downs. I have been remiss in keeping up the journal I dedicated to my new life. Shame on me! I am passing all of my classes with honors. I have two beautiful dresses that will show in the Parsons run-way show during Fashion Week! Can you believe it, Journal? Me! Kurt Elizabeth Hummel has garments going to Fashion Week. I can barely say it without flailing like a mad man. Maybe my label will be Kurt Elizabeth Designs or KEH Designs or Kurt Hummel Originals. Who knows, but I will have to choose soon because I am a full on designer now!*

*I am also part of a nationally recognized band that has new, updated equipment and instruments. We have a solid spot at the Laughing Kitty every weekend and we have had guest spots at several hot New York clubs. During Spring Break we played at a huge music festival in Manhattan where people paid actual money to hear us perform! It is a dream come true for a fledgling band. And, be still my fluttering heart, Dani is in talks with a well-known band that is looking for a group to open for them over the summer! Can you believe it?! Kurt Hummel, rock star, fashion designer to the stars. It can and will happen, I believe it.*
Blaine still posts the occasional video, asking for forgiveness and wanting contact. At least that’s what Jeff tells me. I have never responded and stopped watching them after my bout with insomnia and nightmares. Jeff tells me Blaine seems to be moving on and posts more about his music classes than he does about me. I couldn’t be more grateful.

Then there is Elliot. What can I say? I love him. He is everything to me. He is my best friend. He is my mentor – he has taught me so much about fashion and the intricacies of the fashion world – I am so glad he was assigned to me. He is my muse. He is my heart.

He is also my lover. Almost? We are like… three-quarter lovers? Okay, journal, I’ll just lay it out there… We haven’t had full on penetrative sex. There I said it. Why? I have no idea. We are just happy with the way things are. We have explored every inch of each other’s bodies with hands and mouths. He is mouth-watering. I discovered I quite enjoy rimming. Elliot has perfected his deep throating skills. It is a good trade off.

The other night I had him sobbing in the shower. He was face-planted on the wall of the shower with his ass sticking out. I nibbled up his long legs, biting behind his knees with just the right amount of pressure to make him whimper and shudder. Up and up I went until I reached that perfect, round ass. I breathed hotly against his skin then I skipped over it all together, stood and began from his neck and made my way back down. Did he curse at me? I chastised him and threatened to stop my exploratory exercises if he swore again, grinning madly behind him, of course. He quieted down to soft whimpers so I continued. I dragged my tongue down his spine, massaging his hips as I approached his ass. By this point all I could hear was a litany of ‘Kurt, please’ and lots of ‘ung!’ and ‘ahh!’ It was practically musical. Finally, I had my goal in front of me. This was the kind of kneeling I could get behind. (Journal, did you see the play on words? Kneeling? Behind? LMAO) Anyway, so there I was, his magnificent ass in front of me. At this point, I usually eased my way in delicately, all polite, modest movements because until I really got into it I tended to be embarrassed. Not this time. I wanted to break him. So I did. I grabbed his cheeks hard, digging in a bit with my nails, opened him wide and dove in like it was the last meal of my life. He shrieked and bucked back against me as my tongue speared right into his tight hole. He tasted clean and hot and so very Elliot. Delicious. I tongue-fucked him, then licked from the back of his balls all the way up to the dimples above his ass. Before he could breathe from his last broken scream, I sucked at his hole before licking into him, moaning and growling against him. Apparently it was the right amount of vibration and sensation because the next thing I knew he was wailing and coming untouched onto the shower wall. I felt his ass muscles contract against my mouth and grabbed my cock, stroked half a dozen times and came hard. It was glorious. Before I knew it, I wasn’t alone on the shower floor. Sweet Elliot was a mewling, moaning mess and I loved every second of it. *sigh* It was perfect, Journal.

Now, the need for a cold shower aside, is our lack of penetrative (cocks, not tongue, wink wink) sex due to the issue of soul mates? Maybe. Elliot hasn’t spoken of how he feels about our intimate life in comparison to his and Declan’s.

I know everything else about their relationship now and it was a beautiful thing. Such harmony and a true partnership. It was inspiring to hear and broke my heart for Elliot. I feel blessed by whoever does the blessing around here, to be the one who gets to have his love.

Elliot has never hinted about going all the way and neither have I. Maybe full on sex is too much for him because his soul mate is gone. I’m okay with that, really. I am COMPLETELY satisfied, Journal, have no fear of that. Wink, wink. No worries. We’ll see what the future holds.

Other big news! Max, our beloved drummer and over-protective friend, has found his soul mate!! Tristan is such a sweetheart! They met at a dance club and I guess it was love at first sight and when they touched on the dance floor, they felt the Connection. I am so happy for them both. The amusing
part is seeing them together. Tristan is a tiny little thing and next to Max, he practically disappears. Nowadays, his favorite place is in Max’s lap – even when he’s drumming – and the two of them are so happy you can’t help but smile when you see them. I couldn’t be more thrilled. They really are perfect for each other, even aside from my view on the whole soul mate thing. We held a party for them soon after they found each other. Tristan is so shy, but we finally got him to loosen up. Now it’s like he has always been a part of our little family. He is on roadie duty for the band, which he really enjoys doing. He has also been accepted by my fully grown Cosette as another uncle, so he must be a good guy.

I signed up for my own Facebook account finally a couple months back. I blocked Blaine first thing, so now I’m free to interact with no fear of sad, creepy videos.

The best part of this life of mine is love. The second is freedom. I am free of any restrictions or expectations. I do have a wonderful boyfriend and I do have classes at my dream college. But if I decided tomorrow to break things off with Elliot (NEVER) or leave Parsons (NEVER), I would have that freedom! I am the owner of my life and I couldn’t be happier.

Journal, these are the best days of my life!

KEH

...........

California

“Blaine, are you ready? The end-of-the-year party starts in a half hour and we need to get going,” Etienne sang out.

“Almost ready,” Blaine called. He straightened the collar of his green button up and smoothed his jeans. He’d had to go a size up. The damn ‘freshman fifteen’ had turned into the ‘freshman twenty five’. He was slowly working it off, but couldn’t always find the energy or will to go and work out, though some of the guys he’d met in his anger management group had included him in their weekly ‘kick your ass until you have no more energy’ workouts.

Life without Kurt was normal life now, as sad as the thought was. He was used to waking up alone and making his own coffee. Walking to his classes with nobody to share every thought with on the way. He was happy to have a small circle of good friends and they were all sensitive to his situation. He didn’t try to hide his past now, he was open with several people as well as his Dom abuse therapist. He had ‘graduated’ from the classes, but had decided to continue on, knowing he could always be a better person than he was. His therapist, Rupert, was a great guy who was teaching Blaine so much about where he’d gone wrong and how he’d so badly interpreted his lessons both in school and from his grandfather. The grandfather that had led him so far away from what the truth of life and his nature was.

Grandfather. The man who had meant so very much to him, the man he’d modeled himself after in so many ways, turned out to be so wrong, it had cost him everything. Would he still have Kurt if he’d been like Nick or Wes? As it was, his grandfather had cut him off of any financial support. Luckily his scholarship still covered his tuition even with the change of major. According to grandfather, Kurt ‘stealing’ the graduation money had been the beginning of the end. The conversation with his grandfather when he’d told him he wasn’t pursuing medicine was the loudest, angriest talk he’d ever been a part of. Apart from the way he’d screamed at Kurt…
He was just grateful it was by telephone and not in person.

All of what had made his life perfect was gone. His soul mate, his grandfather, his ‘dream’ college major. His major, however perfect the dream of being Dr. Anderson, was the only thing he was happy to see go. He was thriving in his music program and his teachers had high hopes for a career in teaching music or composing.

He ran to meet Etienne and they headed out to the car.

“I, uh, didn’t post a video this week,” Blaine said, looking at Etienne as they drove.

Etienne grinned. “I’m proud of you, darling! That’s what? Six weeks now? I know it’s been hard for you especially since everyone stopped commenting and openly supporting you. I’m glad to see you are moving on. It is a healthy place to be.”

Blaine smiled at the praise. Rupert had several long talks with him about how he was being passive aggressive with posting the videos to Kurt, how it could be mentally abusive toward his love. He said neither Kurt nor Blaine couldn’t heal until he could let go. It was hard, and always would be hard, to stop wanting Kurt, but he knew his soul mate didn’t want him anymore. Or need him. From what he knew and gleaned from Jeff’s Facebook, Kurt had a wonderful life in New York.

Kurt had looked so beautiful when he’d seen him in San Francisco. Gorgeous, like a fallen angel with his mussed up hair and eyeliner, the leather pants that had hugged his legs and perfect, tight ass. His heart, and admittedly his cock, had pounded so hard he’d felt light headed. Blaine didn’t know what he had expected to happen when he made eye contact with Kurt. Part of him wanted to scream out a Dom order for him to come back to him. Yeah right. That dumb ass emotion was washed away in grief when Kurt and that hulking giant had glared at him, making him very much aware that he would not be getting any chance to speak with Kurt. Unable to help himself, he’d reached for him in desperation, but quickly stopped. He knew he was making a fool of himself. So he’d left, gone to his dorm room and spent the afternoon in tears.

