If This Was A Fairy Tale

by MissWeasley

Summary

Prince Kurt is to marry Crown Prince Blaine to ensure a political alliance, although they have never met.

Notes

This story is a fill for a Glee Kink Meme. Since the prompt would give away too much of the story, I'm not going to post it here.
"I am sorry, Kurt!"

Prince Burt stood in front of the door to his son's bedroom, but his son didn't answer. Ever since he had been told that he was to marry some prince from some country – that was how Kurt had worded it – he had locked himself up in his room, refusing to talk to his dad, refusing to even eat.

"Really, Kurt! But you know that we need this alliance. And Prince Blaine is the only son of King Michael and Queen Virginia. So since he is gay, he needs a carrier."

He heard a loud wail coming out of the room.

Prince Burt sighed. He never wanted for his son to be forced into marriage, but ever since they learned that he was able to carry children and because he was also part of the Royal Family, they knew the day would come rather sooner than later.

He placed a hand on the door.

"Your carriage will leave tomorrow. Dame Susan will accompany you."

He took another deep breath before he left. After all, he had to arrange his son's departure.

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Kurt sat in front of his vanity, trying everything to conceal the fact that he had been crying. But every attempt was futile. His eyes were red and puffy, he had dark circles underneath his eyes and it looked like he had lost at least six pounds in the last four days.

He heard another knock on his door and all he wanted to do was groan, crawl back into bed and sleep until this nightmare was over.

"Kurt! Open the door this instant!"

Kurt knew that voice. He knew it since he was a small boy. Dame Susan – he called her Sue in private, but nobody was to know – still knocked on his door and there was no getting out. He sighed and got up to open his door.

"Kurt! Why-" She looked at him. "Oh heavens! What happened to you?"

"I... needed time for myself."

Sue scoffed. "Yes, of course." She shoved him back to his vanity and while blocking his mirror she worked some miracles. When he looked back at him, his eyes were less red, less puffy and his skin shone. "Well, that's better." She stepped back. "Definitely better. We can't let you get off to marry," she made air-quotes, "'some prince from some country'."

Kurt felt his mouth twitch slightly and Sue smiled back at him. "I know you don't want to marry some stranger, Kurt, but you have to." She patted him lightly on his shoulder. "Be in the entrance hall in fifteen minutes." And with that she left Kurt alone.

He looked into the mirror and just hoped and begged and preyed to a god he didn't believe in that he would look better when he finally would be face to face with his new husband.
They had been on the road for five days already and Kurt was tired of it. He liked traveling, but it always took so long to get from A to B. But Sue had managed to get some weight back on him and he looked healthier than before. Sue also managed to tell him about the country he would soon live in. That they were pretty big in agriculture and in mining. The current Royal Family had been reigning for the last two hundred and fifty-six years and the people were happy.

He only listened halfheartedly. He wasn't really interested, because it wasn't his country and it probably never would be. After all, who wanted a gay king?

"You know, you should get pregnant as soon as possible," Sue said.

"Excuse me?" Kurt looked at her startled.

"You heard me, Kurt. And if you are pregnant, your place at court will be secured. Well, of course not unless you give birth to a male heir." She snorted, very un-lady-like. "Remember Princess Adriana?"

Kurt nodded vaguely.

"Well, she failed to give birth to an heir, let alone to get pregnant at all."

She didn't need to speak any further, because Kurt knew what happened. Prince Noah had the marriage annulled, sent her to exile and married Princess Rachel. Now he had already two sons and rumor had it that Princess Rachel was pregnant again – with twins, in their fifth year of marriage. Kurt shuddered. Was that something they expected of him?

This, Kurt decided, was going to be the worst day of his life. Although he always had expected otherwise. Of course, his quarters were nice. He even had his own maid and his own butler. And Sue was still there, even if she would leave directly after the wedding.

The wedding. Only thinking about it made him sick and he had to do everything not to throw up. Instead he looked into the mirror before him. He was looking exceptionally good tonight. A charcoal suit with silver pinstripes with matching vest. His bow-tie and the pocket square were silver with charcoal pinstripes. It wouldn't have been his first choice when it came to his wedding dress, but it was okay.

He sighed, straightening his jacket although there was nothing to straighten.

If only his father had time to come, but as soon as Kurt had left for his new future Burt had left to god-knew-where on the bidding of King William, the husband of Kurt's late aunt Christina.

Laws were different in each kingdom, Kurt had learnt since he had been a toddler. So he knew that not everywhere the firstborn – whether male or female – was entitled to the crown. His father had been the firstborn son, but Christina had been the firstborn daughter, which made her crown princess according to their law. Apparently it was different in this kingdom.

