Kurt Hummel was a catch. Kurt was a catch, and Santana didn’t know what she was talking about. That’s what he’d tell himself until he believed it. But actually, talk was cheap. Kurt was going to go out and dangle himself at the gayest nightclub in the tri-county area and watch the men clamour to catch him. He wasn’t having a slutty meltdown or anything. His self esteem was not dependent on the attentions and opinions of strangers. He just needed an ego boost, one single night of his life for recalibration and encouragement from unbiased observers and also drinks. He just needed… a shot in the arm.

(Though it wasn’t exactly a needle he was looking to stick in himself, and he didn’t want it going in his arm either.)
I started writing this right after 6x03. What better time to commit to finishing it than months after Glee is long dead, right?!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Santana Diabla Lopez doesn’t know shit.

That’s what kept going through Kurt’s head for the rest of the day after she had her little tirade. It was what he had to tell himself in order to process the fact that, even after all these years, Santana turned into such a vile, hateful person when something so much as brushed against her soft underbelly of vulnerability. When Kurt really thought about it, it wasn’t exactly a surprise that she still acted like she’d been possessed by a demonic alter ego at the slightest provocation… just disappointing. Disappointing the way Rachel’s silence was. Disappointing the way Lima in general was.

Sometimes Santana was a heat-seeking missile loaded with harsh truths when she was lobbing insults, but sometimes she just threw out words she learned during Wikipedia comas in hopes that something resonated and hurt. Sometimes, despite apparently being a grown up who was totally mature enough for marriage, she regressed into a scared little girl who attacked people’s weak spots regardless of what those people were supposed to mean to her and what those people intended when they dared to speak up (like she always did).

Santana Lopez had always been the biggest bully in the choir room. Even Puck stopped tossing Kurt in a dumpster every day after he joined glee, and he had only ever been doing it because of some warped sense of tradition. Santana, though, Santana needed to feel big and some days the only way for her to do it was to make others feel small. Today was one of those days, Kurt knew, because Santana had been all too happy to dish it out, but flounced off before Kurt had the time to make her take it.

And if he had been given the chance to snap back, he would have told her in no uncertain terms that she didn’t know shit.

But she hadn’t, and now Kurt was stuck with the vision of the evil mirth in her eyes and a new voice whispering in his head about how inadequate he was.

He tried not to let it get to him. After all, he’d heard a lot of what she said before from all sorts of people, told straight to his face and behind his back. Hell, pretty often it was Santana calling him a lady even when she was in a good mood. Just because this was the first time Kurt was subjected to a Lopez Original Minute-Long Meanologue didn’t mean he was going to let it break him. He was already broken enough after Blaine had moved on with Dave Karofksy and that was when Kurt was the dumper. He couldn’t afford any more fractures.

It wasn’t until he was standing naked in front of his bedroom mirror, door locked and curtains drawn, squeezing at his hips in a way he hadn’t since he was on the Cheerios’ diet regime, that he realized it was already starting to break him a little.

And that was just silly. Kurt knew that he was a good-looking man. Even when he was barely sleeping at night because he was in agony over his cheating ex-boyfriend, he had male models at Vogue flirting with him. Even when he was barely functioning at all because he was in agony over his ex-fiancé, customers still left phone numbers along with hefty tips when he worked shifts at the diner. Adam Crawford auditioned his glee club for Kurt instead of the other way around, and he did it with a song about how great Kurt’s ass was. When the news broke that he had ended his engagement, half the guys at NYADA had pretty much offered to suck his dick ‘in sympathy.’ And the one he took up on the offer—a graduating senior from mime class, never one for gossiping, and already booked for a national tour of Jersey Boys that ensured he wouldn’t try for a real relationship
— had been very happy with the encounter, Kurt remembered with a blush. It hadn’t been enough to get Kurt out of his I can’t believe we broke up why did I do that funk, but it had cleared some of the fog from his eyes.

It had been, Kurt realized with a start, exactly the kind of thing he could use right now. He looked at himself in the mirror, then focused on his face. He took a deep breath, and with his mind set, whispered to himself: “You are desirable. You are attractive. Santana doesn’t know shit.”

And then he marched over to his closet on a mission to prove it.
Kurt kept his back straight and his shoulders back as he composed himself outside his car, trying to inhale positivity and exhale anxiety like Beyonce did. After double-checking that he had his keys and wallet, he fired off a this-is-where-I-am-in-case-anything-happens-to-me text to Quinn (because Rachel would freak out on him, he wasn’t on speaking terms with Santana, and Tina would ask for pictures), and slipped his phone into the pocket of his jacket and zipped it closed. Then he checked his reflection in the car window.

Damn, I’d do me. Having no choice but to put together an outfit from his limited, outdated Lima wardrobe had turned out to be a blessing in disguise. The shirt was stretched tight at the chest, and the pants… Wow. He smoothed his hands down his thighs again, mostly to be sure the artful tears in the denim were enticingly positioned but also so he could feel himself up a little, and did a little pirouette. Sure, a t-shirt and jeans with a leather jacket wasn’t exactly the height of fashion, but he was in Ohio. Ohio didn’t deserve Kurt Hummel at his very best. He wasn’t hitting up a gay club in Columbus to impress anyone with his daring sense of style, he was hitting up a gay club in Columbus to get laid. And laid he would get!

And out-of-season Valentino was still Valentino, so there.

Kurt pulled up his game face and made his way down the street to the entrance of Envy Lounge. His heart lurched as he rounded the corner and saw a line stretching halfway down the block. It was a Thursday night! Didn’t these people have jobs they needed to go to in the morning? God, what if they didn’t let him in? He could not handle a second helping of humiliation so soon after the first.

No, he couldn’t think that way. He did his Beyonce breathing once more before strutting forward to the end of the line. Then he bypassed it and kept walking, because Kurt Hummel wasn’t someone who spent forty-five minutes in line only to be turned away at the door. Kurt Hummel was someone the bouncer lifted the velvet rope for, because Santana Lopez didn’t know shit and Kurt Hummel was absolutely the kind of hot young twenty-something a club wanted filling its space. And if he wasn’t then he would walk another three blocks and try his luck at Rain instead. And if that didn’t work he’d try Oasis. He’d go to every fucking nightclub in the county if he needed to.

Wait, how did this even go? He’d never gone to a club on his own before, always accompanied by older and wiser and more well-connected coworkers or classmates or Bl—

He was a smart boy, he’d figure it out.

As it turned out, there wasn’t really a lot to it. He stepped up just as two otters (they counted as otters, he was pretty sure), dressed like the brothers from A Night at the Roxbury but even gayer, got sent away. They weren’t even sent to the back of the line; the bouncer, a towering hulk of a man, literally forced them to walk in the opposite direction and kept glaring at them until they crossed the street, his face screwed up like he’d sucked a lemon.

Then the bouncer turned to look at Kurt like he was a well-needed sugar cube. “Oh, finally! Thank
God it’s not all duds today,” he said with a sigh of relief. He held a hand out, palm up, and looked at Kurt expectantly.

Kurt blushed and handed his driver’s licence over without a word. The bouncer gave it a cursory glance before handing it back with a smile— as much as Kurt respected his scorn for fashion nightmares, he was a million times handsomer when he wasn’t scary glaring at bad dressers; attitude really was everything— and ushered him in. Kurt felt like vibrating as he paid the cover charge. He was good-looking enough that the doorman didn’t even care if his ID was real or not! Maybe the fact that it was real was obvious enough that a second look wasn’t necessary, but maybe he just wasn’t willing to question a good thing.

Attitude was everything, so tonight Kurt Hummel refused to be the frigid ice queen who could keep people at bay through the power of his glare; he wasn’t even wearing anything studded or spiky today, so that would help. Everything was set for him to be open and friendly so that the night could end with him being a different kind of open and friendly. Kurt kept his chin up with the knowledge that the handsome bouncer thought he was definitely not a dud and stepped into the club proper.
Chapter Notes

We're moving slow and steady, bear with me <3

Read on Tumblr

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kurt didn’t believe in God, but he did believe in forces of the world. He did believe in good omens.

And a Lady Gaga song playing in a club? In 2014, long after she had turned her back on the kingdom of pop so she could sing jazz standards with Tony Bennett? That should have been unheard of, especially in a club that the whole internet swore up and down was the hippest, most happening-est in the city.

But no, Kurt knew what he was hearing, and he was definitely hearing the Bimbo Jones club mix of Alejandro. Obviously, this was a sign.

And not a sign that he was leaving the blossom of youth and all his favourites were becoming throwback tracks spun for nostalgia. This was a sign that tonight would be a good night. The fates were smiling upon him.

Kurt resisted the urge to dive straight into the small crowd already gathered on the floor. He could just slide in amongst the thrumming mass of bodies, try to forget all his troubles as he sang and danced amid strangers. He could, but he wanted a drink first. And while he hoped whichever man he hooked up with tonight would be enough of a gentleman to let him stay the night, he didn’t know how a one night one stand normally worked. Maybe he wouldn’t end up going home with the guy. Maybe custom dictated that they did it in a seedy bathroom and went their separate ways. If that was the case, he needed to be completely sober by the end of the night so he could drive home. He’d allow himself one drink to loosen up and then it was water for the night.

It was a resolution he’d made many times, but this time there was no pocket prince plying him with pints and pulling puppy-dog eyes when he said no (which in hindsight was super annoying, and just the fact that he could acknowledge the annoyingness was another good omen). So tonight it was a promise to himself that he could keep.

Kurt had never actually bought a drink at a bar before— there had always been someone who just… did it for him— but he’d never cut the line on his own before either, and that had gone swimmingly.

With that in mind, he skirted his way around the dance floor and hopped onto the first free bar stool he saw. Nobody was ordering anything, so without even a single flick of the wrist Kurt had one of the bartenders in front of him, resting his elbows on the counter propping his chin in his hand so their faces were level. Said bartender was ridiculously good-looking, with chocolate brown eyes accented by a thin ring of eyeliner and thick eyelashes, high cheekbones, and long locs pulled back into a bun so his earrings could catch the strobe lights of the club and sparkle prettily. He wasn’t as clean-cut as Kurt’s usual type, and Kurt wasn’t waiting until closing time for a potential
hook-up, but he couldn’t help but preen when he got the man’s undivided attention.

“Don’t tell me what you want to order, hon. Let me guess,” he said with a dimpled smile (Kurt was starting to think that having a great smile was part of the club’s hiring policy or something). “A sangria?”

“I didn’t know they even served sangrias at nightclubs.”

“They normally don’t, and it won’t be a real sangria, but you have an in with the bartender, and he’s a bit bored.”

“Well, we can’t have that! I will accept a sangria, but only for the sake of your entertainment.”

The bartender pulled out three tall bottles and placed them in an evenly spaced line; he added a highball glass brimming with ice to one end of the line and an open cocktail shaker filled halfway with ice to the other. Then he grabbed two handfuls of something from under the counter and stood up straight. He took a step back, smiled at Kurt once more, and started juggling.

Whatever it was that he was juggling, his arcs were so high they almost hit the ceilings and his hands moved so fast they were a blur. This continued for a minute or two and then, without pausing the circuit of throws, his right hand would flick out to toss one of them into the shaker, again and again, six times until his hands were empty. Kurt leaned over to peer down into the shaker—now with fruit wedges inside, that’s what he’d been juggling—before a whoop behind him brought his attention back to the bartender.

He had turned sideways, and Kurt watched with wide eyes as he threw one bottle backwards over his shoulder, bumping it off his elbow and catching it in the same hand. Then he poured a measure into the shaker and took the next bottle in the line. This one he threw behind his back before placing a hand on his shoulder and popping his elbow out sideways, and the bottle rotated once before landing flat on the back of his forearm. He stalled it there for a moment so Kurt (and the crowd now gathered behind him) could soak in what he did and then popped it into his other hand to pour into the shaker. He grabbed the last bottle in one hand and the tin in the other, threw them both so one went flying around his head as the other looped under and over the opposite arm.

With that, he screwed the shaker closed quickly and began twirling it in one hand. With fingers that talented, Kurt was reconsidering his stance on waiting until this guy clocked out and trying for a tryst. “Extra citrusy?” He asked. He punctuated the sentence by throwing the shaker straight up and catching it on the back of his hand over and over, higher each time, eyes never wavering from Kurt.

Kurt nodded, dumbfounded.

He took the top off and poured the contents of the tin into the waiting glass. Then he took one final bottle out, grabbed it by the neck, and flipped it so it was upside down and already pouring soda into the glass when he caught it. When the glass was full, he snapped the bottle back upright and placed it back under the well. He pulled out a straw and cocktail umbrella skewered through two cherries and dropped them into the drink. “On the house,” he said, and slid the finished product across the counter to Kurt with a wink.

“You’re like Tom Cruise in Cocktail!” Kurt couldn’t help but squeal with delight. He started a giddy round of applause, and the audience behind him joined in. When the cheering died down, the bartender bowed for his adoring fans. “My name is Jerome and I’ll be here all night! Drink and be merry with me!”
With that the crowd surged forward, pressing in on either side of Kurt to place their orders. It made Kurt feel claustrophobic, so he took a long sip of his (delicious! Thank you, Jerome) drink to make sure it didn’t slosh around before pushing his way out of the swarm of people. But first, he left a nice tip, because that was the best, most joy-inducing performance he’d seen in a very long time. Though that was a little bit his fault, since the last Broadway show he saw before coming back to Lima was *Cabaret*. Truly, there was not a single form of self-flagellation more painful than depressing musicals.

The drink really was freaking delicious. Kurt spotted an empty cocktail table in a quiet corner and headed over, planning to bask in his booze before joining the throng of dancers.

Chapter End Notes

As always, I appreciate your reviews!
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

In which Kurt makes a friend

Chapter Notes

This is being posted way later than I planned, for which I apologize. I like to stay two chapters ahead and chapter 6 was a long one.

Read on Tumblr.

Kurt was torn between feeling irritated and flattered when he was interrupted from his booze-basking not two sips later. He should have known that enjoying a nice libation alone wasn’t generally something that happened when one was moderately attractive, making a conscious effort at open body language, and visiting a discotheque, but still.

“Excuse me, hi, can I buy you a drink?”

Kurt looked pointedly down at his sangria, then up at the guy who had approached him with a raised eyebrow.

“Right,” he said. “That was a bad call on my part. I… Can I buy you another after you’re done?”

“This is actually my last drink for the night,” Kurt said apologetically.

The guy’s shoulders sagged, but he smiled and nodded. “Okay. I’m sorry for bothering you.”

Kurt watched in confusion as the guy turned away before he realized how much his words sounded like a brush-off. He wanted to kick himself for it. Here he was, licking his wounds after taking a sound beating to the self-confidence, and then he turned around and stomped on someone else’s without even meaning to? And he was adorable too! He looked, Kurt realized with a sharp twinge in his heart, a little bit like Finn: built like an all-American athlete but softer around the edges, and with a boyish face. But then, there was also an aura of shyness Kurt wasn’t used to seeing in jocks that rolled off this guy in waves. Kurt hadn’t even spoken ten words to him and he just wanted to hug him like a teddy bear.

Kurt couldn’t believe himself sometimes; he literally came for the sole purpose of mingling with men who thought he was pretty, and then he snubbed the first one to fit the bill. Maybe his old therapist was right and he really was clippingly afraid of intimacy. He didn’t understand how Santana got off so hard on making people feel bad about themselves, this was awful. Damn it, he was already down in the dumps without his supercharged empathy battering his brains.

“Wait!” Kurt leaned over and circled a hand around his wrist just before he was out of arm’s reach, tugging him lightly back to the table. “That wasn’t me saying, ‘no, get away from me.’ This actually
is my last drink for the night. Because I drove here, not because I don’t want cute boys offering
them,” he rushed out, breathing a sigh of relief when the boy perked back up. “Introduce yourself
and ask me to dance instead.”

The boy took a deep breath before sticking out a hand to shake. “Hi, my name is Daniel. I’m
probably going to make a fool out of myself and possibly step on your feet, but would you like to
dance with me anyway?”

Kurt took it and pumped twice. “I’m Kurt. And I’d love to, if you’d be willing to keep me company
while I finish this,” he said, pointing down to his drink.

“Yes, absolutely!” Daniel said, grinning from ear to ear. It was a heady feeling for Kurt to know he
put that grin there. “I’ve never done any of this stuff before. Thank you for being so nice.”

Kurt smiled and shrugged. “It’s not a hardship to give you the time of day. If I didn’t want to then I
would have let you walk away.” He laid a hand over Daniel’s where it rested on the table and
squeezed gently. “When you say you’ve never done any of this stuff, do you mean this is your first
time at a gay club?” He ventured quietly.

“It is, yeah.” Daniel looked at him probingly for a few seconds before apparently coming to some
sort of decision. “Full disclosure? This is my first time at a gay anything.”

“Whoa,” Kurt gasped. “Oh my gosh, I’m so happy for you. I don’t know you from Adam but I am.
Did you just up and decide to come here all by yourself? Either way, congratulations on not like,
passing out or something. Welcome! I’m feeling overwhelmed by proxy; this is huge. Wow.”

“I know! It really is huge. I’m from this little village out in the Appalachians. Only one stoplight,
more deer than people, the whole shebang. And people were nice, but I dunno if they’d still be nice
if they knew. I wasn’t sure if I was gonna come out even after I got into OSU. I took all the flyers
from all the LGBT clubs at orientation, but I kept wimping out from actually going to socials and
stuff. Then one day I’m the last person gathering up his stuff after a philosophy lecture, along with
this other guy, and he takes one look at me and… propositions me.” Daniel looked horrified to even
say the word. “I’m pretty sure I just ran away, the details are kind of fuzzy. But then a few days later
he shows up at my door. ‘Surprise, Gaybie! I’ve decided you need a gay Yoda, and I’m the man for
the job.’ I’m not sure how he even found out where I live, to be quite honest with you. And then he
decided my best ‘introduction to society’ would be to go clubbing with him and his friends, so they
got me this terrible fake ID—”

“Can I please see it?”

Daniel groaned, but pulled his wallet out and flipped it open, placing it on the table in front of Kurt.

Kurt took one look and promptly burst into laughter. “Oh my god!”

“I told you, it’s horrible! If I wasn’t wedged between so many people with real licenses they never
would have let me past the door.”

“Oh no, no, it’s not that bad.” Kurt reassured. “My old fake said my name was Chaz Donaldsworth,
of Hawaii. At least yours has your actual photo on it.”

“Small comforts. But yeah, they got me this terrible fake ID— which I didn’t even want, by the way!
I’m eighteen, I would have been happy to wear the little wristband and spend the night sober— and
booked a table in the VIP section,” Daniel said as he put the wallet back in his pocket. “And then
they kicked me out because I wasn’t breaking out of my shell so I needed to try my luck on the
Kurt’s drink was long finished, so he absentmindedly pulled out the cocktail umbrella and sucked the first maraschino cherry off the toothpick. He didn’t comment when Daniel’s eyes widened at the sight and then immediately darted away, just bit back a smirk and proffered the toothpick. Daniel’s face flushed red as the second cherry being held in front of his lips, but he pulled it off with his teeth and chewed slowly.

Kurt knew he wasn’t going to be sleeping with this boy. Appearance wise, he was more of a Finn Hudson, but in his attitude toward sex, Daniel was a total Kurt Hummel, circa 2011. He could always recognize a kindred spirit. It was obvious to Kurt that Daniel was a virgin of the baby penguin variety, and he clearly wasn’t the slightest bit interested in changing that with a near stranger he met earlier the same day. Kurt wouldn’t want him to, either, was piecing together a ‘you matter’ speech in his head already. But that didn’t mean he couldn’t have some good wholesome fun before he found his lay of the day.

“I think it’s sweet, what they’re trying to do for you. Pushy as hell, but I’m not gonna pretend I’m not a busybody too. I probably would have taken a gentler approach than throwing you straight into the deep end like this, but I can appreciate the effort. They dropped some serious coin to give you this experience, Gaybie.” He laughed at Daniel’s grumbling about the nickname. “And hey, if you didn’t have that fake ID you couldn’t have offered to buy me a drink! This right here,” Kurt said, gesturing between the two of them, “is going to be the start of a beautiful friendship, I can just tell. So gimme your phone.” He added his number, took a selfie for the contact picture, and texted himself before handing it back to Daniel. “If your friend didn’t see the boundary issues in finding out where you lived so he could announce his mentorship, you should probably password protect that thing. Now come,” he took a step backward, toward the dance floor, and pulled Daniel along with him. “I’m going to be your first dance with a boy, and I’m going to be spectacular, so you can tell your friends that you did indeed get lucky.”
By the third song they danced to, Kurt had successfully dragged Daniel into the middle of the throng. His feet were still heavily rooted to the floor, and he still spooked a little whenever anyone came up behind him (or came up behind Kurt, which happened more often—the hazards of naturally drawing attention, Kurt supposed), but he had given up on keeping the invisible balloon of celibacy between them, so Kurt counted that as a win. He really needed to ditch his jacket though, and rehydrate a little, so Kurt leaned up (and up. This kid was seriously tall) to speak directly into his new friend’s ear and be heard over the music. “Do you wanna take a break?”

Daniel didn’t even respond, just startedshouldering a path clear for them and barreling forward, pulling Kurt along through the parted sea of men. He didn’t stop until they were back at the tables where they had met, and only then so he could run a hand through his hair and take deep breaths of comparatively cooler air. “Please don’t make me go back out there,” he pleaded. “I will get on my knees and beg.”

“No, no you will not. You don’t ever want to know what the floors have seen in a place like this.”

“Wha—Gross! Ew! That is so cheap and tawdry and disgusting. How do people enjoy these places, I don’t understand!”

It sounded exactly like something eighteen-year-old Kurt would have said, and maybe that was why it sent a flare of fury through twenty-one-year-old Kurt.