“We’re going to have fun tonight, darling. I’m going to find you a cute little guy to dance with. Or maybe someone taller, maybe a bear,” Etienne rambled, breaking him out of his head. “Yeah, that’s it. You need someone to wrap you up in his arms and snuggle you like a little fuzzy headed teddy bear.”

“Etienne, come on, that is ridiculous,” Blaine said with a grin.

“Promise me, as your best friend, that you will dance with whoever I find for you,” Etienne demanded, pouting though his eyes glittering with excitement.

Blaine groaned. “Fine, just stop.”

“Yeah!” Etienne cried triumphantly.

An hour later found Blaine in the arms of David, a guy studying to be a physical therapist. He had felt the tension in Blaine’s shoulders and had massaged him as they moved to the music. Blaine found it strange and confusing to be in someone else’s arms. It wasn’t unpleasant. It didn’t make him feel wrong like it would have when he and Kurt shared a bond. The close contact made him grieve once more for his lost soul mate. He let himself sink into the man’s strong embrace, allowing himself to just feel, enjoy the contact with someone who was attractive and found him attractive.

They danced through several songs, even through a silly line dance number. That had them laughing and they easily fell into each other when the music slowed down into a sensual rhythm. David
moved with him and tipped his chin up. Before Blaine knew what was happening, he felt dry, warm
lips brush along his. It wasn't the wildfire that was kissing Kurt, but it felt good. He allowed David
to tilt his head as their lips slotted together, moving lazily as they explored each other. David opened
his mouth and licked along Blaine's bottom lip and he opened under him. For several long moments,
they tasted each other and delved deeply into the other's mouth. His pants began to tighten and it
shocked him to his core. David must have felt his response because he ground against him. This
wasn't Kurt though, his waist wasn't small, hips jutting gently as they rolled into him.

Suddenly, he couldn't handle it anymore, it was too much. He stepped back, his hand moving to his
mouth. “I'm so sorry David, I have to get going. I, uh, have a lot of studying to do,” he said, blinking
back the tears burning in his eyes.

The taller man’s expression was understanding. “No problem. I could tell you were preoccupied.
You're really cute and I like you, so if you ever want to go out, ask Etienne for my number. I suggest
some stretches to get rid of that tension in your shoulders,” he offered kindly. “Take care.” With that
he walked away into the crowd of dancers.

Blaine made his excuses to Etienne, who wanted to stay, and managed to find a way home on his
own. He walked into his dorm room and sat on his bed. He put his head in his hands and wondered
if he would ever feel whole again. Looking at his blank wrist band and broken key Mark, he shook
his head. None of it made sense. Was he destined to be alone forever?

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New York

Hey sweetie,” Kurt said, answering his phone.

“Hello mon doux,” Elliot returned. “I have some news for you.”

“Ooh, I'm intrigued,” Kurt said teasingly.

Elliot's chuckle tickled Kurt's ear and made him shiver. “It's about your Mark.”

Kurt froze. “What about it?”

“Well, my professor, remember the one I've been telling you about? He got in touch with some
people who pointed him to a Mark historian slash expert who has some answers about your Mark.
We can go see him this afternoon. You finished up your finals today right?” Elliot asked. He
sounded eager and excited.

Kurt felt a shiver go through him deep inside. For some reason, he really didn’t want to go. “Um,
yeah I did. Uh, sure, we can do that. Did he give you any idea what is going on?”

“No, but he seemed pretty excited about it. So, I'll meet you in front of the auditorium and we'll go
from there, okay? Say an hour from now?” he asked.

“Sounds good,” Kurt said, trying to sound eager.

“See you soon mon doux,” Elliot said sweetly. “I love you.”
“Je t’aime,” Kurt replied, smooching into the phone before hanging up. His lips turned down and his stomach churned. Anything to do with Doms and subs and soul mates and Marks was just not something he wanted to deal with. He’d hoped Elliot’s teacher had given up. Nurse Tim had continued to look but never found anything. Instead of talking about Marks, they got together with Sami and bitched about people and mocked people’s fashion choices. The mind twins added another. Now they called themselves the mind-trio. Those were happy thoughts. Marks brought unhappy thoughts. Ugh.

. . . . .

He met up with Elliot and they walked to Elliot’s classroom. Inside the office, Kurt met Professor Allen who, in turn, introduced them to Warren Rogers, a Mark Historian.

“Mr. Hummel, a pleasure,” Warren said, shaking his hand, then Elliot’s.

“Why don’t we all sit down,” Professor Allen said.

The four sat around a small, round table, a large book and file folder filled with papers sitting in front of Warren. Kurt looked at the folder warily, seeing his name written on it.

“Before we begin, may I see your Mark?” Warren asked, his brown eyes bright with excitement.

Kurt looked at Elliot who smiled, then removed his wrist band and held his arm out toward the man next to him.

Warren held Kurt’s hand gently and gave a small gasp when he saw the line that was still visible through the Mark. The black band under the Mark that still held Blaine’s name was still there. He examined it all closely, turning it this way and that before letting go.

“I must tell you, Mr. Hummel,” he began with a grin.

“Kurt, please,” Kurt interrupted, putting his wrist band back on.

“Thank you. Okay, Kurt, I have never seen this before in person,” Warren said.

“In person? So you’ve seen it somewhere else?” Kurt asked, his interest peaked.

“I have,” the man said, opening the large, antique looking book. He had a spot marked and opened the book, turning it to face Kurt, and pointed at a spot. “Here, take a look.”

The picture of the Mark in the book was in black and white. The note on the side said it was from a woman in Pennsylvania in 1912. Her Mark was much like Kurt’s, in an open position, but with a clean line through the lower half of her lock.

“Does it say what happened with her?” Kurt had to know.

“It was a situation similar to your own from what I hear,” Warren said. “Her soulmate beat her regularly. Unlike you, she had no resources or ways to escape him. During that time, women and submissives were all expected to stay home and work but were treasured and taken care of above all else. Abuse, like now, was nearly unheard of. This woman, Isabel Lopez, like I said, had no outside resources. So she decided to take her own life,” he said.

Kurt gasped, his hand over his mouth. He couldn’t imagine wanting to end his own life. Though he could sympathize with the desperate need to get away.
“She lived near a quarry and jumped off a steep hill. She was found by workers and rushed to a local hospital. She was badly injured, but alive. The doctor that treated her saw her broken Mark, took note of it and researched it. He found a couple other cases from detailed accounts in the 1700’s and 1800’s. From what we’ve been able to discern, the broken Mark indicates a complete and total break between soulmates. One soulmate has removed the other from their heart and soul with absolutely no doubt and no desire to reconcile,” he finished.

Kurt thought for a moment. It made sense. When he got in that rental van and didn’t look in the rearview mirror when he drove away, he had no doubts. Blaine was no longer in his life or heart. That was the moment when he felt his Mark break.

“There’s more,” Warren said, his green eyes dancing in excitement.

Kurt’s stomach sank. “What is it?”

“With Isabel Lopez and two other accounts I found, their Marks were ‘reborn’, is the term we’re using,” he said, sorting through the papers in front of him.

“Reborn?” Elliot asked, leaning forward.

Kurt was frozen as he realized what the man was saying.

“Yes, in the Lopez case, she went back to the same physician for an illness and the doctor looked at her Mark, hoping to delve more into what had happened to it. The Mark was healed, except for a small scar like area,” Warren said. He pulled out a grainy picture that had been photocopied. In the picture was Isabel’s wrist with the lock opened and a small line where the break had been.

“Amazing,” Professor Allen said. Elliot nodded in agreement. Kurt could only stare. “What ended up happening with her? Are there further records?”

“Yes, indeed,” Warren said, practically bouncing in his seat. “This is where it gets really exciting. The doctor was able to stay in contact with Ms. Lopez after that second visit. He would regularly check up on her and see if anything had happened. He was determined to record the entire event. Several years later, she came to him practically hysterical. She had a man with her whom she introduced as her beau. The man’s soul band now had a name on it. Isabel Lopez. Even more astounding,” Warren paused and pulled out another faded picture, “was the fact that her Mark was now closed! Her soul band still had her previous husband’s name on it but it was now faded and her beau’s name had taken its place. The scar, as it were, was still there, but for all intents and purposes, her Mark was restored and she had a new soul mate!” Warren shifted about, waiting for their reactions.

“Holy shit,” Elliot muttered, his eyes wide, grabbing at the latest picture to study it.

“My thoughts exactly,” Professor Allen said. “Did the accounts say how or when the Mark changed? What precipitated it?”

Warren’s cheeks reddened. “According to Ms. Lopez’s beau, they had intimate relations and that was when they felt the Connection. We aren’t sure if this is how the change will always present itself, but it is definitely one way it can occur.”

Professor Allen blushed a little. “It makes sense, though. Intimacy is typically how a Claiming occurs, so it makes sense for it to activate the change.”