"Prince Kurt?"

He heard Sue's voice coming from the closed door, formally today. Which meant she was accompanied by someone from his new … family. He shuddered. He couldn't think of them as family. He had seen King Michael and Queen Virginia once and he didn't like the King. Not a tiny
bit. He couldn't say much about the Queen, though.

There was a knock on his door. "Prince Kurt? Are you ready?"

For a last time Kurt looked into the mirror. If this was going to be his downfall, he would walk down the isle with his head up high.

Apparently it was a tradition that the bride, or in his case the second groom, is preceded by a ridiculous amount of flower girls. So when the first flower girls parted in front of the altar, Kurt just left the door of the church behind him. The church was packed with people. Most of them he didn't know, but here and there he could see a familiar face. King William was there, as well as Prince Noah and very pregnant-looking Princess Rachel. Also Count Artie and Duke Michael with his fiancee Tina, a commoner. He was happy to see at least some familiar faces in a place where he didn't know anyone, least of all his own husband-to-be. Who happened to stand in front of the altar, waiting for him.

Time seemed to slow down while he made his way down the isle. Kurt asked himself if he could run, leave this damned place and maybe he even could make it to the border. But what would happen after that? He couldn't go home, after bringing shame upon his father, his uncle and even his whole kingdom. And surviving somewhere else, without knowing anyone, was out of question.

So instead of listening to his instincts and run – RUN! For heaven's sake RUN! - he held his head a bit higher and continued walking.

The ceremony rushed past him and suddenly he found himself repeating the words the priest spoke.

"I, Kurt Elizabeth, take you, Blaine Michael Andrew, to my wedded husband. To have and to hold from this day forward. For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health. To love and to cherish, till death do us part."

And then a thin, platinum ring was slipped on his ring finger and he fumbled a bit to get the same ring on his husband's finger.

"I know declare you husband and husband!"

The church broke into applause as Blaine leaned over to kiss Kurt.

Maybe, just maybe, they loved Blaine. And although Kurt thought that that was nice for Blaine, it was almost like a death sentence for him. At least it felt like that in this moment, because it meant they would want to have a gay king after all.
This is a small gift, because I just finished this baby. But I'm not sure if you can expect any more updates on this one this year. So, say thank you to my muse, because she is really nice these days. If only with stories I didn't intend to write.

And I noticed about halfway through this story that I'm not really good writing "historical" English. So bear with me, please!

He barely ate, he barely drank and he barely spoke to anyone. To make it short, Kurt felt even worse than before the wedding. Sue nudged him occasionally, so that he ate at least something. But apart from that he did nothing, acted merely mechanical.

Was it selfish of him that he wanted to go back home? That he wanted to curl up in bed, cry and not see the light of day for the next century? Or that at least his father was here? Kurt sighed and pushed a carrot around on his plate.

Someone came and took his plate away. People were talking, someone was giving a toast. He heard laughter, the small orchestra was tuning their instruments.

"May I have this dance?"

Kurt looked up and looked into the most amazing eyes he had ever seen. And it was then he realized that those belonged to his husband. It was the first time he really looked at his husband, not merely gazing at him. And he looked … likeable, at least. Handsome if Kurt was honest with himself. And he was polite, something he hadn't expected.

Kurt placed his hand into Blaine's and was pulled from his seat. He followed him to the dance floor and started following Blaine's lead when the violins began playing.

It was a slow dance and Kurt was thankful that he always loved dancing. He could get lost in it, if his partner was good enough. And Blaine was good enough. Slowly he started to tune everything out, the chattering of the other guest, the dance floor crowding up slowly, the tinkling of the glasses in the background. The only thing Kurt could feel were Blaine's hands on his body, he heard the music and felt himself moving along with it.

After Blaine twirled him around and he was securely back in Blaine's arms, Kurt even dared to smile a bit.

"Oh my, who would've thought you looked even more handsome when you smiled?"

Kurt blinked confused.

"No, really," Prince Blaine said, "I think you are handsome."

Despite himself being uncomfortable, Kurt could feel his smile broadening a bit. "Thanks," he whispered.
"And such a beautiful voice."

Kurt felt a light chuckle rising in his chest. Feeling smitten by this complete stranger was easy. He was handsome and genuinely nice. And maybe, some time in the future, Kurt could imagine falling in love with him.

They chatted a while, although Pr- … well, Blaine - "No need calling me Prince," he had said, "we are a couple now." - did most of the talking in the beginning.

And after a while, Kurt started looking around.