“Hey, now!” Kurt exclaimed. “There’s more to it than that! Some people just like dancing. Some people don’t want to drink alone at home. Have you ever seen so many gay people at once in your life? Sometimes this is the best sense of community we’ll ever find, which I would expect you to understand! And yeah, sometimes we’re here to find someone to mess around with, but sometimes we need to forget our problems for a while because sometimes our ex-fiancés don’t even wait three months before they start dating the guy who used to sexually assault us and make our lives a living nightmare and then our best friends don’t even call to check up on us and see if we’re okay even though we dried their tears and let them eat our ice cream when they were the ones getting over a bad breakup and then when they finally do see us they can’t even muster up an ounce of empathy for the fact that we’re hurting and decide to just blame us for the broken engagement and make us feel like shit while they go off into the sunset with their own engagement with the same girl they got my pillow all snotty sobbing over even though I’m totally right and they’re not ready to get married either! So what if some of us want to have meaningless orgasms, Daniel? Some of us deserve them after getting nothing but fucking bullshit from people who are supposed to love us!”
Daniel stared at him, dumbstruck, palms out in a placating gesture. “I feel like I kinda struck a nerve there,” he said slowly. “I don’t mean that you’re cheap or anything, Kurt. I just think that doing it out in public is really unhygienic and rude.”

Kurt felt his sudden rush of anger give way to embarrassment, and he hugged his arms tight over his stomach. “Don’t worry about it. I’m gonna go get some water. It was really nice meeting you.”

“I have bottle service!” Daniel blurted out before Kurt could walk away. “Have you ever had tonic water with cranberry juice and a thing of lime? It’s way more fun than just plain ol’ tap water.”

“Thank you, but you don’t have to do that.” He took off his jacket and draped it over an arm. “I need to take this to coat check, anyway.”

“You can keep it at our booth! My friends and I agreed to always have someone watching our stuff, so you don’t have to worry. And this way I can prove that I didn’t just hide in the bathrooms the whole time I was gone. You don’t have to run away just because you vented at me, I’m not taking it personally. No harm, no foul. Please don’t disappear into the crowd, Kurt. Please.”

“Okay,” Kurt acquiesced. “I’m so sorry for exploding at you like that.”

“And I’m sorry your friends are all terrible.” Daniel offered an arm, and Kurt took it with a sheepish smile. “It sets a really low bar for me, though, doesn’t it?”

“Honestly, you’re in my top five already. Bask in the glory!” Kurt didn’t speak again until he was following Daniel up the stairs to the VIP lounge. “I do agree with you about doing the dirty out on the floor, by the way. I don’t think people actually do it that often. This isn’t, like, a sex club. Just a club where people sometimes have sex.”

“Thank god, because I don’t think I could ever be down for something so… tacky.”

Kurt snorted. “In every sense of the word!”

Chapter End Notes

I know we're moving slow, but things will pick up soon, promise!
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Y’all. This is the chapter where things finally start happening. I’m so pumped right now.

Not to spoil anything, but if you happen to find yourself feeling squeamish reading about Kurt with anyone other than Sebastian, I’d recommend you use ctrl+f to skip down to this line: “What’s your poison?”

But you should only feel the need if you’re very easily nauseated by the thought of it, in my opinion. :)

Read on Tumblr.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Gaybie!” The lone man seated at the booth greeted once they made their way through the labyrinth of seating and to the back corner. “Everything went okay, no drinks to the face?”

“It was fine,” Daniel replied sharply. “I followed your guys’s instructions to the letter. And,” he broke into a grin as he stepped to the side, nudging Kurt forward. “I made a friend! Kurt, this is Victor. Victor, this is Kurt.”

Kurt watched as Victor swivelled his eyes from Daniel over to him, and the man’s jaw literally dropped when he took in Kurt’s face.

It was quite possibly the most flattering thing Kurt had ever experienced in his life.

He looked Kurt over slowly, head to toe and back to head, before blinking twice quickly. And then he took another long, sweeping gaze with a smirk on his face. Something about it tugged at Kurt’s memories, but he was broken out of his reverie when Daniel tugged his jacket away, tossed it onto a pile in the corner, and shoved a drink into his hands.

Kurt bit back demands to treat his clothes with some more respect and instead slid into the booth, nursing his drink slowly. “This is lovely. Thank you, Daniel.”

“It’s all right for a virgin… drink,” Victor broke in before Daniel could respond. He turned to face Kurt completely, one arm thrown over the back of Kurt’s seat. He was close enough that Kurt could smell his cologne (Yves Saint Laurent L’Homme, he was pretty sure) and feel the heat of his body against his own side. “You should let me get you something harder.”

Kurt almost spit his drink out laughing at how thick this guy was laying it on. “I’m good, thanks,” he said, patting his leg gently. Victor had great thighs, at least. Really, he was, objectively, hot… in a douchey kind of way. He was douchey-hot.

“Are you sure I can’t convince you, darling?”

“Positive.”

“I make a mean New York. Learned how to do it from a bartender in the Big Apple itself. You ever
been?"

“I go to school there, actually.”

“Oh. Cool, cool.”

“You can go back out if you want, Victor. I’m more than happy to hold down the fort here,” Daniel said from his place at Victor’s other side.

Victor looked at Daniel over his shoulder, but kept his chest to Kurt. “It’s not very nice of you to try and keep your gorgeous new friend all to yourself, Gaybie.”

Daniel flinched, but before he could respond, Kurt found himself cutting in. “Don’t call him that!” He snapped. They both jerked back to face him. “He clearly doesn’t appreciate it when you do,” he continued, speaking more calmly. “Even if you mean it with affection, if that’s not how he receives it then you need to stop.” Kurt knew damn well that he didn’t mean it with affection.

“You’re right,” Victor said evenly. He sat back and turned his face to Daniel again. “I apologize for calling you Gaybie so much when it bothers you.”

Daniel huffed but nodded in acceptance, and his shoulders released a bit of invisible tension. “We’re cool, no worries.”

Kurt was content to sit in the awkward silence that ensued (he had sat through silences far more awkward in his life), but he could hear strains of the latest Demi Lovato single drifting up from the floor. His first instinct was to pull his phone out and call Dani, because he missed her and because she’d always wanted to cover a Demi song— this one had the Cher Lloyd section, too, so they could do it as a duet for fun even if Elliott wasn’t down to perform it as a band. It was way too late and way too noisy to be calling her out of the blue, though, so he went with his second instinct.

He twisted sideways and laid a palm over Victor’s chest, stared up at him through fanned eyelashes. “Dance with me?”

Victor gaped at him for half a second before shutting his mouth and nodding eagerly. Kurt scurried out of the booth with a grin, gave Daniel a quick peck on the cheek and a reassurance they’d be back soon, and moved forward in what he was mostly sure was the general direction of the stairs. He threw a glance backwards, and came to a standstill when he realized Victor was still seated, staring at his ass in wonder. Kurt pivoted around and stared at him expectantly until he was tripping over his own feet to catch up.

“It’s this way,” Victor murmured. He placed his hand on the small of Kurt’s back and steered him sharply to the right. “It’s a maze getting to our table, I know.”

Kurt did know. Honestly, the only reason he had decided not to go back down alone was because he wasn’t sure he’d be able to find his way back up to his stuff without help.

Okay, no, that was a lie.

To Kurt’s great and undying shame, douchey-hot was a type he was kind of into. (Obviously, the voice in the back of his head that he’d been trying to shush for months— maybe years— piped up. Look who we almost married!) Sure, the whole ‘make fun of someone else to make myself look better’ routine wasn’t something he would normally let fly, ever, but he wasn’t expecting to ever see this man again after tonight, and Kurt had probably been more bothered by the teasing put-downs than Daniel himself. Not that it hadn’t bothered Daniel, but Kurt’s nerves had been frayed before the evening even began, so he could acknowledge that he was acting more temperamental than usual.
And the way Victor looked at him…

It was intoxicating, exhilarating, to see someone so very plainly attracted to him on a purely physical level, especially when that someone was no eyesore himself. It was exactly what his poor, bruised ego needed after the thrashing it had taken. Even if Kurt didn’t sleep with him—the night was still young; he reserved the right to shop around before he slept around—it was undoubtedly good for morale to spend a little time with a guy whose gaze suggested he would gladly let Kurt step on his dick so long as Kurt kissed it better afterwards.

By the time they had made it to the centre of the floor (If he had a choice in the matter, Kurt always wanted to be right smack dab under the disco ball where it reflected the nicest off his skin and where the most people surrounded him. Kurt Hummel knew he was good-looking even if it bothered him that sometimes the rest of the world was slow on the uptake, and Kurt Hummel was a performer, and Kurt Hummel was also a star… so he was perhaps just a little bit of an attention whore.), the Demi song was long over. He didn’t recognize the song that came after, but the bass was heavy and the beat pounded just right so he could feel it vibrating straight into his bones. He turned around, stepped back so he could feel the press of a warm body against his back and the hitch in Victor’s breath at the contact. Kurt closed his eyes, shut off his brain, and let the music wash over him and take over his movements, let himself be sinuous and sensual and slightly indecent.

By the time the song came to a close, Kurt could feel a light sheen of sweat forming on his face and neck. Victor’s hands moved restlessly up and down his sides before finally settling just above the waistband of his jeans, thumbs rubbing at the sliver of skin where his shirt had ridden up.

“So are you going to school to become a dancer,” Victor whispered in his ear. “Back in New York?”

“Maybe I need someone who knows more than three dance moves. The finger wag, the shoulder shimmy and the one where you pretend to twirl two invisible rainbow-coloured ribbons attached to your hips.”

“No,” Kurt answered, not wanting to get into the semantics of his major. “Why do you ask?”

“Because you move your hips like a professional,” he replied, giving said hips a light squeeze.

On a good day, the sincere cheesiness would win a blush and a giggle. But it wasn’t a good day (getting better by the minute, but still not good), and the words felt like a healing balm, taking away all the hurt the morning had left him and leaving invigorating tingles in its wake.

Kurt pivoted around to face Victor, captured his face in both hands, and brought their mouths together. Victor let out a squeak of surprise, but it was muffled by Kurt’s tongue pushing at the seam of his lips. He got with the program quickly though, tilting his mouth to give Kurt better access and pulling him closer.

God, Kurt thought as he grabbed the hands at his hips and slid them down into his back pockets, it has been far too long since I’ve kissed a boy like this. He hadn’t realized how much missed it since he broke off the engagement. Maybe that was part of why he was such a mopey mess lately, actually. Kurt could recognize that back when he was used to having sex on a regular basis, he would always become an irritable little sulk if he had to go more than a week without getting laid. Emotional closeness was vital too, of course, but physical intimacy really did wonders for his mood and his energy and his... everything. He loved it, loved having silky (though somewhat overly hairspray-laden) hair to run his fingers through, a tongue working against his own, a firm grip on his ass, an... oh! A hard cock poking at his hip, he particularly loved that.

Kurt broke away from the kiss with a gasp. “Do you live nearby?”
“Like a ten minute drive, why?”

“Why do you think?” Kurt asked, rubbing his own growing bulge against Victor’s. He took a step back suddenly, worry taking over. “Unless you don’t feel comfortable with that! I’m sorry, I’ve never had a proper one night stand before so I’m not sure about the standard protocol here. Would it be okay if we went to yours? I mean, we could do it in the backseat of my car instead, but I’d prefer a little leg room."

Victor stared at him slack-jawed and glassy-eyed.

“So… would it?”

“Yes, yes, absolutely. Let’s go, yes.” He took Kurt by the hand and started dragging him towards the exit, moving fast as lightning.

“Wait, no, my keys!”

Victor turned them around and dragged them back the way they had come from, up the stairs, just as fast as before.

Seriously, such a good ego boost.

“Oh, thank goodness!” They heard Daniel call as soon as they were within view. “I need to pee, watch our junk.”

“Wh— no, we were just about to leave! Dan!” Victor was promptly ignored as Daniel sped off to the bathrooms. His shoulders drooped in defeat as he slid into the booth.

Kurt grabbed his jacket from the top of the pile and followed Victor in. He pulled out his phone to check his messages and scrolled through the (many, many) notifications, only stopping for Quinn’s texts.

From: Quinn FABray

Puck was looking over my shoulder when I opened your text, so you’re probably going to have everyone bombing your phone now. I’m so, so sorry. And straight boys say WE’RE the gossips!

From: Quinn FABray

Send me a picture of whichever boy(s) you go home with just in case they turn out to be a crazy serial killer or whatever. I’m sure they won’t be but you never know!

From: Quinn FABray

And remember to use a condom!!! Trust no man, Kurt Hummel. If you have sex with multiple people make sure to switch condoms when switching partners. Call me if you need ANYTHING. We love you.

“Can I take a picture of you?” Kurt asked as he pulled his camera up.

“Oh, sure,” Victor smiled for the photo by instinct. “You know,” he said, forcing nonchalance into his tone, “these seats are totally big enough to just do it here, if you wanted to.”

“No thank you,” Kurt said, not bothering to look up from his phone.
“‘Kay. Um… So what brings you to Ohio?”

Kurt was not having that conversation. He made sure his message delivered, slid his phone back into its pocket, set the jacket down on the table, and then turned to look Victor in the eye. “Do you wanna make out?”

It was a super effective way of shutting down that line of questioning.

Kurt tended to lose track of time and space when there was a mouth to hold his attention, so he didn’t know how much time had passed before they found themselves horizontal. He did know that what they were doing by this point was probably considered dry humping more than smooching. He also knew he was maybe three thrusts away from throwing his standards to the wind and just sticking a hand down Victor’s pants.

Victor pulled away suddenly. “I’m not gonna last much longer if we keep that up. Can we cool down a little?”

“That would probably be for the best, yeah.”

They both moved back to sitting position, still close enough that Kurt had a leg draped over Victor’s lap, and Victor reached for what was left of the booze. “What’s your poison?”

“Nothing for me, thanks.”

“You sure? C’mon, take a walk on the wild side with me.”

“I’m sure.”

“All right then,” he grabbed two bottles and a shot glass. “Do you know what Jack Daniels and white Sambuca makes?” Victor poured a finger of each before facing Kurt with a wicked grin.

Kurt thought back to dorm crawls and pub nights and even the Rachel Berry House Party Train Wreck Extravaganza, but he was coming up empty.

“My anaconda don’t want none unless you got buns, hon!” Victor barked out. It was an uncannily good impression of Sir Mix-A-Lot, and he followed it up with a whipping sound. “It’s called an Anaconda. I picked it because you do got buns and my anaconda definitely wants some.”

Kurt wasn’t sure why the joke set him laughing so hard. Maybe because that was, as Kurt made sure to tell him between chuckles, absolutely fucking terrible. Maybe because he loved corny impressions like crazy. Maybe because men trying to woo him using this particular early nineties dirty rap one-hit wonder was officially a thing now. Either way, his laughter was loud and contagious enough that neither of them noticed someone intruding upon their little bubble of joy until they had quieted down and he made himself known.

“You got a potential paramour to laugh with you instead of at you, Vic!” A smooth tenor broke the sanctity of the moment, and Kurt felt himself stiffen at the familiarity of the voice. No, Kurt thought as he tried to peek sideways from where he had his face pressed into Victor’s arm. There are over eight hundred thousand people in Columbus. This one just happens to sound like that one. It can’t be.

Kurt couldn’t see anything but the shot glass from where he was sitting, so he kept his eyes fixed on it as he turned, slow movements that wouldn’t attract attention to him. It was probably silly to expect to go unnoticed when he was one of two people sitting at the table, but Kurt was used to not getting the attention of the man that this man most certainly wasn’t.
“Kurt?”

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Kurt knocked back the glass of liquid courage in front of him and set it down with a clunk before finally looking up at the shocked face of one Sebastian Smythe.

Chapter End Notes

Apparently emojis don’t work in the text of an archive work???

Well, I just wanted y'all to be aware that Quinn's full name on Kurt's phone is Quinn FABray [princess emoji] [haircut emoji] [cheering megaphone emoji] [graduation cap emoji]

It looks much nicer on Tumblr.
“Sebastian,” Kurt said flatly. “Always a pleasure to see you.”

Kurt pursed his lips and waited. But Sebastian had sworn to turn over a new leaf, right? Maybe he wouldn’t be a total jack-off.

The shock wore off, and Sebastian regarded him with hard, stony eyes. “Well, now, isn’t this a surprise. Shouldn’t you be knee-deep in bridal magazines right now? Where’s your better half?”

Nope.

Kurt clenched his jaw and blinked hard until the tears prickling behind his eyes went away. “That wasn’t even witty,” he croaked out as he stood and put on his jacket, “just malicious as ever.”

And then Kurt shouldered past him and hustled his ass out of there, ignoring the cries of his name.

He had made it to the next floor down when he chanced a glance over his shoulder, and was surprised to see Sebastian barreling after him. What, does he want to rub it in my face some more?

Well, fuck that! Kurt didn’t graduate high school with zero broken bones and no concussions to his name because of good luck. When it came to evasion in a crowd, he had the advantage so Sebastian Smythe could suck it.

Kurt didn’t really think past must-get-out-cannot-deal-with-him-leave-leave-leave as he bobbed and weaved through the crowds. When he finally made it to the exit, he burst through the heavy doors with a great heave and took another few strides away before slowing and stopping, then dropping his hands to his knees and taking gasping breaths of the crisp autumn air. He couldn’t believe he was already winded; Lima really was just awful for his health if he had already fallen so far out of shape. Starting tomorrow, he was doubling down on cardio, just in case he ever had to make a narrow escape from a vindictive arch-rival again.

Of course, that was when he heard the doors clanging open behind him and remembered that he had not actually escaped said arch-rival. Kurt broke into a sprint, already planning to pretend like tonight had never happened if he was confronted about it, but Sebastian was faster when they were on an open field (or empty sidewalk, whatever). He caught Kurt by the forearm and jerked him to a stop.

“What the fuck, Hummel!” He wheezed, not letting up from his vice grip. “Why did you just fly out of there like a bat out of hell?”

“You’ve got a lot of nerve,” Kurt screeched. “What, one little barb wasn’t enough so you had to chase me out the door? I’m not a human punching bag, you heinous, hateful horse-face!”

Sebastian didn’t seem to register that Kurt was screaming at him. His focus was entirely on Kurt’s
left hand. “You’re not wearing your ring,” he said, much calmer than before.

“No fucking shit, Sherlock!” Kurt, for his part, was not even remotely more calm. “And you won’t be wearing your hand if you don’t remove it from my wrist this instant!”

“Oh my god,” Sebastian released his hold abruptly, like Kurt’s arm was a burning brand. Kurt brought it up to his chest immediately, massaging the skin with his other hand. That was gonna bruise tomorrow. “You guys broke up.”

“Like you didn’t already know, asshole,” Kurt spat out. Asshole? That was seriously the best he could come up with? The perils of letting his guard down for a night, he supposed. Well, no more. Kurt turned back around with every intent to march back to his car and maybe cry a little.

“No, I didn’t!” Four steps later, Sebastian seized him by the bicep and spun him back around, refusing to let him walk away. “I have better things to do with my life then check in on your relationship status, princ—”

“Do not touch me!”

“Hey!” They both jerked around to where the gruff shout emanated from. It was the bouncer from earlier and he watched them with vigilant eyes, body wound tight like he was ready to storm over if the need arose. “Is there any trouble here, boys?”

He addressed them both, but his eyes were only on Kurt, shining with concern. In his periphery vision, Kurt noticed Sebastian take a sizeable step away from him and hold his hands up in surrender. Kurt realized with a start what kind of tableau they would have painted for an onlooking bystander, with him nursing his arm and screaming as loud as he could (which was very) and Sebastian holding him in place. “Oh! Oh, no, sir, he didn’t… No trouble.”

“Are you sure?” He asked again.

Kurt glanced over to Sebastian, who now had his hands in his pockets and his eyes to the ground. “You really didn’t know?” He asked, a whisper of breath so quiet he wasn’t sure if Sebastian would hear.

He lifted his gaze though, gave his head an infinitesimal shake.

Kurt swivel to face the bouncer fully and gave a decisive nod and a reassuring smile. “Positive,” he reaffirmed. “My friend and I got our wires crossed and it led to a little tiff. I think we just need to get some coffee in us and we’ll be patched right up. Do you know of any places nearby that might still be open?”

“There’s a 24-hour shop right at the end of this block.” He tipped his chin forward and Kurt turned to follow the direction he signalled. There at the corner was a little cafe, the short path to it well-lit under the glow of street lamps.

“Perfect. Thank you so much for the recommendation, and for checking up on us.”

With that, Kurt clasped Sebastian’s arm—not hard enough to leave a contusion unlike some people, because he wasn’t raised in a barn unlike some people—and started them on their way. Kurt could feel eyes on his back as they walked. He knew he didn’t need the protection, but he was still immensely grateful that he had it.

Sebastian pulled away as they approached the storefront, facing Kurt and walking backwards for the last few steps. “So we’re friends now?” He asked with a smirk.
“Would you rather I tell the big, burly bouncer who could probably snap you like a twig with one arm tied behind his back that my *enemy* wasn’t letting me get away from him?”

For perhaps the first time in their acquaintanceship, Sebastian didn’t have a clever response on the tip of his tongue. He tugged the door open for Kurt, setting the shopkeepers bell tinkling.

Kurt twirled around to throw one last smile and wave the bouncer’s way, and then twirled back to Sebastian. “You’re buying,” he said breezily, then skipped inside.
As soon as Kurt stepped over the threshold, he was assaulted with a blast of warm air.