“Mr. Hummel, do you realize what this means for you personally?” Warren asked, turning to a still silent Kurt.
“I think I have an idea,” Kurt whispered, his normally pale face going almost gray.

“You essentially have a clean slate, a chance to find a new soul mate! A chance at a real, abiding, perfect love,” he said, his eyes glowing intently.

“This whole thing is just unbelievable!” Professor Allen blurted. “Do you know what this means for our society?”

“I know,” Warren replied excitedly. “Although Mr. Hummel’s case is the first recorded since the Lopez account, we can assume that this is entirely possible.”

“History is going to change,” Allen whispered. “We are witnessing history right now. Did anything else happen in the Lopez case?”

“Interesting enough, for many generations, the Lopez women haven’t found their soul mates. We have no idea if this is related to the Mark issue or not. Some historians believed that because the original Mark broke, it somehow affected the future generations. Others believe that thinking is ridiculous, like it’s some freaky curse or something. The point is simple that they just never found their soul mates. Dominant or submissive, it didn’t matter,” Warren said. “Anyway, back to the original Lopez account,” he began, moving toward Professor Allen. The two stood up and wandered closer to study the pictures as Elliot slid closer to Kurt. He was concerned about his boyfriend’s stunned expression and silence.

“Kurt, are you okay?” he asked, rubbing Kurt’s arm.

There were so many trains of thought going through Kurt’s head, he didn’t know what to concentrate on. He heard the story about the Lopez descendants and it made him flash back to Rachel’s comments to Santana Lopez on Facebook. He heard that sex brought about the change in the Mark. The thought he decided to concentrate on was when he heard the men talking about how they could study Kurt’s Mark and get the science and the leaders of the soul mate community involved in this historic event. He briefly saw himself in sterile white rooms with people poking and prodding at his arm, scientists and doctors demanding every detail of his personal life. He jumped out of his seat.

“You will not tell anyone about my Mark,” he shouted suddenly, his brain moving quickly into self-preservation mode. “This is my personal life, my Mark, my business. If you report to anyone about what is happening I will sue you for emotional abuse of a submissive. Do you hear me? You know I will win, especially here in New York. Mr. Rogers, you may record my story anonymously. If I ever hear my name in conjunction with this event or whatever it is, I will also sue you. Do you understand me?” he thundered.

The men all wondered for a moment how this man was a submissive with how absolute his words were.

“Mr. Hummel, please, this is a historic moment that could change lives,” Warren pleaded. “You must see that.”

“I do see that and that is the only reason I am allowing you to record my story. Again, anonymously. Do not cross me on this,” Kurt raged on, his eyes a steely gray. “I will end you if this gets out. Now, am I clear?”

Warren tried to glare at him, trying to intimidate him. He’d obviously never met a pissed off Kurt Hummel. Nobody pushed the Hummel’s around.
Kurt stalked up to the man and got in his face, glaring, his eyebrow raised arrogantly. “I said, am. I. Clear?”

The man stared at him for a moment before backing down with a nod. “Fine. But can I at least get you to answer some questions for me?”

“Yeah, sure. I’ll get back to you,” Kurt said, turning away from him to look at Professor Allen. “Do you agree to keep this between us?”

The professor was smart enough to nod. “Your life is your life. I guess I wouldn’t want the world to descend on me either.”

“Good. I need to leave. Elliot, I’ll call you,” he said. Before anyone could say anything else he turned and fled the room.

Walking as fast as he could, he made his way to the nearby Washington Square Park. The sight of the familiar stone arch was comforting. Digging into his satchel, he pulled out his headphones and set his phone on his favorite playlist.

He couldn’t believe this was happening. There was another person out there who could push him around, try to own him. He wasn’t free anymore. Reverting to his old habits, he kept his hands in his pockets. He would have to dig out his familiar gloves. He could remove them for his classes unless he was doing fittings. In every other situation he would have to avoid touching people.

No! He could not go through this again! No, he would not put himself in that position again, he thought. The anguish was eating at him, oppressing him. There was no way he could handle another relationship like the one with Blaine. He couldn’t see anything else except the fury on Blaine’s face as he’d yelled at him and the pain of that wooden spoon across his ass and thighs. It didn’t matter to his confused, panicked mind that Blaine’s treatment of him was the exception, not the rule. All he knew was that he would never risk another Dom thinking he could rule over Kurt’s life and betray his love and trust by beating the shit out of him. No.

He walked around the park so many times he lost count. His mind wouldn’t get over his shock and the realization that his freedom could be lost once more. Making his way to the subway, he let his mind get lost in the music.

_Tonight, my head is spinning_  
_I need something to pick me up_  
_I’ve tried but nothing is working_  
_I won’t stop_  
_I won’t say I’ve had enough_  
_Tonight, I start the fire_  
_Tonight, I break away_  

_Break away from everybody_
Break away from everything
If you can’t stand the way
This place is
Take yourself to higher places

At night I feel like a vampire
It’s not right
I just can’t give it up
I’ll try to get myself higher
Let’s go
We’re going to light it up
Tonight we start the fire
Tonight we break away

Break away from everybody
Break away from everything
If you can’t stand the way
This place is
Take yourself to higher places

If you can’t stand the way this place is
Take yourself
To higher places

Break away from everybody
Break away from everything
If you can’t stand the way
This place is
Take yourself to higher places
Kurt dug through the basket with his gloves in it. Finding the leather pair he’d worn for so long in high school, he sighed. He still couldn’t believe it was happening again. He slipped them on. Might as well get used to the feeling of them again.

His phone buzzed and he saw an incoming text from Elliot.

_Call me, I’m worried about you, mon doux_

Oh, fuck, he thought. Elliot. Could he risk it? Stay with Elliot and risk finding some other asshole who would just rip him away from the man he really loved? Or walk away and try to save both of them extra pain?

A sob burst from his throat, scratching its way out, a loud wail of heartbreak. He couldn’t stay with Elliot. He stumbled through his loft, pacing all the while sobbing and crying, clutching Cosette like a lifeline.

When he could finally breathe, he went to his refrigerator. There were two full bottles of wine that he was saving for his mind-trio date with Tim and Sami. Screw that, his need was greater. He grabbed the nearest bottle and went out onto the fire escape and began to drink.

He had no idea how many hours had passed or when he had broken out the second bottle of wine. Numbness had set in. That and a drunken determination to fix what could possibly go very wrong. He dialed the number, he greeted him. From there on, whatever he said was a blur. Crying, raging, panic and heartbreak came through in his slurred words. He continued to listen. Until Kurt gave him reason to stop listening. He denied what Kurt said, demanded that he listen to reason. But reason had left Kurt hours back. He insisted he was right and this was for the best. It would save them in the end, wouldn’t it? Then the phone was sitting in his lap. When the call ended, he didn’t know.

Now Kurt sat on his couch, music still playing in the background, feeling dead inside. He’d saved them both from pain, right?

*Waiting for the end to come*

*Wishing I had strength to stand*

*This is not what I had planned*

*It’s out of my control*

*Flying at the speed of light*

*Thoughts were spinning in my head*

*So many things were left unsaid*

*It’s hard to let you go*
I know what it takes to move on
I know how it feels to lie
All I want to do
Is trade this life for something new
Holding on to what I haven't got

Sitting in an empty room
Trying to forget the past
This was never meant to last
I wish it wasn't so

What was left when that fire was gone?
I thought it felt right but that right was wrong
All caught up in the eye of the storm
And trying to figure out what it's like moving on
And I don't even know what kind of things I said
My mouth kept moving and my mind went dead
So I'm picking up the pieces, now where to begin
The hardest part of ending is starting again

All I want to do
Is trade this life for something new
Holding on to what I haven't got
I'm holding on to what I haven't got

I'm holding on to what I haven't got….

Elliot, I'm so damn sorry.
Break: Three Days Grace

Waiting for the End: Linkin Park
Chapter 45

Chapter Notes

Last time….

Numbness had set in. That and a drunken determination to fix what could possibly go very wrong. He dialed the number, he greeted him. From there on, whatever he said was a blur. Crying, raging, panic and heartbreak came through in his slurred words. He continued to listen. Until Kurt gave him reason to stop listening. He denied what Kurt said, demanded that he listen to reason. But reason had left Kurt hours back. He insisted he was right and this was for the best. It would save them in the end, wouldn’t it? Then the phone was sitting in his lap. When the call ended, he didn’t know.

Elliot, I’m so damn sorry.

Kurt’s head was still swimming, the effects of the wine still strong in his system. He couldn’t get over the fact that he’d just broken up with Elliot. His love, the man he had already committed himself fully to in his heart. He just had to keep reminding himself that it was for the best. There was no way he could put Elliot through the heartbreak that would inevitably come when some nameless, faceless Dom asshole came along and claimed Kurt as his own. One asshole in his past was enough for him. Blaine. It really was over with him, permanently now. Kurt would get a new soul mate and it would never be Blaine.