King Michael sat between two women. He recognized one of those as Queen Virginia, who looked so much like her son. She had dark curls, too, and a handsome face and even the same hazel eyes. Kurt wondered, if Blaine had inherited something from his father, but then he saw that they shared the same noses and the same chin. The woman on the other side of the king was young, not a day older than twenty-to. And the king was feeding her. When they twirled around another time, he looked again. The king was definitely feeding her. Ugh, the King was actually showing his affection for his mistress in public! And that didn't seem to be enough, since Kurt saw him slapping a young waitress – even younger than his mistress, mind you – on her behind. Kurt shuddered.

"Are you cold?"

Kurt looked at his husband, who in turn looked at him.

"N-no." Kurt managed to say.

"Are you sure? We could pause, I could get you something warm to drink. Or maybe a bit of soup? You have barely eaten during dinner."

Kurt shook his head. "I am not hungry." But his growling stomach proved him a liar.

"Not hungry, sure," Blaine laughed.

They danced on slowly and Kurt didn't notice that Blaine led them to the edge of the dance floor until they stopped.

"You go and sit down over there, and I will get you something to eat."

Kurt wanted to protest, but Blaine raised his hand a bit.

"No protest, please, Kurt. You have to eat something. I'm sure to bring something light, I promise."

"Okay," Kurt answered, going over to where Blaine had pointed. He sat down next to a black girl in a turquoise dress and opposite of a young man with slightly curly hair.

"Hello, I'm Countess Mercedes," the girl introduced herself.

"And I'm Jesse," the boy said, winking at him.

He nodded at them and wondered when Blaine would return. This situation wasn't at all to his liking and if he had the choice he would have preferred being alone with Blaine. Getting to know his husband even more and even – he shuddered at this thought internally – having sex. Get it over with and more important, get pregnant.

"Never thought my sorry excuse for a brother would have someone as beautiful as you for a groom."
Kurt looked up, to find Jesse sitting next to him now. He hadn't heard him moving, but that's no wonder, because the noise in the ball room is getting louder and louder with each passing minute.

"I'm sorry?"

He stared directly at Jesse who obviously spoke. He always thought that the Crown Prince was an only child, so this could only mean...

"My mother used to be a mistress to the King." Jesse seemed to be proud of that fact. "And although she became pregnant years before the Queen ..."

"You're nothing but his illegitimate son, Jesse. He only grants you some certain rights, nothing more. Your mother wasn't even of noble blood," interrupted Mercedes.

"But I can still get Blaine's new asset pregnant, if he should fail."

"What?" Kurt's voice was higher than usual.

"Oh, come on, sweetheart." Jesse looked at him and although he didn't look bad, he wasn't exactly Kurt's type. "We know that you have to," his expression became more intense, "or maybe want to become pregnant soon."

Kurt blushed. "That's none of your business."

Jesse laughed. "Of course not, sweetheart, but just so you know." He leaned a bit closer, if that was even possible, because he had leaned closer during their little chat. Jesse even had the audacity to put his hand on Kurt's thigh. "I am still related to Prince Blaine and," he whispered into Kurt's ear now, "I bet screwing you would be really, really nice."

Kurt blushed even more, he could feel the heat in his face and to his utmost terror he didn't know how to respond. Luckily for him, his husband reached their table in exactly that moment.

"Geez," he sighed and sat down where Jesse had sat mere moments before. "The cooks and servants in the kitchen are irritable tonight." He placed a small tray with soup and bread in front of Kurt.

Jesse looked at him. "Why didn't you just call a servant to get your husband some food?"

Blaine looked at him with disdain. "You think I hadn't tried that? They are running and bustling like ants."

Jesse grinned. "Like chicken? If you'd chop their heads of, they'd keep on running?"

Kurt had to grin, although he found the comparison really off. Blaine laughed loudly.

"Yes, something like that."

Kurt looked at his food and his stomach grumbling at exactly that moment made him eat. When he was halfway finished, he felt a hand on his knee and someone leaning over to him. At first he was afraid that it was Jesse again, but the voice whispering into his ear was Blaine's.

"See, it isn't so bad. And definitely not poisoned."

Kurt choked on a spoon of soup he was just about to swallow. Blaine patted him on his back and chuckled.

"I'm sorry Kurt."
"Has it..." Kurt coughed again. "Has it happened before?"

Jesse looked at him, as well as every one who sat at the table. "That someone was poisoned?"

Kurt nodded.

"Of course," Mercedes said.

"Last time it was the illegitimate son of the king because he wanted too much," Blaine said pointedly, which made Jesse pout.