Actually, it wasn’t so much an assault as a caress. A sudden, loving caress of warm air that carried with it the scent of freshly brewed coffee and buttery pastries. It had been a couple of weeks since he got to enjoy the special kind of air only independently owned cafes seemed to have. Kurt had made do with the Starbucks by the tire shop and the machine at home and the pot at McKinley, but it wasn’t the same. Because of the breakup, Kurt hadn’t dared step foot in the Lima Bean— not because he felt like he didn’t have a right to it or anything, but Blaine had returned home first, so he was probably back to being a regular there before Kurt had even thought of coming back to Ohio, and Kurt really wanted to minimize the chance of running into him and his… Karofsky. And he really had seen a mouse that one time.

But this place had a little green health report in the window; Kurt had spotted it on his way in. Kurt stopped where he stood and closed his eyes, happy to just breathe in the sugar, caffeine, and cozy tranquility.

He didn’t even notice the girl behind the register chirp out a greeting, only blinked his eyes lethargically when he felt a body bump into him from behind before there was a hand on either side of his waist, nudging him further inside and releasing when they were up to the counter.

“We’ll have a non-fat mocha and an espresso macchiato for here, both large.” Sebastian ordered.

Kurt whipped around to face him, the question of how Sebastian knew his order clear on his face. Sebastian shrugged, unperturbed.

“Whipped cream on the mocha?” The barista asked, oblivious to their silent conflict.

“Kurt?” Sebastian looked at him expectantly, then pinched his side to shock a response out of him.

“Ow!” Kurt slapped his hand away with an audible thwack and glared at him, rubbing over the spot.

“No,” he told the barista. “No whip, but if you could sprinkle some cinnamon on top that would be great.”

“I most certainly can,” she said, ringing up their orders. “Will that be all?”

“You’re buying sweets, too,” Kurt informed Sebastian, “to make up for all the injuries upon my person.” He began perusing the displays without waiting for a response.

Sebastian huffed out a breath. “You’re bleeding me dry here, Hummel.” Still, he dropped to a crouch next to Kurt and looked over the offerings. “Split a square of carrot cake with me?”

“Deal, if you share one of those giant danishes with me.”
“Deal.” They both bounced back up and watched as the barista pulled out the desserts and set them on plates before moving over to the register. Kurt grabbed the food and brought it to a table while Sebastian paid.

“So,” Kurt said, when Sebastian came back, two mugs in hand, and plopped down in the seat opposite him.

“So,” Sebastian echoed. They lapsed into silence before he straightened out of his slouch and took a deep breath. “Look, I’m still not used to saying it, but I’m sorry. I had no idea you weren’t engaged anymore, and I thought I was exposing you for stepping out on your fiancé. Which in hindsight was really stupid, since you’re probably the most annoyingly upright person I have ever met. It wasn’t my intention to hurt your feelings by bringing up what I’m guessing was a bad breakup, and I apologize for doing so.”

“Only you would be able to make my morality sound like a character flaw, but thank you. I accept your apology. That was really good, especially for a beginner.”

“Awesome, I do excel in most things I attempt.” He picked up a knife to split the cake in half, and Kurt followed suit with the danish. “So was it?”

“Huh?” Kurt put the knife down and took a sip of his coffee. “You lost me.”

“Was it a bad breakup?”

“It definitely wasn’t good,” Kurt said dryly. He picked up his half of the danish and took a bite. Sebastian stared at him, obviously hoping for some elaboration. Kurt ignored him, continuing to nibble on his pastry and sip his coffee.

“Is that seriously all you’re going to tell me?”

“I guess it is.”

“Oh, come on!” Sebastian goaded. “I had to participate in that over-the-top spectacle of a proposal, the least you could do is tell me why it was all for naught.”

“Nobody forced you to be a part of it.”

“Trent definitely forced me,” Sebastian insisted. “And then the headmaster was up my ass when your friends didn’t clean up the confetti properly.”

Kurt sighed, but relented. “Fine, but I’m only doing this because you bought me food and you’re being so uncharacteristically not a sentient sack of shit. What’s with that, by the way?”

Sebastian shrugged, swallowed down half his danish portion in one go. “I kept up with being nice, and it gradually stopped sucking so much. It’s still not natural for me but I guess practice makes perfect. Now stop deflecting and spill.”

“Okay, so the long and short of it was that we were fighting, like a lot. We had tried living together once, when he first moved to New York, but it went terribly and he moved out after a few months. Then, um, did you hear about Rachel’s TV show?”

“I did, yeah. I was surprised it bombed so badly in the ratings, actually. I feel like everyone in the country was watching so they could talk about how awful it was.”

“Nobody was watching it legally, though! But yeah, after Rachel moved to LA for her show, Blaine
moved back in and it was even worse than the first time. We fought about everything. A professor picks my paper to use as an exemplary essay instead of his? Fight. I don’t want to work on wedding plans with him? Fight. A bowtie gets lost in the laundry? Fight. I got toothpaste on the good towels? Fight. Fight, fight, fight. It was just… I was exhausted. It had only been a few weeks and I was already at the end of my rope. And I didn’t even mean to do it, but I dumped him! We were in public, at some random restaurant, and I just unloaded everything on him. I told him we were too young, our relationship was failing, I was emotionally manipulated into saying yes, and that we should just throw in the towel—”

“Stone cold,” Sebastian said. He actually looked mildly impressed. “You didn’t lie, though.”

“Yeah, well, he didn’t take to it kindly. He basically told me he hated me and would never forgive me—”

“Seriously? I thought you guys were, like, best friends forever before you got together.”

“Stop interrupting me! And we were best friends. That’s a big part of why it’s such a bad breakup. Anyway, Blaine spiralled in a big way afterwards. He ended up flunking out of NYADA and had to come back home with his tail between his legs. It wasn’t my first time dealing with a messy breakup while juggling a job and school and being an independent adult in New York, so I guess I handled it a lot better. But then summer hit and it was the most excruciatingly lonely experience of my life. Most of my friends were scattered around the country, too busy to pick up a call, and the few who weren’t pretended like they were. I tried dipping my toes in the world of speed dating and blind dates and it was disastrous. And I missed Blaine. I started talking to this therapist and apparently I have problems with intimacy? I’m cold and aloof and I fight as a way to stay connected, and my relationship imploded because of it. So I decided to come back to Ohio and win him back, whatever the cost. I signed up to do my junior year internship at McKinley and everything.”

Sebastian waited for Kurt to continue, and then prompted him when he didn’t. “And you’re going to win him back… by going clubbing?”

Kurt cast his eyes down, fiddled with the spoon in his coffee mug. “You have to promise not to laugh at me.”

“Promise.”

“So I get back to Lima and arrange a meet-up with Blaine at Scandals. And I tell him about how I’m gonna get his forgiveness and his heart back. And then he tells me that he’s seeing someone, that he only agreed to come because the new boyfriend is someone I already know and I need to be told in person.” Kurt looked up then, managed a real smile. “My first thought was ‘please don’t say Sebastian Smythe,’ funnily enough.”

“This is my first time seeing either of you since the proposal, Scout’s honour.”

“I’m doubtful you were ever a Boy Scout,” Kurt said, but he could tell Sebastian was telling the truth. “So it wasn’t you, obviously. It was definitely someone I knew, though. It’s someone you know, too, actually. His new boyfriend is Dave Karofsky.”

Sebastian spat out his drink, and Kurt was ready to reprimand him for breaking his promise before he realized that Sebastian was choking, not laughing. He got up and around to Sebastian’s side of the table and thumped his back with an open palm until the coughs subsided, then rubbed up and down soothingly for a few passes. When Sebastian’s breathing returned to normal, Kurt handed him a wad of napkins from the dispenser on their table so he could wipe up. “My reaction was about the same. Not externally, but my brain was screaming and I had to cry it out in the bathroom until they left.”
He made to go back to his seat, but Sebastian grabbed his hand and tugged him back. He stared up at Kurt, evidently still appalled and disoriented by the news. Sebastian held on like his world had flipped and Kurt’s touch was the only thing keeping him tethered to reality. “What the fuck?”

Kurt dragged his chair over so he could sit next to Sebastian. He pulled the cake closer and grabbed a fork, grateful that Sebastian’s spit-take had only landed on himself. “My sentiments exactly,” Kurt said blandly. “Do you need water?”

Sebastian shook his head, grabbed the other fork so they could both dig in. After a few bites, he spoke again. “No, really, what the actual fuck. How did that happen?”

“Apparently Blaine hit up Scandals on ‘Country Bear Night’ a few months ago.” Kurt said, making air quotes around the words. “I thought that was every night, since we live in northwestern Ohio and all, but I guess not! Karofsky was cutting a rug on the dance floor and they got to talking. Mostly about me. And now they’re a thing.”

“And the unholiness of their union has tainted your ex forever so you can’t even bear to hear reminders that you were once together?”

Kurt laughed, but shook his head. “No, I guess it just hurts that he moved on so quickly when I… didn’t. And no offence, but I kind of expect the worst from you. I was ready for you to be the second person today to throw a dig my way about how I can’t keep a man or whatever, so I probably would have found an insult in whatever you said to me.”

“None taken,” Sebastian said. He had another mouthful of cake, washed it down with some coffee, then turned abruptly. “The second person?”

“Oh, yeah,” Kurt flushed from the residual humiliation from her tongue-lashing. “That’s why I went clubbing tonight, actually. Do you remember Santana?”

“Yeah,” Kurt could tell that Sebastian had a good guess where the story was headed now, off her name alone.

Kurt continued robotically, because that was the easiest way to get through it without getting a lump in his throat. “She and Brittany— the other cheerleader— got engaged today. I projected on them, harshed the vibe of the joyous occasion. That wasn’t well-received. Santana went off on me about how she and Brittany weren’t me and Blaine, how the only reason we failed was because I was weird and ugly and unbearably flamboyant so of course Blaine stopped being able to tolerate me, but that wasn’t a problem they’d ever have.”

“Kurt, you—”

“No interrupting!” Kurt said roughly, taking a steady breath to push back the hurt just thinking about that conversation brought him. He inhaled positivity and exhaled anxiety before he continued. “It kind of shredded my self-esteem to have someone I love and trust give a speech about the reasons I suck, so I just told myself over and over that she doesn’t know shit. And then I decided I’d pick up a guy who appreciated how tolerable I was to really drive it home. I mean, I don’t base my confidence on how desirable I am or anything, of course, but I figured it would be good for me to have that for one night. I just wanted a shot in the arm, y’know?”

“I think I get it, yeah.”

“Good. I don’t think that plan of mine will be working out anymore, but this night was still a success as far as I’m concerned.”
“Why wouldn’t it work out anymore?”

“It’s really late for me to line up a new guy, sleep with him, and possibly get myself home right after. That’s okay, though! I didn’t pay for a single drink tonight, boys wanted to dance with me, and I made a friend. And I had a civil conversation with you! Can you believe that? We broke bread together and I actually enjoyed your company. Honestly, today is one for the books.”

“Okay, but who says you need to line up a new guy?” Sebastian leaned forward, so close Kurt could feel puffs of breath against the shell of his ear, and placed a hand on his thigh, slipping his thumb under one of the tears in Kurt’s jeans and stroking over his skin. “I’m available,” he whispered. “And you could definitely spend the night if you came home with me.”
Did he really just...

Sebastian Smythe was propositioning him.

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Sebastian Smythe was propositioning him.

Kurt didn’t mean to burst out into guffaws right in Sebastian’s face, but of course that’s what he did. The idea of it was absolutely ludicrous! As if Sebastian, the same Sebastian who spent several months of his life reminding Kurt how repulsive he found him with every sneer and jeer, would ever want to— he stopped that train of thought before it triggered another fit of hysterical laughter. Kurt calmed down and began stacking up their empty dishes. He rose from his seat and carried them back to the counter. “That was a good one, Sebastian,” he said as he walked back to their table. “Thank you for that.”

Sebastian just stared forward with a furrowed brow while Kurt returned his chair to its proper place and threw their napkins away. He was still sitting there like a bump on a log when Kurt made his way to the exit. Kurt turned around and tapped a foot impatiently. “Are you just gonna chill here for the rest of the night? Because I’ve got places to be.” That wasn’t true, but whatever.

The words got his gears turning again and Sebastian clambered up from his chair. He strode forward, shouldered the door open before Kurt got a chance to, and herded him out. “Okay, so I just want to recap here,” he said, throwing an arm over Kurt’s shoulder. Kurt would have shrugged it off but Sebastian was warm and he liked the weight of it, so he allowed it.

“Recap away.”

“You drove out two hours to Columbus for the express purpose of finding a dude to get it on with so you could feed your ego.”

“Uh huh,” Kurt agreed, only half-listening as he rooted around his pocket for his keys.

“And then when I, a familiar face who you know is great in bed and also wouldn’t try to make a suit out of your skin afterwards, offered, you literally laughed in my face… but you’re still having me walk you to your ride.”

“Okay, well first of all, I don’t know if you’re great in bed. I only know that you say you’re great in bed, and that is hardly a ringing endorsement. Second of all, I wasn’t expecting you to walk me the whole way there; you just didn’t go back into the club when we passed it. And third of all, I laughed
in your face because you joked in my face.”

“Well, clearly we got our wires crossed again, because I wasn’t joking.”

“Wait, what?” Kurt jerked to a stop just as they rounded the corner. “You were serious?”

“As a heart attack.” Sebastian turned to face him, took a step forward that Kurt mirrored instinctually. “So let’s try this again.” He stalked forward until Kurt’s back was against the brick wall and then bracketed him in with his arms. “What do you say you and me head back to my place and have some fun?”

“Oh… Unless you mean playing SingStar or something, I’m gonna have to pass.”

“What?” Sebastian’s arms dropped back to his sides and he took a step back. He looked at Kurt with dismay. “Are you serious?”

“As a heart attack,” Kurt echoed. “No offence, but of the five men I’ve spoken to tonight, you’re fourth place for people I’d want to sleep with. And that’s only because I’m pretty sure number five has never even kissed a boy, and he deserves to have his first time be with a long-term boyfriend at the very least.”

“In what world is that not offensive?” Sebastian bristled with indignation. “I can’t— Why? Are you not attracted to me?”

“I wanted to hook up with someone to feel better about myself, Sebastian, and sleeping with you wouldn’t help with that at all since you’re not attracted to me!”

“Says who?”

“Says you! Did you forget the way you used to treat me, the things you used to call me? You used to act like it literally pained you to look at me. God, you literally said I have a gay face the third time we met!”

“Pshh,” Sebastian flapped his hand dismissively. “Your face is beautiful, Kurt, obviously. You know I was full of shit!”

“Oh, I definitely know you are full of shit. Do you think I was born yesterday or something? How wonderfully convenient that you suddenly decided I was worth a second glance just after I told you that I would have put out for the first guy to look at me twice. I definitely believe you have no ulterior motive for changing your tune and deciding my flaming, pride parade ass is kinda okay to look at three years later! That is not suspicious at all. Congratulations though, you almost fooled me into thinking you were better than preying on the emotionally susceptible so you could have a warm body for the night. Don’t you dare lie to my face and say you think I’m beautiful just because you think it’ll get your dick wet!”

“Fuck off, Kurt.” Sebastian’s face darkened and he almost vibrated with anger. “You don’t know a damn thing about me. I’m being honest with you now because I’m not a stupid teenager on a single-minded mission to steal your boyfriend anymore! I thought you were beautiful then, I think you’re beautiful now, and even if I fail to get my dick wet, I’m still going to think you’re beautiful tomorrow! No matter how fucking infuriating you are!” Sebastian drove the point home by stomping his foot, like a little boy throwing a temper tantrum.

It was such a ridiculous sight to see a grown man who easily cleared six feet doing that, Kurt had to bite back a laugh. Just like that, the friction of the moment was stamped out. Kurt realized then that this was probably a contender for the most absurd and fastest dissolved argument he’d ever had in his
life. “Did you seriously just stomp your foot at me?” He asked, the ghost of a smile pulling at the corner of his mouth.

Sebastian seemed to have come to the same conclusion as Kurt, because the fight drained right out of him. He exhaled noisily, ran his fingers through his hair. “Well, you questioned my honour. And it’s so rare for me to tell the truth, I don’t take well to it being doubted when I do.”

“You really mean it then,” Kurt whispered. It wasn’t a question. Sebastian clearly did. Adamantly.

“Yeah, I do.” Sebastian said quietly. He shook out his shoulders and mustered up enough bravado for a leering grin. “And your body is bangin’ too.”

It was a clear retreat from the mushiness of the moment, and Kurt silently thanked him for it. Then he reached forward and took one of Sebastian’s hands in his own, intertwining their fingers. “Just think, you haven’t even seen me naked yet,” he said with a wink.

The leer fell off his face, and Sebastian blinked in surprise, eyes flitting down to their joined hands and back up to Kurt’s face. “Yet?”

Kurt stared down at where their hands were clasped. Sebastian’s fit his well, smooth but not as soft as his own, nails trimmed short, long fingers and wide palms, a comforting warmth. He bit his lip and nodded, meeting Sebastian’s hopeful gaze. “Yet.”

And with that he started them back on their path to his car.
“Wait, where’s your ride?”

Kurt threw Sebastian his *I Wonder if You Were Dropped On the Head As a Child* look (patent pending) and dangled his keys in front of Sebastian’s face. “Did you think I had a chauffeur waiting?”

“Well, I’ve had hookups with chauffeurs before!” He snatched the keys out of Kurt’s hand and walked over to the driver’s side. “You’re lucky I didn’t get the chance to drink anything tonight.”

“What?” Kurt followed on his heels, slipped into the space between Sebastian and the door. “Why can’t I drive?”

“Because you *did* drink, Kurt,” Sebastian said patiently.

Kurt had a protest ready, but it died on his lips when he remembered the shot of whiskey he’d taken in preparation for dealing with Sebastian. Huh, and then he happily spent the rest of the night with the guy, and was now well ready to stay with him until tomorrow morning. Boy oh boy, did things change fast. “I did, didn’t I?”

Sebastian settled his hands on Kurt’s waist, like he had in the cafe, and walked them around the hood of the car to the passenger’s side, opening the door for Kurt and coaxing him in before shutting it and dashing back around to the driver’s side. He slid in behind the wheel, buckled his seatbelt, but Kurt slapped his hand over the ignition before Sebastian could put the key in. “Are you a good driver?” He asked warily. “Because I’ll pay for us to take a cab to your place if you aren’t.”

Sebastian gave him an *I Wonder if You Were Dropped On the Head As a Child* look almost as powerful as Kurt’s own. “You’re roughly half an hour away from trusting me with something far more precious than your car, sweetheart.”

Kurt kept his hand where it was. “You drove a Lotus Elise in high school. Teenage boys who own flashy sports cars are always the *worst* drivers.”

Sebastian sighed and drummed his fingers over the steering wheel. “If it eases your mind, I promise to stay five under the speed limit the whole way there.”

“It does, thank you.” Kurt took his hand off the ignition and buckled his seatbelt.

Sebastian made a show of adjusting his seat and mirrors before finally backing the car out of its parking spot. He waited until they were on a straight stretch of road before speaking again. “So you remember what kind of car I drive?” He asked, eyes still fixed on the road in front of him. A smirk tugged at the corner of his lips.

“I remember what kind of car *everyone* drives… But especially yours,” Kurt admitted. “I used to fantasize about leaving you tied up in a supply closet and taking it out for a joy ride.”
“Kinky. So what’s with this mom car? Didn’t you used to have, like, a Jeep or something? It was black, I remember that much.”

“It was a Lincoln, not a Jeep. Please don’t besmirch my baby’s name like that,” Kurt said, dolefulness permeating his voice. “I had to sell her so I could have the money for New York. This actually is a literal mom car. I borrow it when she and my dad are out of town.”

They stopped at a red light and Sebastian shot a glance his way, then did a double-take. “Are you… Are you gonna start crying because you miss your old car?”

“No, no, I need to be at least four drinks in to start sobbing about my Nav. You’re in the clear.”

“You say that like you speak from experience,” Sebastian noted. There was surprisingly little judgment in his tone. The light turned green, so he turned his eyes back to the road as he released the brake.

“After Blaine and I broke up the first time, before I got my hands on any sleeping pills… Basically, you should never drink when you’re homesick. You start off with crying about your unfaithful ex-boyfriend. Then you segue into crying about how much you miss your dad, your step-mom, your brother and your friends, your car, your shitty local mall, your dad some more. Your roommate will have to take your phone away so you don’t call your dad and drunkenly blubber about how much you miss him. It’s just a mess. Don’t do it.” Kurt stopped talking and stared out the window, embarrassed at his oversharing. He’d done a lot of that tonight. “Could we maybe talk about something happier?”

“Yeah, of course we can. I’m moving to New York next year, got any recommendations for me? Other than not drinking while homesick.”

“You’re moving to New York?”

“Yeah.”

“City?”

“No, I’m gonna live in Plattsburgh, and that’s why I’m talking to you about it,” Sebastian said, voice dripping with sarcasm. “Do you not want me on your turf or something?”

“I’m just surprised is all! It seems like a weird time. You’re a sophomore, aren’t you?”

“Yeah, I am. I’m a little behind schedule, but the plan was always for me to go. After an incident in my senior year—”

“Do you mean the steroids thing?”

“I was hoping you hadn’t heard about it.”

“Of course I heard about it, who do you think I am? Even if it hadn’t happened to my alma mater’s stiffest competition, that scandal took the show choir world by storm.”

“Do you seriously still keep up with show choir gossip?”

“Do you not?”

“Uh, no, because unlike some people, I graduated high school and then moved on with my life. But whatever, back to me. None of the schools I got into withdrew acceptance after ‘the steroids thing,’
as you so eloquently put it, but my mom and dad freaked the fuck out. It was the latest in a long-running series of fuck-ups par moi and they couldn’t turn a blind eye anymore. It didn’t even matter to them that I never actually doped. As far as my parents were concerned, the only reason I didn’t was because I cared more about lacrosse than I did about the Warblers. They had no way of proving that, but the Smythe household is not a court of law.” He said that last part like it was a commonly heard phrase.