Unable to comprehend the kind of stupidity the wine had been infused with, he signed into his Facebook and looked up Blaine’s account. His ex had always kept his phone number listed on his account for just this kind of occasion. The moment when Kurt would inexorably want to get in touch with him. Dialing the code that would block his number from Blaine’s caller ID, he took a deep breath and connected the call.

“Hello?” Blaine’s groggy voice answered.

Kurt took a moment to really question his sanity before answering.

“Hi Blaine,” he said quietly.

“Kurt?” Blaine was suddenly sounding very much awake.

“Yeah, it’s me,” Kurt replied, knowing beyond a shadow of a doubt he was out of his fucking mind.

“I.. you.. what.. Are, are you okay?” Blaine finally settled on. He sat up in bed, staring at his phone in utter shock. His love, his Kurt, was on the phone with him! His beautiful voice in his ear.

“Blaine, are you there?” Kurt asked.

Blaine realized he’d spaced out in shock. “Um, yeah, I’m here. I’m sorry. I’m just in a bit of shock. It’s been so long since I’ve heard your voice. Sorry I didn’t hear your answer. Are you okay?” Blaine asked, turning his lamp on. He needed to stay alert. This was his first chance to talk to Kurt in
almost a year. His melodic voice still sent shivers down his back.

“No, I’m really not okay,” Kurt admitted.

“Is there something I can do to help you? You have to know I’ll do anything for you,” Blaine said earnestly. Could this be his chance to get his love back?

“Actually, what’s wrong with me affects you too,” Kurt told him. He was seriously questioning his damn sanity for calling Blaine. His head spun and he shrugged. Fuck it, he thought.

“What do you mean?” Blaine asked. Anything that affected the two of the together had to mean there was a chance right?

“You know our Marks have changed, right?” Kurt started.

“Yeah. It was the worst moment of my life,” Blaine had to admit. Kurt had to know how much pain he’d been in, how devastated he was to not be connected to his soul mate anymore.

“I’m not going to apologize Blaine. I did what I had to do to get myself out of an unhealthy situation. Don’t try to make me feel guilty,” he warned. There was no fucking way he was going to let Blaine guilt trip him with his little sob story.

“I can’t say I understand, but I do want what is best for you. That aside, what is it about our Marks,” Blaine asked. He could tell by Kurt’s tone, a year apart or not, that he was not going to tolerate any crap from Blaine. He couldn’t blame him and now, despite everything, his curiosity was peaked.

“My boyfriend, um, Elliot,” Kurt corrected. He’d just broken up with his boyfriend. He swallowed against the sob that threatened to bubble up in his throat. He snuggled Cosette closer to him “Elliot’s professor introduced us to a Mark historian who has read a few accounts of stories similar to ours.”

Blaine blinked. “Really? I guess I never thought about anyone else having our… experience,” he said. Other people had gone through the pain he’d had?

“According to the historian,” Kurt said, the exact words still burning into his brain. “A broken Mark indicates a complete and total break between soul mates. One soul mate has broken away with no doubt or desire to get back together or make up. They don’t want to reconcile,” Kurt finished.

The line was silent. Kurt knew Blaine was probably really upset as he realized just how much Kurt had wanted to get away from him.

Blaine was in shock, tears streaming down his face. He’d known Kurt had wanted to leave him, but to hear the words out loud left him stunned. That there was no doubt in Kurt’s mind, no desire to fix things when he left. He swallowed hard, determined to not let Kurt know he was crying.

He cleared his throat before speaking. “So what does this mean?”

“According to one clear case in the early 1900’s, the woman, Isabel, had tried to kill herself to get away from her abusive husband. She lived, but her Mark was broken, like mine. She met someone later and they were intimate,” Kurt said hesitantly. He had no idea how Blaine was going to respond to the news of a new soul mate.

“What happened, Kurt? You can tell me, I’m getting the hint that it’s something big,” Blaine said. Nothing could be worse than knowing that he’d ruined his relationship to the point that it could be compared to a woman who tried to kill herself.
“After she was intimate with her boyfriend, her Mark changed,” Kurt announced.

Blaine’s stomach sank. “What do you mean it changed?”

“Blaine, she got a new soul mate. They had been seeing each other for a few months and when they had sex, her lock, her Mark, closed and his name appeared on her wrist. They were Claimed. The historian says ‘the Mark had been reborn’. The name of her ex-husband was dulled and her new soul mate’s name was the color any regular soul mate would be.” Kurt waited for a response, but the line was silent. “Blaine, do you understand what that means?”

“Please spell it out for me so I understand,” Blaine whispered, his head spinning.

“You can have a new soul mate, Blaine. You can find someone to love who fits your needs. The historian says you won’t know through a touch like before, you won’t really experience a Connection. There’s really no way to tell until you make love with someone. Then you will know. They said that the intimacy of sex activates the change, so to speak. Blaine, you can find someone new. A man who will truly complement you the way I never could,” Kurt said. He was trying to make it sound good because he had a feeling Blaine was going to freak out.

A new soul mate? Sex with someone who isn’t Kurt? Hell, he felt guilty jerking off without Kurt around. Now he had to be intimate with someone else? Have a name on his wrist that isn’t Kurt Hummel? That was all he had left of him!

A thought occurred to him. If they had been soul mates once… “Kurt! We could be soul mates again! If we made love, we could be together again. Oh, Kurt, you have to know how much I’ve changed. I’ve become someone who can love you the way you need to be loved,” Blaine babbled. There was a chance right? They were meant to be!

Kurt groaned loudly. “Blaine,” he said. He could hear Blaine still chattering, trying to convince him to be with him. “Blaine!”

“Huh?” Blaine asked, realizing Kurt was trying to get his attention.

“Blaine, I’m going to be very blunt with you, okay?” Kurt warned.

“Oh, uh, okay,” he said tentatively, clutching his comforter as he prepared himself for whatever Kurt had to say.

“You have got to get it through your head that we are not soul mates and we will never be soul mates. Ever. Never ever,” Kurt stated firmly.

“But, Kurt,” Blaine started, sniffling. He could see his chance dwindling quickly.

“Blaine! For crying out loud, how many more times can I say it? How many more ways? We are not soul mates! I wouldn’t even have sex with you anyway. We are not and will never be together! And honestly, I am wondering if we were ever really meant to be soul mates. I think we were destined for different people,” he finished. It really did make sense. Why else would this happen?

“Kurt, we were so good together,” Blaine started.

“Yeah, so good you had to beat the shit out of me to try and mold me into the perfect sub,” Kurt interrupted sharply. He didn’t realize how good it would feel to say this to him.

“Kurt, that’s not fair,” Blaine said, startled by his harsh words.
“Excuse me? What isn’t fair? Hearing out loud what you did to me? You took a wooden spoon and beat me with it to the point that I could barely walk for almost two weeks! Does that sound like a healthy soul mate relationship to you?” Kurt could feel his blood pressure rising. “Fuck this. I’m not getting into this with you. I’ve said my peace. I just wanted to let you know that you have the chance to find a new soul mate.”

Blaine couldn’t control the sobs that shook him. Kurt had every right to say those things to him. He’d never gotten the chance to before he left. He had to remember what Rupert said. His therapist and told him that he had to let go of Kurt in order to move on.

He took a deep, shuddering breath. He could do this. He could do it for Kurt and maybe even for himself.

“It’s really over, isn’t it?” Blaine’s voice was shaky but sure. He wiped the tears from his face.

“Yes, Blaine, it really is,” Kurt said. It sounded like Blaine might actually be listening now. “I am not what you need. I can get past my anger enough to honestly wish you well. I want you to be happy.”

Blaine sniffled. “You do?”

“Of course, Blaine. Everyone deserves to find happiness. It sounds like you’ve really worked on yourself and maybe one day you’ll meet the person who will complete you,” Kurt said. And thank god it won’t be me, he thought.

“You don’t know what it means to me to hear you say that,” Blaine admitted shakily. “I really have tried hard. My therapist, Rupert, has been working with me on letting you go.”

“He sounds like a smart guy. Maybe you should listen to him. Let yourself let me go. I have let you go. I’ve moved on. Once you do, I think you’ll be surprised at how happy you can be. Get out there and date. You don’t have to jump into anything, but go have coffee, go dancing. Don’t be stagnant,” Kurt said. He couldn’t believe he was encouraging Blaine. At this point he couldn’t blame the wine. He was soberly talking to Blaine. Shit.

“Stagnant. That really is a good word for how I’ve been living my life. I mean, yeah, I’ve been going to classes and talking with friends, but I think I’ve only been living half way. I think part of me has been hoping you’d come back to me,” Blaine said. “That’s why I posted so many videos.”

“Oh, you need to stop with the damn videos. You freaked the fuck out of me with some of those. As for your life, jesus, Blaine, you’re in California, in a beautiful city near the ocean. Go out and have fun. Get back into boxing or whatever. Live. This is the last time you will hear from me, Blaine. So my final words to you are,” Kurt said, finding no reservation at saying a final goodbye. “Be happy. Get out of your own way and be happy.”