They were about to retreat and Kurt was partly looking forward to it – his feet hurt like hell, after all – and partly dreading it. He never had sex, he never had been intimate with anyone else. He never had even kissed anyone else. The wedding kiss had been his first, real kiss. And although his husband seemed nice enough, he couldn't really imagine them being intimate. He was afraid about... About everything, if he was honest with himself. About being naked in front of his husband, although there was nothing to be afraid about, since Kurt knew how a man looked like naked. He was afraid about doing something wrong. Not being enough. And perhaps most of all, he was afraid that it would hurt.

Just as they had left the doors of the grand ball room behind them, someone called out. "Prince Blaine! Could you please wait for a moment?"

They halted and Kurt could feel Blaine tense next to him. Instinctively he reached for Blaine's hand and squeezed it lightly. Blaine looked at him, smiling.

"Lord Sebastian." Blaine didn't turn around.

"I was hoping I could speak to you for a moment."

Blaine remained silent.

"Alone?"

Kurt turned around to see this Lord Sebastian. He was tall, slender and also handsome. He wondered if the Royalty in this country was constituted of models, since everyone was good looking.

Blaine turned around slowly. "No. I was just retreating with my husband to enjoy our wedding night."

Lord Sebastian scoffed. "Right. As if he would enjoy it. He's nervous and I guess as soon as you start undressing him, he starts trembling like a leaf." He stepped closer. "You could do better, Blaine. You could have me."

Kurt tensed as well. Was Blaine like his father? Would Blaine have lovers, despite being married? Would Kurt have to put up with lovers, or worse: illegitimate children? He had to get pregnant tonight, come what may. A child, hopefully even a son, would secure his position as husband of the Crown Prince. Of course it wouldn't eliminate the possibility that Blaine would take lovers, but at least he couldn't leave him if he provided an heir.

"Yes, yes, Lord Sebastian," Blaine said almost bored. "I could have you and I could have almost everyone else in this kingdom, including the women."

He definitely had to get pregnant, Kurt thought.
"But I still want to spend my wedding night with my husband," Blaine said pointedly.

Lord Sebastian smiled and inched even closer to Blaine. "If you ever tire of him, you know where to find me."

Blaine turned around, grasped Kurt's hand even tighter, bordering on painfully, and left for the staircase.
Chapter 3

I'm sorry that this chapter is shorter than the others. Unfortunately my thumb drive crashed and I lost all my stories and my university stuff. Now I have to rewrite things, which isn't really nice, but I see it as an opportunity to make my stories better. ;)

They went down a long hallway that led to a huge double door.

"This is my wing."

"Your wing? You have your own wing?" Kurt was surprised.

"Of course." Blaine turned around to him and smiled. "And we won't be disturbed here. My parents know better than to just come here and the maids only enter my bedroom when the door is open."

Kurt swallowed. He was afraid of tonight, he knew he would have sex for the first time, but he needed to get pregnant. If he didn't, he would be nothing but a nice looking asset, maybe even less.

Blaine opened the door and just as Kurt wanted to walk through it, Blaine scooped him up into his arms. Kurt squealed a bit.

"I know we are not the most ... conservative couple, but that doesn't mean I can't carry my new husband over the threshold."

And he did. Kurt didn't know what to say or do, so he simply wrapped his arms around Blaine's neck, afraid to let go.

Blaine didn't look like it, but he was strong. He actually carried Kurt to his bedroom, kicked the door unceremoniously open and placed Kurt on his bed. Their bed, Kurt realized. He shuddered.

"You don't have to be afraid."

"I'm not."

Blaine smiled at Kurt and kissed him. "Don't lie to me Kurt." His voice was soft. "I'm pretty sure you never even kissed someone else before you kissed me. Did you?"

Kurt shook his head and looked down.

"I'll be gentle, but it will hurt anyway. I'm sorry." Blaine kissed Kurt again and for a moment Kurt wondered if Blaine's dad said that every time when he slept with another woman as well. But he was distracted by Blaine's lips pressing to his and he let himself being pushed into the cushions.

He tried not to notice how Blaine fumbled with his trousers, or the buttons on his shirt, instead focusing on the kiss that intensified with every passing minute. Just when he thought he couldn't bear it any more, Blaine pulled away.

"You wear too much," he panted and pulled Kurt into a sitting position. Blaine pushed Kurt's jacket
from his shoulders, together with his dress shirt. "Better," he said and licked from Kurt's collarbone up his neck towards a spot just underneath his ear where he started sucking. Kurt shuddered and suppressed a moan.

And then, all of a sudden, Blaine stood up. Kurt watched him getting off his clothes until he was naked. As in completely naked. Kurt's gaze trailed from Blaine's chest downwards, finally settling on his cock and he sucked in a breath.

"Like what you see?" Blaine's voice sounded amused.