“Were they right to think that?”

“Honestly? I think they might have been. And that’s fucked up, because steroids make your balls shrink, and my balls are way more important than any extracurricular. They said I couldn’t be counted on to keep myself out of trouble and decided I had to live at home, prove my trustworthiness, and then they’d reconsider. So now I’m going to OSU, and since I was a perfect, Dean’s-list-making, volunteering, not-even-remotely-troublesome angel for freshman year, I get to transfer if I keep it up this year. And I will.”

Kurt reached over to squeeze his knee. “I think it’s really admirable that you’re respecting their wishes like this. You could have said fuck it all and run off to New York without their blessings, but you stayed to win back their trust. And your relationship is going to be all the stronger for it. Seriously, I commend you.”

They came to a stop in front of an electric gate, and Sebastian turned to him, face scrunched up in confusion. Then it smoothed out, and he looked at Kurt with more fondness than Kurt had ever seen him direct towards anyone. “You’re fucking adorable, has anyone ever told you that?”

“I have been told, yes,” Kurt nodded. “It usually comes after I do or say something adorable, though.”

“Most people are not willing to just sell enough shit for a nest egg and book it to the biggest city in the country on a wing and a prayer, myself included. I’m staying because my parents would cut me off if I didn’t and I’m way too spoiled to make it in the world on my own.”

“Honestly, I think you would be okay. You just need a good little bit of luck and a great big chunk of tenacity. And I can say with no amount of uncertainty that, you, Sebastian Smythe, are nothing if not dogged.”

“Absolutely fucking adorable,” Sebastian repeated. He tipped his head down to plant a kiss on the apple of Kurt’s cheek, then pulled away quickly and opened his window, leaning out of it to enter his passcode into the mounted number pad beside him. “You’re right about the relationship thing, though,” he said, voice slightly strained. Kurt was sure it was from exertion of stretching. “I feel like this is the most my parents and I have been able to stand each other for years.”

“I’m right about most things,” Kurt assured. As he watched the gate in front of them swing silently open, he sat on his hands so they wouldn’t do something silly like fly up to touch the spot where Sebastian’s lips had pressed against his skin.
As they drove past the entryway, Kurt slowly realized that the gate was not for Sebastian’s neighbourhood, like the one outside the Andersons’ private community, but for one very long driveway. One long driveway that opened up to one very large house. “Holy shit.” He leaned forward with wide eyes, trying to take in the whole building at once despite the dark. Kurt didn’t even realize people actually owned homes so large and magnificent outside of movies.

“No need to gawk, Kurt. I’m sure you made at least one friend at Dalton who let you have a glimpse of how the other half lives.”

Without pausing his gawking, Kurt reached over to slap Sebastian’s arm. “Did you make any friends who invited you over to their homes, Sebastian? Because pretty much every prep school boy I knew lived in a McMansion. There’s no Mc to this. It’s a mansion-mansion. You live in a mansion-mansion.”

They pulled up to the garage, and in the shadows cast by the (motion sensor, of course they were motion sensor) outdoor lights, Kurt would have sworn Sebastian was blushing. He put the car in park and cut off the ignition. “I’m sure it’ll look a lot less fancy to you in the morning. Come on, in we go.”

He stepped out of the car and Kurt hurried to follow, joining Sebastian once more at the side door to the house just as he was opening it. Sebastian didn’t bother turning on any lights once they were inside, just slung an arm around Kurt’s waist and started walking forward. “I’m pretty sure everyone’s asleep,” he murmured, “but let’s just be quiet until I can check.” And then they were going up a staircase and walking down a long hallway to a lone open doorway. “Make yourself comfortable,” he said as flicked on his ceiling light. “I have an ensuite if you need. I’m gonna go set the burglar alarms and grab us some water bottles.” And then he was darting back up the hall and out of sight.

Is he fine leaving any random in his bedroom unsupervised or is this a special level of trust only I get? It was ridiculous, but Kurt could feel his heart warming at the thought that it might have been the latter. He took a seat on the (delightfully bouncy, he’d expect nothing less from Sebastian, especially when Sebastian lived in a house like this one) bed to get his shoes and socks off, then carried them over to the desk against the adjacent wall and tucked them under the chair.

He figured Sebastian’s desk was a nice, neutral place to indulge his nosey urges, so Kurt let himself linger there for a moment. The closed MacBook had pride of place, but there was a neat stack of spiral bound notebooks right beside it. Everything about Sebastian’s work area was neat, really. It wasn’t Rachel Berry levels of stringently organized, but certainly in good order. On the shelf above the desk was what Kurt assumed were Sebastian’s textbooks for the semester, bookended by a pair of wireless speakers. Judging by the titles on display, Sebastian was an English major, maybe with a minor in business. Having learned one new thing about his gracious host, Kurt made his way to what he assumed was Sebastian’s bathroom with a satisfied smile.
That turned out to be Sebastian’s walk-in closet, but that was an easy mistake to make and nobody saw him make it, so he wouldn’t allow himself even one mite of embarrassment as he turned to the other door that was totally for Sebastian’s bathroom.

Kurt did his business, and as he was washing up, he could feel the first threads of panic settling in. Surprisingly enough, it wasn’t the Sebastian of it all that made him anxious. It was just… This required openness and vulnerability, in a way that his lone foray into casual blowjobs hadn’t, in a way he had only ever experienced with two other people in his life. It was a little overwhelming. And he was sweaty! Like, not currently sweaty, but he had been sweaty earlier tonight and now it was dried on his skin and that was gross. That wasn’t the kind of sweat he wanted for himself. He didn’t need this kind of sweat in his life.

*He said to make myself comfortable, there is a shower right there.* But the towels on the rack were as fancy as the ones Blaine had got him for graduation, was he even allowed to use them? Kurt would never understand rich people. Why hang towels in your bathroom if you didn’t want people to use them? Towels were meant to dry and wipe, that was literally why they existed! If they needed something to look expensive and pretty then they could get some wall art or something.

Fuck it, he was doing it. Kurt shrugged his jacket off and let it fall to the bathroom floor, wincing when he heard the dull thud of his phone. His pocket lining was thick, it would be fine. The shirt came off next, balled up and dropped without ceremony. It was only as he reached for his belt buckle that the thought struck him of how outrageously rude this would seem. And it would be so awkward! So, so awkward! What was he even thinking? God, Kurt couldn’t imagine coming upstairs to the sound of running water and his soon-to-be-lover locked inside his bathroom. He needed to think before he acted, he needed to stop working himself into a tizzy over little things as an alternative to working himself into a tizzy over big things, he needed to—

He needed to answer the door, because that was Sebastian knocking, soft but persistent.

“Kurt?”

“Just a sec!” Fuck, that was high pitched, even by his standards.

“Are you okay?” Sebastian asked from the other side of the door. “You know we don’t have to do anything, right? We can just watch a movie or something, no questions asked.”

“No!” Kurt exclaimed, perhaps a little too insistently. He unlocked the door and swung it open, stepping back so Sebastian could come in. “I want to. I really, really want to.”

Sebastian looked at him with a smirk, and Kurt couldn’t even find it in himself to feel his usual flare of irritation at that damned smugness. “Were you trying to get yourself prepped before I came back upstairs?” His eyes lingered on Kurt’s chest, and Kurt realized suddenly that he was half-naked. His arms twitched to cross over his chest, but he kept them at his sides. Sebastian was going to be seeing him full-naked soon enough. “Because I really, really want to do that for you myself.”

“No, um… I was actually hoping to take a shower? It’s just, I danced a lot and—”

“Oh, thank god.” Sebastian started unbuttoning his shirt, lightning quick. “I still smell like coffee from when you went and dropped that bomb on me. Thanks for that, by the way.”

Well, that was convenient. Kurt wouldn’t look this gift horse (no pun intended) in the mouth. “You’re welcome,” he said blithely, busyng himself with his pants and underwear. Though these weren’t his tightest pair, getting his skinnies off was always an arduous task and he didn’t want to be hopping around in an enclosed space until someone ended up with a knee to the balls. That had
happened to him (to someone else because of him) before and once was enough. “Though you
should be thanking them for getting together and tilting the world off its axis. I was just the
messenger.” From the corner of his vision, just as he finally got the damn jeans off his body, he saw
Sebastian’s pants skidding across the tile floor, towards the hamper in the corner. Kurt rose to full
height, kicked his jeans in the same direction, and finally lifted his gaze to meet Sebastian’s.

His gaze wasn’t on Kurt’s face, though, too busy shamelessly roving up and down his body. “I will
be thanking them.” Sebastian looked up, and the hunger in his eyes knocked the breath right out of
Kurt’s lungs. “I wouldn’t have Kurt Hummel standing naked in front of me if it weren’t for them.”

Kurt could feel the blood rushing hot to his face, and Sebastian approached him until there was less
than a foot of space between them. He brought up his knuckles to brush over Kurt’s cheekbones
where they burned the brightest red. Then Sebastian skimmed his fingertips down Kurt’s jaw, his
neck, across his clavicle, far more tender in his touch than Kurt would have ever thought him
capable. “Always wondered how far down this blush of yours went,” Sebastian murmured, more to
himself than to Kurt. He danced his fingers across Kurt’s chest where the skin was flushed a light
pink, down to his navel, then ever so slowly down, down, down the shaved path of porcelain skin
leading to—

Kurt stopped the hand before it could reach its destination, laid it palm flat against his stomach.
“Have you ever watched Pretty Woman?”

Sebastian’s eyes flashed with hurt and he pulled his hand away. “You’re not about to make a
wisecrack about me being a whore, are you?” He said it jokingly, but Kurt still felt a pang of regret
for all the times he had called Sebastian such.

“No,” Kurt shook his head emphatically. “But Julia Roberts had a policy against kissing on the
mouth with someone she wasn’t emotionally involved with because it was too personal, and I guess I
was wondering if you shared that policy? Not that you’re a whore! There would be nothing wrong
with that if you were, though. One of the first semi-friends I made at NYADA turned out to be an
escort and everyone was so awful to him when they found out. Like, he was a jackass, but he was a
jackass for sleeping with other people and not telling his girlfriend, not because he got paid for it.
But, I mean… I don’t have a lot of experience kissing people I’m not emotionally involved with, and
you’re the self-proclaimed expert on casual sex here, so I just want to follow your lead.”

“Was that your convoluted way of asking for a kiss before I start touching your dick?”

“I’m normally much more articulate than this, you know that!”

“I do know that, better than most people, probably.” Sebastian was smiling at him again, with that
same look of immense fondness from before. Before Kurt could come up with a (well-spoken, no
doubt about it) response, Sebastian cupped Kurt’s jaw lightly in one hand and rested the other on his
hip. Kurt followed Sebastian’s lead, just like he said he would, and rested his hands on Sebastian’s
shoulder’s. “I don’t share that policy at all.”

“Good.” Then Kurt pushed himself up, and Sebastian tilted his head just so, and they met in the
middle for a kiss.

It was perfect. Kurt would be the first to admit that he hadn’t experienced all too many first kisses in
his life— what he lacked in quantity he made up for in quality, minus that one blight on his record—
but of the few he had, Sebastian Smythe was currently blowing every last one of them out the water.
There was no battle for dominance between their tongues, just a curious exploration of one another’s
mouths, an easy give and take. Everything about their kiss was easy, from the way Sebastian’s hand
cradled his head to the way their breaths naturally fell in sync. It was easy, but there was a fire
simmering below that made Kurt want to push Sebastian to the ground and have his wicked way with him right there on the cold bathroom tile. More than anything, it felt right. It felt more right than it had any right to. It felt like the world was tilting back onto its axis, correcting some error the universe had left unchecked and unnoticed for years.

*Maybe this is why Pretty Woman never kissed on the mouth.*

Kurt slid his arms up to wrap around Sebastian’s shoulder and bring him in even closer. He smiled into the kiss when Sebastian’s arms drifted down to circle around his waist and pull their bodies flush together.
The way Kurt saw things, English was actually his third language. His first was music; his second was fashion. It was for that reason that he wasn’t exactly surprised when he could hear the lyrics of some forgotten song tugging at the back of his brain. If any kind of higher-level thinking was going to make it through his brain when he was being kissed so very thoroughly, of course it would be contextually appropriate song lyrics.

_The first time ever I kissed your mouth, I felt the earth move in my hand._

He was a little surprised that Roberta Flack meant it literally.

Kurt’s eyes flew open when his feet came off the ground and he realized that it perhaps wasn’t the earth moving so much as the muscles of Sebastian’s back as he hoisted Kurt up—_oh god, he is strong enough to lift me without breaking a sweat or our kiss, that is so fucking hot_— and onto the counter at his back. Just a few seconds later, Sebastian pulled away with a gasp and took a few stumbling steps backward. Kurt let out a pitiful whimper at the lost contact.

“Just a sec, babe,” Sebastian reassured. He reached backwards into the shower stall, like he was afraid Kurt would disappear if he looked away, and turned on the faucet. When the muted roar of the shower coming to life sounded, Sebastian prowled forward once again. “Now where were we?” He asked, stepping into the space between Kurt’s spread legs.

Kurt threaded his hands through Sebastian’s hair and yanked him down, so fast Sebastian had to slam a hand against the vanity mirror to keep them both from crashing into it with their momentum. Their teeth knocked together for a split second before they readjusted, and then Sebastian was tracing Kurt’s cupid’s bow with his tongue and Kurt was sucking on Sebastian’s bottom lip and it was, again, _perfect_. Kurt would have happily spent the rest of the night with their lips latched together, but Sebastian withdrew. He dropped a peck to the corner of Kurt’s mouth before peppering a trail of kisses along his jaw and stopping right next to that magic spot behind Kurt’s ear that turned his legs to jelly if it was bitten. Sebastian wet the skin there with slow licks, and just the anticipation of what could come if he would slide his tongue up a little was enough to send Kurt’s hands flailing. One of them landed on the glass behind him, and Kurt used the hand there to push himself forward and hopefully get some teeth on him.

Or he would have, but then that hand went slip-sliding, and Kurt went flailing in a much less enjoyable manner, and Kurt’s head went bumping into the mirror behind him with a loud thunk.

“Holy shit, are you okay?” Sebastian yanked him back down off the counter by the hips and spun him around. “Are you bleeding?” He started prodding at Kurt’s scalp, and Kurt could see the panic in Sebastian’s eyes from his reflection in the (fogged up except for one lone streak where his hand had been, that explained things) mirror.

Kurt glared balefully at the condensation that ruined the mood. “It was barely a tap, Sebastian. I’ve had way worse, trust me.” He grabbed the hand still looking for a bump and paused it in its path,
using it to tow Sebastian towards the shower. “Come on, the water is hot and we’re wasting it.”

“Are you sure you don’t want some ice or something?” Sebastian asked as he slid the glass door closed behind them.

“Positive,” Kurt said, grabbing at the shower pouf and the body wash in the corner. He lathered it up and turned to face Sebastian, rubbing over his neck and chest. “And I don’t need you to kiss the boo-boo either.”

“But you wouldn’t mind if I did,” Sebastian said, his eyes falling shut and his hands grabbing at Kurt’s hips in anticipation as Kurt’s hand drifted down. Kurt bypassed his dick and slid his hand around to Sebastian’s back, prompting a disappointed groan.

“No, but there are other places I’d much rather be kissed.” Kurt ran the pouf over Sebastian’s arms and sides before handing it over.

“Well, there are other places I’d rather be kissed too,” Sebastian soaped up the pouf once more and gave a dozen or so perfunctory scrubs over Kurt’s upper half before sponging slowly over Kurt’s groin, the creases of his thighs, and then directing his full attention to Kurt’s ass. “But you don’t hear me whining.”

“You’re whining right now!” Kurt wasn’t able to give as much bite to the statement as he wanted, because that was when Sebastian decided to scrub hard down his crack, stopping to rub circles over his hole. Kurt whimpered and buried his face against Sebastian’s chest, arching his back in a silent request for more.

“Who’s whining now?” Sebastian sounded way too pleased with himself, and Kurt wanted to wipe that smug grin—he couldn’t see it, but he knew it was there—off his face. He reached down between them and cupped Sebastian’s balls softly, then he released them and wrapped a sudsy hand around Sebastian’s (impressively large, oh god, no wonder he was so goddamn cocky) girth and started stroking; his pace was unrelenting and he twisted his wrist on every upstroke. Sebastian let out a garbled, keening noise.

“Still you.”

Sebastian responded by bending down at the neck and sinking his teeth into the meat of Kurt’s shoulder. He probably meant it as a punishment, a non-verbal ‘fuck you,’ but all Kurt could think was yes, please do fuck me, that’s what I came here for and all he could vocalize was a wordless moan so loud he’d have worried about waking the rest of the house if he had the faculties for it at the time.

And then Sebastian shoved him away by the hips. He hung the shower pouf up without a word and pulled down the shower head to rinse himself off.

Kurt stared at him, dazed. “Wh… Why’d you stop?” He probably sounded pathetic, since that was definitely a whine. He probably looked it too, shivering after losing the hot water raining down on him.

Sebastian turned the hose on his face. He chuckled at Kurt’s surprised shriek, but was kind enough to direct the stream downwards. “Because I have a perfectly good bed not fifteen steps away,” he said as he washed Kurt off. He replaced the shower head and slid the door open, padding out and handing a fluffy towel over when Kurt followed—they were allowed to use the fancy towels! “So there’s no reason to fuck in the shower as part of a pissing contest.”
“Are you not into watersports, then?” Kurt joked, bending over to shake the water out of his hair. He was met with silence and looked up to see Sebastian gaping at him. He felt his face flush and he stood back up to full height. “Too much?”

Sebastian grinned from ear to ear and shook his head. “I’m utterly scandalized.” Then he delivered a sharp smack to Kurt’s rear, the sound of it reverberating throughout the room. “I didn’t think you had it in you.”

Kurt bit back a delighted squeak at the spank. Sebastian didn’t need to know how much he enjoyed that. Kurt didn’t trust him quite enough to share that knowledge yet. “There is more to me than you ever dreamed, Sebastian Smythe.”

Sebastian gave himself one final pat-down and dropped his towel. He reached forward and tugged at the one in Kurt’s hand until it too was abandoned to the floor. Then, as was fast becoming their custom, Sebastian put a hand on either side of Kurt’s waist and started steering them to where he wanted to go (in this case, Kurt assumed, his bed). “We’ve got all night, sweetheart. I look forward to learning.”
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

They bang!

Chapter Notes

Read/reblog on Tumblr.

Sebastian had evidently turned the bed down beforehand, so as soon as the back of Kurt’s knees hit the edge of the mattress, he was scrambling backwards to lie down lengthwise with his head on the multitude of (goose down, they would be goose down) pillows. Sebastian followed right after, settling between Kurt’s legs and holding himself up on his forearms.

With the way Sebastian was hovering, they weren’t touching at all, but Kurt could look at him, really look at him, in a way he’d never tried. He was close enough to see the banding of colour in his eyes — they were green. Kurt had always thought they were grey, but no, they only had rings of grey along the outside; overall they were green— and every fanned eyelash, count every last freckle and mole if he was given enough time.

It was entirely too much to take in at once, too intense. Kurt craned his neck up to capture Sebastian’s lips in a kiss, and slowly Sebastian sank down until his body was pressing Kurt’s into the mattress, a grounding weight. Sebastian began twitching his hips, small movements up and down that brought some much needed friction to their neglected cocks, but not nearly enough. Kurt broke away with a gasp, and Sebastian took the opportunity to duck down and nuzzle his face against Kurt’s throat. Kurt had never fooled around with someone who wasn’t clean-shaven (Blaine was actually really fanatical about it, like ‘will stop mid foreplay because he caught his five o’clock shadow in the mirror and he needs to run to the bathroom to handle that’ fanatical) and he hadn’t really noticed it against chin when they were kissing, but the scrape of Sebastian’s stubble against the delicate skin of his throat set his blood buzzing, maybe even more than the thick cock rubbing against his own.

“More,” Kurt demanded. He threw his head back to expose his neck and rocked his hips faster, grabbing at Sebastian’s firm ass to urge him to match pace.

Sebastian licked a broad stripe up to his jaw. “More what? Tell me what you want, Kurt,” he murmured. Then he kissed his way back down to where he had started, slow and lingering so Kurt could feel the rough tickle.

“More anything,” Sebastian chose that moment to start sucking a hickey into the juncture between Kurt’s neck and shoulder, and Kurt was keening before he could even finish the sentence. “Want you to fuck me! Please, Bastian, please. Pound me into the mattress. Please.”

“Fuck,” Sebastian growled against his skin. He rolled off of Kurt and pulled open the bottom drawer of his nightstand, hanging off the edge of his bed to dig through it.
Kurt took that time to grab one of the pillows by his head and fluff it before shoving it under his hips. This is really happening, Kurt reflected. I’m having sex again. I’m bottoming again. Thank you, universe. Oh my god, it’s been like seven months and I’m finally bottoming again! Yay! I made a good call on doing an enema. That last minute trip to Walgreens was totally worth it. Oh my god, I’m bottoming for the first time in seven months and it’s with a guy who’s hung like a horse! Will he even fit? No, no, of course he would fit. It was ridiculous to even question it. Kurt had read enough pamphlets to know he would. But what if he doesn’t?

“Are you okay?” Kurt turned his head to the side to look at Sebastian kneeling next to him, lube in one hand and gold foil square in the other. He put the condom down and spread his palm over Kurt’s heaving chest.

When had his breathing gotten so fast? Kurt laid his hand over Sebastian’s and took a deep breath—inhale positivity, exhale anxiety—before looking up at him. “I’m a little freaked out because it’s been so long,” he admitted. “Please be gentle?”