Blaine knew this was it. His last words with Kurt. “Thank you, Kurt. For letting me know about the Marks, for yelling at me, and then turning around and encouraging me. You are a wonderful man, Kurt Hummel,” Blaine said, his voice shaking. He could do this. “I truly wish the best for you. I’ve seen your band performing and seen you singing with your Elliot. As much as I don’t want to even think about it, you have amazing chemistry. I don’t know what your relationship status is, but he really seems to love you. So, I’ll say your words back to you. Be happy. Don’t be afraid to let him in because of what I did. I fucked up. Not every guy is like me. Elliot isn’t me. I will always love you, Kurt, but I’m letting you go now,” Blaine said, tears streaming. He looked up and let the tears fall. A deep breath and he was able to talk. “Be happy, Kurt Hummel.”

Kurt took a deep, cleansing breath. “Be happy, Blaine Anderson.” And with that, he hung up.
There was nothing left to say.

........

Blaine let himself cry for a time. He needed that conversation with Kurt. Marks aside, hearing Kurt get his feelings out, then hearing him wish him well, all of it was exactly what needed to happen. He could let go now.

Reaching beside his bed, he grabbed his guitar and began strumming. Tears still trickled down his face as he sang, but he had a small smile. A hopeful smile.

_I heard that you're settled down_

That you found a boy and you're married now.

_I heard that your dreams came true._

_Guess he gave you things I didn't give to you._

_Old friend, why are you so shy?_

_Ain't like you to hold back or hide from the light._

_I hate to turn up out of the blue uninvited_

_But I couldn't stay away, I couldn't fight it._

_I had hoped you'd see my face and that you'd be reminded_

_That for me it isn't over._

.Never mind, I'll find someone like you

_I wish nothing but the best for you too_

_Don't forget me, I beg_

_I'll remember you said,_

_"Sometimes it lasts in love but sometimes it hurts instead,_

_Sometimes it lasts in love but sometimes it hurts instead"_

_You know how the time flies_

_Only yesterday was the time of our lives_
We were born and raised
In a summer haze
Bound by the surprise of our glory days

I hate to turn up out of the blue uninvited
But I couldn't stay away, I couldn't fight it.
I'd hoped you'd see my face and that you'd be reminded
That for me it isn't over.

Never mind, I'll find someone like you
I wish nothing but the best for you too
Don't forget me, I beg
I'll remember you said,
"Sometimes it lasts in love but sometimes it hurts instead."

Nothing compares
No worries or cares
Regrets and mistakes
They are memories made.
Who would have known how bittersweet this would taste?

Never mind, I'll find someone like you
I wish nothing but the best for you too
Don't forget me, I beg
I'll remember you said,
"Sometimes it lasts in love but sometimes it hurts instead,
Sometimes it lasts in love but sometimes it hurts instead."

Blaine put his guitar down and grabbed his phone. He went into the settings, changed things around
and went back to his main screen. Gone was the picture of Kurt that had been staring at him for over a year. In its place was a piano. He was letting go. Goodbye, Kurt, he thought, be happy.

. . . . . . . .

**Someone Like You – Adele** (pronouns changed by me)

I don’t own Glee
Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you… the last chapter of Unlock My Heart.

Last time…

Kurt’s head was still swimming, the effects of the wine still strong in his system. He couldn’t get over the fact that he’d just broken up with Elliot. His love, the man he had already committed himself fully to in his heart. He just had to keep reminding himself that it was for the best. There was no way he could put Elliot through the heartbreak that would inevitably come when some nameless, faceless Dom asshole came along and claimed Kurt as his own.

“Dani, I just can’t do it. Please, just give me this one performance and then I’ll be back,” Kurt promised. He couldn’t face Elliot. Not yet. Not when it still hurts so damn bad. Conversely, the thought of seeing Elliot in pain made him want to rip his skin off his body. Had he made the right decision?

“Kurt, I get that you’re having personal issues,” Dani said. Kurt hadn’t told her what happened, just that he couldn’t make this one performance, their regular gig at the Liquid Kitty. “This is as much a business as it is a band. You are part of the band and we really need you to be there.”

Kurt felt awful that he was letting her down. But he needed time, just one more week, please. It hadn’t been easy to avoid Elliot at school the past week. Every time he saw that gorgeous black and blue hair, he’d turned around and walked the other way. To add to his discomfort, people were staring at him because of the gloves, but he refused to take them off in public. Paranoid? Yes, absolutely. Necessary. Yes, if for no other reason than his peace of mind.

“Dani, I understand and you can absolutely dock my share. I …shit…  Dani, it’s about me and Elliot. Please, I just can’t see him right now,” he finished with a whisper.

He heard a soft gasp. “Oh sweetie, no,” she said quietly.

“You just need some comfort, not a bunch of opinions,” Dani said.
Kurt loved this about Dani. She was a Dom and it showed through in her ability to care for people in the exact way they needed to be. She had a mothering spirit and the people who were in her heart were blessed indeed.

“Exactly,” he said. “I really am sorry about the gig. If there is anything I can do to make up for it. Maybe I can meet up with Max tomorrow and help sort and clean up the gear?”

“I’m sure Max would love that. He’ll have Tristan with him, I know he’ll be happy to see you,” Dani said, a smile in her voice.

Kurt grinned too. He really enjoyed the small man who loved Max so devotedly. He was fun and silly and so sweet he gave all of them toothaches. “I’d love to see him. It sounds like exactly what I need.”

“I’ll let Max know. What do you want me to tell the band?” Dani asked.

“Shit. I don’t want to lie. I guess just tell them I can’t be there tonight, plain and simple,” Kurt said with a shrug. He didn’t know what else to say.

“They love you, Porcelain. They’ll understand. I’ll give them the ‘mom’ look,” she said.

“That look can say so many things,” Kurt stated, his spirit beginning to feel lighter than it had all week. “It can say everything from ‘shut the fuck up’ to ‘you are loved more than anything else in the world’. And we all know you mean every word through that look. I love you, Dani,” he said.

“I am that good,” Dani said arrogantly before laughing.

“Yeah you are,” Kurt agreed. They giggled for a moment. “I appreciate this, Dani. I know it’s irresponsible.”

“It is what it is,” she told him. “We’ll get by just fine, there are plenty of songs that can be done without our beautiful Porcelain.”

He could feel the guilt she was heaping on. “Thanks a lot, Mama.”

Another giggle rang in his ear. “Damn, I really am good at this.”

“Mean Mama. I’ll see you tonight?”

“Yes, I’ll text you when I’m on the way. Can I just crash there?” she asked.

“Absolutely, that’ll be awesome. We can watch movies until the sun comes up,” Kurt said, excited to have something to look forward to. He could keep busy by cleaning the loft and preparing for his friend to come over.

“Sounds good to me. I love you, Porcelain,” she said warmly.

“I love you, too, Mama,” he returned, smooching into the phone.

She smooched back and they hung up.

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Kurt walked into the Liquid Kitty that night, dressed down to fit in with the crowd. He didn’t want to stick out, he didn’t want to be seen altogether. He was in loose jeans – which felt very alien –, a gray v-neck shirt, and a beanie to cover up his hair. Finding a stool in the dark edge of the bar, he sat
down and watched the band perform. It was an original song that Elliot, or Starchild as he was
tonight, wrote. He was a talented song writer and would definitely have a career in it if he didn’t love
fashion so much. When the song ended, he clapped along with the crowd. It was different to see
things from this view. The people were definitely enjoying the music. A huge crowd surrounded the
stage with folks dancing and people cheering and singing along. In the back near where he was,
people were enjoying their drinks, but most were still watching the performance. It made him proud
to be a part of something so special.

He couldn’t stay away tonight. He’d intended to stay at home, cleaning and getting ready for a night
in with Dani. But he had to see him, had to make sure he was okay.

He wasn’t.

From where Kurt was sitting, he could see the slight sag to Elliot’s shoulders, the fake smile that he
shot to the audience. Kurt was responsible for that.

Dani and Max began the intro to the next song and Elliot looked out at the audience. “This song is
for him.” That was all Elliot said before he began to sing.

I can hold my breath
I can bite my tongue
I can stay awake for days
If that’s what you want
Be your number one

I can fake a smile
I can force a laugh
I can dance and play the part
If that’s what you ask
Give you all I am

I can do it
I can do it
I can do it

But I’m only human
And I bleed when I fall down
I'm only human
And I crash and I break down
Your words in my head, knives in my heart
You build me up and then I fall apart
'Cause I'm only human

Kurt trembled as tears streamed down his face. Elliot's pain was palpable, his eyes closed as he poured his heart out through the song. His beautiful voice powered through the notes, becoming the lyrics as he sang. He looked broken. Kurt had done this to him. He had been so damn wrong and so many things.