Kurt blushed and he was probably dark red when he looked away. He felt Blaine grabbing his hands and being pulled forward, until he stood. But since he didn't suspect this, he stumbled forward a bit and landed in Blaine's arms.

"Eager, aren't you?" Blaine chuckled and Kurt could feel the vibration in his own chest.

Kurt looked away.

"No need to be shy."

Kurt looked up and saw Blaine staring into his eyes.

"I told you I would be gentle." Blaine started kissing him again while he started fumbling with the buttons on his trousers. Kurt concentrated on the kiss again and realized only partially that his trousers slid down his legs, pooling around his ankles.

Blaine slid down alongside him, leaving a trail of licks and kisses until he knelt in front of Kurt. He pushed his nose into Kurt's pubic hair.

"You smell so good. I wonder if you taste good as well."

Kurt looked down and saw Blaine watching him through his absurdly long lashes and he let out a shuddering breath. Despite his being nervous, he found this really turning on.

But Blaine did nothing more than that, because suddenly he fumbled with Kurt's shoes, then his own shoes, stood up again and moved them closer to the bed again. He pushed Kurt onto the bed, made him lie down again and straddled him.

He closed his eyes, trying to steady his breath, but then he felt Blaine's erection brushing his and he let out a gasp, his eyes flying open. Blaine looked at him.

"You're even more beautiful now. All naked. Wanting." He lowered his head until his mouth was level with Kurt's ear, their erections pressing more firmly together now. "Wanting me." Blaine's voice was lower than it had been before and it felt as if it went directly into Kurt's body, resonating inside him, making him tingle all over.

If he pleased Blaine, Kurt thought, he wouldn't abandon him directly. Maybe he would give him more than this one night, increasing his chance to get pregnant.

Kurt put his hand on Blaine's back, stroking it and the closer he got towards his husband's – it was still difficult to even think that – ass, the more his hand began to tremble.

Blaine chuckled. "You virgins are so cute when you are about to have sex for the first time." He pressed a kiss to Kurt's mouth. "All tentative and yet so eager. And in the end, you all want more, screaming, begging."
His hand dropped back down onto the bed, lying limply next to their two bodies. Why he was feeling jealous out of the sudden wasn't a complete mystery to Kurt. He found his husband attractive and maybe, perchance, could see himself falling in love with him. And yet, had he really expected that it would be his husband's first time as well? With a father like that? And those looks? He turned his head away. That only encouraged Blaine, though, because he started kissing and licking trails on Kurt's neck, biting softly on a spot below his ear and when Kurt sucked in a breath, Blaine actually moaned into his ear. The sound made Kurt's cock twitch.

"Would you," Blaine more breathed than said, "like it, if I sucked you?" He licked the shell of Kurt's ear and up until this moment Kurt hadn't known that he actually liked that. He moaned again. And since somehow Blaine took everything Kurt did, and even things he didn't do, as an encouragement, he kissed and licked and stroked his way downwards until he was at eye level with Kurt's cock. Without any warning or any preceding licks or touches Blaine took Kurt's dick into his mouth. The unfamiliar sensation made Kurt buck his hips slightly, pressing his shoulders even more into the mattress.

"Oh my," he breathed, when Blaine pressed his tongue against the underside of his dick. And then Blaine slid his lips up and down, occasionally flicking his tongue over the head and Kurt felt like he was about to lose it. He tried finding a hold with his hands, finally settling for burying his hand in Blaine's curls. And while Blaine rested one of his hands at the base of Kurt's cock, he pressed two fingers of his other hand against Kurt's perineum, eliciting something between a moan and a cry out of Kurt.

Unfortunately for Kurt, that seemed like an invisible sign for Blaine, since he stopped and let go of his dick.

"Well, we can't have you come already..." Blaine chuckled quietly and sucked on a spot on Kurt's thigh. And then his lips ghosted over Kurt's cock.

"B-Blaine," Kurt whimpered and it was probably the first time he said his husband's name.

"What do you want, Kurt?"

Kurt knew what Blaine wanted to hear. And he knew what he wanted Blaine to do. What he needed Blaine to do.

"I-" He shuddered as Blaine licked over the spot he had just sucked. "I want you inside of me."

Blaine let out a breath. "I've waited the whole day for you to say that," he mumbled against Kurt's thigh. He pushed himself up, locked eyes with Kurt. Then he smiled and reached for a small bottle on the nightstand.
Kurt followed Blaine's gaze and saw that he reached for a bottle of oil. This was it, then, he figured. They were about to have sex. He shuddered when Blaine poured a small amount of oil onto his palm and covered his fingers in it. Kurt closed his eyes and put his head back down onto one of the cushions.

When he felt something press against his entrance, he started to tense up.