“Of course I will, you don’t even need to ask.” Sebastian leaned down for a kiss that was far sweeter than Kurt thought a smooch from a one-night stand (one-night stand didn’t sound quite right when it wasn’t a stranger. Fuck buddy? Friend with benefits? Whatever Sebastian was at this point) had any business being. He slid the hand on Kurt’s chest down to his hip, squeezed lightly as he pulled away to speak against Kurt’s lips. “So how long are we talking?”

Kurt was sure Sebastian could feel the heat of it when blood rushed to his cheeks. “It’s been around seven months.”

Sebastian sat bolt upright and stared at him with eyes like saucers. “You haven’t had sex for seven months? Oh my god, Kurt!”

Kurt propped himself up by his elbows. “I never said that! I haven’t been fucked for seven months, that’s totally different! And the drought is being extended if you keep staring at me all judge-y like that.” (That was a lie. There was no chance of that drought being extended when Sebastian was gorgeous and willing and right there. Not if Kurt had anything to say about it.)

“I’m not judge-y! I’m shocked-y! Shocked. I’m shocked. I’m so shocked I forgot basic English.”

“Yeah, well,” Kurt gave his very best effort to reining in his impatience. “I don’t need you to talk. I need you to fuck me.” It wasn’t a very successful effort.

“You need both, you love our repartee.” Still, Sebastian swung himself over Kurt’s thigh and settled himself between Kurt’s legs. “You confused me, y’know. A fuck is a fuck, in my vocabulary. Doesn’t matter if we use our hands or our mouths or if we even take our clothes off. As long as I make you fall apart, I’ve fucked you. And I will.”

Kurt let out a frustrated scream and dropped off his elbows to lie supine again. “I do not give one solitary fuck about your vocabulary, Sebastian. I did not self-administer an anal douche just to end the night without a dick up my ass!”

Sebastian, the fucking prick, started chuckling.

Kurt grabbed one of the many pillows within arm’s reach and chucked it at his head.

“Oof, hey!” He reached forward to pin Kurt’s wrists down before Kurt could nail him with another. “Sorry, I’m sorry.”

Sebastian was a goddamn liar, if the way his eyes sparkled with mirth was any indication. Kurt
couldn’t stay mad about it though, because Sebastian was a goddamn liar who had already figured out how much Kurt liked his stubble, and he followed up his apology by rubbing his prickly cheek against Kurt’s baby smooth one. “Let me make it up to you,” he murmured, before taking Kurt’s earlobe gently between his teeth and tugging. Sebastian sat back on his haunches and looked down at him hopefully. “Can I give you a rim—”

Sebastian didn’t even have to finish the sentence before Kurt was scrabbling to get on his hands and knees for him. Some distant part of his mind was screaming at him for not playing it cool, but it was overwhelmed by the louder, more carnal part of him that was overjoyed to have his ass lavished with the attention as it deserved. Kurt prostrated himself (which was ironic—he wasn’t about to worship, he was about to be worshipped), face pressed down to the cool bedsheets below and ass raised up to Sebastian’s face.

“— job? I guess that’s a yes then.” He splayed his hands over the plump, perky globes of Kurt’s ass and began kneading. Kurt pushed himself backwards, further into Sebastian’s grip. “Someone’s eager,” Sebastian said. Kurt could hear the smug smile on his face again. He couldn’t bring himself to care.

Sebastian laid a kiss on the small of his back and Kurt sighed happily, the sound muffled by the mattress below him. Then suddenly the hands were gone from his butt and Sebastian was grabbing him by the shoulders to pull him up a few inches off the bed. “Hey, no,” Sebastian said. He moved the hand on Kurt’s left shoulder to his chin, gripping it between thumb and forefinger and using it to turn Kurt’s head sideways. “I wanna hear all the pretty noises you make.” He set Kurt back down softly, now with his right cheek against the sheets, and gave two smart pats to his shoulder before moving back out of Kurt’s eye line.

Sebastian pressed his open mouth to the swell of Kurt’s right cheek, suckling softly while his hands roved over his thigh and other cheek. Kurt let out a contented hum, hamming it up a tiny smidgen for Sebastian’s sake (and only for Sebastian’s sake. Not because this made him feel so much better after Santana’s put-downs about the sound of his voice or anything, just out of the kindness of his heart).

Then he clamped his teeth down hard, almost hard enough to break the skin. Kurt shrieked so loud it bounced off the walls, no voice modulation required. “Like that one,” Sebastian said proudly, before he began to lap at the abused skin with a soothing tongue. Kurt fought to get his breathing under control, hands balling up the bedsheets under them, cock smearing precome all over his stomach. Sebastian rubbed the heel of his hand over the hickey forming on his ass—on his ass, Kurt was going to be walking away from this tryst tomorrow with a hickey on his ass—before grabbing both cheeks and parting them. Kurt could feel the cool air of the bedroom hit his pucker. He braced himself and waited for a warm tongue.

And waited.

And waited.

“Sebastian?” He got up on his elbows and threw a questioning look over his shoulder. Sebastian pushed down between Kurt’s shoulders mechanically, sending him back to his original position. If it weren’t for the fact that Kurt was a fan of being manhandled in the bedroom, he would have had strong words for him. “Is there a problem back there?”

“Do you bleach?”

“Bleach what?” Kurt squawked. He pushed himself up again. Sebastian pushed him down again.

“That’s a no, then,” Sebastian said, his voice inscrutable. “Do you wax?”
“No.”

“You like a gay Nash Grier or—”

“This is just your natural state of behind?”

“Yes, it is all-organic Hummel,” Kurt said emphatically. “Now are you done with this game of twenty questions?”

Kurt heard a strange rumbling noise behind him, and it got louder and louder until he realized Sebastian was growling. “Jesus fucking christ,” he said, voice low. “You’re fucking perfect.”

And then he promptly buried his face in Kurt’s ass.

Kurt gasped, high-pitched and breathy, but it was drowned out by the sound of Sebastian’s muffled moan. He didn’t even try to do anything with his mouth at first, just nuzzled his face deeper between Kurt’s parted cheeks. Then his hands shifted, so that instead of holding Kurt’s cheeks apart, Sebastian was squishing them together, against his face. His stubble kept grazing along the most sensitive, secret skin on Kurt’s body, and the pleasure-pain of it left his hips jerking erratically like his body wasn’t sure if it wanted more or less. (To think, Kurt had thought feeling that stubble against the cheeks on his front side was an experience!)

Sebastian pulled back just long enough to part Kurt’s cheeks once again, and then he licked a slow, wet trail with the flat of his tongue, from Kurt’s perineum all the way up to his tailbone. Kurt thrust his ass back, because his body most definitely wanted more of that. “You even taste good,” Sebastian muttered, before repeating the motion again and again, speed varying with every lap, until he decided to focus his attention on Kurt’s hole. He swirled his tongue over the wrinkle of Kurt’s pucker, over and over, clockwise and counterclockwise, making Kurt’s muscles relax slowly. Not just the muscles of his hole either. When Kurt was practically limp, butt being held up by Sebastian’s firm grip more than his own legs, Sebastian stiffened the tip of his tongue and drove it into Kurt’s spit-slick hole.

“Fuck!” Sebastian’s tongue was so long Kurt would have sworn he felt the ghost of it brush against the bottom of his prostate. After several more fucks in and out— because Sebastian was absolutely fucking his ass, just not with his cock— Sebastian flicked his tongue in a way that brought tears to Kurt’s eyes. He pulled out completely, but before Kurt could even let out a whine at the loss, there was a cold finger pushing in slowly, thrusting in and out while a warm tongue worked its way in beside it.

Kurt pulled himself together just enough to wrap a hand around his cock and push back on the finger stretching him open. “Another,” he demanded.

Sebastian withdrew his tongue and rested his chin on the cushion of Kurt’s left cheek. “Already?”

“Yeah,” Kurt panted. “I finger myself all the time, this is nothing.”

“Of course you do.” He pressed a kiss to where his chin had been, sat back up, slid out his finger added more lube, and slid two in. Kurt sighed dreamily at the fullness, wiggling his hips to encourage some movement. Sebastian obliged, scissoring his fingers to open Kurt up more. “If the whole Broadway thing doesn’t work out for you, you could make a killing in porn.”

“Flattery will get you everywhere.”
“Well, clearly,” Sebastian said. He pulled out his two fingers and pushed back in with three, corkscrewing them to get a yelp out of Kurt. “But I’m serious. You look and sound so pretty like this, I’d pay good money to watch you get wrecked.”

It was definitely one of the crudest compliments he’d ever received, but it left Kurt feeling pleased as punch. “Thank you, Sebastian. You know you’re in the process of doing it yourself for free though, right?”

“Oh I know,” Sebastian agreed. “I am cherishing this experience right now, trust me.” He paused his prepping to slick up his fingers again before pushing them in again. Sebastian glided his fingers along Kurt’s inner walls, making sure he was well-lubed. “I think you’re just about ready now. Unless you wanted another finger?”

Sebastian’s fingers slid over where Kurt was most sensitive, just for a second, but it was enough that Kurt had to squeeze around the base of his cock before something embarrassing happened. “No,” he reached behind him to grab Sebastian’s wrist and still it before it made another pass over that spot. “I just want you now.”
“I know that this position is the most comfortable for you,” Sebastian said as he took his fingers out, “but as much I’d love to watch your ass stretching around my cock, I want to see those gorgeous eyes of yours roll back into their head even more, if you don’t mind.”

“Is that your convoluted way of saying you want me on my back?” Kurt teased. Still, he flipped over without any objection. He reached beneath himself to readjust the pillow before parting his thighs and planting his feet firmly on the mattress.

Sebastian squeezed Kurt’s calf with his dry hand. “You get me,” he said with a smile. He patted around the bedsheets for the abandoned condom, unwrapping it and rolling it on quickly after he found it. It was a lot more efficient than Kurt would have pictured him being. Not that Kurt had ever pictured Sebastian putting on a condom, but if he had, he would have been sure Sebastian was the type to tear the wrapper open with his teeth or something. Where was the showmanship?

Sebastian kept his eyes locked on Kurt’s as he squirted a generous dollop of lube onto his palm. He slid his hand up and down his length to spread it out evenly, moving slowly like he was savouring the moment after going untouched for so long. Kurt licked his lips as he watched Sebastian pump himself back to full hardness, focus torn between the hand working itself over that beautiful cock and Sebastian’s lust-darkened stare. There was the showmanship he would have expected.

When Sebastian’s cock was glistening under the ceiling lights, he shuffled forward between Kurt’s legs, hand still wrapped around himself. Sebastian lay down over Kurt, whose arms drifted up to circle around his shoulders automatically. He circled the head of his cock around Kurt’s hole, catching on the rim but not pushing past it. “Ready?”

Kurt inhaled positivity, was pleased to note there was no anxiety to exhale. “Born ready.”

“Take a deep breath.”

“I know what I’m doing,” Kurt grumbled— because he would have taken a deep breath anyway, obviously— before doing as Sebastian said.

Sebastian snickered but said nothing more. He looked down between them as he directed his cock to Kurt’s hole, then kept his eyes trained on Kurt’s face, searching for any sign of pain as he popped past the first ring of muscle.
Kurt doubted he would find any. As Sebastian pushed in steady without a pause, Kurt breathed out slow and even. He didn’t register any discomfort. There was only relief and… gratification. Relief that his body still knew how to do this, still remembered just how much it liked being filled. Gratification that it was Sebastian reminding him, because it felt so fucking vindicating to have someone who had once been one of his biggest detractors confess that his insults had been lies, that Kurt had been beautiful even before he left Lima and finally got the chance to blossom. Sebastian had seen Kurt at some of his uglier moments (prodded Kurt into some of his uglier moments), so a compliment given freely felt bigger, more meaningful, coming from him than it did coming from a stranger who would only ever know him as a pretty face he spent the night with. And this was a lot more than a compliment. This was physical proof that Kurt Hummel turned Sebastian Smythe on. And fuck, it felt good.

“Kurt, sweetheart, can you open your eyes for me?”

Kurt hadn’t even realized he’d closed his eyes in the first place. He fluttered them open to the sight of Sebastian hovering over him in that too-much-to-take-in-too-intense way again. It didn’t really feel like too much this time around though, not with his nails digging crescents into Sebastian’s back and Sebastian buried inside him to the hilt. It felt exactly the right level of intense. “Hi,” Kurt whispered, smiling shyly.

“Hi,” Sebastian whispered back, grinning broadly. “It’s not too much?” He made a jerky half-nod toward where they were joined, “You’re good?”

Kurt’s smile brightened and he shook his head from side to side. “I’m great.”

“Great.” Sebastian lowered himself down and nestled his head in the crook of Kurt’s neck. He pressed a kiss to the skin there, took a deep shuddering breath, and stilled.

“Um… you can move now.”

“No, I can’t,” Sebastian muttered against the side of Kurt’s throat.

“Sure you can.” Kurt wasn’t going to break. He was one hundred percent ready to go. He clenched around Sebastian to let him know.

Sebastian produced a strangled noise of distress from low in his throat and ducked his mouth down to close it over Kurt’s collarbone, holding firm with his teeth.

Kurt gasped, one hand tangling in the hair at the base of Sebastian’s skull, the other rubbing slowly up and down his back. When Sebastian’s breathing calmed and his jaw relaxed, Kurt paused in his ministrations and tilted his head down to kiss a sweaty temple. “Are you okay?” Kurt felt a sudden flush of guilt that he hadn’t exactly been an attentive lover tonight, happy to just be on the receiving end of Sebastian’s attentions (and tongue) and let him take the reins. “Do you need to stop?”

“I’m better than okay,” Sebastian mumbled, “’s the problem.”

Kurt let out a questioning hum, petting over his back again and waiting patiently for Sebastian to collect himself.

A minute or two passed, and Sebastian heaved himself onto his elbows again. “Are you sure I stretched you enough?” Kurt nodded his head, but it wasn’t enough to satisfy Sebastian. “I need to hear the words come out of your mouth.”

“I’m sure you stretched me out enough,” Kurt enunciated.
“Well, fuck.” Without pulling back even an inch, Sebastian began rolling his hips in languid circles. It wasn’t any substantial movement, but Sebastian was so thick Kurt could still feel the shifting, and it felt amazing. “You have the most exquisite ass I have ever experienced.”

“Really?” Kurt was sure he had the goofiest grin on his face. One day he’d have to examine why praise like this garnered such a response from him. For today he’d bask in it. He matched the rotation of his hips to Sebastian’s.

“I’ll be the first to admit I don’t have anal as often as I’d like, but oh my fucking god.” Sebastian bent down to whisper directly in Kurt’s ear, “I thought I was gonna blow my load just being inside you. Needed a minute.”

Kurt lifted a leg to wrap it tight over Sebastian’s waist. “You’ve had a minute,” he said with a cheeky grin. The ‘so get to work’ went unspoken.

“That I have,” Sebastian agreed. He brushed his lips against Kurt’s before shifting back so they could look each other in the eye. “I’m gonna rock your world now.”

Sebastian cupped a hand under the back of Kurt’s knee and hitched the leg not already wrapped around him up onto his shoulder. He grabbed Kurt’s hips firmly and took a deep breath. Sebastian pulled out until only the head of his cock was still inside and thrust back in, nice and slow so Kurt could feel the drag of it.

“Again,” Kurt gasped, nails scratching sharply down Sebastian’s back and hips twitching eagerly. “Harder.”

Sebastian thrusted again and again, smooth pulls and fluid pushes that gradually picked up speed. He was like a well-oiled machine invented just to fuck Kurt, and damn if Sebastian Smythe wasn’t some solid craftsmanship. “You love this, don’t you?” He said it in panting breaths,

“Yes,” Kurt nodded his head eagerly. He’s about to start dirty talking, isn’t he? And if he does, I’m actually gonna like it… “God, yes.”

“No need to call me a god, Kurt. Just Sebastian is fine,” Sebastian quipped. He leaned down to lay an off-centre kiss to Kurt’s lips. Kurt accepted it as a tacit apology for the terrible, uninspired joke. “You look so fucking gorgeous like this, babe.”

“Bent in half for you?”

“Mmm,” the hands at Kurt’s hips tightened their grip, “all for me.” He turned his head sideways to kiss Kurt’s calf. “Crazy hot how flexible you are. Not quite what I meant though.”

Kurt reached between them to push Sebastian’s sweat-matted hair off his face. “What’d you mean then?”

“You look beautiful when you’re being fucked.”

Kurt groaned in embarrassment and covered his face with his hand.

“I’m serious!” Sebastian pulled Kurt’s hand away and pinned it down on the mattress. And then he maneuvered Kurt’s leg back down so both were wrapped tight around his middle and he was free to grab Kurt’s other hand and pin that one down too. “Never met someone so overjoyed to have a dick up their ass. Your face just lights up and your eyes sparkle and it’s beautiful.” The earnestness on his face faded into a wicked grin. “And I haven’t even hit you where you want it most, have I?”
Really, Kurt had no reason to be caught unaware. As soon as he saw that smile, he should have expected Sebastian to rise up on his knees and change their angle so he would finally hit Kurt’s prostate dead-on. He didn’t expect it though, so Sebastian got to see Kurt’s eyes roll back and hear a wail of pleasure just like he wanted. “Fuck, Bastian,” Kurt said on a shallow breath. He tightened his legs around Sebastian’s back, since they were the only thing keeping his ass suspended a few inches above the bed and all.

“Yeah,” he grunted, grabbing another pillow— it was ridiculous how many he had, honestly— to stack under them. Sebastian threaded his forearms under Kurt’s knees, so Kurt’s calves were dangling past his elbows, and grabbed Kurt’s hips again. Then he started pounding in even harder, catching Kurt’s prostate on every other upstroke. Kurt was bent in half and spread wide, effectively immobilized, and it was all he could do to arch his back and bear down on every thrust as he was reduced to a quivering, moaning mess. “God, look at you.”

Some very distant part of Kurt’s mind was miffed that he too occupied with getting his ass pummelled to string together a ‘No need to call me a god, Sebastian. Just Kurt is fine.’ That part of him started raking his nails up and down Sebastian’s back.

Sebastian just moaned when he did. He started jackhammering in, muttering filth as he moved. “So fucking good,” Sebastian growled, pushing in on every word. “Taking my cock so good, Kurt.”

“Feels good,” Kurt mewled. He wondered if it was possible to fall in love with someone’s body (or parts thereof) even if you weren’t in love with the person. If it was, he was absolutely there. “Feels amazing, Bastian, please.”

“Touch yourself for me,” Sebastian ordered. “Wanna feel you come around my cock.”

Kurt whimpered and reached a hand down between them to wrap it around his length, matching his pace to Sebastian’s thrusts and chanting his name like a prayer.

“Just like that, beautiful.” Sebastian’s hips started moving impossibly faster, and Kurt was glad for all the precome making his own cock slick enough for his hand to keep up. “Doing so good,” he murmured.

Kurt keened and focused his strokes to the head of his cock. He felt his balls tightening and knew that he was about to fall off the edge.

“Come on, sweetheart.” Sebastian kept talking, and if the way his thrusts were getting erratic was any indication, he would follow Kurt right off the cliff when the time came. “You’re so fucking good, Kurt. You’re such a good boy. Come for me.”

Those magic words ripped the orgasm right out of Kurt. He screamed, “Bas,” long and loud as the world flashed white in front of his eyes. His toes curled as he exploded over his fist, spurts of come landing on his stomach and chest.

Sebastian started coming just a few seconds after, repeating Kurt’s name over and over as his hips stuttered. When they were both finished, he yanked the pillows out from under their hips and flung them carelessly off the bed before setting Kurt down gently. Using both hands, he pulled out, leaving Kurt to wince and clench around emptiness while Sebastian took the condom off his slowly softening cock. He tied it off and tossed it into his trashcan— he had really good aim, wow— before slumping down, head pillowed on Kurt’s chest.

Kurt welcomed the weight. He needed that calming connection to a lover’s body after being so well fucked or else he’d float off into la-la land. He wrapped his arms around Sebastian’s shoulders and
waited for their heartbeats to slow, sweat and come cooling between them.
“Bastian,” Kurt mumbled, poking his shoulder gently.

Sebastian hummed in acknowledgement.

“Do you have wet wipes?” Kurt could feel his come tacky against his skin.

“Course I do,” Sebastian said, words muffled against Kurt’s skin. He made no move to get up.

“Sebastian,” Kurt said again, scolding.

Sebastian grumbled, but he rolled off of Kurt and slid open the top drawer of his night stand. He turned back around with a pack in hand, set it down between them, and they both cleaned off in silence. “So,” Sebastian said. He got up and went to his dresser to pull out a pair of boxers for himself and tossed another to Kurt. Then Sebastian strolled over to his desk, coming back with his wastebasket in one hand, two water bottles in the other, and a shit-eating grin on his face. “Now you know that I am just as great in bed as I say I am.”

Kurt let out a laugh as he gathered the balled up towelettes and dumped them in the basket. He sat back against the headboard and took a water bottle off Sebastian’s hands, uncapping it and draining it in one go. “Do you want me to write you a reference letter? In case anyone ever doubts you again.”

Sebastian chuckled and sipped from his own bottle. “I wouldn’t need it,” he said, putting his trashcan back in its proper place before sitting at the edge of the bed by Kurt’s knees. “You’re the first person I’ve ever met who questioned my prowess.”

“There is no way that’s true.”

“Oh, but it is! Most people see all of this,” he waved up and down his own body, “and rightfully assume that I’m getting as much ass as I want and that I know what to do with it.”

“Then it’s a good thing you found me tonight,” Kurt teased. “We gotta keep you on your toes.”

Sebastian smiled, leaned forward to peck Kurt’s cheek, but said nothing more. He chugged the rest of his drink and grabbed both their empty bottles before getting back up to make his way to the bathroom and closing the door softly behind him.

“Hey, Kurt?” Sebastian’s voice echoed from the bathroom a few minutes later.

“Yeah?”