I can turn it on
Be a good machine
I can hold the weight of worlds
If that's what you need
Be your everything

I can do it
I can do it
I'll get through it

But I'm only human
And I bleed when I fall down
I'm only human
And I crash and I break down
Your words in my head, knives in my heart
You build me up and then I fall apart
'Cause I'm only human

I'm only human
I'm only human

Just a little human

I can take so much

'Til I've had enough

'Cause I'm only human

And I bleed when I fall down

I'm only human

And I crash and I break down

Your words in my head, knives in my heart

You build me up and then I fall apart

'Cause I'm only human

Kurt watched, accepting a napkin from the bartender who saw him crying quietly. He could barely breathe, the pain was so heavy in his heart. As the last strains of the song rang out, he slipped through the door. If he stayed even a minute longer, he wouldn’t be able to stop himself from running up to the stage and clinging to Elliot. All he knew for sure was that he had to fix things and pronto.

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“I saw you tonight,” Dani announced. “I think Elliot might have too.”

Kurt stared at her, his mouth dropping. That was quite a statement seeing as they had just settled in with cocoa with a rom-com playing its opening credits in the background. Instead of starting in on character bashing and acting critiques, Dani drops a bomb.

“What?” Kurt squeaked. “Do you know for sure if he did?” Should he have stayed and tried to talk to him? Did Elliot think he was a coward? Would he ever talk to Kurt again? He felt a pinch on his arm and yelped, glaring at Dani.

“Shit, Kurt, calm the hell down! I can practically hear the self-flagellation going on in there. No, I am not one hundred percent certain whether he saw you or not. I was watching you walk out and noticed Elliot’s eyes were turned in the same direction,” Dani smirked. “Maybe he was checking out the ass of a hot guy at the club.”

Kurt’s eyes widened. Was that what he’d been doing? Did he have the right to be jealous seeing as it was his own ass? Shit, this was exhausting. He slapped his hands on his thighs. “Screw this. I’m not going to eat myself up with all this negative thinking. I’m going to fix things and I think I have a plan. I just need the band to help me out.” He’d also had an epiphany. He and Elliot had been intimate for months. They were obviously not soulmates. He was safe with Elliot. It was perfect. He
would just ignore the tiny sting he felt at Elliot not being his soulmate.

“Sounds good to me. I always love a good reunion scene. Better than this drivel,” she said, glaring at the popular actress whining about her misfortune. “Are you going to tell me what happened between you and Elliot?”

Kurt thought about it for a minute. While he’d told his new family about his past with Blaine, he hadn’t shared about the changes in his Mark. He wasn’t sure if he was ready to divulge that yet. “I am dealing with some really stupid insecurities and I took it out on Elliot. It wasn’t fair to him and I didn’t even give either of us a chance to work through it. I just freaked out and broke up with him.”

Dani listened silently, taking Kurt’s hand and playing with his fingers. When he finished, she smiled gently. “And now?”

“Now, I want him back. I love him so much it feels like I can’t breathe. I am a strong, independent man and I’ve proven that to myself over the past year. Now I am choosing to let someone be strong with me and that means sharing everything with him. Fears and insecurities included.” He sighed, rubbing his face with his free hand. “Am I making any kind of sense here?”

“Of course. Depending on someone’s love doesn’t make you dependent on them. It doesn’t take away from your own inner strength. I think it adds to it. The two of you together makes the other stronger,” she said, squeezing his hand.

“Your compassion kung-fu is strong,” Kurt said with a giggle.

“You, sir, are a dweeb. Now, let’s watch this stupid movie and then we can plan your comeback.” Dani snuggled into his side and proceeded to tear apart the wardrobe choices in the movie.

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He’d worked it out with the band over the course of the week. Kurt had stopped avoiding Elliot and had taken to making eye contact and smiling. It killed him each time he saw the sad smile that was given in return.

Singing back up with Elliot tonight was hard as hell, but they were both professional about it, keeping their normal interactions so the crowd could enjoy it. Kurt made sure he made complete eye contact and didn’t try to hide the fact that he found Elliot sexy as they danced around each other.

He’d dressed appropriately for his epic make-up scene. He was dressed in all black like Elliot loved. His jeans rode a bit low on his hips while his black boat-neck top was just long enough to brush his belt. It was perfect for when he raised his arms as he sang and danced (which he purposely did more of than usual) because the shirt pulled up, exposing his hipbones and lower belly. Elliot had a weakness for his hips. He also had a thing for his collarbones, ergo the boat-neck. He didn’t particularly like the style, but anything to bring Elliot’s attention his way just a bit more was worth it. Kurt hoped Elliot would look at him and only be able to picture sucking bruising marks into his pale skin. He’d finished the look with a bit more kohl liner than usual and shiny lip balm to bring extra attention to his lips. Audience members, the club staff, even Max and Tristan had given him once and twice overs. The latter two shared a look before giving him a wink. They then proceeded to kiss each other, so full of tongue that everyone switched their attention to them, especially as Max picked Tristan up until they were the same height. (Kurt didn’t know what it was, but he found the height difference extremely hot.)

They were scheduled for a break after the first set and Dani had asked Elliot to run to the bar and grab her a drink. He looked at her funny because Tristan usually played gofer for them, but the small
man had conveniently disappeared from the stage area. He finally shrugged and headed off the stage. As soon as he reached the bar, Max began playing the introduction to the song Kurt had picked after hours of searching.

Kurt took center stage, holding onto the mic stand with both hands.

“This is for him,” he announced, repeating what Elliot had said. He was nervous as hell, especially when Elliot whirled around and stared at them in shock. He started heading back when Kurt held his hand up, motioning him to stop and pleading with his eyes for him to listen. He kept eye contact with Elliot as he began singing his heart.

Will you listen to my story?

It'll just be a minute

How can I explain?

What ever happened here

Never meant to hurt you

How could I cause you so much pain?

Kurt stared into Elliot’s eyes, pleading with him to understand what he was saying through the lyrics. He knew he’d fucked up and hurt the man he loved more than anything. This had to work, this had to open the door so he could apologize to his love. He reached his hand out as he sang, offering his heart and his sincere regret.

When I say I'm sorry

Will you believe me?

Listen to my story

Say you won’t leave me

When I say I'm sorry

Can you forgive me?

When I say I'll always be there

Will you believe?

Will you believe me?

All the words that I come up with
They're like gasoline on flames
There's no excuse
No explanation
Believe me
If I could I'd undo what I did wrong
I'd give away all that I own

Nodding his head as he sang, he tried to convey that he agreed with the lyrics. He would give up everything he had, down to his last McQueen, in order to have Elliot back in his arms.

When I say I'm sorry
Will you believe me?
Listen to my story
Say you won't leave me
When I say I'm sorry
Can you forgive me?
When I say I'll always be there
Will you believe?
Will you believe me?

If I told you
I've been cleaning my soul
And if I promised you
I'll regain control
Will you open your door?
And let me in?
Take me for who I am
And not for who I've been?
He held the note as long as he could, belting it out. He vaguely noted the audience applauding and yelling in appreciation. All he cared about was those gray eyes that he could see as clearly as if he was standing right next to him. Please forgive me, he pleaded with his gaze.

Who I've been...

When I say I'm sorry
Will you believe me?
Listen to my story
Say you won’t leave me
When I say I'm sorry
Can you forgive me?
When I say I'll always be there
Will you believe?

When I say I'm sorry...

Dani began echoing him in the final lyrics as Elliot headed toward the stage. Kurt began singing the last stanza, just as Elliot leaped onto the stage and grabbed him and pulling him close.

“You are mine,” Elliot said fiercely, staring deeply into his eyes.

“You are mine,” Kurt copied, offering his mouth up for a kiss. Elliot growled his agreement and grabbed the back of his head to hold him still as he plunged his tongue in to lick into Kurt’s mouth like a starving man. Kurt groaned and massaged the insistent tongue with his own, allowing Elliot to dominate the kiss. Kurt gave of himself, hoping Elliot got the message that he was ready to give everything to him.

The crowd was going wild behind them as Dani and Max kept playing, Sami echoing the chorus in the background.

Elliot grabbed Kurt by the waist and dipped him down, leaving his mouth to kiss and nibble down his neck. When he reached his favorite spot near Kurt’s collarbone, he began sucking and biting at it, not holding back on his teeth. Kurt yelped and groaned loudly, thankful for the music that covered up his sounds.

The applause, whistles, and screams from the audience nearly drowned out the band and Elliot pulled Kurt back up, keeping him close.

“Come home with me?” Kurt asked hopefully.
“Home is with you,” Elliot said. “Hold on tight,” he warned.

“What?” Kurt asked.

“We’re gonna get the crowd as hot and bothered as we are,” Elliot said with a wink.

He grabbed Kurt by the thighs and effortlessly lifted him up. Kurt immediately wrapped his long legs around Elliot’s waist as Elliot grabbed his ass. Kurt whimpered in his ear, his cock immediately hard from being held like this. Arms around his neck, Kurt nuzzled in close and began nipping and licking at Elliot’s earlobe.

Dani quit playing, watching the crowd with wide eyes as Max started in on a loud, bass-filled drum solo as the audience went wild. Seeing Elliot holding Kurt up with his hands on his ass as they devoured each other apparently struck a chord with people and everywhere couples began making out.

“Sex riot!” Sami screamed into the microphone. “Joseph, where are you?”