"Relax, Kurt." Blaine whispered, rubbing circles with his free hand on Kurt's left thigh. After a few moments Kurt started to relax again and Blaine pushed further, past the ring of muscles. Blaine pulled out again a bit, then back in, more than the first time. He repeated it until Kurt was used to the feeling and started to enjoy it.

Blaine pulled his finger completely out and at the same time he started kissing Kurt's thigh, licking and biting it and Kurt was so distracted by that sensation that he only registered Blaine pushing in two fingers when he felt a slight stretching when Blaine started moving and scissoring. And then Blaine was crooking his fingers slightly and hit something inside of Kurt that made him moan. It was not enough to send him over the edge, not nearly, but it was new and felt good.

"Do you think you're ready for a third?"

He moved more and hit that spot again and Kurt clenched his eyes shut.

"Y-yeah."

Suddenly he couldn't wait for more, although he still dreaded that it would hurt.

But Blaine had obviously decided that he would make it as pleasant for Kurt as he could, because when he pulled out to add a third finger, he started licking Kurt's cock again, gripping it at the base, licking around the head and this time Kurt didn't even realize that Blaine entered three fingers. But then he hit that spot again and Kurt's hips bucked upwards and he moaned loudly when his cock slid into Blaine's mouth. And he didn't really know what happened because all these feelings and sensations were a bit overwhelming but suddenly he was moaning and panting and writhing in the sheets, one hand clenched to the linen and the other one stroking over Blaine's head, grabbing some hair. He felt a tingling sensation at the base of his spine, his thighs began trembling and he felt himself clenching around Blaine's fingers.

That was obviously a sign for Blaine, because he let go of Kurt's cock and pulled his fingers out. Kurt whimpered and opened his eyes.

"It's alright, Kurt."

He saw Blaine grabbing for the oil again, spilling a bit on the sheet when he poured more on his hand so he could coat himself.

Kurt spread his legs a bit wider and Blaine pulled a cushion over that Kurt helped putting underneath him.

Blaine positioned himself at Kurt's hole and then leaned over Kurt's body to kiss him sweetly on the
mouth. No tongues, no biting, just lips on lips.

"I'm sorry if this hurts."

A tiny portion of Kurt's brain registered Blaine's apology, but then there was a stretch and a burn and pain and Blaine was biting his neck and who was screaming?

"Shh, it's okay, Kurt. It's going to stop, I promise. Shh." Blaine kissed and licked and bit his neck and his collarbone and whispered words of affection into his skin.

And soon enough it stopped and Kurt realized that he was heaving. He opened his eyes – when had he closed them in the first place – and saw Blaine looking right at him.

"You alright?"

Kurt nodded shakily.

Blaine smiled and kissed him again, moving slightly.

Now that the pain was gone, that he was used to the stretch it started to feel good and he got lost in the moving, Blaine panting into his ear, still whispering how beautiful he was, how good he felt and the kisses and licks and tiny bites that Blaine managed to mix into it all.

"God, you feel so good, Kurt."

Kurt moaned.

It was so much to feel, to experience at one time and when Blaine shifted a bit, hitting that spot again and then grabbing his cock with his hand it only took three more strokes to make him come.

Blaine moaned and his movements faltered, coming to a halt and Kurt could feel him come, too.

Blaine's head dropped onto Kurt's shoulder and he breathed heavily.

After a while he pulled out and rolled off of Kurt, pulling him close.

"You were amazing, Kurt," Blaine whispered, stroking Kurt's hair and back.

"Thanks ... I guess."

Blaine chuckled quietly.

"Sleep now. We have all the time in the world."

Kurt snuggled closer. Maybe they did, but he still had to get pregnant.

Kurt woke up in the middle of the night. It was dark, but the moon gave enough light to see Blaine lying on his back, the comforter pulled down to his waist, head turned to the side.

He knew that this was his chance, another chance to get pregnant and... He shuddered, thinking about ending like Blaine's mother. Tolerated, but not loved. Or even worse, like Adriana. Sent into exile, the marriage annulled, because he couldn't conceive.

Tentatively Kurt lifted the comforter and pulled it aside. Blaine moved slightly, but stayed fast asleep. Knowing that he had to take this opportunity, he started stroking Blaine's cock, all the while watching Blaine's face for any signs that he might wake up. For a short moment he stopped,
grabbing the bottle with the oil and pouring some over his fingers. Even though nobody could see him, he could feel the heat in his cheeks when he reached around and started to prepare himself. With his other hand he kept stroking Blaine's cock and he had to keep himself from squeezing it, when he actually had to suppress a moan. Maybe, he scissored the two fingers and bit his lip, maybe he could actually like having sex.