“Your clothes are all wet so I’m putting them in with my laundry, okay? I’ll loan you an outfit tomorrow and get your stuff back to you at… some point.”
Kurt hesitated for a moment, but he would feel gross if he put the same outfit back on in the morning, and for all that Kurt would question Sebastian’s sartorial choices, his clothes were always well-cared-for. “Okay,” he agreed. “Not the jacket, though!”

“Obviously!” Kurt could honestly hear him rolling his eyes. The door opened and Sebastian came back out, both bottles refilled and Kurt’s jacket draped over his arm. He hung it off the back of his desk chair and emptied the pockets, depositing Kurt’s wallet on his desk and tossing the phone lightly onto the bed. “I swear to god, that phone went off ten times in the ten minutes it took me to do my business.”

Kurt grabbed it with his heart in his throat, relaxing when he scrolled through his notifications and realized it was just the New Directions group message. Everyone was having a boisterous discussion about his love life or lack thereof, even though half of them needed to be up for the day in less than six hours (and were just as single as he was, so there). He’d expect nothing less from them.

Sebastian plunked down beside him and peered over Kurt’s shoulder. “The polite thing to do would have been creating a new group where you’re not invited.”

“We used to be a lot better at confabbing without the person we were gossiping about finding out.” Kurt unlocked his phone to put it in Do Not Disturb mode. “This is honestly better though. I’d rather have the conversation happen in my face than behind my back. And this way they’ll feel a little shame when I open it up in the morning so they see that I saw.” He turned to Sebastian. “Do you have a charger I can use?”

“Yeah, hold on a sec.” Sebastian took the phone out of Kurt’s hand and replaced it with a pill bottle, reaching over to his nightstand for his charging cable.

“Do you have a headache?” Kurt opened the bottle of Advil and shook out a capsule.

“No, that’s for you, so you don’t get a hangover in the morning.”

Kurt stared down at the pill with a scrunched nose. “I only had two drinks.”

“So it’ll definitely work!” Sebastian poked him in the side. “I’m not budging on this. Take the damn medicine.”

I wonder if this is how Dad feels when I bully him into going on a power walk with me. Kurt tipped his head back and swallowed the Advil, chasing it down with a sip of water.

“Finish the whole bottle.”

This is definitely how Dad feels when I bully him into going on a power walk with me. Kurt rolled his eyes but kept drinking, just like how his dad would roll his eyes but wear the sweatband Kurt handed him. Honestly, it melted his heart a little to have someone look out for him and his best interests without veering into coddling territory. Kurt liked being taken care of, as long as the person doing it didn’t smother him or treat him like he was incapable of ever taking care of himself. He plopped the empty water bottle down on Sebastian’s lap, as well as the pill bottle, and swung his legs over the edge of the bed.

“Kurt, what are you doing?”

“I’m going to use the little boy’s room.” He eased himself to his feet gently, then took hobbling steps around the bed and to the bathroom door.

“You good to walk on your own already?”
Kurt snorted and shook his head in amusement. “I’ve done a two hour dance rehearsal with the toughest instructor at NYADA forty-five minutes after being fucked over the workbench in a scene shop. I think I’ll be okay.”

“I put a toothbrush out for you,” Sebastian called after him.

That maybe melted his heart more than a little. It was such a small, inconsequential gesture, but Kurt had come to learn that those were the ones that meant the most in the long run, told you the most about a person. Kurt made quick work of using the bathroom and stepped out with a spring in his step only slightly muted by his limp. The bed was already back in proper order, and Sebastian sat under the covers waiting for him with sleep-heavy eyes. Kurt turned off the lights and made his way to the bed, clambering over Sebastian’s legs to get to the other side and slipping under the blankets. “Y’know—” He stopped to yawn, then fluffed his pillow and laid his head down before speaking again. “I’m really glad I spent tonight with you, Sebastian.”

“Even though I was your number four?” Sebastian slid down beside him, close enough that their arms brushed together, and turned his head to Kurt. “I still can’t believe you had me ranked below Victor.”

Kurt turned onto his side to look at Sebastian, surprised at the sneer on his face. “What’s so bad about Victor?”

“He’s a Walmart version of me!”

That… fit. Kurt could see the similarities between the two. But still, that was mean. “Sebastian,” he said gently. “That’s mean.”

The sneer faded into a petulant pout. “It’s true, though! When I first met him last year, we were a few weeks into second semester but you could still smell the band geek on him. And normally that would be fine, except he wasn’t actually in our school’s marching band. Band geeks have sex with other band geeks, and he was stranded from his people. I thought to myself, ‘Sebastian, this child will never again get laid… unless he is remade. You could remake him.’ So that’s what I did.” He huffed loudly. “I’m way too good at everything, and it blew up in my face and he remade himself into me!”

Kurt’s shoulders shook with contained laughter.

“I don’t laugh at me,” Sebastian whined. “It’s awful! Our friend circle— which is supposed to be my friend circle— has plenty of hot, successful people to emulate. But no, let’s just take Sebastian’s mannerisms, and Sebastian’s flirting techniques, and Sebastian’s style and Sebastian’s fucking signature scent.”

“Awww,” Kurt cooed. “Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, y’know.”

“Fuck his flattery,” Sebastian grumbled. “It doesn’t feel flattering to have someone make themselves into a carbon copy of me.” He turned away to glare at the ceiling. “And I don’t appreciate people liking the carbon copy of me better than actual me.”

“Sebastian, look at me.” Kurt wiggled closer and cupped his jaw. “I like you better.”

“Fourth place, Kurt!” The pout was back in full force. “Out of five!”

Kurt couldn’t hold back the laughter anymore. He pressed his face to Sebastian’s bicep until he could compose himself, then heaved himself up to kiss the pout away. “You were one of those kids who got pissed if they got a 96 but the girl next to him got a 98, weren’t you?”
“What good is an A when you know that you could have gotten an A-plus?”

Kurt shook his head fondly and kissed him again. “I like you better,” he reiterated. “And if I got a do-over, you’d be number one with a bullet.”

Sebastian beamed at him, teeth glistening in the darkness. “As I should be.” He eased Kurt back down onto the bed gently, then manhandled him into being the little spoon. “Feeling’s mutual.”

Kurt reached up to tuck the blankets over them properly. It was probably a bad idea to go to sleep naked in September, but he was too damn tired to get up and put on pants, so he could only hope the Smythes preferred their home warm and toasty. “What feeling?”

“I’m really glad you spent tonight with me too,” he murmured, words slightly slurred from exhaustion. “And you were already my number one.”

Kurt contorted himself enough for one last kiss to Sebastian’s lips before settling back against his chest. “Good night, Sebastian.”

“Good night, Kurt.”
Kurt woke up feeling more well-rested than he had in months. He rubbed his face lightly against his pillow, then paused when he realized that his pillow was made of firm muscle encased in warm skin.

“About time you woke up. We’re going out for lunch or my stomach is gonna start eating itself.”

Oh, right, that had happened. Kurt had slept with Sebastian Smythe last night. And now he had his face smushed to Sebastian Smythe’s shoulder. And Sebastian Smythe seemed totally unbothered by the fact. Well, if he wasn’t having a freakout, Kurt wouldn’t have a freakout. They had both been aware of what they were doing last night, and they had both enjoyed themselves (really enjoyed themselves), and now they were cuddling, and it was pretty great. “Kay.” He shifted onto his side (but he didn’t shift away, because Sebastian was very warm and they were both rather naked) and looked at Sebastian’s profile. “What time is it?”

“Quarter past eleven,” Sebastian told him, attention directed down to where he was tapping at his phone with one hand, the other arm pinned down under Kurt and cupping the dip of his waist. “Guess I really wore you out, huh?”

“I’m in prime position to push you off this bed.” Kurt tightened his hold around Sebastian’s middle even as he said it. “When did you wake up?”

“Around an hour ago,” Sebastian said with a shrug.

“Around an— why didn’t you get me up?”

Sebastian shrugged again. “You were comfortable.”

Kurt didn’t know whether Sebastian meant he didn’t want to interrupt Kurt’s comfort, or that having Kurt pressed to his side was comfortable. Both were good answers. He redirected his attention down to where Sebastian was texting away, then squinted as he noticed the edge of the case was a familiar shade of blue. “Is that my phone?”

“Yeah,” Sebastian admitted readily. “I was bored and it was right there within arm’s reach. Your fault for unlocking it in front of me for last night.”

Kurt should have felt the compulsion to read Sebastian the riot act, but his mind was too busy pulling a thread of conversation from the night before to its forefront. And not a conversation he’d had with Sebastian.

“If your friend didn’t see the boundary issues in finding out where you lived so he could announce his mentorship, you should probably password protect that thing.”

“Oh my god!” Kurt sat up suddenly, twisting around to face Sebastian and wrapping the duvet around himself. He tapped at Sebastian’s chest excitedly. “You are gay Yoda!”
Sebastian gaped at him, blood rising to his cheeks. “He seriously told you about that? You met him last night!”

“At which point we instantly clicked!” Kurt threaded his fingers together and held his hands below his chin, swinging them lightly from side to side. “And my face is very trustworthy,” he said, widening his eyes and fluttering his lashes to further emphasize his guilelessness.

Sebastian groaned and got up from the bed. “Your face is stupid,” Sebastian announced as he walked into the bathroom.

“You already told me it was beautiful,” Kurt called after him, eyes already on his phone to see what Sebastian had been up to. “No take-backs!”

From: Daniel Beane

Hey, Kurt, it’s Daniel from Envy Lounge. So I’m told you guys weren’t exactly happy to see each other, but on the off-chance that Sebastian is with you right now, could you let him know that I have all his stuff and I’ll give it back to him at lecture? Thanks a bunch!

From: Daniel Beane

Also, I hope you guys managed to work through whatever bad blood was between you. Victor kept pestering me for your number but I didn’t give it to him because I thought that was creepy. That was the right call, right? Any-who, we should grab coffee some time!

To: Daniel Beane

U didn’t have enuf fun last nite if ur comfortably typing in full sentences b4 noon BUT u did indeed make the right call so I forgive u. Pretty sure Kurt will give me a ride to campus but if not ill figure it out. We defo did work out our bad blood tho. W //spectacular// results!!! ;) ;) ;) -Seb

From: Daniel Beane

It literally hurt my eyes to read that. For multiple reasons. Glad you’re okay.

To: Daniel Beane

<3 u 2

From: Daniel Beane

You could at least use emojis. They are a tap away.

To: Daniel Beane

❤  u 2

Kurt snorted in amusement and shook his head. He fixed Daniel’s contact name so it was cute, dropped his phone back onto the comforter, and stood up to stretch before meandering over to Sebastian’s dresser mirror to size himself up.

Ahh, I got that special “guess who just got some” glow. No need to guess, world, it’s me! Kurt
Hummel got some.

Kurt leaned forward to run his fingers through his hair in a half-assed attempt to tame it before abandoning that endeavour. The hair complimented the skin perfectly as it was, so Kurt stole a spritz of one of Sebastian’s hairsprays to preserve his bedhead. He grabbed the lone bottle of face lotion on Sebastian’s dresser and helped himself, hissing at the prickles and throbs of pain he felt when he ran his hands over his throat. He pulled his hands away and tilted his chin up slowly, then felt his jaw drop at what he saw there.

“Oh my god, no!” Kurt practically wailed in anguish at the sight of his neck, red with irritation and covered in hickeys.

Sebastian burst back into the bedroom, face half-covered in shaving cream and razor still in hand. “Okay, I know I shouldn’t have, but— wait, what’s wrong?”

Kurt turned to Sebastian and waved up and down over his throat. “I look like I was your personal chew toy.”

Sebastian grinned with self-satisfaction, shrugged, and walked back to the bathroom. “You kind of were.”

Kurt followed him in so he could examine himself in the brighter light, massaging at the bite mark over his shoulder. “A ’sorry for roughing you up like this, Kurt. I just got caught up in the moment’ would be nice.”

“You like being roughed up,” Sebastian argued as he shaved the other half of his face. “I may have been caught up in the moment, but I’m not sorry.”

Kurt cocked a hip against the counter and watched him work, one arm crossed over his chest and propping up the elbow of the other. “You cannot definitively say that I like it rough after spending one night with me, you arrogant ass.”

Sebastian smiled (arrogantly) and patted on some aftershave. “Maybe not,” he agreed. He turned and stared pointedly at Kurt’s hand, which had drifted from shoulder to collarbone. “But you’re still playing with the bruises, so I’m pretty sure I’m right.”

Kurt dropped his hand like a hot brick. He felt his face flush and he crossed his arms over his chest defensively. “Just because you know this about me doesn’t mean I want anyone else knowing about my… preferences.”

“You say that like it’s a dirty word. You know it’s nothing to be ashamed of, right?”

“It is private.”

“All right, all right.” Sebastian held his hands up in surrender, smirk still firm on his face. “My grandmother forgets I’m a grandson sometimes and sends me girl scarves from random boutiques. I’m sure you would feel right at home wearing one.”

Kurt sniffed haughtily. “Fashion has no gender. I trust she has better taste than you, since that’s a very low bar to set for anyone.” His lips quirked at the corner as he tried to hold back a smile.

“Then I will get you a scarf, princess,” Sebastian assured. He made his way out and closed the door behind him.

“Thank you, pauper,” Kurt shouted as he wet his toothbrush.
Faintly, he heard a holler of ‘you’re welcome’ over the rush of water.

Chapter End Notes

So I noticed this fic has hit 300 kudos, how RAD is that???

Thank you guys so much for reading/liking/reviewing. It means the world to me.
THINGS ARE GONNA BE PRETTY SCHMOOPY FROM HERE ON OUT. THIS IS YOUR ONLY WARNING. I'M SORRY!!

Read/reblog on Tumblr.

Back in the early days of Klaine: Sexually Active (But Not That Sexually Active) Edition, while they were both living at home and their parents had erratic schedules that would take them in and out of the city on short notice, there had been a few occasions where Kurt would find himself suddenly spending the night at Blaine’s house. They wouldn’t have sex every time; it was just nice to have a cuddle buddy while sleeping. On every such occasion, Kurt would find himself wearing a pair of pyjama pants that were full length on his boyfriend but fit Kurt like capris. He hated them with a passion, not least because they rode up to places only lovers and doctors had the right to be, but Blaine insisted there would be hell to pay if he borrowed an old pair from Cooper’s room, despite the fact that Cooper didn’t live there anymore and would never know. Then lo and behold, the one time Kurt stayed over while Cooper was in town, brother dearest offered a pair himself. He’d scolded Blaine for not loaning clothes from Cooper’s closet from day one, actually, because ‘you’re going to cut off circulation to his thighs, Blainers! And those thighs would be dearly missed.’ Kurt never figured out why exactly Blaine had never even bothered to actually ask his brother if it would be okay to borrow clothes every once in a while, but it still stung a little, now that he was thinking about it again.

_The boy who sincerely considered me the love of his life and had every intention to marry me one day couldn’t or wouldn’t make that one ridiculously minor effort to ensure my comfort— even though I always dug out stuff from before my growth spurt for him. And the guy who used to be my nemesis, who I’m going out for a friendly lunch with after we shared a casual fuck, didn’t hesitate to turn his closet upside down on a quest to find one particular pair of track pants that he thinks I’ll like better than the other perfectly good track pants he owns. When in the world did Sebastian Smythe become a bona fide sweetheart?

“Sebastian, you really don’t need to go to this trouble,” Kurt protested for the third time as he restored the walk-in to neatness (better than neatness, since Kurt reflexively organized by degree of formality, texture, and colour, whereas Sebastian had just… folded things and put them away, like an animal). “I won’t break out into hives if I wear Abercrombie just this once.”

“Kurt, you will honestly be doing me a favour if you wear these stupid pants. God knows I never will,” Sebastian told him as he hunted through another drawer in his dresser. “The only reason I haven’t thrown them away already is because I’d feel guilty about trashing a gift from my grandma.”

“The same grandma who keeps getting you scarves?” Kurt took a step back to admire his work and fiddled with the ends of the (probably meant for women, possibly designer, certainly lovely) silk scarf tied around his neck. He was fully dressed except for the lack of pants, and Kurt thought that maybe he shouldn’t have felt perfectly comfortable in Sebastian’s company in such a state of dress when they wouldn’t be having sex any time soon.

“Yeah, I think she figured when she got a gay grandson that I would automatically dress like… well,
you. She’s gotten better about, but she still has a tendency to go shopping and buy clothes she wishes I would wear rather than anything I’d actually like.”

Kurt came out of the closet— again (ha! No matter how many times he made that joke in his head, it would always put a smile on his face)— and plopped down on the bed, bouncing lightly as he watched Sebastian rummage. “She’s trying to force fashion into your life, Bastian. It’s a noble cause.” He heaved a heavy sigh. “I suppose positive change only comes to those who want it.”

Sebastian snorted, then made a sound of victory. He turned around, elbowed his drawer shut, and tossed a bundle of black fleece towards Kurt’s face. He had very good aim.

The bundle slid down from Kurt’s face to his lap, unfurling as it fell. Kurt gasped as he recognized the subtle floral print spread over the black jersey. “Sebastian,” Kurt said, voice hushed as he ran a finger reverently over the edge of one shiny leaf. “This is Versace.”

“Like the Drake song?”

“He was only a feature, technically,” Kurt corrected absentmindedly. He looked up to see Sebastian doing his hair in the dresser mirror, probably only half-listening to what Kurt was saying. “Are you sure you want me borrowing this? It’s Versace. And it retails over four hundred dollars.”

“It’s shiny and covered in flowers, and cost me exactly zero dollars,” Sebastian responded, not bothering to look away from the mirror. “It would be ideal if you took it off my hands forever.” Then he started to put on some cologne, like that was that.

Kurt would have protested more, but he could hear the siren call from the couture in his hands. Wear me, it sang. I’m beautiful and I’m not being appreciated and I’m practically your size. Wear me! Who was Kurt to deafen his ears to that? “Oh my god,” he breathed as he slid the track pants on. Kurt ran back to the closet so he could look at himself in the full-length mirror. “It would be ideal if you took it off my hands forever.” Then he started to put on some cologne, like that was that.

And then, because Kurt was stupid and he didn’t think before acting, he skipped back out, threw his arms around Sebastian’s shoulders, and planted one on him. What the hell was wrong with him? Why would he make everything awkward like this? The window for post-coital kissing was closed! They were going out to a friendly lunch! There was nothing friendly about sticking your tongue in someone’s mouth!

Sebastian kissed back though. He didn’t miss a beat before his arms were around Kurt’s waist and he was giving as good as he got. Kissing Sebastian was just as wonderful in the light of day as it had been the night before, even though they didn’t have the added rush of newness and anticipation anymore. It was a different kind of wonderful, sunnier and more familiar but still utterly thrilling. Kurt pulled away before they ended up back in bed— they hadn’t eaten anything resembling a proper meal in twelve hours; that would just be irresponsible— and bit his lip when he saw the dazed look on Sebastian’s face. Wow, I did that.

“It was just some ugly pants, Kurt,” Sebastian said, voice a little shaky.

Kurt kissed his cheek before sitting down to put his boots on “Where does your grandma live?”

Sebastian grabbed his backpack— the poor soul, Kurt couldn’t imagine suffering evening classes on a Friday— and slipped into a pair of boat shoes. “Paris, why?”

“I’m gonna fly out to Paris and go shopping with her so that someone appreciates her impeccable
taste,” Kurt explained, standing back up and sticking his things in his pockets before he grabbed his jacket.

Sebastian laughed and slung an arm over Kurt’s shoulder—*totally* unnecessary, since it wasn’t like Kurt was going to wander away and get lost on the path from Sebastian’s bedroom down to the car, but Kurt still found himself stepping into Sebastian’s side— to guide them out the bedroom. “I will happily buy your ticket as long as I’m not stuck wearing whatever froufrou shit you two will inevitably fool yourselves into thinking is worth buying.”
“This feels familiar,” Kurt noted. He looked down at the hand slapped over his ignition and then back at Sebastian. “I’ve been driving since I was twelve,” Kurt informed him with a proud smile. “So you have no cause for concern.”

“I’m a little concerned by that,” Sebastian said with a furrowed brow, “but we can leave that little tidbit for another occasion.” He exhaled heavily and dropped his head back onto the headrest behind him, bouncing a little with the force of his movement. “I did something kind of dickish.”

Kurt stared at him expectantly, waiting for him to elaborate. “You’re going to have to be more specific.”

Sebastian sighed again, then leaned over and shoved his hand into Kurt’s pants pocket. Kurt didn’t even flinch at the invasion of his personal space. Not like he hasn’t had his hands in this vicinity already. Sebastian’s hand closed around his phone, and Kurt lifted his hips up so it could slide out easier. He fiddled with it before handing it to Kurt silently.

From: Quinn FABray

He’s cute! I approve.

To: Quinn FABray

I’m cuter.

Attached was a selfie of Sebastian, a smug grin clear on his face. Also clear was the fact that he was shirtless. Also clear was the fact that he was shirtless in bed. Also clear was the fact that he was shirtless in bed cuddled up with another shirtless man who happened to have thick, chestnut brown hair and a single line of black text tattooed on the pale skin of his upper right back.

Kurt didn’t need to read anymore. He dropped his phone into the cupholder beside him and pinched the bridge of his nose between his thumb and forefinger. “You dick.”

“I know. I cussed your friends out in your group chat too, if you want to look at that.”

“I do not.” Kurt let out a whooshing breath, then straightened up and put his seatbelt on. “Lunch was going to be on me, but now you can just forget it.”

Sebastian nodded heavily. “I figured as much.” He reached into the backseat for his bag and Kurt realized he had done that thing again where he accidentally sent a cute boy packing. Though Sebastian clearly did not need any reminding that he was cute.

“Sit back down, we’re still going!” Kurt grabbed the hem of Sebastian’s t-shirt and tugged him until he was back in his seat.
“But you just said I can forget it.”