From the depths of the people, her soul mate burst up onto the stage and grabbed her up bridal style, kissing her to the hoots of the crowd.

Elliot finally eased Kurt back down, making sure he slid close enough to feel his hard cock.

“Let’s finish this,” Elliot said, signaling to Sami and nodding to Max. Joseph left the stage as Dani began playing. The song started and they all took their places. The crowd continued to look like they were one step away from having a giant orgy, but quickly got back into the music.

Kurt was breathless and so fucking horny, it was a wonder his pants hadn’t burst open. There was something naughty about continuing their set, singing with a hard on. People noticed and Kurt just made eye contact and winked.

It was only an hour but felt like days by the time they finished their set. It was obvious everyone was beyond eager to get home as they broke down their equipment and had everything packed and ready to leave in less than half an hour.

They all waved goodbye to each other. Max with Tristan by his side. Dani and her coffee shop beau, Stephen, heading off to grab a cab. Sami and Joseph, of course, already making out on the street corner.

Elliot grabbed Kurt’s hand and they headed to the subway. They didn’t speak the entire way to Kurt’s loft, but their hands stayed clasped and their eyes were locked on each other.

As soon as the loft door was closed and locked behind them, they began stripping off their clothes. Their eyes continued to meet, though now their gazes roamed over the other in appreciation of their nude forms.

Together they walked into Kurt’s room, Elliot taking Kurt into his arms and kissing him, licking along his bottom lip before dipping into his mouth.

Kurt broke away, he had to say it. “Elliot, I am so…”

“I know, mon doux, I know. Don’t think about that, just be here with me now,” Elliot said, nuzzling his way down to Kurt’s collarbone to attack the side he hadn’t yet marked with a bruise. “You are mine now.”
“Oh god, yes,” Kurt moaned. “Elliot, make love to me.”

Elliot leaned up and looked into his eyes. “Make love?”

“Yes, I want you to make love to me, all of me,” Kurt said meaningfully.

“You’re sure?” Elliot asked, as his gray eyes became almost completely black with lust.

“More than anything else in the world,” Kurt assured him, his gaze sure. “If you want to that is. I know you haven’t since Declan.”

Elliot silenced him with a kiss so deep, Kurt couldn’t have breathed if he tried. They both moaned, their bodies and minds overtaken with their need for each other.

Elliot backed him up towards the bed until they were both laying in the center. Kurt was laying comfortably on the pillow, enjoying Elliot’s light kisses and nips to his mouth and throat. He gently rolled his hips up, moaning as their cocks rubbed against each other.

“Oh fuck,” Elliot groaned. “I need you so damn bad, there is no way I’m going to last.” He licked his way down to Kurt’s dusky nipples, tonguing them and scratching lightly over them. He savored each whimper and cry from Kurt every time his fingernail caught the tight bud. “What do you say we take the edge off, hmm?”

Kurt whimpered. “I think that is a fantastic idea.” He reached over to his bedside table and dug out his lube, handing it to Elliot. “You need to be touching me now.”

“That is not a problem,” Elliot smiled and grabbed Kurt’s hand, pouring some lube on his palm. He rubbed their hands together before guiding their hands to their hard and leaking cocks.

The feel of their hands slipping and sliding up and down, grasping tighter and tighter made their cries escalate.

“Harder,” Kurt demanded with a low growl.

Elliot squeezed their hands tighter, twisting their wrists on the upstroke, until they were both thrusting into it.

“Ah!” Kurt cried, his balls tightening before he exploded, come shooting up his abdomen to his chest.

Elliot gave two more quick pulls before grunting and letting loose, also on Kurt’s torso. After a moment, he gently released their hands and they collapsed against one another, panting heavily.

“I needed that,” Kurt said on a sigh.

“Hm. Ditto,” Elliot replied. He leaned up and Kurt watched as Elliot stared down at the mess that was now smeared on both of them. Grinning at Kurt wickedly, he swiped his finger through it, gathering a good bit, then stuck it in his mouth, sucking on it with a loud moan of pleasure.

“Elliot, I can get hard again yet, I’m too sensitive,” Kurt whined. “Not fair.”

His lover smirked. “I can’t help it if we taste like ambrosia together,” he commented, leaning down to lick the bit that had landed on Kurt’s hipbone before giving it a nibble. “Have I ever mentioned how much I love your hips?”

Kurt blushed. “You might have mentioned it a time or two.” He remembered many a time when
Elliot would spend long minutes licking then nipping and finally sucking on his hips until he had nice colorful bruises. Elliot would tell him it was to remind Kurt of him all day long. Like Kurt could think of anything else when his tight jeans would rub against the bruises causing him to gasp lightly no matter where he was or what he was doing.

They finally made it to the bathroom to clean up before heading to the kitchen for food. Kurt cooked them grilled cheese and tomato sandwiches which they ate naked. They didn’t talk much but their eyes rarely strayed from the other.

“Do you want to top?”

Kurt almost dropped his glass of water and looked at him. “What? Really?”

Elliot grinned. “I’m good with either, mon doux.”

Kurt was shocked, he thought Doms always topped. So he said as much to Elliot.

Shaking his head, Elliot sipped his water before taking their plates to the sink. “Yet another assumption passed along from our more anal retentive Doms, pun intended. Sex is sex. We each enjoy what we will. I bottomed several times with Declan. He preferred bottoming, but knew I enjoyed him inside me so we did from time to time. It’s like any other preference in the bedroom. I love sucking your cock, you love rimming me. I like to bottom and I’m man enough to admit it.”

Kurt’s eyes had glazed over the moment Elliot had said the phrase ‘I enjoyed him inside me’. His cock was definitely waking back up and he finally looked at Elliot who was staring at him hungrily.

“You are amazing, you know that?” Kurt said, coming over and winding his arms around Elliot’s neck.

“If you are simply addressing my openness in the bedroom, then I’m only amazing because you’ve been with an egotistical prick. Bottoming has no effect on Doms. It tends to feel more natural to top, but that’s it,” he said.

“Well, okay, but I still think you are amazing. It makes me wonder about the other Doms I knew growing up and at Dalton. Were any of them open about what they wanted? Did they even realize there was a different way of doing things?” Kurt wondered aloud. “Screw that. I’m going to concentrate on the magnificently naked man in my arms.”

“Mm, sounds good to me,” Elliot said and brought their lips together in a searing kiss hi

Many moments later, Elliot pulled back. “So, did you have a preference?”

Kurt thought about it. “I think for our first time I want to bottom. I’ve dreamed of your cock inside me too many times to pass up the chance,” he said with a wink when he saw Elliot’s mouth drop at his words.

“Bed,” his boyfriend grunted.

“Absolutely,” Kurt agreed.

Minutes later, they were making out, hands roaming over the others body, whimpers, moans, cries of pleasure filling the wide open space.

“Mon doux,” Elliot whispered as his lubed up finger traced along his hole.
Kurt nodded his permission, gasping when a second later that finger slowly sank into him. He had fingered himself a few times since the last time he’d had penetrative sex, but there was nothing like someone else doing it.

Elliot stroked his finger in and out, gritting his teeth at the tight heat encasing his finger. He couldn’t allow himself to think what it would feel like wrapped around his cock or he’d blow right then. Rubbing a second finger around Kurt’s opening, he gently slid it in, watching Kurt’s face for any sign of discomfort. A slight shadow crossed his face before a long sigh of pleasure escaped him. Crooking his fingers, he found Kurt’s prostate and gently pressed on it. His lover’s eyes shot open, a loud cry escaping him, his back arching.

“More,” he demanded, panting.

Elliot eased a third finger inside him before massaging the bundle of nerves again. Kurt thrashed on the bed and Elliot watched, so turned on by Kurt’s pleasure that he groaned.

“Mon doux, are you ready?” Elliot asked somewhat desperately.

“Oh, yeah, so very ready,” Kurt said, whining when Elliot’s fingers slipped from his body. He lifted his hips when Elliot nudged him so he could slip a pillow under him.

“Do you want me to wear a condom?” Elliot asked, hoping beyond hope that the answer would be no.

“Hell no,” Kurt said, frowning. “I want to feel all of you.”

“Thank god,” Elliot said with a smile.

Kurt spread his knees for his lover who grabbed his thigh as he lined himself up before pressing in slowly. They both moaned loudly at the sensations. Kurt had no words to describe the exquisite feeling of Elliot’s cock inside him. He did wonder momentarily at how the hell he’d never noticed how thick his cock was. The stretch, however, was welcomed and kept the gasps and groans falling from his lips.

Elliot bit the inside of cheek so hard he was certain he was bleeding as he held back his desire to come as soon as he was seated fully inside Kurt. The intense heat, the stranglehold Kurt’s ass had on his cock were almost more than he could handle. He panted and grunted in his efforts to gain control over himself.

After a moment of catching their breath, they finally made eye contact as Elliot pulled back before pushing all the way into him. Crying out in ecstasy, Kurt motioned to Elliot who helped him raise his legs up until his ankles rested on his shoulders. The next thrust seemed to go twice as deep as before and Kurt full out wailed for the longest moment.