Blaine stirred more when Kurt accidentally squeezed a bit harder and Kurt knew it was time to go for the second round. He poured some oil on his hand, spread it on Blaine's cock, straddled Blaine and hoped his plan would work. Or that it wouldn't hurt at least.

Kurt positioned himself over Blaine, holding his dick and lowered himself down onto it. The stretch stung more than it did the first time and he hoped that it would go away soon. He closed his eyes and breathed deeply.

"Kurt?"

Kurt jumped a bit and hissed at the pain that shot through his body. He opened his eyes and saw Blaine looking at him.

"What..." Blaine blinked and put his hands on Kurt's hips when Kurt moved again. He swallowed visibly. "What are you doing?"

No, not the truth. He couldn't tell him the truth.

"I ... I wanted to feel you."

Blaine smiled and propped himself up and then he did something Kurt couldn't quite follow and suddenly Blaine was sitting as well, Kurt still in his lap. He kissed Kurt on the shoulder, the neck, the chest and the jaw and on his lips, too, while he moved his hips. One hand was between Kurt's shoulder blades, the other on the small of his back.

Blaine shifted a bit and - "Blaine," Kurt breathed, because he hit that spot again and it felt oh so good. And although they moved slowly, it didn't take long for Kurt to come, because Blaine hit that spot every time he pushed into Kurt. He let his head drop onto Blaine's shoulder and suddenly pushed Kurt off of him, so he could pull out.

"Wha-"

Blaine stroked himself two more times, before he came all over his and Kurt's stomachs.

Kurt looked down between them, seeing the streaks of white. His second chance of getting pregnant completely wasted. He felt his eyes getting hot and before he knew it he was crying.

He scrambled off of Blaine's lap and buried his head in one of the cushions.

"Kurt?" The mattress next to him moved and he felt Blaine's hand on his back, stroking up and down. "What's wrong with you?"

"I'm n-not... n-not p-p-pregnant," Kurt sobbed, his voice muffled because his face was still being pressed into the pillow.

"Excuse me?"

Kurt turned his head to the side.
"I'm not ..." He took a deep breath. "I'm not pregnant, Blaine."

"What ... How ..." Blaine turned Kurt around so that he was lying on his back. "Kurt, why would you want to be pregnant now?" He used his thumb to wipe a tear from Kurt's cheek.

"Because if I'm not pregnant, you'll send me away and then you will marry Lord Sebastian and I will become Jesse's lover and..." He started crying again.

Apart from him crying it was silent for a while. Until Blaine started laughing.

"Oh goodness, Kurt. Is that what you think?"

Kurt looked away, but he felt Blaine push a strand of hair behind his ear, wiping away another tear and stroking his shoulder.

"Do you really think I will abandon you if you're not pregnant at once?"

Kurt didn't answer.

"Please, Kurt, answer me." Blaine's voice sounded pleadingly.

"Your... your father..." Kurt's voice was just a whisper.

There was movement again and suddenly Kurt could feel Blaine's body next to him, radiating heat.

"I'm not my father, Kurt. And I never will be."

Kurt turned his face to look at Blaine.

"But you said..." He blinked, a bit confused.

"I said what?"

"That I was like every other virgin you had."

Blaine kissed his forehead affectionately.

"You were like me, Kurt. Yes, I had partners before you. But no one was like you and from now on there will be only you, Kurt." He put an arm around Kurt. "I may not love you right now, but I like you a lot and I guess we will love each other one day."

Kurt looked at Blaine and he wasn't sure if he could believe what Blaine said.

"But ... Jesse and Lord Sebastian."

"Jesse will never be more than my father's illegitimate son. My father will see that his bride will be acceptable and Lord Sebastian..." Blaine chuckled. "Well, let's just say that his first and foremost duty is to serve his King and his king has decided yesterday that Lord Sebastian will become an ambassador in a far away country."

Blaine kissed Kurt again, this time on the lips.

"I'm not like my father, Kurt. I see how he treats my mother and I hate it. I promise to be a better husband to you."

Kurt nodded.
"Is everything okay now?"

"I," Kurt drew a deep breath. "I guess."

Blaine smiled at him and pulled him closer.

"Then sleep. And don't worry about being pregnant right now. We still have time for that."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for every review and every kudos :) It's nice to see that you like what I write. ^^
This is the last but one chapter and then I'm done. But I already have a few other stories planned and some of them even partially written. So stay tuned! ;)


Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Thanks for sticking with me until the end, for every kudos and for every review.
I hope you liked this story ^^
And don't be afraid, there will be more. Maybe not of these versions of Kurt and Blaine,
but I have a very good imagination. Sometimes too good. ;)

It had been over a year since they got married. And Blaine had been right all along.