“Yeah, as in you can forget about me buying you lunch. I’m not saying no to lunch altogether because of this.”

“So you’re not mad?”

“No, I’m mad at you.”

“Then don’t subject yourself to dealing with my mug for another hour, Kurt,” he said, though he didn’t look or sound happy to say it. “It’s cool.” He started reaching into the backseat for his backpack again.

“Oh, for God’s sake!” Kurt unclicked his seatbelt and got up on his knees so he could grab Sebastian by the shoulders. He pulled and shoved Sebastian back into the passenger seat, then strapped Sebastian’s seatbelt in to keep him in place. “I like your mug! I don’t like what your mug did, but that doesn’t mean I don’t want to deal with it.”

“Why would you voluntarily spend time with someone you’re pissed at, you masochistic weirdo?”

“Because I’m not that pissed, you bratty douchebag!”

Sebastian scrutinized him for a moment, then shook his head and smiled. “You’re really okay with it.”

“Mmm, I wouldn’t be saying okay just yet, mister.” Kurt poked his arm in warning. “You were rude and disrespectful and I don’t appreciate anyone going through my phone and texting my friends about things that aren’t their business without my permission. But,” Kurt stopped speaking for a dramatic pause. He faced forward and fastened his seatbelt before continuing, “I do appreciate you admitting your dickishness instead of leaving me to find out about it on my own when I get mobbed by my beloved clucking hens.”

“I figured if you checked your texts on the road and found out that way, you’d push me out the car so you could run me over.”

“And jack up my insurance rates? Never.” Kurt turned on his ignition and readjusted his settings. “Even if I did text and drive, which I do not and which you most definitely should not do either, I don’t think this was a vehicular manslaughter level transgression. It’s really not that big of a deal, Sebastian,” he said, reaching over to squeeze Sebastian’s knee before putting the car in drive. “I can’t hold a grudge to save my life, so I’m pretty much over it already. Don’t worry about it.”

“Seriously? Kurt, your friends all know you slept with me! I can’t believe you’re not throwing me murder face right now. I’m super happy you’re not, don’t get me wrong, but it’s freaking me out.”

“Well, it’s not like they were never gonna find out! I would have liked to tell them myself, but you and that chip on your shoulder just couldn’t help yourself.” He sent a sharp glare Sebastian’s way, before scrunching his nose with a silly smile and turning back to the windshield.

Kurt paused in front of the gate as it swung open for them automatically, and glanced over again to see Sebastian staring at him with wide eyes. “You would have told them?”

“Of course I would have told them,” Kurt said as he rolled through the exit, a little confused at Sebastian’s clear surprise. “I’m a single, consenting adult. You’re a single—” He felt his body stiffen, but he forced his voice to stay light. “You are, right?”
“Yes, I’m single. Even when I was fine with enabling cheating, I wasn’t fine with doing it myself. I just want to make that clear.”

“Okay, well, people only refuse to kiss and tell if it’s someone they shouldn’t be kissing or the kiss was no good. We are both single, consenting adults who had what I thought was a pretty great time last night, and I’m not even talking about just the sex. Why would I keep it a secret?”

“Because you had a great time with me.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“I’m the asshole who tried to sabotage your team’s setlist and blackmailed you guys and just… sleeping with me isn’t exactly something to brag about. I wouldn’t have taken it personally if I was a secret you took to your grave.”

“In the immortal words of the endlessly wise Taylor Swift, *who you are is not what you did.*” He stopped at a red light and turned to look Sebastian in the eye. “You are not a dirty little secret, Sebastian Smythe. Not for me.”

Fondness was not a strong enough word for the look on Sebastian’s face. He yanked the diagonal strap of his seatbelt out of the way so it was behind him, leaned over the console, and cupped Kurt’s cheeks in his hands for a kiss. Kurt’s hands left the wheel so he could lay them over Sebastian’s, sliding down to rub circles into Sebastian’s inner wrists.

They only pulled away from each other when the truck behind them leaned on the horn, and Kurt was glad for the hold he had around Sebastian’s wrist because otherwise he wouldn’t have been able to smack it down before Sebastian had the chance to flip the guy off. He turned his attention back to the road and released the brake. “No more kissing me until we’re parked,” Kurt decided. “Your lips are too distracting.”
As soon as they were parked in front of a campus eatery and their seatbelts were unfastened, Sebastian pulled him back into another kiss. Kurt didn’t need to keep his foot on the brake anymore, so he had no qualms about crawling over the console and into Sebastian’s lap when he felt hands at his waist tugging insistently. This would be a friendly lunch where they occasionally stopped to make out, apparently. That was more than fine with Kurt.

Then Kurt suddenly remembered where exactly they were, so he pulled away to open Sebastian’s door and spilled out onto the sidewalk. He rested his hands on the hood of his car and waited for the cool air to calm his heartbeat (and his libido).

Sebastian stepped out after him, leaning against the open doorframe. “What did my lips distract you from this time?”

“The fact that we’re in public in Ohio.”

“Kurt…” Sebastian sighed heavily and straightened up his posture. Then his lips quirked up at the corner. He cleared his throat. *Oh god, no, what is he about to—* “I did not self-administer an anal douche,” Sebastian announced to the world at large, loud and clear for anyone in the lot (or on the street) to hear, “just to attend a school where I am made to feel unsafe if I express affection towards a same gender partner!”

The world at large was unmoved by his declaration. Not one soul walking by even paused in their stride. A girl with hair dyed the same shade of scarlet as her school sweatshirt muttered a ‘hell yeah’ at them as she passed, but that was about it. No glares or jeers or menace like Kurt would have expected.

Kurt blushed red as a beet. “I don’t like you,” he grumbled, crossing his arms over his shoulder.

“Fun,” Sebastian said as he stuck his head back in the car. He came back out with his backpack and Kurt’s keys, shutting the door closed and locking up before stuffing the keys in Kurt’s front pocket. “I don’t like you either,” he drawled, patting over Kurt’s hip.

Kurt chuckled at the memory of their younger selves and grabbed Sebastian’s hand, automatically swivelling around to make sure no one was about to give them any flack for the action. “I actually like you a whole heck of a lot.” He winced and bit his lip when he realized what had just come out of his mouth—he sounded like a freaking seventh grader or something—but made no attempt to backtrack, because it was the truth. He didn’t know when it had crept up on him, and he didn’t know what, if anything, to do with the knowledge, but he genuinely liked Sebastian as a human being and there was no point in trying to take it back after Kurt had already told him as much.

“Well, who wouldn’t?” Sebastian grinned and swung their arms together obnoxiously. “I like you a
whole heck of a lot too,” he said, only slightly teasing, as he tugged Kurt inside.

Kurt luxuriated in the fizzy feeling in his stomach brought about by Sebastian’s words before he looked around the cafeteria layout in confusion. “How does this work?”

Sebastian disentangled his hand from Kurt’s to grab at either side of his waist and guide him towards a low, narrow, curving ramp a few feet to the side of the entrance. “Do they not have dining halls at NYADA?”

“No, we have a coffee shop in our student commons, but that’s it. If you added up my school’s entire student body and faculty, we’d still have less than four hundred people. And maybe a quarter of our population is in student housing, so they get a kitchen space, but other than that we all fend for ourselves. They like to say that being in the heart of the city, minutes from any kind of restaurant imaginable, is part of the NYADA’s charm.” Kurt looked over his shoulder to catch Sebastian’s eye. “I’m pretty sure the school just doesn’t have the space or the customer base and they wanna sound fancy.”

“Ah, one thing Ohio has never lacked is plenty of space.” They hit the top of the ramp and Sebastian gestured expansively. “Grab what you like and I charge it to my meal plan, we grab a spot and eat, not a difficult concept.”

“You paid for us yesterday, Sebastian. I can cover it this time.”

“You don’t have a meal plan to charge it to,” Sebastian said matter-of-factly. He grabbed a tray and started loading it up.

“I’m doubtful they don’t accept cash.”

“And also, I ended up spending way more on my meal plan than I needed last year, and I’m pretty sure I did it again this year, so I’m trying to buy food for anyone who’ll take it so I don’t embarrass myself.”

Kurt was pretty sure Sebastian was just talking out his ass, but that wasn’t exactly new for him, and this was very benign ass-talking, so he’d let it go. He pulled a bottled smoothie out of the glass-doored fridge in the corner and plunked it down on Sebastian’s tray along with a bag of mixed nuts.

“Thank you, Bastian.” He pecked him on the cheek and glanced around for angry onlookers by habit. Still none.

Sebastian accepted the kiss easily, but looked at him with a cocked eyebrow. “Are you eating this little because you don’t want me spending money on you?”

“I have never been one to feel compunction about letting a beautiful man of means buy me something nice, thank you very much,” Kurt said with his nose stuck up in the air. “Today’s our last practice before the visiting alumni head home, so we’re gonna have a farewell dinner at Breadstix where we all eat way too much and hate ourselves in the morning. I need an empty stomach going in, you know how it is.”

“Breadstix? Is that some kind of buffet place or something?”

Kurt gasped loudly and stared at him with wide eyes. “You’ve never heard of Breadstix?”

“I clearly have not.”

“It’s like this terrible Olive Garden knock-off. I can’t believe you’ve been to the Lima Bean and freaking Scandals but you’ve never been to Breadstix! You’re not really from this part of Ohio
unless you’ve been to Breadstix. You are missing out on an experience pivotal to our cultural identity.”

“So it’s terrible… but you still go there, and you’re outraged that I have never been.” He moved over to the register and let the cashier ring up his meal. “I bet you anything that this a Lima-specific thing. This feels like Lima brand strangeness.”

“Anything? That’s a dangerous thing to offer,” Kurt teased.

“Anything.”

“Challenge accepted.” Kurt scanned the people surrounding them before he turned to the guy at the next register over and tapped him on the shoulder. “Excuse me, hi, are you from the area?”

He looked confused at being spoken to so abruptly, but shrugged and wiggled his hand. “Ish. Mansfield, about an hour out.”

“Have you ever been to this Italian restaurant called Breadstix? It’s in Lima.”

“Ugh, I fucking hate that place.” He made a face of disgust and shook his head. “And I still go at least twice a year.” He grabbed his tray and walked down the exit ramp, muttering about endless breadsticks that tasted like cardboard.

Kurt turned back to Sebastian with a victorious smile on his face.

“I feel like I’m the one who won just by virtue of never having visited this Breadstix you speak of.” Sebastian picked up his tray and started down the ramp.

“No, no, I definitely win.” Kurt fell into pace with him as easy as breathing, and they slid into a booth by a window in the corner. He had planned to say something about being a very graceful winner, but then the clouds parted and the midday sunlight streamed down on Sebastian’s face, illuminating the freckles on his nose and making his eyes look extra green. The sight left Kurt a little sidetracked.

“Fine, I concede defeat.” He smiled so bright it put the sun outside to shame and Kurt was totally gone. “Pick your prize, Hummel.”

Kurt cupped the back of Sebastian’s neck and guided him down so their lips could meet for a proper kiss, heedless of the lunch crowd still filling the hall. The world kind of faded to a quiet buzz when he did.

“That’s a waste of an open-stakes bet,” Sebastian murmured against his lips as he pulled away.

“Huh?” Kurt blinked slowly, feeling a little dazed.

“You could have said you wanted an apartment in SoHo or something. I would have kissed you for free.”

“Oh, no, that wasn’t me collecting. I’m gonna need a little time before I decide what I want out of you.” Kurt shrugged. “You just looked really handsome is all.”

Sebastian smiled again, and he needed to stop that or Kurt would end up crawling into his lap again and looking trashy. “I always look really handsome though. By that logic you should constantly be making out with me.”
“If I did, when would we speak?” He stole a fry off Sebastian’s plate and popped it in his mouth before unscrewing his smoothie bottle. “Or eat?”

“I do enjoy eating,” Sebastian agreed. He pulled his food closer and knocked his knee against Kurt’s lightly. “And talking to you, I guess.”

“You’d better!” Kurt smiled and returned the leg nudge. “Now, talk to me about the class that dragged your ass out to school on a Friday. Philosophy, right?”
With their meals finished, tray pushed aside, Sebastian reached into his backpack for a pack of mints. He shook one out for himself and tossed it into his mouth, then grabbed Kurt’s wrist, turned his palm up, and shook another one out for Kurt.

Kurt rolled the mint between his fingers with a faint smile on his face before he popped it in his mouth. “Do you remember last night, how you said that being nice still isn’t natural for you?”

“I do recall.”

“I think you’re a lot kinder than you give yourself credit for.”

“Because I gave you an Ice Breaker?” Sebastian squinted at Kurt. “They’re like three cents each. And I mean, I plan to be kissing you, so…” He grinned impishly before ducking down to do exactly that.

Kurt let their lips meet but pulled away before tongues got involved and he lost his train of thought. “You’ve done a lot more than give me a mint since we ran into each other again to indicate that you are secretly a Good Person.”

“I can hear you capitalizing, y’know. But…” Sebastian slipped the pads of his index and middle fingers under the scarf around Kurt’s neck so he could press down on the hickey they both knew was there. “I’ll bite.”

“Douche,” Kurt muttered, batting Sebastian’s hand away when he felt his own heartbeat speed up.

“Am I a douche or am I a Good Person? I’m getting mixed signals here,” Sebastian teased, relaxing back into the booth and throwing an arm over the back of the seat.

“They’re not mutually exclusive!” Kurt slouched sideways and rested his head on Sebastian’s arm. “I’m a bitch and a half, but I like to think that I’m a Good Person despite that.”

“Oh please,” Sebastian scoffed. “I did my research after I met you. Your saintliness is the stuff of legends. You’re literally the best person I know and I know you know it too, so don’t go fishing for compliments.”

“See?” Kurt laid a palm over Sebastian leg, right above the knee, and jostled his leg excitedly. “Telling someone that he’s great is nice.”

“That wasn’t nice,” Sebastian argued with an eye roll. “It was just a statement of fact!”

“How about the fact that you literally adopted not one, but two forlorn gay youths? Don’t think I didn’t make that connection.”
“That’s… Lonely people try to kill themselves.”

Kurt inhaled sharply, tightening his grasp on Sebastian’s thigh.

“Ow!” Sebastian tugged on the hand until Kurt relaxed his grip. “Babe, chill. Don’t go angsty on me. I’m not saying that either of them would. They were both perfectly happy and well-adjusted and getting by fine without me, I didn’t pull anyone off the ledge or whatever you’re thinking. It’s just that I felt really guilty after the whole thing with Dave—”

“That was not your fault! I know we all did him wrong, but we all put our big boy pants on afterwards and did what we could to make things right again. It wasn’t anyone’s fault but the bigots who harassed him, so please don’t tell me you’re still beating yourself up over some stupid shit you did in high school when the person you did it to already forgave you.”

“I’m not!” Sebastian used his free hand to pinch Kurt’s lips together. “No more interrupting,” he ordered before letting go and dropping his hand back to his side. “It was pretty much the first time I remember feeling guilty about anything, which I know is fucked up since I had temporarily blinded a guy a few weeks before that, but I am who I am. I just don’t wanna feel guilty like that again. And if I left perfectly serviceable guys floundering in their social ineptitude then I would feel guilty, knowing where that could lead.”

Kurt waited a beat for Sebastian to say anything more before he responded. “Bastian, sweetie, I think social ineptitude might be a tad bit strong.”

“Look, I know sex isn’t everything, but a guy needs to know how to talk to another guy. They could make friends okay, but the lack of game was just astounding.”

Kurt spluttered out a shocked laugh. “You tried to proposition a virgin!”

“Daniel seriously told you that too?” Sebastian groaned and scrubbed a hand down his face. “I swear to god I’m beating his ass when I see him.”

“No, you won’t,” Kurt said, letting out a few last giggles before calming down. “That would make you feel guilty because you’re a Good Person.”

“It’s nice that you think that, but I’m really not,” Sebastian insisted. “Every good thing I do is self-serving. It’s not that I don’t wanna feel guilty because guilt is an indicator that I did something bad to someone else. I don’t want to feel guilty because it fucks up with my head.”

Kurt scrunched his nose in confusion. “Then how about the kindness and caring you’ve shown me, Sebastian? Because as much as you shrug it off when I say thank you, you’ve been pretty freaking amazing.”

Sebastian tensed for a moment— Kurt couldn’t see it on his face, but he could feel it in the muscles of the arm under his head— before affecting casualness. “No, no, that was self-serving too.”

“I don’t really see how being nice to me benefitted you.”

“Well, you see, I figured the more you enjoyed yourself with me last night slash today, the more amenable you would be to repeating the experience.”

Even without fully understanding what Sebastian meant, Kurt wanted to say yes right off the bat. But he refrained because, as wonderful as last night slash today had been, he needed to know what exactly he was saying yes to. He sat up slowly, folded one leg under him, and turned his body to face Sebastian fully. “Which part of the experience?”
“Any of it would be welcome, but all of it would be ideal. The talking and the kissing and the sex and the cuddling and the hand holding and just hanging out with you in general, that was all some good shit. If we could keep doing all of that on the regular, that’d be super.”

“That’s—you realize that what you’re suggesting is what normal people would call dating.”

“I’m aware, yeah. I would also call it dating.”

Sebastian Smythe wants to date me. I’m not sure whether it’s the Sebastian or the date or the me of it all that’s surprising me most. Wait, no, that’s a lie. It’s definitely the date part.

“I don’t really understand.”

“What is there not to understand?”

“Please don’t take this the wrong way, but I’m really surprised you want to date. I kinda figured that you would try for fuckbuddies, if anything.”

“Fuckbuddies only works if there’s geographical proximity but no deep attraction. You don’t fit the bill for that at all.” Sebastian dropped his arm from the top of the booth so he could tap out a staccato rhythm on the seat. “Look, I’m not gonna give you some grand, romantic speech here, Kurt. You’re sweet and smart and funny; you keep me on my toes and look stupid beautiful doing it. People like you are hard to come by, so I’d be a fucking idiot to not try and hold on to you for as long as I can. I’m just doing the sensible thing here.”

Grand, romantic speeches were what Kurt was used to. He was used to talk of soulmates and forever and eternal love. And those speeches had been catnip to him when he was a teenager, the stuff of movies and storybooks turning his life into one. This straight shooting was new for him, but it was a pleasant change. It felt… more authentic, more substantial. He liked it a lot.

He liked Sebastian a lot. He liked Sebastian’s sharp wit and blunt speech, his capacity for goodness that was so much greater than he was willing to admit. He liked how naturally they fell into sync, the way they could banter as easy as breathing.

Kurt knew that one day the hurt he was feeling about Blaine wouldn’t be there anymore—wait, actually, when had that revelation snuck in there? Because even as recently as yesterday, he didn’t consider eventually moving on a certainty, only a distant hope. But yes, one day he would be completely over the fact that his first go at a relationship had crumbled in his hands. One day, when his heart and mind were clear, he and Sebastian could be really spectacular together, and he’d be a fucking idiot to throw that chance away. But he couldn’t ignore the fact that he wasn’t there yet.

“Sebastian,” he began. Kurt could see the resignation clouding his face, so he stopped to grab Sebastian’s hands in his own and squeeze. “I don’t want for you to be a rebound. I’m so sorry.”

“I would be okay with being a rebound. I knew it was a distinct possibility when I brought this up.”

“I wouldn’t be okay with that though. I’ve done that to a guy before and he deserved so much better. You deserve so much better.”

“And that’s the only thing stopping you?”

“Well, yeah. It’s kind of a big thing, Bas.”

“I know it is, but—here, hold on a sec.” He extricated his hands from Kurt’s hold and twisted around to his backpack long enough to pull out a spiral-bound notebook and a pen, slapping them
down on the table. “Have you ever heard the theory that it takes half the length of a relationship to recover from a breakup?”

“Sebastian Smythe, do you watch Sex and the City?” Kurt couldn’t keep the amusement out of his voice.

“What?” Sebastian looked up from where he was flipping the notebook to a clean page. “No, I got that from How I Met Your Mother.”

“Well, they got that from Sex and the City.”

“If you say so, babe,” Sebastian said, setting the notebook down in front of them and uncapping his pen. “But anyway, Lily and Marshall were obviously the only ones who had any idea what they were doing with their love lives— or else Robin and Barney would have stayed married forever and she never would have ended up with Ted— so only their rules for how long it takes to move past a breakup are worth taking into consideration: ‘half the length of your relationship’ or ‘one week for every month you were together.’”

“Okay?”

“So since I’m probably better at math than you, I’m gonna apply both methods of calculation to your relationship and see how long it’s gonna take for you to get over your breakup so that I’m not a rebound anymore.”

“What makes you so sure you’re better at math than me?” He almost certainly was, because that had always been Kurt’s worst subject in school, but still.

“Studying some artsy shit,” Sebastian said, pointing his pen at Kurt. “Studying actual real life shit that sometimes requires math,” he continued, pointing at himself.

“I’m pretty sure I could still handle basic addition and division,” Kurt grumbled.

“You sure could, but I’m still doing it for you. Consider it more self-serving niceness,” Sebastian told him with a grin. He bent down to lay a quick, off-centre, almost absentminded kiss to Kurt’s lips (and god, unlimited kissing was a hell of an incentive to throw caution and both their hearts to the wind and just go for it with Sebastian). “Now, you guys were pretty messy for a while there, so give me dates for when you got together and broke up… and got together again and broke up again.”

Kurt was pretty sure it was generally frowned upon to talk about old relationships with (potential) new ones, but Sebastian’s eyes were steely with determination. “Um, our first kiss was March fifteen. That was my junior year, so 2011?”

“You got together on the Ides of March,” Sebastian noted as he wrote the date down. “Should’ve seen the clusterfuck coming,” he snickered.

“If you think you’re the first person in the world to have made that joke, you’re wrong.”