“Okay, mon doux?” Elliot grunted, needing to make sure.

Kurt nodded shakily. “Again,” he begged.

Elliot began thrusting more firmly into him, Kurt raising his hips as much as he was able. Their eyes stayed locked on each other. It was as if they’d been making love with each other for years as their bodies moved in sync.

“Harder, please baby,” Kurt cried out, his eyes watering with the exquisite sensations.

“Anything for you,” Elliot returned, wiping a tear from Kurt’s cheek. He felt the depth of their
Holding Kurt’s hips in his hands, he thrust into him harder and harder until they were both shaking. Kurt was clenching around him, his body twitching as he neared the end of his control. Elliot wasn’t far behind, his hips stuttering in their rhythm, his cries getting longer and louder.

They hit their peak at the same moment, pleasure rolling through their bodies like a tidal wave. It felt like the orgasms were ripping them apart at the seams. Kurt wailed at the intensity surging through him while Elliot groaned Kurt’s name in a guttural tone, sounding like he’d been smoking for years. The orgasms continued to wrack them for long moments, both gasping for air, their cries echoing in the open loft.

Just when they thought the sensations were ebbing, another particularly strong wave hit them like a delicious punch. Kurt’s head flew back and he screamed loud and long. Elliot’s answering howls made his back arch with the strength of it.

They had never felt closer than they were in that moment. Both of them felt it, their emotions rising from themselves, melding. Their strength growing and becoming one. An electric jolt seared in their arms and suddenly the orgasms released them, their wrung out bodies slumping to the bed.

For several minutes, they lay there trying to catch their breath. Elliot finally pulled out of Kurt, exhausted but concerned about what they had just experienced. He was feeling an echoing confusion deep inside him and his eyes grew wide.

Kurt’s eyes shot open in shock, gluing themselves to Elliot’s face. “I can feel you,” he whispered hoarsely.

“I can feel you,” Elliot returned, his eyes beginning to well with tears. “I feel you so deep inside, Kurt.”

Shudders wracked Kurt’s body as tears rose then fell down his still reddened cheeks. “You’re my soulmate,” he said.

“You are mine,” Elliot agreed. As blissful as he felt, he was so worried about how Kurt would react. Would he freak out and run as he had with Blaine so long ago? Would he start yelling? As for him, he never thought this could or would happen. He’d thought he was lucky enough as it was to find Kurt after losing Declan. He hadn’t realized how much he’d missed this intimate connection they were sharing.

Kurt stared at Elliot, his mind – though exhausted – traveling a million miles an hour. How did he feel about this? Should he bolt from the loft and hide? The feelings streaming between them in an endless flow was something he’d never experienced with Blaine. This was more of a melding, an almost single-minded sharing of their love. It was beyond words and he didn’t think he wanted to think of any at this moment. Instead, he would simply react as his heart wanted him to.

“You’re my soulmate,” Kurt said, grinning tearfully, reaching for Elliot and pulling their bodies together. He saw and felt Elliot’s unmitigated joy. Their mouths connected and their first kiss as soulmates was electric, fireworks, explosions as the souls became one.

Kurt maneuvered them until Elliot got the hint and sank back into Kurt’s body, both of their bodies surprisingly more than ready for the other. This time, their lovemaking was slow, passionate and filled with so much love, both of them weeping silently as they kissed. Neither knew how much time had passed before they came quietly, Kurt just a few moments after Elliot. They stayed connected as long as possible, eyes glued to one another, a quiet happiness emanating from their souls.
A half hour later as the spell they seemed to be under finally dissipated, they rolled apart from each other but kept their legs entwined. Grins stretched their faces as happiness and love rolled from one to the other. Kurt held his arm up, squealing in happy shock when he saw that not only was his lock closed, but the scar from Blaine was gone as was his name from his soul band. In its place was Elliot Gilbert, the love of his life and now his soulmate.

“Look, soulmate! Look at my new Mark,” he said, showing it off, twisting it this way and that in the dim light of his lamp.

Elliot held his own arm up and saw Kurt’s name across his soul band, right below a more dimmed version of Declan’s name. He showed it to Kurt, wondering why Declan’s name was still there and Blaine’s wasn’t on Kurt’s.

“I think it’s because you didn’t choose for Declan to leave. He deserves to still have a place on your Mark and in your heart. Blaine is another story and I’m not sorry to see his name gone. I gotta say,” he grinned, holding his and Elliot’s soul bands next to one another, “I am loving seeing my name on your arm.”

“I agree, my beautiful soulmate,” Elliot grinned, bringing Kurt’s arm close to kiss his name on Kurt’s Mark.

Kurt returned the gesture and they lay there for a long time, talking about their emotional bond and the strength they could already feel flowing through them. Kurt told him how much more natural and intense it felt than what he’d felt with Blaine. He then mentioned his talk with Blaine and his opinion that he didn’t think they were destined to be soulmates anyway.

Kurt felt Elliot’s distaste when he mentioned talking to Blaine. “I was drunk, love. It was right after I talked to you and I think I wanted to rub it into him that he and I would definitely never be together.”

“What was his reaction?” Elliot had to know. He could now bring charges against Blaine if he threatened or in any way harassed his soulmate. It wasn’t a Dom/sub thing, it was a soulmate law.

“He tried to plead his way into us trying to be together but I shut him down. We hung up wishing the other happiness. I’m hoping he got the message. Maybe I should let him know we are soulmates. What do you think?” Kurt asked, truly wanting his soulmate’s opinion.

“Let’s think about it some more. We have all the time in the world,” Elliot said with a grin, leaning over for a soft kiss.

“We do indeed,” Kurt said quietly. “Elliot, I am so damn sorry for what I did to you.”

Elliot felt his remorse and sadness and pushed through his own forgiveness and love. “I know you are and I forgive you. I understood from the moment we hung up. You were scared and worried about ending up in another Blaine situation. It meant so much to me that you took steps to show me how you felt tonight when you sang to me. It was a total surprise and I loved every moment. I loved hearing you sing in the lower register. Very sexy,” he said, nuzzling into Kurt’s neck.

“Mmm. How about a shower?” Kurt asked a little breathlessly. “I don’t know what it is about this Claiming, but I can’t seem to get enough of you. I want you again.”

“Same here,” Elliot said, helping Kurt off the bed. Both of the laughed as they experienced shaky legs as they made their way to the shower.

“This time, I want you inside me,” Elliot whispered in Kurt’s ear once they were under the hot spray, soaping each other up.

“Yes, sir,” Elliot purred.

They would eventually have talks about who to tell about their new status the next day. But there was time for that later.

Beyond that, they would go on to finish college, Kurt an entire year early. Ideal Misfits would land a record deal and would win a Grammy after their first album. After their first European tour several years later, Kurt would introduce his first fashion line to great acclaim. “Elizabeth” by Kurt Hummel would take the fashion world by storm, gaining him notoriety across the globe. Elliot, or Starchild, as Lady Gaga would adore calling him, was welcomed with open arms into the Haus of Gaga. Kurt and Elliot would get married that year with only their closest friends and family in attendance. The money they were offered for pictures of the wedding was donated to VODA, Victims of Dominant Abuse.

Elliot and Kurt had no idea they would end up adopting three children later on in life or that they would retire to a home in the Hamptons. They would take equal care of each other every day and their love was never doubted by the other.

They had no idea of what their future held for them beyond one another in that moment.

For now? Now all they knew was their love and each other. Their time spent wrapped around each other, and inside each other, moving soft and languid one moment, then harsh, hungry, and punishing the next. Elliot scratched up Kurt’s back when Kurt thrust hard and deep. Kurt’s voice went hoarse from all the wailing and groaning he did when Elliot bucked under him. Every part of them was drowned in their love. Utter bliss.

It was the melding of two souls perfect for each other in every single way. As it should be.

Give me more than your touch
And give yourself to the rush
Just keep holding my hand
As we're taking off
I know where we'll land
We can escape to a higher plane
In Nirvana stay
Where the dreamers lay

Chapter End Notes
Human: Christina Perri

Sorry: Daughtry

Nirvana: Adam Lambert

I do not own Glee, their characters or Lady Gaga (bummer)

I can always tell when a story is truly at an end because I tend to cry as I write the final sentences. I’d thought about writing an epilogue, but there wasn’t enough that needed to be said.

HOWEVER! I am going to be doing One-Shots for this world. If you have an idea for one, leave it in a review or private message. Whether it’s pwp, crack, or fluff, share your ideas! I already plan on doing a Niff inspired one-shot and one about Max and Tristan. There are also some ideas swimming around about alternate endings.

I’d like to thank my mind twin, Tim, for being there practically since the beginning. He inspired me, challenged me, ranted with me, and made me laugh so damn hard, even when I thought about throwing in the proverbial towel. Snuggle hugs to you and the spider monkey!

To all of my reviewers, those who encouraged me and stuck by me, thank you for making this a wonderful journey. I have many other complete stories on my profile, please check them out! Love to you all.

End Notes

All reviews welcomed and appreciated!!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!