Lord Sebastian had been sent away, almost a week after their wedding. He hadn't been home since
and it looked like he wouldn't be home for a long time.

Jesse had been married half a year ago and his wife – because despite all his flirting His Majesty had
been insistent on a 'traditional' marriage and Jesse had no say in it at all – seemed to be more of a
dragon. Kurt had met her occasionally on official gatherings and he didn't like her. But it seemed that
she put Jesse on a leash and he was thankful for it.

Blaine, to Kurt's utter relief, hadn't turned out at all like his father. He was kind, understanding and
didn't even look at other man. He fulfilled Kurt's every wish, let him see his father as often as he
wanted and, if Kurt was honest with himself, the sex was amazing. And yes, he had been falling in
love with Blaine. Maybe, right now, he even loved him.

Kurt looked across the table, where Blaine sat. They were having breakfast with Queen Virginia.
King Michael was... Somewhere. Most likely with one of his mistresses, Kurt had lost count when
he had number thirteen six months after their wedding. And he didn't really care, either. He got along
with the Queen pretty well and was thankful for that. She had introduced him to their court life and
spent time with him when Blaine had to be somewhere else, taking care of his princely duties.

Blaine looked up and smiled at Kurt. Kurt smiled back and then took a bite of his bread.

Suddenly his stomach churned and he felt queasy and about to throw up. He pushed his chair back,
not caring that it tipped over, landing with a loud bang on the floor.

"Excuse me," he managed to say, before he rushed from the room towards the nearest bathroom. He
just made it in there in time, kicking the door shut, before he knelt down in front of the toilet, heaving
and retching and the utterly disgusting taste of vomit in his mouth.

"Kurt?" That was Blaine's voice and he probably knocked on the door, too.

Kurt's hands shook slightly. He hated throwing up, he always had.

"Kurt? What's wrong? Can I come in?"

He wanted to answer, but his stomach decided it was another round of "Meet Your Breakfast".

"Kurt, I'm just coming in. I don't care and -"

He heard the door opening behind him.
"Oh my god, Kurt. Are you alright?"

Blaine knelt down beside him, gently rubbing his back, his shoulders, his neck.

"I feel horrible, Blaine." Kurt's voice was unsteady and barely audible.

And there were heels clicking on the marble floor somewhere behind him.

"I'll let our doctor come," said Queen Virginia behind them and Blaine turned around.

"Thank you, mother."

There seemed to be some kind of silent conversation between them, because it was quiet for a moment before she left and Blaine got up. Kurt heard water running.

"Here."

He looked sideways, to where Blaine stood, offering him a wet towel and a glass of water.

"Thanks."

While he cleaned his face and rinsed his mouth he just hoped it was nothing serious.

Kurt was in Blaine's and his bedroom, sitting on the bed when the doctor arrived. And while the doctor insisted that Blaine should leave, Kurt insisted that he should stay. He didn't feel comfortable at all. So Blaine stayed in the end, sitting on the other side of the bed, holding Kurt's hand.

The doctor asked questions - "Was today the first time you threw up?" "What did you eat?" "When have you had sex the last time?" - and examined Kurt thoroughly.

"Well," he said, putting his things back in his bag, "I don't think you have gastroenteritis."

Kurt exhaled.

"And I don't think it's food poisoning, either. Since you, Crown Prince Blaine and Her Majesty ate the same things."

Kurt swallowed. Did he imply that...

"I think you are pregnant."

Kurt blinked. Two times. Three times. Four times.

"Of course you should see a midwife for further confirmation." He pressed a small piece of paper into Blaine's hand. "Miss Fabray is experienced with carriers and she should be able to confirm my assumption, as well as help you through the pregnancy."

"Thank you, doctor."

The doctor nodded and left the room, while Kurt still stared on the spot where he had been standing.

Blaine hugged him and kissed him on the cheek.

"You're pregnant, Kurt. We are going to be parents."

He sounded excited and happy.
"I... I am pregnant." Kurt's voice was hallow.

Blaine put two fingers to his chin and made Kurt face him.

"Aren't you excited and happy?"

"I..." Kurt blinked again. He was pregnant. And suddenly it all came down on him and he was sobbing, throwing himself into Blaine's arms and clutching onto him for dear life.

What he had been so eager for when he came here first, what he had hoped would happen in their first night of marriage, what he dreaded wouldn't happen – it had finally happened.

And although he had the feeling that he still didn't know his husband completely, he felt that this was the best timing for having their first child.

"I love you, Blaine."

He could feel Blaine smiling against his forehead.

"I love you too, Kurt."

- Fin -

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