“The joke makes itself!”

Kurt couldn’t argue him on that one. “We broke up early October, in 2012. Then we got back together in the middle of May the next year.” He waited until Sebastian was done scribbling to amend, “I hooked up with him on Valentine’s Day though, if you think that should factor in.”

“Ugh!” Sebastian looked up from his paper to frown at Kurt in a way that was distinctly judge-y. “Kurt.”
“I know,” Kurt whined. “It was a wedding! People hook up at weddings. It was honestly just meaningless sex between friends on my end of things.”

“You don’t hook up with the ex who cheated on you ever! Or with anyone you know is moon-eyed over you. This is basic stuff, Kurt.”

“Thank you for educating me on hook-up etiquette. This is absolutely invaluable knowledge,” Kurt deadpanned. “And then we broke up again at the end of March, and here I am.”

Sebastian blinked at his paper. “I’m making a timeline,” he muttered, turning the notebook lengthwise.

This is actually very sweet of him, Kurt mused as he watched Sebastian work silently, in a nerdy accountant kind of way. I’ve had ballads out the wazoo but a boy doing math—the grossest, most terrible of all disciplines in academia—to persuade me to take our relationship to a new level? This is definitely different.

“Okay, so by the Marshall method you should be over it already… which clearly didn’t work out for you. But, according to Lily, you’ve got three months of hurting left, and then we’re in the clear to meet up again.” His shoulders drooped before he squared them again. “That’s fine. I’m willing to wait three months if you are.”

Three months? That couldn’t be right. Yesterday, Kurt would have said that sounded too short a time. But then again, yesterday, Kurt would have contended that he was never getting over Blaine, because yesterday, Kurt would have contended they were only on hiatus. Today it sounded like way too long. Today, the sun was shining down on him and he couldn’t find that cloud of despair inside himself anymore. At some point over the last twenty-four hours or so, happiness had crept up on him. And happiness had been dearly missed, so that cloud of despair could just fuck off and stay lost forever.

“You know what? This is stupid,” Kurt decided, picking Sebastian’s notebook up and closing it. “People are too complicated for a metric to tell me when I’m going to be over it, and this one won’t be accurate anyway because it doesn’t take into account one very important fact: I’m. Kurt. Hummel. I am exceptionally resilient, and the only reason I haven’t bounced back already is because I’ve been wallowing. I’ve been half-assing any effort I make at recovery because the sixteen-year-old in me keeps blathering on about how I only get one true love and I have to stick with it forever, and I keep listening to him. Sixteen-year-old Kurt had a crush on a straight jock who ended up his stepbrother, so what the fuck does he know?”

“Sixteen-year-olds are, in general, stupid.”

“Exactly! I’m a Hummel and no one pushes me around, not even my younger self. In one night slash morning—” Kurt paused to pull out his phone and look at the time, “—slash afternoon, I have experienced more joy than I have in the last six months, and that’s because of you. I’m not waiting another three to repeat the experience just because there’s a voice in my head telling me that seeing someone new makes me a quitter.”

Sebastian looked like he wanted to smile, but he managed to tamp it down. “You can’t just will yourself into being over him because of impatience, babe.”

“You underestimate the strength of my will, babe.” Kurt tugged Sebastian’s hands back into his lap and indulged in the sight of how good they looked together. “You’re right that I’m probably overestimating how easily I can be ready to move on, but I need you to understand just how hard I’m going to try. And just how much I like you.”
“A whole heck of a lot, right?”

“How about this? We hold off on the sex part of the experience until my emotional wounds are all healed up, and when I’m one hundred percent sure that I’m not smarting over the breakup anymore, we put that back on the table.” Kurt cocked his head and put on a joking simper. “Assuming the pleasure of my company is enough of a draw on its own, of course.”

“Of course it is.” Sebastian did smile then. Sebastian beamed, and honestly, he had some gall to ever suggest Kurt wait three fucking months before getting the chance to make him smile like that again. “I still get to kiss you though, right?”

“I insist on it.”

“Well, if you insist.” Sebastian squeezed Kurt’s fingers where they were slotted in between his own before tilting down to mould their lips together.
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

Read/reblog on Tumblr

I can’t believe this story is finished?? I don’t even know what to say. Like yes, I have ideas for sequel one shots and the like, but… A Shot In the Arm is complete. This is the longest thing I have ever written. Thank you so much to everyone who’s been reading and reviewing and reblogging along the way.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was T-minus one hour to glee club practice, so everyone was probably convened in the choir room — unless they were planning on actual choreography for the final group number, but Kurt knew the likelihood of that happening was slim. New Directions had really slipped in that regard since his class had graduated; even if they were doing an uptempo number, they’d probably just end up running around with balloons or something. He knew Rachel had zero interest in his ideas and contributions to directing the club, but on the off chance she recognized that he was generally better with choreography than she was, he planned to get their group dancing again.

Kurt made his way through the halls with a bounce in his step, boots tapping along the linoleum floor. He allowed himself a twirl as he rounded the corner— Sue Sylvester was terrible, but her war against adipose had come with the positive side effect of pushing the slushie tradition clean out of William McKinley. (He was technically a staff member so he should have been spared either way, but he looked young enough that it had been a real concern for him)— and strolled into the choir room happily.

The din of conversation coming from the New Directions alumni scattered across the first two rows of risers died as he entered, and they all turned to face him silently like one single organism. He waited for someone to start saying something so that everyone could start saying something until one voice (probably his, preferably his) rose above the clamour, just so they could all get the yelling over with and out of the way, but nobody stepped up to the plate. Huh, maybe they were all growing up?

He wouldn’t question his good fortune. Kurt strode forward and dropped into the first free seat in his path, one leg crossing over the other primly. He glanced to the side and did a double take when he noticed the heart-shaped container standing to the side of the room. The thing was humongous, probably tall enough to reach Kurt’s chest, and filled with who even knew how many fun-sized candy bars. Damn, how’d he miss that thing? “What’s with all the chocolates?” Kurt asked, tipping his chin at the display.

“It was my engagement present to Santana,” Brittany chirped from where she was sitting by Kurt’s shoulder in the row above him. “One mini Mounds bar for every minute we’ve spent together. Do you want some? Lord Tubbington will probably eat whatever we can’t finish, and he already used his new diet’s cheat day for this week.”

“I’m more of an Almond Joy man myself, but thank you, Britt.”

A snort drew Kurt’s attention to Puck. “Oh, I bet you are,” he said with a waggle of his eyebrows.
Kurt blushed and turned his nose up at the crude (but not inaccurate) euphemism, turning to look the other way. “I’m sure I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“And I’m pretty sure that’s a love bite right there.” Puck reached across the empty seat between them and poked at a bloom of red peeking out from behind the scarf wrapped around Kurt’s neck. He only grinned when Kurt whipped back around and shoved him away. “And it’s fresh too! Hummel got a little afternoon delight before he drove back into town!”

Once again, Puck was crude but not inaccurate. Sixteen-year-old Kurt Hummel had long believed that necking in the backseat of a car like a 1950s power couple at make-out point was the absolute pinnacle of steaminess. When twenty-one-year-old Kurt Hummel found himself pinned against the driver’s side door of his car for a fifth or sixth “one last kiss,” he confessed as much to Sebastian, the words spilling from his mouth to Sebastian’s ears between breathy giggles.

As it turned out, sixteen-year-old Kurt wasn’t completely stupid. Sure, necking in the backseat didn’t exactly feel steamy when the guy you were doing it with had recently had his tongue in your ass, but boy, was it good fun. Kurt could have happily whiled away hours in that cramped backseat— he missed his Navigator so freaking much. They would have had room to spare in his Nav— doing nothing more than reveling in the feel of Sebastian’s skin under his lips. They would have, if it weren’t for the fact that Kurt had mashups to sing and breadsticks to eat, and Sebastian had lectures to sit and asses to beat. (Kurt was fairly certain Sebastian wouldn’t actually beat Daniel’s ass, if only because that was not a fight Sebastian would ever win.) So it was that they parted ways reluctantly, with promises to call and make plans to see each other soon— the very first thing Sebastian had done during his hour of alone time with Kurt’s phone was add himself to Kurt’s contacts, because even when he was being creepy and invasive he was charming about it— and new marks on Kurt’s throat and clavicle (“for symmetry,” Sebastian had claimed as he unwound Kurt’s scarf).

“I’m sure you don’t know what you’re talking about either, Puckerman.”

“And normally you’d be right,” Puck agreed jovially. “But I know my hickeys. I’m a connoisseur, a master of the art.”

Kurt was about to tell Puck that they weren’t his hickeys (and thereby invite the barrage of questions/comments/criticisms he knew was forthcoming) when the clacking of heels echoing ever closer prompted him to do a headcount of the people in the room. Two very prominent figures who would have contributed to the inquisition in a big way were missing.

“Kurt, there you are! Oh my god, I was so worried. I tried contacting the authorities to report a missing person, but apparently the fact that you’re technically an adult now negates your last known whereabouts involved being close at hand to a notorious libertine! Seriously, they wouldn’t even listen when I told them you missed morning practice! Where have you been?”

There was Rachel.

“Oh my god, scrounge up one of your ratty old argyle knee highs so you can put a sock in it!” And there was Santana walking close behind, carrying a stack of sheet music. “He was clearly busy getting busy, look at him.” She dropped the stack into Rachel’s arms, leaving Rachel to squeak and almost keel forward with the sudden weight, and turned to Kurt. “A word?”

Kurt clenched his jaw but nodded once in acquiescence. He rose from his seat and exited the choir room quickly, arms and hips swinging (because he had recently been laid and his body would swing as it pleased, there was no holding it in). He pivoted around once he was back in the hallway, and this was just uncomfortably familiar.
It doesn’t matter what she has to say, Kurt thought as he crossed his arms tight, hugging himself discreetly as he waited for her to follow him out. It has been exhaustively proven that Santana Lopez doesn’t know shit. And she already passed the threshold of acceptable retribution against me for interrupting her moment the last time, so if she decides to spit more anger at me then that’s one hundred percent on her. I won’t let it touch me.

Santana closed the door behind her and marched forward, stopping with less than a foot of space between them. “Do you really think I’m a shitty friend?”

Kurt’s arms dropped to his sides as surprise overtook him. “I don’t remember saying that.”

“Twunk Timon did, and I would assume he got that from you.”

“Oh.” Kurt fidgeted with the ends of his sleeves as he turned to stare at a random flyer on the wall besides them. He really should have looked when Sebastian mentioned cussing out the group chat. “I didn’t use that exact wording, I don’t think.”

“That doesn’t sound like a no.”

Kurt turned back to look her straight in the eye. “What do you want me to say, Santana? You haven’t exactly been a good one.”

“Why, because I snapped back at you? Don’t dish it out if you can’t take it.”

Kurt let out a mirthless laugh. “You have never been able to take it, Santana. You are still the same girl who ran out of that room when Rachel said you’d end up on a stripper pole after you bullied her relentlessly for over two years,” he said, pointing at the door they’d come out of.

Santana’s hands balled into fists at her side, and Kurt knew that had to hurt if her nails were as sharp as usual. “That’s different,” she said, eyes flashing dangerously.

Too bad Kurt wasn’t even remotely afraid of her. He’d already been subjected to her worst. “You’re right. You were way worse to me.”

“You interrupted my proposal!”

“So snap at me for that! Yell at me for being rude and selfish because that was what I deserved. I didn’t deserve to have you start attacking every little thing about my appearance and my relationship and anything else you have ever known me to be the slightest bit insecure about. I know you get your kicks out of making people feel terrible about themselves, but were you just cataloguing weaknesses whenever I talked to you for the entire time we’ve known each other? Have we ever actually been friends at all or was I always just a place for you to crash and a person to step on?”

Santana took a step back as if she’d been slapped. “You don’t really think that, Kurt. I love you. You are family!”

“I interrupted your proposal because the idea of seeing anyone I love hurt the way I’m hurting, the way I’ve been hurting, terrifies me. And you responded by going out of your way to make me hurt some more, so excuse me for thinking the love might not be mutual.”

“No,” Santana said, shaking her head vehemently. “You know I love you. You know I love you, you know I’m your friend, and one little shit-talking session is no reason for you to start talking crazy like this!”

“You seriously think that’s all that happened?” Kurt huffed out another laugh, edging on hysterical.
“You haven’t been a friend to me in months. I barely heard a fucking word from you since the breakup. And at first I thought maybe you were on Blaine’s side, which I guess you kind of were since you think it was my fault for being so intolerable, but it was mostly that you just didn’t care, right? You don’t care about me.”

“Of course I care about you.”

“Then where were you?” Kurt shouted. And yeah, he had maybe slipped over into full blown hysterical mode, but his awareness of that wasn’t enough to stop him from talking. “I know Rachel can be self-centred and I know Mercedes and I aren’t as close as we used to be, but where were you, Santana? I thought you were one of my best friends but you couldn’t even bother picking up the phone when I called so you could at least talk to me! Why did you abandon me? Why did all of you abandon me?”

“No one abandoned you, Kurt,” she said quietly, like she was trying to calm a trapped animal.

“Everyone abandoned me! These last six months have been lonelier than junior year when nobody noticed what Karofsky was doing until he’d already sexually assaulted and threatened to kill me! And I wasn’t hiding any of my pain this time around. I wasn’t hiding and you just didn’t care. Nobody cared. We always say we’re all here for each other, and I try so hard to be there whenever anyone needs me, but no one was willing to do the same for me.” Kurt scrubbed furiously at the tears leaking out the corners of his eyes. “Am I really so difficult to deal with that I can’t even get a fucking hug once in a while?”

Santana stepped forward and yanked Kurt into a tight embrace, tucking his head into the crook of her neck. Kurt pressed his face into her shoulder and sobbed.

“I’m sorry,” Santana murmured, one hand scratching lightly at Kurt’s scalp while the other rubbed up and down his back until his breaths evened out. He tried to pull away, but she wouldn’t release him from her hold and she was very strong, so he stayed where he was. “I’m here now, okay? I’m here and Britt is here and we’re here for you. So you can vent and cry and talk as much as you need. And you can watch us be hashtag relationship goals as a reminder that it can be done in real life, even if most people aren’t on our level.”

Kurt laughed, watery but genuine, and hugged back. “I’ve missed you so much, Tana.”

“Yeah, I kind of got that.” They hugged a few moments more before she took a step back to look over Kurt’s face and made a noise of disapproval. “Come on, let’s try to flush the cry splotches out of your face,” Santana said, linking their arms together.

“I’m sorry for interrupting your proposal,” Kurt apologized as they made their way into the girls washroom.

“It’s okay, so long as you don’t interrupt the wedding.” Santana shoved him into the (now obsolete) slushie seat and set to work dampening paper towels with icy water.

“Oh god, no!” Kurt winced as she set the cold paper on his hot skin. “If I ever hit that level of trashy, I give you full permission to slap the bitch out of me.”

Santana chortled. “Not even the hand of God could slap the bitch out of you, Twinkle Tush.” She lifted the paper towels and nodded in approval, moving back to let him stand up again as she tossed the towels. Santana reached into her bosom and pulled out a tin of rosebud salve, handing it to Kurt.
(Kurt would forever be impressed and mystified at how she used her boobs for storage without disturbing how they sat in her dress. He couldn’t even put a tenner in his pants pocket when he wore skinny jeans without ruining the clean lines of his silhouette.) “Is my dress gonna stain from all the saltwater you subjected it to?”

“It’s made of rayon and spandex,” he said as he applied the moisturizer and handed it back. “You’ll be fine.”

“We should go shopping this weekend. So you can buy me a replacement just in case,” she decided as she put her tin away and they both stepped back out into the hallway. The statement was clear Santanese for ‘we are spending time together this weekend, but I don’t want to sound treacly about it,’ and Kurt really had missed her so much. “I can’t believe Preppy Douche-bler Part Deux was right.”

“Right about what?” Kurt asked as he stooped down at the water fountain—hydration was essential after a screaming and/or crying session. “He told me he texted the group while I was asleep, but I didn’t check to see what he said.”

“I thought you were just being petty for the hell of it at this point, which, y’know, is normally something I would encourage,” Santana said with a shrug. “I’m so used to watching you pull yourself up by the bootstraps, I didn’t even consider that maybe this time you need a little help.”

That didn’t really answer the question, but Santana had clearly said all she felt there was to say. She elbowed Kurt out of the way so she could take a drink, and Kurt pulled out his phone so he could read whatever the hell Sebastian had written.

#squad
From: Me

Ok look I’m working with one hand here so I’m gon keep this short u r all stupid.

n awful

but mostly fucking stupid???

ur friend ends the first n longest rlshp of his LIFE but u guys r up his ass about how he needs to get over it already bc he’s annoying YOU by still being sad. As if any of u fuckers did the slightest to help him out while the wound was gaping open. Funny how easy it was for u all to txt him last night considering how his summer went. Lmao maybe if u had done it back then he’d b in a better place now? Just a thought. I kno u guys aren’t too good with those.

anyway, I have been in his ass n I can tell u there isn’t enuf room for u all. Pls crawl out.

OH and also blind. I forgot to mention that ur all blind.

U gotta be blind if u think anyone who looks like Kurt Hummel is ever gonna be single for a second longer than he wants to be. As the only dude who likes dudes up in this bitch rn (tho some of u are suspect) I can tell u fuckwads that he just needs to go out and he’s good. Like his options r narrowed compared to NY but he’s good. He walks into a gay space and walks out with AT LEAST 2 ppl wanting his #. Funny how u think Kurt is the desperate one for going out to a club so he can let off some steam after dealing with u TWATS when Bland got dumped and immediately hooked up with a dude semi infamous in certain circles for having been obsessed w Kurt when we were all younger. in summation: u guys are stupid blind assholes. I am an asshole of the first degree but at least I’m not a shitty friend. U don’t even have that going for you. Super sad.

Kurt smiled so hard his cheeks were already starting to sting and he had to twirl where he stood just
to get some of the emotion out of him. Thank god they were going to be singing soon! He held his phone to his chest with both palms folded over it as he waited for his heart to stop going pitter-patter.

“You get off on the weirdest shit,” Santana said, regarding him with crossed arms, a raised eyebrow, and lips pursed in a failed attempt to hide her amusement.

“I’m not getting off on this, I’m swooning,” Kurt insisted as he rattled off a quick text to Sebastian. “There is a universe of difference between the two!”

**To: Sebastian Smythe**

If you had led off your confession of dickishness in my car by showing me the rant instead of the selfie, I probably would have blown your whistle right there in the front seat.

(There was not a universe of difference between the two.)

“I can’t believe you’re swooning over Sebastian Smythe. Are you guys, like, a thing now?”

“We’re going on a date next week,” Kurt admitted, giddy smile not fading in the least.

“Best believe we’re gonna be discussing this.” She shook her head and uncrossed her arms. “Later though. Berry and I arranged one kick ass mashup that is bizarrely fitting for the occasion, and the three of us are sharing lead, so we gots harmonies to go over together.”

**From: Sebastian Smythe**

BRB, switching majors to physics so I can figure time travel out.

**From: Sebastian Smythe**

Daniel is stealing my phone because he doesn’t appreciate me ~sexting~ during class time. You gotta help me help him with this prudery, you were an expert for a while there! Talk to you soon

“Oh yeah?” Kurt slid his phone back into his pocket and held his arm out for her. “Thank you for your generosity, future Mrs. Lopez-Pierce.”

Santana tightened the hand clutching his bicep and breathed sharply. “Say that again,” she demanded, joy bubbling out of her.

“Mrs. Lopez-Pierce,” Kurt said, enunciating every syllable for her. He still got a twinge of fear on her behalf that one day her joy would just vanish away, but it was a lot easier to ignore it now, and just hold on to hope that things would work out better for her and Brittany than they did for him and Blaine.

“That sounds so good,” Santana said, sounding more than a little swoon-y herself. “Let’s get this week’s lesson over with so everyone can say it some more while we get our Breadstix on.”

Kurt opened the choir room door and let Santana through first. “I’m surprised no one is shaming me for consorting with the enemy,” he whispered as they nudged their way into the practice circle, not wanting to interrupt Quinn and Tina as they worked on their harmonies— they sounded great together, wow, how had they never made use of that before? “Maybe after practice is over?”

“I’m pretty sure they all still feel kind of guilty after your new boy toy dragged us, but if anyone does
give you shit, I’m on your side,” she whispered back. “Besides,” she continued, voice picking up so everyone could listen, “I don’t give a flying fuck what a rat bastard he was three years ago. If he can keep you as glowed up as you are right now, then that’s the only thing that should matter to any of us.” She sent a warning glare to everyone before stepping into Brittany’s side and resting her head on her fiancée’s shoulder.

Kurt grinned and gave her a firm side hug before Rachel thrust a copy of the sheet music into each of their hands, already colour coded with their parts, from where she stood at Kurt’s other side.

This, this right here was what he had needed since yesterday. Since six months ago. He had his friends beside him, and not just physically. He had a song to sing. He had a spring in his step and hope in his heart and a chance to try to keep it.

Rehearsal went smoothly, and Rachel shot off a text to the New(er) New Directions to meet in the auditorium. The Old New Directions headed over together, and Santana knocked a shoulder against Kurt’s as she walked hand in hand with Brittany. “Yesterday is never going to happen again, I’ve decided. From now on this,” she gestured between the two of them, “is a supportive zone. We’ve got weddings and hot dates to plan and we’re gonna need each other for that.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” Kurt grabbed her free hand and gave it a squeeze. Sometimes Santana Lopez did know shit.

Chapter End Notes

Question for y’all: Do you think this fic should drop the Not Santana Friendly tag since she comes around at the end? Drop a review and let me know!

((Kurt and Sebastian both favour occasional emoji usage in their texts, as you can see on the Tumblr post of this chapter.))

End Notes

Thanks for making it this far, please review!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!